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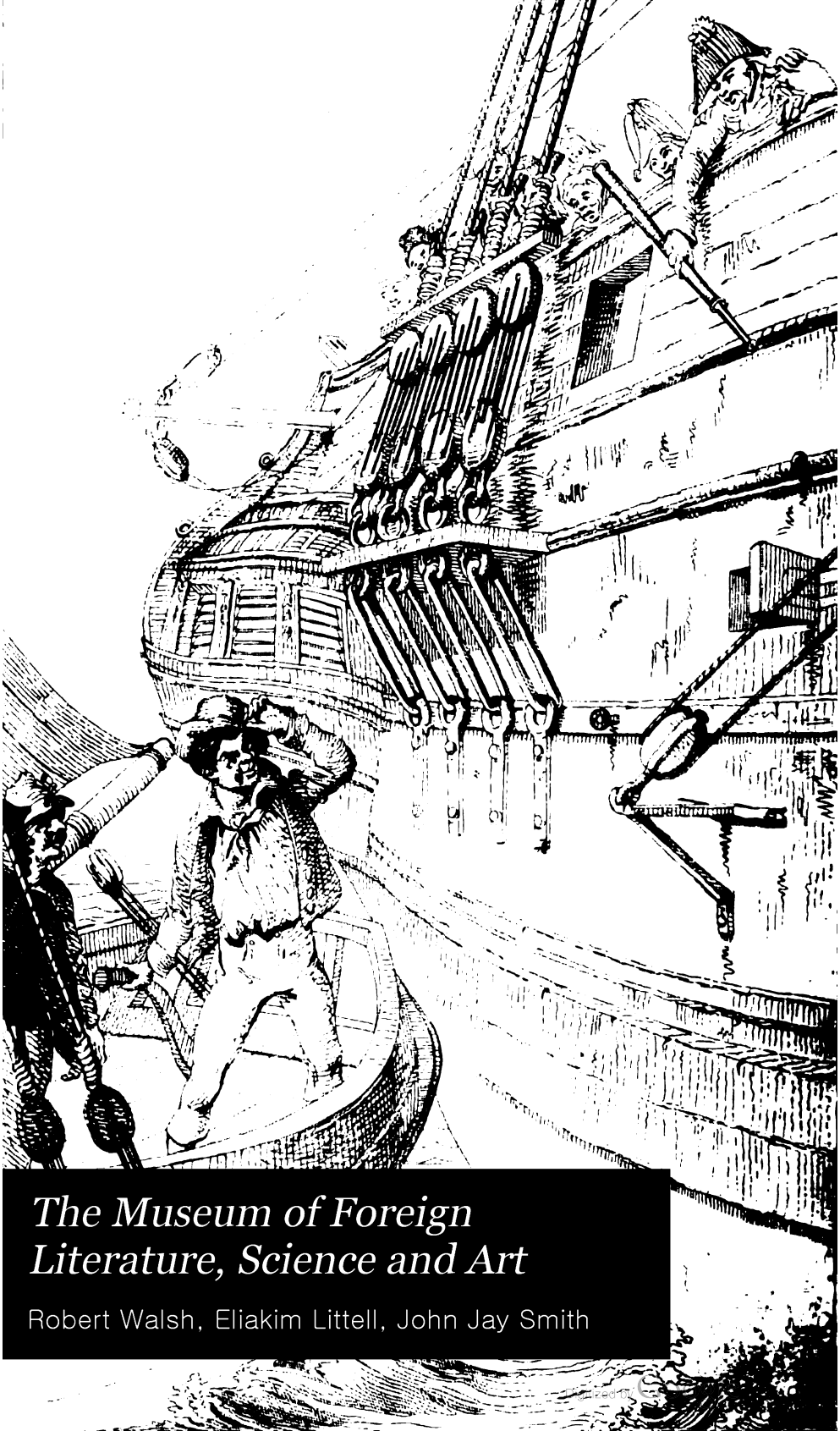

The Museum of Foreign Literature, Science and Art

Robert Walsh, Eliakim Littell, John Jay Smith

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THE

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OF

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Wm Keenan

ch Maurice de talleyrand

AUTHOR OF "PALMERSTON, UNE COMEDIE DE DEUX ANS".

E. Lattell & J. Holden

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FOREIGN LITERATURE, SCIENCE AND ART.

JULY, 1833.

From the Quarterly Review.

MEMOIR OF FELIX NEFF.*

It is one of the principles of the Madras school that every boy shall find his level; it is one of the principles of the Jesuits that every member of their society shall have his appropriate place found for him. To the first of these principles the school owes much of its effect; to the other the society (the most efficient that has ever yet been established) no small part of the mighty influence which it has exercised for evil and for good. In the world there are so many disturbing causes, that he who finds his level, may, if he has to rise to it, be deemed fortunate indeed; and still more so if the place for which he is best fitted (in whatever station) be found for him. Both the subject and the author of the interesting volume which is now before us have been thus fortunate. The pastor of the High Alps could nowhere have employed his ardent zeal with more exemplary effect than among the forlorn mountaineers, to whom he devoted, and indeed sacrificed, his life. And when his biographer was rewarded for his benevolent exertions in behalf of the Vaudois with a stall at Durham, that well-bestowed preferment gave him facilities for pursuing his favourite subject of research, and enabled him to become more extensively useful. 'How,' says Mr. Gilly, in his Introduction—

'How came the author acquainted with scenes and people, whose history he alleges to be of moment to society at large, but whose names are perfectly new to us? How has he had access to records, which we did not know to be in existence? I hope to answer these inquiries satisfactorily—and to show that those who have extended their rambles to some of the obscurest corners of civilized Europe, or who have been poring over the most neglected, dull, and wearisome pages of writers and chroniclers of days long since, may bring facts to light which had escaped notice, and may illustrate some of the most important subjects in history.

'It has been my good fortune to have had opportunities of examining the treasures of ecclesiastical history, in libraries rich in such stores; and the more I have read, the more I have felt convinced that the secluded glens of Piedmont are not the only retreats, where THE DESCENDANTS OF PRIMITIVE CHRISTIANS may be found. Under this term I mean to speak of persons who have inherited a Christianity, which the church of Rome has not transmitted to them, and who, from father to son, have essentially preserved the mode of faith, and the form of discipline, which were received when the Gospel was first planted in their land. I have discovered ample reason to believe, that there is scarcely a mountain region in our quarter of the globe which is poor, and uninviting, and difficult of access, where the primitive faith, as it was preached by the earliest messengers of the truth, did not linger for many ages, after the Romish hierarchy had established itself in the richer countries, and in the plains; and moreover, that there are still many mountain districts, where the population has continued Christian, from generation to generation, to the present hour; Christian, in nonconformity with the church usurping the appellation Catholic. It was their obscurity and non-intercourse with the world during the period of almost general submission to the Romish yoke, which preserved them from corruption.'—p. 1–3.

The first account which Mr. Gilly received concerning Felix Neff was from the Rev. Francis Cunningham, 'to whom the Protestant cause owes much;' and to whom English readers are much indebted for having been 'greatly instrumental' in making them acquainted with the life of Oberlin. What Mr. Gilly first learnt from him was this,—that 'a young clergyman was then toiling among a people in Dauphiné, so poor, that they had no means of providing salaries for ministers or schoolmasters; and so little favoured by nature, that for seven months out of twelve, their land lay buried in snow.' He afterwards received from the same quarter, a paper drawn up by Neff himself, describing the nature of his charge, and some of the difficulties he had to encounter. As he was about to make a second journey to the Vaudois, this induced him to visit the scene of Neff's labours on the way. Neff had gone to his reward a few months before this intention

* A Memoir of Felix Neff, Pastor of the High Alps; and of his labours among the French Protestants of Dauphine, a Remnant of the Primitive Christians of Gaul. By William Stephen Gilly, M.A., Prebendary of Durham, and Vicar of Norham. London. 8vo. 1832.

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was carried into effect; but from all that Mr. Gilly saw and heard of the effect of his ministry, he judged that a memoir of his short, but extraordinary career, would not be an uninteresting addition to the Christian records of the age in which we live. Neff's own journals were afterwards communicated to him by Miss Mary Elliott, of Westfield Lodge; and if, he says, 'I had been put in possession of all the circumstances relating to these papers, I believe I should have had to state that many of Neff's noble projects could not have been carried into effect, but for the benevolent friend in England to whom his journals were consigned.' The information relating to his early life and to his death was obtained from a brief biographical *Notice* published at Geneva. From these materials, with the advantage of having made himself acquainted with every hamlet within Neff's extensive charge, and of his own fresh impressions made upon the spot, Mr. Gilly has composed the present volume—a volume as honourable to himself as it may be instructive and useful to others.

Felix Neff was born in 1798, and brought up by his widowed mother in a village near Geneva. Like many other excellent men he 'owed his first strong impressions to the effect produced by maternal vigilance, and to lessons taught by female lips.' She laid the foundation, and the village pastor instructed him in Latin, history, geography, and botany. Of the few books within his reach, Plutarch's Lives, and some of the unobjectionable volumes of Rousseau, are said to have been his favourites; the former because they filled his mind with the exploits of great men; and the latter because they encouraged the delight which natural scenery, whether beautiful or grand, excited in him. His boyish aspirations were for military fame, or for scientific research. When it was time for him to enter upon some way of life in which he could earn a subsistence, he engaged himself to a nursery-man and florist-gardener; and at the age of sixteen published a little treatise on the culture of trees, which was much praised for arrangement, its accuracy, and the habit of careful observation that it evinced. At seventeen, however, he entered as a private into the military service of Geneva, and 'exchanged the quiet and humble walk of the florist's garden for the bustle of the garrison.' Two years afterwards he was promoted to the rank of sergeant of artillery; and having obtained notice by his knowledge of mathematics, he made that science his study during his continuance in the army. That continuance was not long. But this second change of pursuit was occasioned by no fickleness or infirmity of purpose. It is said that his officers were jealous of the influence which he obtained over his comrades; that he was too religious for them, and that they wished him out of the service;—the serious turn of his mind in fact became so marked, that he was advised to quit it, and to prepare himself for holy orders.

Accordingly he quitted the army, and placed himself under proper instruction, after due deliberation and frequent prayer. That he might the better mark, learn, and inwardly digest, the scriptures, he made a concordance for himself, and filled the margins of several Bibles with notes. 'Some of these are still in possession of his friends, and are consulted as the voice of one who being dead yet speaketh.'—His powers of acquirement and his aptitude for abstracted study were remarkable, and his conversation not less so; it was prompt, easy, and agreeable, but always to the point, in short sentences, and in few words.

A good practice which obtained in the primitive churches—and of which we find some traces in the ecclesiastical establishment of Scotland—is in use among the Protestants of France and Switzerland. The theological student, after certain examinations, is received as a *Proposant* by those who exercise the pastoral office, and employed as a lay-helper, or catechist, in their parishes. He is not permitted to perform services which are strictly sacerdotal, but to instruct the young, visit the sick, and, at the discretion of the pastor to preach from the pulpit. 'He is acting under the eye of an experienced minister; he has an example and a teacher before him to regulate his actions and opinions; he is trying his own strength, and feeling his way, and assuring himself of his preference and fitness for the sacred work, before the irrevocable step is taken. It is not too late to retire if he finds himself, in any degree, unequal to the arduous charge.' We entirely agree with Mr. Gilly and with Dr. Adams, whom he has quoted on this subject, that such a system of probationary exercise might most advantageously be introduced in our own establishment. It is greatly required; and the church would thus obtain an accession of labourers, which it much needs.

In this capacity Neff was employed during three years in the neighbourhood of Geneva, and in the cantons of Neufchatel, Berne, and the Pays de Verd;—in the latter at a trying time, when religious controversy was carried on, as it usually is, in a most irreligious spirit. There was no bitterness in Neff's nature; he saw that there was too little zeal on the one side—too little faith—perhaps too little sincerity; but that on the other, with which he was otherwise in union, there was a want of discretion and of charity. 'The Lord,' said he, 'has opened a wide door for the preaching of the gospel in this canton, which will not soon be shut, provided that the preachers conduct themselves with prudence, and are cautious not to agitate any question which is of secondary importance only, and which, without being directly necessary to salvation, may excite suspicion that some schism is intended.' Were all of his profession to feel and think thus, and to act accordingly, there would soon be no sects in the Christian world, except such as were purely fanatical or purely factious.

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When he was in his twenty-fourth year he was invited, still in the same capacity, into France, to Grenoble; and after six months tarriance there, to Mens, in the department of the Isere, there to supply, as far as that capacity admitted, the place of an absent pastor. Here he had many difficulties to contend with: 'He was a stranger, and an object of suspicion to the local authorities; his office and functions were but ill defined; and he had to acquire the *patois* of the people, which is widely different from the French: worse than all, a cold and heartless Christianity prevailed among them in consequence of that rage for controversy which made them think more of other people's spiritual condition than of their own.' To counteract the dispiriting tendency of these circumstances, there was that incessant employment for which his soul thirsted. There were in that department about eight thousand Protestants, scattered over a surface of about eighty miles square, with only three regular pastors to look after them, and of these one was now absent. Nothing but an iron frame could enable Neff to go through the toil which his reputation soon imposed upon him;—perhaps he trusted to it too confidently, and exacted from it too much. But it rather seems that he had not an iron frame to begin with:—'With respect to my health,' he says, 'at this time, it is much stronger since I have been constantly on the move, and making long excursions, although many of them are very fatiguing; for it often happens that I go several leagues, and perform as many as four or five services in one day, especially on Sundays. I have not unfrequently been thus engaged from five o'clock in the morning till eleven at night, and all this without any cough, or ailment of the stomach. I have recovered my appetite, and can drink wine at my meals without any inconvenience.' It is apparent, therefore, that his constitution was not strong, and that the form of that malady which at no distant time destroyed him had already shown itself. But he had devoted himself to his calling with all his heart, and with all his soul, and with all his strength; and his inclination entirely accorded with his duty. 'A sedentary or a fixed life,' said he, 'has no pleasures for me; I should not like to be constantly labouring in one place; I would infinitely rather lead the wandering life of a missionary.' This is not a healthy state of mind for civilized man; but it fitted Neff for his work. 'And thus,' says his biographer, 'among the diversities of gifts and among the differences of administration by which the manifestation of the Spirit is granted for man's profit withal, the Almighty was pleased to raise up a teacher for the natives of the French Alps, whose habits and tastes exactly suited the wants of a people who had not the benefit of a sufficient supply of resident pastors.'

'One of the districts, which he visited with the greatest personal satisfaction to himself, was that of Vizille. Its situation on the banks of the Romanche, one of the wildest mountain torrents in France, with lofty mountains encircling it on all sides, had great attractions for him. The place too, where his little flock was folded, had charms of a peculiar nature for his turn of mind. It was a large hall in the Gothic castle of the family of Lesdiguières. The celebrated constable of France, of that name, was the champion of the Huguenot cause in his youth, but apostatized from it in old age, when ambition and cold worldly calculation got the better of the more generous feelings of his earlier days. The present possessor of the castle, actuated by a better spirit, lent his fine baronial hall as a place of worship to the Protestants; and the congregations which gathered round Neff were so attentive to his lessons of piety, that he always spoke of Vizille as his "dear Vizille."'—pp. 56, 57.

An interesting passage occurs in one of his letters written at this time:—

'I was lately accosted by several peasant women, one of whom begged me to give her a copy of the prayer, which I had delivered on the previous Sunday, before my sermon. I asked her name and residence, and told her to come to me on the following Sunday. She kept to her appointment, and I then gave her the prayer, and with it a little tract containing the parable of the ten virgins. These interviews made me desirous of knowing more of her, and I proposed to accompany her some day to her own village. Yesterday Elizabeth and I set out together for her parents' cottage, and as we walked along, she told me that many of the young women of the neighbourhood met at appointed times to practise psalm-singing, and to read the Bible. Upon reaching the village where she lived, which is charmingly situated in the midst of trees, at the foot of a high mountain, and on the edge of a torrent, I was most kindly received by her parents. They said they could not themselves go to church, but that their daughter always repeated to them that which she had heard. The old man recounted a history of the persecutions which his own parents and himself had suffered, and he added, "In those times there was more zeal than there is now. My father and mother used to cross mountains and forests by night, in the worst weather, and at the risk of their lives, to be present at Divine service performed in secret, but now we are grown lazy. Religious freedom is the death-blow to piety." He afterwards talked to me of his unhappiness in having only one son left, a young man of eighteen, who was clever, and blessed with a good memory, and had read the bible, and all the pious books in the house, but who did not believe in the word of God.'—pp. 58, 59.

When he had been thus employed about five months, several persons, principally heads of families, lamenting that he had not been appointed to the station of assistant-pastor, petitioned the Consistory to retain him under the designation of pastor-catechist, and offered to provide a stipend for him. This was done, and during the two years which he passed among them visible good was affected; and there continued afterwards to be a sensible improvement in the manners and industrious habits of the

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Protestants. The fruits were more apparent to others than to himself. It was a subject of humiliation for him, even for affliction—to perceive that he was regarded as a saint almost exempt from sin. He saw that the people attached themselves too much to him personally, and too little to the Saviour whose servant he was. 'And he said one day with deep feeling to M. Blanc,' the pastor whom he assisted,—'they love me too much, they receive me with too much pleasure, they speak of me too well; indeed they do not know me.' There was a village which he frequently visited, and where he was heard attentively but apparently to little purpose; at length 'something like signs of life appeared to three or four young persons,' and one day instead of going away as usual at the termination of the service, all the people kept their seats and remained silent:—

'Full,' says he, 'of real esteem for these poor creatures I rested my head upon my hands, and offered up a secret prayer to God in their behalf. They thought I was taken ill, and many anxious inquiries were put to me; I lifted up my head, and said, I am not ill, my friends, but I am distressed on your account; I am thinking that most of you have already forgotten what you have just heard, and it is this that grieves me.'

The pastor at Mens, whose place Neff had in part supplied, absented himself longer than circumstances justified, and a question therefore arose, as to his re-instatement. This gave occasion for some of that party feeling to manifest itself which is so easily excited when the pastor is in any degree dependent upon the congregation. He became, in consequence, angry with the consistory for not permitting him to resume his functions at once; and jealous of Neff, who had endeared himself to the more serious part of the flock, and with whom he was well aware that a comparison was drawn to his own disadvantage. Regarding him as a rival, therefore, and an enemy, he 'raised a cabal' against him, and the levity with which he spoke of his rigid sentiments, and the spirit in which he regarded and misrepresented his course of conduct, produced an effect, more especially in the town, which wrung from Neff a melancholy expression of regret at the falling off of many of whom he had had better hopes. It is very possible that Neff may have been as much too rigid in light things, as it appears this person was too lax in weighty ones; *the too much* has often been as injurious to Christianity as the *too little*. The rigour of Calvinistic manners impeded the progress of the reformation in France more than any other cause.

Neff had now, during four years of probation, sufficiently assured himself of his own strength and willingness for the work to which he verily believed—and, as the event shows, it verily appears—that God had been pleased to call him. His first business upon leaving Mens was to obtain ordination, and here a difficulty arose,—by whom should he be ordained? Not by the national church of Geneva, his native land: that church, like others that have been founded upon the same uncharitable creed, had past from one extreme to the other; and he felt a strong and just repugnance to derive authority for preaching the Gospel from those who had betrayed it by ceasing to uphold the divinity of the Saviour, and the essential doctrines of his word. Not by the seceding pastors from that church: he had a strong opinion in favour of national churches, without which he clearly saw that, humanly speaking, Christianity could not, in many places, have been preserved. Recognizing the right of a Christian to separate, he acknowledged also that there were many and valid reasons why the children of God should remain in connexion with the national church so long as it neither compelled them to profess a lie, nor rejected them because they were in union with a more spiritual congregation. He would not, therefore, apply for ordination to the Genevan separatists, lest he should 'seem, by any act of his, to be impairing the maintenance of the church in which he had been baptized, which had once been the instrument of much good, and might again, by a reformation within itself, become so.' There was the Protestant church of France; 'and as he had been a humble servant in her temples, and hoped to serve before her altars, it must have been his wish to receive orders under her sanction.' But he was not a Frenchman, and unless he were naturalized, this was at that time not easy, perhaps not practicable. 'The easiest course, therefore, was to repair to England, and there ask for a public recognition as a devoted servant of God, in one of those independent congregations whose ministers are received in the Protestant churches of France as duly authorized.' His name had been made known in this country, 'through the means of the Continental Society, and of Mr. Cook and Mr. Wilks, two eminent dissenting ministers.'

Without understanding a single word of English, he embarked in a steam-boat at Calais, in the beginning of May, 1823, landed at Dover half-dead with sea-sickness, committed himself to a night coach, and arrived in London on a Sunday morning, 'with no other aid to help him through the mazes of a city (which is more embarrassing to a stranger than any other capital in Europe) than a direction to Mr. Wilks's house.' 'Thither he puzzled out his way'—and there he found that Mr. Wilks was not at home, and that not a person in the house could speak French. He had probably considered how to proceed in the case of such a disappointment; and by addressing such passengers as seemed likely to understand him, he got directed, through a labyrinth of streets and lanes, to a French chapel, where it was certain that he should find some one who could converse with him, and put him in the way of profiting by his letters of introduction. 'The excellent Mr. Scholl was the preacher at the chapel upon this occasion, and to him Neff ad-

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dressed himself after the service, with the modest request that he would direct him to an hotel where French was spoken.' Mr. Scholl, in reply, accosted him by name, and told him that he knew his errand, and that every thing which could promote his views should be done. He was placed in comfortable lodgings, and Mr. Wilks introduced him on his return to the ministers who were to receive him into their body. But though he received every attention from his new friends during the interval that elapsed before the public ceremony which brought him to England, yet only one or two could hold conversation with him, and his time hung heavily on his hands. 'My visits,' said he, in one of his letters, 'are very insipid; I cannot talk English, nor they French, and the sooner I can get away, the happier I shall be. But I will remain as long as I can to form connexions that may prove useful in promoting the reign of Christ in France.' On May 19th he 'received a diploma in Latin, signed by nine ministers, of whom three were doctors of theology, and one was a master of arts,' and he was ordained in a chapel in the Poultry.

'Neff lost no time in returning to France, and to the scene of his first labours in that country; but his journey to England had nearly been the means of defeating all his hopes and plans. He was represented to the French government as an agent of England, and when he presented himself before the prefect of the department of the Isére at Grenoble, to meet any charge that might be made against him, that functionary candidly told him, that the minister of the interior had received information, that all the preachers not French, and more especially those who had religious connexions out of the kingdom, were in the pay of England, and were charged with some political mission. The prefect was at the same time polite and kind in his manner, and strongly advised Neff to take up letters of naturalization, as the best answer to the calumny, and the only way of securing his object in regard to a pastoral appointment.'—p. 92.

But his was not a spirit to be depressed by difficulties, and this was enough to cheer him. The Protestants at Mens left their shops and their husbandry work to meet him, with all the outward and visible signs of affection which the French so readily display, and which, in this instance, no doubt were sincere. The population of St. Jean d'Héran turned out more than once upon a report of his approach. When at length some one ran before him to give the joyful intelligence, he saw the bottom of the little hill on which the village stands covered with people who were waiting to greet him. But he, foreseeing that, in jealous times, an unfavourable construction might be put upon such public indications of esteem, begged one of his friends to go forward and request that they would return to their houses, where he would visit them successively. Yet notwithstanding this ardour in his friends, the cabals which had been raised at Mens rendered it unadvisable for him to remain in that town or its immediate neighbourhood. The inhabitants of St. Sebastian wished him to become the pastor of their commune, and undertook to raise his salary among themselves. The same reason induced him to decline this offer; and though he had many attachments there, 'it was no great act of self-denial in him to determine upon quitting the department of the Isére. He felt that he could better accomplish his own desires if he had more freedom and a field to himself.'

'I am always dreaming of the High Alps,' said he in a letter of the 8th Sept. 1823, 'and I would rather be stationed there than under the beautiful sky of Languedoc. In the higher Alpine region I shall be the only pastor, and therefore more at liberty. In the south, I should be embarrassed by the presence and conflicting opinions of other pastors. With respect to the description which B—— has given of those mountains, it may be correct as to some places, but still the country bears a strong resemblance to the Alps of Switzerland. It has its advantages and even its beauties. If there are wolves and chamois, there are also cattle and pasturages and glaciers, and picturesque spots, and, above all, an energetic race of people, intelligent, active, hardy, and patient under fatigue, who offer a better soil for the Gospel, than the wealthy and corrupt inhabitants of the plains of the south.'—p. 94.

A few weeks after this letter was written, the elders of the Protestant churches of Val Queyras and Val Fressinière made application to the consistory that he might be appointed their pastor. He was apprized of this, and that he might shortly expect to receive his appointment. Not waiting for it, he set out to visit the scene of his future labours, and was received by the people as their pastor elect. But there were many preliminary steps before he could be fully installed in what Mr. Gilly may well call 'the most arduous piece of ecclesiastical preferment in Christendom.' He must receive his diploma from the consistory of Orpierre, and his naturalization from the office of the ministry in Paris. And doubts frequently crossed his mind,—would the president of the consistory sanction the election? would the minister of the interior confirm it? would the keeper of the seals grant him letters of naturalization? He however resolved to enter upon his charge provisionally, and run the risk of receiving the government stipend or not, as it might happen. 'In fact, some of the necessary forms were never regularly obtained; but all parties concerned were so well satisfied with his conduct, that by some management which the higher authorities winked at, he remained in undisturbed possession.'

The first act of toleration after the revocation of the edict of Nantes (a century before) was published by Louis XVI. in 1786. In 1802 the consular government conferred certain privileges on the Protestants, and placed them so far upon a level with the Roman

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Catholics, that they were to have an organization sanctioned by the state, and their pastors were to receive a stipend from the public treasury; but this was under certain regulations. None but Frenchmen might exercise the ministerial functions, and no pastoral appointment might take place except under the seal of a local consistory, and with the sanction of the government. A consistory should consist of not less than six thousand souls of the same communion, and might not have more than six pastors without the express permission of government. The amount of the stipend was to depend upon the population, 3000 francs the highest, 1200 the lowest; but a house and garden might be provided in addition, at the expense of the commune. The discipline of the church thus organized was to be the same as that of the reformed churches of France before the revocation, and in this there was to be no change without the authority of government.

Neff, in consequence of the irregularity of his appointment, never received the government stipend. An allowance from the Continental Society of about 50*l.* a-year (probably what would have been the minimum of the official salary) was his principal, if not his sole maintenance. His means of beneficence were small indeed; and he who saw so many ways in which he might have employed it wisely, must have often yearned after a little of that wealth, so much of which is misbestowed. But this wish would only have been for the sake of others. He had enough for himself as long as he should remain single; and he was wedded to his parish. Though poor, it was among the poor that his lot had fallen; and religious poverty brings with it no contempt, when the institutions of a country have taught the people to look upon it with respect.

The Protestants of the department of the High Alps have but two ecclesiastical sections to which pastors have been appointed—Orpierre and Arvieux; the latter, which was Neff's parish, extends over two civil arrondissements (Embrun and Briançon,) and consists of seventeen or eighteen villages, occupying an extent of sixty miles, in a straight line from east to west; but eighty must be traversed through the windings of the mountains, in travelling from one extreme point to the other. Hitherto there had been no regularly appointed or resident minister to this laborious parish, for any length of time together. Oberlin's son Henry, whose death is so touchingly related in the memoirs of his father, took charge of it for a few months. It had been occasionally served by the pastor of Orpierre; and the people of Vals Fressinière and Queyras used to assemble on Sundays, in the churches and *oratoires*, when some one or other read the service.

'There is this difference between the valleys of Piemont, and those of Fressinière and Queyras. The former are for the most part smiling with verdure and foliage, the latter are dark and sterile. In each, alp rises above alp, and piles of rock of appalling aspect block up many of the defiles, and utterly forbid any further advance to the boldest adventurer. But the Italian valleys are so beautifully diversified by green meadows and rich cornfields, and thick foliage of forest and fruit trees, that the eye is perpetually relieved and delighted. Add to these the herds of cattle in the pasturages, and the innumerable flocks of goats and sheep browsing upon the mountain sides, and skipping from rock to rock, and you have an animated picture of life and enjoyment which cannot be surpassed. The Piemontese valleys form a garden, with deserts as it were in view: some of them indeed are barren and repulsive, but these are exceptions. On the contrary, in the Alpine retreats of the French Protestants, fertility is the exception, and barrenness the common aspect. There the tottering cliffs, the sombre and frowning rocks, which, from their fatiguing continuity, look like a mournful veil, which is never to be raised, and the tremendous abysses, and the comfortless cottages, and the ever present dangers from avalanches, and thick mists and clouds, proclaim that this is a land which man never would have chosen, even for his hiding-place, but from the direst necessity.'—p. 111.

Considering the extent of his charge, and the character of the country, a man of Neff's zeal, says Mr. Gilly, could not but sink under his labours. 'There is a twofold lesson,' he observes, 'to be learned in following the steps of a pastor through these wilds. It is well that we should see how hard some of our brethren work, and how hard they live; and that we should discern, to our humiliation, that it is not always where there is the greatest company of preachers, that the word takes most root.' Neff's *manse*, if it may be so called, was a small low cottage, with no other comfort than what it derived from its southern aspect, and its situation in a warm sunny spot; it was in the little hamlet of La Chalp, not far from Arvieux, the principal village of the commune so named, where the church stands; but the majority of the Protestant population are settled higher up the valley, for 'wherever the remains of the primitive Christians still exist, they are invariably found to have crept up to the farthest habitable part of their glens.' Tyranny and persecution allowed them no other resting-place, and they were safe there only because they were hidden there, or because their persecutors feared to follow them. So dangerous, indeed, are some of these defiles, that scarcely a year passes without the loss of several lives in them.

'One of the principal charms in the recital of a good clergyman's life,' says the biographer, 'is the character of the clergyman at home. But Neff had none of the comforts of this life to cheer him. No family endearments welcomed him to a peaceful fireside after the toils of the day, nothing of earthly softness smoothed his seat or his pillow. His was a career of

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anxiety, unmitigated and unconsoled by anything but a sense of duties performed, and of acceptance with God.' But a parish that was eighty miles long could have none of those advantages which are derived from the residence of a good clergyman, advantages little inferior to those which result from his public ministry. Neff's life in such a scene was necessarily that of an itinerant, and with this the people of Arvieux and La Chalp were somewhat dissatisfied; as their commune provided a dwelling for him, they thought themselves entitled to a greater portion of his time, and they remonstrated with him very earnestly one day when he was about to set forth for a distant hamlet. He replied by representing, as was reasonable, that it was his duty to divide his services according to the number of those who required them; and that, as he did not take up his abode in any other part of the parish capriciously, or longer than was necessary, they had no just cause for complaint. But independently of this, 'the repose and enjoyment of domestic life had no attraction for him,' and he thought his time better employed in any other part of the parish: for the people in this, he said, were spoilt by the advantages of their situation, and not so well inclined to profit by his instruction as the inhabitants of less favoured spots. He had indeed formed an opinion that, in his sphere of action, there was least religion where there were more comforts. The mildness of the climate at Arvieux, he said, 'appeared somehow or other not favourable to the growth of piety:'—and of another commune he observes, 'that its fertility, as well as its proximity to a high road and to a town, was a great stumbling-block.' One place is 'more fertile than the rest of the valley, and even produces wine; the consequence is, that there is less piety.' In the valley of Queyras, San Veran is 'the highest and consequently the most pious village.' And Mr. Gilly says, in his note upon this assertion, that a similar observation was made to him by more than one Vaudois pastor in Piemont, on the relative degree of piety in the lower and more elevated mountain hamlets.

Neff's biographer seems, therefore, to think that Neff's opinion upon this point is confirmed by the testimony of other persons who have the best means of observation. It is more difficult to explain the fact in the case of the Vaudois, than to suspect how it may have originated where Neff was concerned. There can be no natural cause for it; for, though certain philosophers graduate their scale of convenient morality according to different latitudes, they have never pretended that our religious instincts are, in any degree, dependent upon such influence. The highest of Neff's hamlets were the poorest, and in the rudest state: to assign this as the reason would lead to no favourable inference, nor could such an explanation be maintained upon any fair grounds; for in no part of his extensive parish was there any great wealth, or any such superabundance of comforts as might lead to luxury. But the pastor's relative position was not the same there, as in those villages which were placed in a more fertile soil and in a more genial region. Where the *manse* had been provided for him, though it was nothing more than such a cottage as would be dignified to English conceptions if it were called [illegible]ble, it has been seen that the people considered themselves as having a claim upon him on that score; where such a feeling could find place it is not unlikely that they looked upon his ministry as a purchasable service, and thought, perhaps, that the obligation was less on their side than on his. But in the remoter hamlets his ministry appeared to be, what in reality it was, a pure labour of love, such as, under no contract, could be claimed, such as no price could pay for. There the inhabitants regarded Neff in his true character—a man possessed of attainments which might have advanced his fortune, if he had directed them towards any worldly pursuit; who came among them not for his own advantage, but for theirs; who took the liveliest interest not only in their spiritual concerns, but in their temporal welfare, and endeavoured by every possible exertion on his part to promote it. This difference alone might explain why his precepts took deeper hold upon their hearts.

There may have been another cause. Neff, like the earlier and more austere ministers of the Calvinistic school, was an enemy to sports of every kind; not merely those which, being wicked, or, in their direct and sure tendency, injurious, ought, the one to be prohibited by positive law, the other to be discouraged by all good men; but to those also which may so easily be rendered safe, and are in themselves so innocent—that none but the rigid would proscribe them. It appears that he disapproved of bowling, and he thought dancing a sin. The biographer of St. Pachomius tells us of that eminent saint, that *pes ejus ad saltandum non est commotus omni vitâ suâ.* The Albigenses went beyond the ascetics of the deserts in their opinion upon this subject. The Huguenots derived it not from them, but from Calvin, and their intolerance of a pastime so popular in that country that it may almost be called national, is said to have greatly impeded the progress of the reformation in France. Probably, therefore, this operated against Neff in those places where cheerful circumstances and an easier condition of life left his parishioners leisure and inclination for such amusements; and if his presence cast a cloud over youthful hilarity, and prevented what had before been considered as allowable enjoyment, in that same degree must his influence for good have been diminished there. In the case of so excellent a man it is worth while to inquire into the cause of such an effect. Now in the upper regions this evil could not follow, because the arrival of their pastor produced a degree of joyous excite-

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ment; in the course of their rude and sequestered lives they had nothing else so cheerful to look forward to as his visits. And this will apply to the Vaudois also: the inhabitants of the highest and most remote hamlets seemed to be the most religious, not because they were in the rudest state and endured the hardest lot, but because their pastor was to them a person of greater importance; he was more to them, and they more to him, in consequence.

This appears more probable when the place is considered which of all others Neff preferred for his residence. It was a village, or rather hamlet, Dormilleuse by name, the highest in the Val de Fressinière. The population consists of forty families, all of the unmixed race of the ancient Waldenses, who never, says Neff, bowed their knee before an idol, even when all the Protestants of the valley of Queyras dissembled their faith. The ruins of the wall and forts still remain which they built to protect themselves against surprise. They owed their preservation in part to the nature of the country, which, being defended by a natural fortification of glaciers and arid rocks, is almost inaccessible: the village itself is nearly so even in the finest season of the year. There is but one approach to it, and that by a steep ascent, where, in the narrowest part of the way, 'a cascade throws itself over the path into the abyss below, forming a sheet of water between the face of the rock and the edge of the precipice.' When Neff made his first visit there, at the beginning of February, this was a sheet of ice, and on the Sunday morning he and some young men cut steps in it with their hatchets, that the people from the lower hamlet might ascend to the church with less danger.

'Perhaps, of all the habitable spots in Europe, this wretched village is the most repulsive. Nature is stern and terrible, without offering any boon but that of personal security from the fury of the oppressor, to invite man to make his resting-place here. When the sun shines brightest, the side of the mountain opposite to Dormilleuse, and on the same level, is covered with snow, and the traveller, in search of new scenes to gratify his taste for the sublime or the beautiful, finds nothing to repay him for his pilgrimage, but the satisfaction of planting his foot on the soil, which has been hallowed as the asylum of Christians of whom the world was not worthy. The spot which they and their descendants have chosen for their last stronghold is indeed a very citadel of strength. But the eye wanders in vain for any one point of fascination. The village is not built on the summit, or on the shelf of a rock. It is not, like Forsythe's description of Cortona, "a picture hung upon a wall." It does not stand forth in bold relief, and fling defiance upon the intruder as he approaches. It is not even seen, till the upper pass is cleared, and then it disappoints expectation by its mean disclosure of a few poor huts, detached from each other, without any one building as an object of attraction, or any strongly marked feature to give a character to the scene; neither is there any view which it commands, to make amends for this defect in itself; all is cold, forlorn, and cheerless.'

The inhabitants, Neff, when he first saw them, described as a miserable and degenerate race, whose moral and physical aspect reminded the Christian that sin and death are the only true inheritance of the children of Adam. 'Their huts,' says Mr. Gilly, 'are wretched constructions of stone and mud, from which fresh air, comfort, and cleanliness seem to be utterly excluded.' Even in those villages where there is less physical misery, their apartments are unswept, their woollen garments (for linen is unknown among them) are unwashed, and their hands and faces as little accustomed to cold water, as if there was a perpetual drought in the land. 'I should fear,' says his biographer, 'that the excellent Neff, with all the improvements which he introduced into his parish, either omitted, or failed to convince the folks there, that cleanliness is not a forbidden luxury, but one of the necessary duties of life.' At the village of Meneas, which lies below Dormilleuse, squeezed up in the very narrowest gorge of the valley, and which early in September is buried in snow, without hope of seeing the sun during the rest of the winter, the people, in their low, dark, dirty houses, seemed, says Neff, to be satisfied with the utter misery of their condition.

Even in parts of Neff's parish which are to them 'as a garden and scene of delight, the people are in a pitiable state;' none of the comforts, and very few of the conveniences of life have yet been introduced among them. They are on the very outskirts of human society; and winter brings with it privations always, and not seldom, when the seasons have proved unfavourable, dangers of extreme want. It is very seldom that they can raise more corn than for their own demand. The few cattle that they rear are not for home consumption; they must be driven far before they can be sold, and the money which is obtained for them will barely pay the taxes, (for even poverty there is taxed,) and purchase indispensable household articles and instruments of husbandry. When resources fail them, such as have strength and hope enough for the exertion, emigrate like swallows, for the winter, in search, not of fortune, but of food. This was the case in the second year of Neff's residence; the dearth was so great, that many sold their cattle at any price that the purchaser would be pleased to give, because the forage failed; and he frequently met large parties of young men, and even fathers of families, going to seek work on any terms in distant provinces.

To these people Felix Neff devoted himself.

'It was not on Sunday only that he went the round of his churches, but he was ever visiting now one quarter, and then another; and happy did they esteem themselves at whose table he sat

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down, and under whose roof he lodged for the night. When his arrival was expected in certain hamlets, whose rotation to be visited was supposed to be coming round, it was beautiful to see the cottages send forth their inhabitants, to watch the coming of the beloved minister. "Come, take your dinner with us"—"Let me prepare your supper"—"Permit me to give up my bed to you"—were re-echoed from many a voice, and though there was nothing in the repast which denoted a feast-day, yet never was festival observed with greater rejoicing than by those whose rye-bread and pottage were shared by the pastor. Sometimes, when the old people of one cabin were standing at their doors, and straining their eyes to catch the first view of their "guide to heaven," the youngsters of another were perched on the summit of a rock, and stealing a prospect which would afford them an earlier sight of him, and give them the opportunity of offering the first invitation. It was on these occasions that he obtained a perfect knowledge of the people, questioning them about such of their domestic concerns as he might be supposed to take an interest in, as well as about their spiritual condition, and finding where he could be useful both as a secular adviser and a religious counsellor. "Could all their children read? Did they understand what they read? Did they offer up morning and evening prayers? Had they any wants that he could relieve? Any doubts that he could remove? Any afflictions wherein he could be a comforter?"

'It was thus that he was the father of his flock, and master of their affections and their opinions; and when the seniors asked for his blessing, and the children took hold of his hands or his knees, he felt all the fatigue of his long journeys pass away, and became recruited with new strength. But for the high and holy feelings which sustained him, it is impossible that he could have borne up against his numerous toils and exposures, even for the few months in which he thus put his constitution to the trial. Neither rugged paths, nor the inclement weather of these Alps, which would change suddenly from sunshine to rain, and from rain to sleet, and from sleet to snow: nor snow deep under foot, and obscuring the view when dangers lay thick on his road; nothing of this sort deterred him from setting out, with his staff in his hand, and his wallet on his back, when he imagined that his duty summoned him. I have been assured by those who have received him into their houses at such times, that he has come in chilly, wet, and fatigued, or exhausted by heat, and sudden transitions from excessive heat to piercing cold, and that, after sitting down a few minutes, his elastic spirits would seem to renovate his sinking frame, and he would enter into discourse with all the mental vigour of one who was neither weary nor languid.

'When he was not resident at the presbytery, he was the guest of some peasant, who found him willing to live as he lived; to make a scanty meal of soup-maigre, often without salt or bread, and to retire to rest in the same apartment, where a numerous family were crowded together, amidst all the inconveniences of a dirty and smoky hovel.'—pp. 213–215.

'You have come among us,' said an inhabitant of Mensas, 'like a woman who attempts to kindle a fire with green wood. She spends her breath in blowing it, to keep alive the little flame, but the moment she quits it, it goes out.' Lest it should indeed inevitably be thus, Neff endeavoured, as far as means and circumstances permitted, to follow Oberlin's example, for the character of Oberlin was his delight and his model. He taught the people of the upper hamlets that a way might be made to let the smoke out of their dwellings, and apertures for letting in the light and air; chimneys and windows being luxuries to which few of them had aspired. He convinced them that warmth might be obtained in the winter more healthily, and not less comfortably, than by 'pigging together for six or seven months in stables, from which the muck of the cattle was removed but once during the year.' He taught them a mode of tillage by which they increased the quantity of their produce. The potatoe they had indeed before he went among them, but they cultivated it so wretchedly that the produce was the least possible, and the quality lamentably bad; for they set it so close that there was no room for growth or expansion, or for weeding the ground. It was in vain that he advised them to set at proper distances; proceeding therefore in that decided way which Oberlin's example had taught him to pursue, he went through the valley when this business was in hand, and going out to the fields or gardens when they were setting their potatoes, took the spade from the labourer, and set two or three rows himself. This was not permitted without great reluctance, and many, as soon as his back was turned, reset them after their own fashion; but a few let them remain, and in the ensuing year there was not one but was ready to follow the pastor's method; 'and the potatoe is now one of the most valuable productions of a soil which yields but a scanty return at the most.'

Breeding cattle is one of the principal resources of the valley of Fressinière, but a dry summer often left the people unprovided with hay. Here Neff's engineering studies became of use. He saw that, by a proper direction of some of those streams, which in the Alps never fail, the grass in many places might at any time be irrigated; but when he represented to his parishioners that the water might be made to rise and fall, and dammed and distributed as it was wanted, it was neither easy to persuade them of this, nor to make them encounter what they thought a ruinous expense and in insuperable labour. When first he seriously proposed to them to construct the necessary canals, they absolutely refused; and in the bitterness of disappointed benevolence, he told them that they were equally deaf to temporal and spiritual counsel. Pointing to the torrents which ran to waste, he exclaimed, 'You make as little use of these ample streams as you do of the water of life! God has vouchsafed to

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offer you both in abundance; but your pastures, like your hearts, are languishing with drought!' In the spring of 1825 there had been so little snow, that there was every reason to expect the grass would fail, the soil not having received its wonted supply of moisture. Neff then renewed the proposal, urging how needful at this time it evidently was. The objection was not now to the impossibility or the cost of the undertaking, but to its durability, and to the jarring interests which it might call forth. The canal and aqueducts, if made, would soon get out of order. If one proprietor were willing, another might not be so. One neighbour might refuse to let the trench cross his land, and thus stop the whole proceeding; but if all agreed, and the work were happily completed, an avalanche, or the descent of a crag, would soon destroy it, and leave them as they were before. To this Neff replied, that nothing was safe from avalanches, and on that score they might just as reasonably refuse to plant or sow, and to build houses. He then addressed them separately, upon whom collectively it was hopeless to prevail:—Will you consent if your neighbour will? Personal appeals are not so easily resisted; and he gradually obtained in this way an unwilling acquiescence. But then a selfish difficulty was started—Will the distribution be equal? Will not my neighbour get more of the water than I shall? How do I know that he will not exhaust the supply before my land has had a drop? In reply to this, Neff proposed, that there should be 'a committee and an arbiter to determine what share of the public benefit each occupier should enjoy, and how long, and on what days, and at what hours, the stream should be permitted to pour its waters into the different sections and branches of its course.'

All consents were at last obtained, all preliminaries settled, and the line was marked out; but then the people would only labour at that part which was to irrigate their own grounds. Men will not be found more generous in proportion as they are removed from civilization, but they are more easily made ashamed of selfishness; for no one in this ruder state thinks of justifying it as a commendable principle of action; our good instincts must be corrupted by the vices of society before we can practise that deadly delusion upon ourselves. Neff saw that this was not a resolution to be maintained if he could once get them fairly engaged. Be it so, said he; only let us make a beginning! Accordingly at daybreak the working-party, consisting of forty, met, with the pastor at their head. They proceeded to examine the remains of an ancient aqueduct, (a proof that these valleys had once been possessed by a more industrious or more intelligent generation,) and make out its line, which would, it was thought, be useful, if this could be done so far as to follow its direction. But only few traces were discernible, and the sight seemed to dishearten men whom Mr. Gilly aptly demonstrates conscripts rather than volunteers. 'We shall be three days,' said one, 'before we can complete this part of the work!' 'It will take us not less than six,' said another. 'Ten,' said a third. 'Not quite so many,' said the pastor, mildly, and with a benevolent smile. To work they went, in detachments of five or six—Neff allotting a distinct portion of labour to each, and taking upon himself the direction in chief; sometimes plying his pickaxe himself, at others hovering from place to place to superintend all. About ten o'clock they proposed to go home to breakfast; but Neff could not trust them out of sight of each other, and of himself; he sent for his own breakfast, continued at his work, and persuaded the rest to do the same.

'It was a toilsome undertaking. In some places they had to elevate the floor of the main channel to the height of eight feet, and in others to lower it as much. In the course of the first day's labour, it was necessary to carry the construction across the rocky beds of three or four torrents, and often when the work appeared to be effectually done, Neff detected a default in the level, or in the inclination of the water course, which obliged him to insist upon their going over it again. At four o'clock the volunteers were rewarded by seeing the first fruits of their labours; one line of aqueduct was completed; the dam was raised, and the water rushed into the nearest meadow amidst the joyful shouts of workmen and spectators. The next day some cross cuts were made, and proprietors, who were supposed to be secretly hostile and incredulous, saw the works carried over their ground without offering any opposition to the measure, for who could indulge his obstinate or dogged humour, when the benevolent stranger, the warm-hearted minister, was toiling in the sweat of his brow to achieve a public good, which never could be of the least advantage to himself? It was the good shepherd, not taking the fleece, but exhausting his own strength, and wearing himself out for the sheep. On the third, and the following days, small transverse lines were formed, and a long channel was made across the face of the mountain, to supply three village fountains with water. This last was a very formidable enterprise. It was necessary to undermine the rock, to blast it, and to construct a passage for the stream in granite of the very hardest kind. "I had never done any thing like it before," is the pastor's note upon this achievement, "but it was necessary to assume an air of scientific confidence, and to give my orders like an experienced engineer."

'The work was brought to a most prosperous issue, and the pastor was thenceforward a sovereign, who reigned so triumphantly and absolutely, that his word was law."—pp. 238–240.

The favourite scene of his labours, Val Fressinière, is probably the most uncivilized spot in the French dominions. Neff found its inhabitants nearly in the same barbarous state that Thuanus has described, when he spoke of that valley as the most wild and repulsive in the whole region, and the people as having no

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linen in use, either for their garments or their beds, and sleeping in the clothes which they wore during the day, living in the same hovels with their cattle, and so offensive to the smell, that strangers could scarcely bear to be within scent of them. This the historian imputed to the filthy manner in which they fed upon the produce of the chase—the chamois and the bear. But uncouth and squalid as they were, he said they were very far from being uncultivated in their morals; almost all of them could write, understood Latin, and as much French as sufficed for reading the Bible, and for singing psalms. In the course of two centuries they were so far improved that they wore woollen instead of being clothed in sheep skins; but in their intellectual culture they had retrograded in at least an equal degree. They had as little knowledge of Latin as they had use for it, and there was scarcely one in the whole valley who could read French with any tolerable fluency, much less speak it; indeed, before Neff could teach them, it was necessary that he should make himself thoroughly master of their *patois*. To this condition persecution had reduced them. They had been hunted like wild beasts during the dog-days of Roman Catholic ascendancy, when their nearest neighbours, the inhabitants of Val Louise, had been exterminated, and those of Val Queyras had only escaped extermination by conforming outwardly to the religion of the persecuting church. There is nothing more atrocious in the history of that church than its relentless persecution of the primitive Christians (for so they may with sufficient propriety be called) of the Alpine countries. He who with an honest mind examines the copious accounts which have been given of the religious wars in France, would be disposed (if St. Bartholomew could be forgotten) to doubt on which side the greatest excesses were committed. The *impassible* Montluc (who, if he had lived in our days, would have been a marshal after Buonaparte's own heart, and whose memoirs are one of the most characteristic books in any language)—he gives a dreadful account of the Huguenots, which may be believed, because he gives a hideous one of his own proceedings against them. *Je scavois bien*, said he, *que si je tombois entre leurs mains et à leur discrétion, la plus grande piece de mon corps n'eust pas esté plus grande qu'un des doigts de ma main.* And so he determined to sell his skin dear. But the Alpine Christians were an inoffensive race, who desired nothing more than to worship God after the manner of their fathers, and would fain have been in charity with all.

That they should have preserved their primitive faith in its purity after the Revocation (as most certainly they did preserve it), is a fact not more consolatory than it is remarkable: for during a full hundred years they were deprived of all the ordinances of religion, except when, at long intervals, and at the hazard of his life, which, if he had been taken, would have been forfeited, some Vaudois pastor came over the mountains to administer them. The want of a resident pastor, and consequently of any one who could keep up among them their little stock of learning, sufficiently accounts for its total loss. The moral elevation of character which still existed—though like latent heat—was produced mainly by the pride of their religious ancestry (if so equivocal a word as pride may here be permitted;) and it was favoured by the very circumstance of the language which at first impeded Neff in his endeavours to communicate instruction. 'To those who understand the patois,' says Mr. Gilly, 'or to whom it is accurately translated as it was to me, the poetical and elegant turn which is given to conversation by the constant use of figures and metaphors derived from mountain scenery, and from the accidents and exposure of Alpine life, enhance the pleasure, and send the traveller home well satisfied with his excursion.' Neff says, that the plaintive expressions and affecting rhythmical apostrophes which are peculiar to this patois, cannot be translated into French: 'the French language is not rich enough to bear the transfusion.' One of these mountaineers was speaking to Neff of a pastor who had formerly visited them, and of his last address, in which he told them that they would see his face no more: it seemed, said the relater, as if a gust of wind had blown out the torch which was to light us in our passage by night across the precipice.

'At the funeral of a young woman who died suddenly on her way from one church service to another, her mother, when the body was placed upon the bier, after repeating the prayers, exclaimed, "Alas! my poor child had not time to utter these words! death has seized her, as the eagle snatches up the lamb, as the rock falls and crushes the timid kid of the chamois. Oh, my dear Mary, the Lord has taken thee at the very gate of his temple. Thy last thoughts were, therefore, we may hope, directed towards Him. Oh may He have made thy peace before the throne of God, and receive thee in paradise!"

'How often, said one of Neff's guides and catechumens, when they were passing a defile,—how often have I braved danger in following the wild goat among these precipices! I spared neither my time nor trouble; I endured cold, hunger, and fatigue; I traversed the most frightful rocks, and exposed my life hundreds of times. Shall I do as much for Jesus? Shall I pursue eternal life with as much ardour?'

These are thoughts which might be expressed in any language, but which are most likely to suggest themselves where the language is suited for expressing them, and just in proportion as the dialect of these mountaineers partakes more of the Provençal than of the French, is it better adapted for the utterance of such feelings in figurative speech. There are no two nations in which the effect of language upon national character is more stri-

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kingly seen than in the French and English. It is impossible that there should be a French Shakspeare or a French Milton; and nearly so, let us hope, that there should be an English Voltaire.

Neff, however, found a little of the leaven of French levity in his mountaineers. 'The inhabitants of the High Alps,' he says, 'like those of the other provinces of France, have very little gravity; and though they are more pious than others, they are gay and full of humour, so much so that very often a sally of wit or a *bon mot* will burst out very unseasonably, and excite a laugh in the midst of the most serious conversation. It is necessary to be on one's guard, or be in danger of being disconcerted every moment.' He complains that the only person in his parish whose education gave him a claim to the title of Monsieur, though he was a young man of good sense, the very antipodes to a *petit-maître*, and moreover a zealous Protestant, was notwithstanding, 'Frenchman like, not yet serious enough to answer his views as a Christian.' Good Bishop Hacket's motto, 'Serve God and be cheerful,' would probably have called from Neff rather a pitying sigh, than a smile of approbation. In another respect his people differed widely from their countrymen; the women were treated with such disregard among them, that 'they never sat at table with their husbands or brothers, but stood behind them, and received morsels from their hands with obeisance and profound reverence.' Neff 'taught the men better manners.' That the women were, for the most part, 'ignorant and confined in their notions through the whole of this country,' was to be expected, for how should they have been otherwise?

In the frontier villages he used to perform service in a barn or stable, for want of a better place. The people of two of these poor hamlets willingly taxed themselves and built a neat little church twenty-seven feet long, by twenty feet wide, 'and thus added one more to the Protestant sanctuaries of God in this department.' Materials, such as the country afforded, and labour, were easily supplied; the cost in money was 600 francs (£24), and one-half of that still remained at Neff's death, as a debt upon the building, which it would be long before the twenty-five poor families of these hamlets could discharge. Another *temple*, as the Protestants choose to call their churches in contradistinction to the Roman Catholic places of worship, was built in Val Fressinière; and when the external building was completed,

'not a soul there, either workmen or others, knew how ro give the interior the proper air and character of a house of worship. To fashion and place the pulpit, to plan and arrange the seats, and not only to direct and to superintend, but to labour with the smiths and carpenters, so called, was the pastor's occupation, when he could spare time from his preaching, and his catechizing, and his visiting from hamlet to hamlet, and from house to house. Nothing was too much, too great, or too little for this citizen of two worlds; this man of God, this servant of servants. From break of day to midnight he was toiling, in one way or other, with unyielding perseverance, and as the season had now permitted some of his catechumens to return to their labours, the young men to the fields, or their slate quarries, and the young women to their flocks, in the few sunny corners, where a thaw had taken place, his evening expositions began later, and were extended far into the night. The ardour of the teacher and his scholars seemed to be equal; both stole from their hours of rest; and the long glare of blazing pine-wood torches, and the shouting of voices, directing the footsteps of the timid, or of the tottering, often broke the silence and the darkness of the night in those wild glens, and announced that the pastor's catechumens were finding their way home from one hamlet to another, after the sacred lessons that followed upon the manual labours of the day.' —pp. 155, 156.

No better place for a school-room than a dark and dirty stable could be found in Dormilleuse, and this is not a climate where the teacher could take his seat on a sunny bank, or under a tree, and gather his scholars round him. Warmth and shelter were required; and when the civilizer of this forlorn region had constructed his aqueduct, fitted up his church, and introduced his agricultural improvements, he set about building a school. His influence was now so well established, that every family in this hamlet consented to furnish a man who should work under his direction.

'Having first marked out the spot with line and plummet, and levelled the ground, he marched at the head of his company to the torrent, and selected stones fit for the building. The pastor placed one of the heaviest upon his own shoulders —the others did the same, and away they went with their burthens, toiling up the steep aclivity, till they reached the site of the proposed building. This labour was continued until the materials were all ready at hand; the walls then began to rise, and in one week from the first commencement, the exterior masonry work was completed, and the roof was put upon the room. The windows, chimney, door, tables, and seats, were not long before they also were finished. A convenient stove added its accommodation to the apartment, and Dormilleuse, for the first time probably in its history, saw a public school-room erected, and the process of instruction conducted with all possible regularity and comfort.

'I had the satisfaction of visiting and inspecting this monument of Neff's judicious exertions for his dear Dormilleusians—but it was a melancholy pleasure. The shape, the dimensions, the materials of the room, the chair on which he sat, the floor which had been laid in part by his own hands, the window-frame and desks, at which he had worked with cheerful alacrity, were all objects of intense interest, and I gazed on these relics of "the Apostle of the Alps," with feelings little short of veneration. It was here that he sacrificed his life. The severe winters of 1826-7, and

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the unremitted attention which he paid to his duties, more especially to those of his school-room, were his death-blow.'—p. 253.

But this was among the most useful of his labours,—Mr. Gilly calls it his 'crowning work.' Neff did not deceive himself; he saw too surely that all which he had done in spiritual instruction was kept up by his presence and personal exertions, and that unless provision were made for the maintenance of the gospel here, it not only would not spread, but was in danger of being lost. So he resolved to become a training-master, and form a winter school for some of the most intelligent and well-disposed young men of the different villages in his great parish. Lamentably ignorant as they were, many of them had chosen to become teachers, and used to leave their mountain homes in the winter to open schools in the warmer and more sheltered hamlets, and then return in spring and cultivate their own little heritages. Where there was so strong a desire of learning themselves while they were teaching others, Neff's proposal was most joyfully accepted; but how were these poor mountaineers to support the cost? for their winter migration had the further end of subsistence in view. Funds were supplied by some of his friends in Geneva, and Mr. Gilly believes that the lady who favoured him with Neff's journal for the compilation of this most interesting volume, was greatly instrumental in raising money for him in England. There was another difficulty; no one in France can lawfully exercise the office of a schoolmaster without a license, and no license can be granted either to a foreigner or a pastor. It was necessary, therefore, to obtain an assistant, not merely that he might be at liberty to look after the rest of his diocese (for so the parish might, for its extent, be called), but that he might thus be saved from any molestation. One was found, who, at no slight sacrifice of his own concerns, answered the invitation, and came at the worst season of the year, when winter was beginning, to take up his residence in the midst of the ice and frightful rocks of Dormilleuse.

As it was only the winter which the students could spare for this occupation, they suffered no time to be lost. They divided the day into three parts: from sunrise till eleven, when they breakfasted; from noon to sunset when they supped (dinner *caret*, like the vocative in old grammars); and from supper till ten or eleven at night, fourteen or fifteen hours of study in all. Much of their time was employed in unteaching them to read;—'the wretched manner in which they had been taught, their detestable accent, and strange tone of voice,' rendering this, though a most tiresome, a most necessary duty. 'Grammar too, of which not one of them had the least idea,' occupied much of their time. 'People,' says Neff, 'who have been brought up in towns, can have no conception of the difficulty, which mountaineers and rustics, whose ideas are confined to those objects only to which they have been familiarized, find in learning this branch of science. There is scarcely any way of conveying the meaning of it to them.' He might have been asked, whether, except in the case of learning a new language, there is any occasion for conveying it? Spelling was weary work; but it is remarkable that arithmetic also seems to have excited no pleasureable excitement of intellect. Geography they delighted in; and when Neff gave them 'some notions of the sphere, and of the form and motion of the earth, of the seasons, and the climates, and of the heavenly bodies,' every thing was as novel to them as it would have been to the South Sea islanders.

'Up to this time,' says he, 'I had been astonished by the little interest they took, Christian-minded as they were, on the subject of Christian missions; but when they began to have some idea of geography, I discovered that their former ignorance of this science, and of the very existence of many foreign nations in distant quarters of the globe, was the cause of such indifference. As soon as they began to learn who the people are who require to have the gospel preached to them, and in what part of the globe they dwell, they felt the same concern for the circulation of the gospel that other Christians entertained. These new acquirements, in fact, enlarged their spirit, made new creatures of them, and seemed to triple their very existence.'

Neff proceeded with them so far as to give some lectures on geometry, 'and this too produced a happy moral developement.' Lessons in music formed part of the evening employment, for from the beginning of his career he had given instructions in psalmody, 'with that intuitive knowledge of human nature,' says his biographer, 'and of the chords by which it is moved, that so eminently distinguished him; and this added very substantially both to his own influence and to the number of those who expressed a desire to enrol themselves in his little company of hearers and learners.' During his probationary ministry, he used to prolong his meetings by singing till a late hour in the evening, that his people might 'not be able to go to the dances.' Most of the young adults were present at such lessons as they could understand; to them, indeed, it supplied the want of any other amusement; and as there was a separate instructor for the children, the only persons for whom no instruction had been provided were the young women and the elder girls. Neff proposed, therefore, that they should assemble of an evening in the school-room which the children occupied by day; and then some of his students gave them lessons in reading and writing, while he superintended all, and carried on the education of teachers and pupils at the same time.

It is an observation of Neff's, that when young women have an ear and love music, it is always an advantage for a minister to find such aid; and his own experience had taught him that, with this help, he might always hope

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for some degree of success. The church of England has lost much by its indolent—not to say scandalous—neglect of psalmody; and many of its hostile sects have gained as much by their attention to it. But in nothing was this excellent man more wise than in his clear perception,—to use Mr. Gilly's words,—'that the spiritual condition of his church would be improved, by laying a foundation for the high and holy things of the gospel, with the precious stones of commonplace information.' He 'prepared the minds of his flock for the reception and comprehension of sacred truths, by giving them an insight into those secrets of knowledge, which some are weak enough to imagine are too profound for the simple, and too attractive for the religious.' He led his scholars methodically and patiently into the 'pleasant paths of music, geography, history, and astronomy.' 'His mind,' says his biographer, 'was too enlarged to fear that he should be teaching his peasant boys too much. It was his aim to show what a variety of enjoyments may be extracted out of knowledge; and that even the shepherd and the goatherd of the mountain side will be all the happier and better for every piece of solid information that he can acquire.' Woe be to those who would separate knowledge and religion, whether their motive originate in the feeble fear of the one, or the wicked dislike of the other!

The costs of this winter academy for four months, including candles, paper and ink, the salary of an assistant-master, and food for seventeen students who came from a distance (there were eight from the immediate neighbourhood, and these of course boarded at home), amounted to about 22*l.* 10*s.*; rather more than two-thirds of which Neff was able to replace, because some of the pupils made up their share of the expenses, and even the poorest furnished their quota of bread. 'This,' says the biographer, 'is a statement which will excite some wonder in the minds of many readers, who are not aware how much good may be done at a small cost, when the stream of bounty is made to pass through proper channels.'

'We cannot but feel respect for students, who willingly shut themselves up amidst the most comfortless scenes in nature, and submitted to the severity of not less than fourteen hours of hard study a day, where the only recreation was to go from dryer lessons to lectures in geography and music. It was a long probation of hardship.—Their fare was in strict accordance with the rest of their situation. It consisted of a store of salted meat, and rye bread, which had been baked in autumn, and when they came to use it, was so hard, that it required to be chopped up with hatchets, and to be moistened with hot water. Meal and flour will not keep in this mountain atmosphere, but would become mouldy,—they are, therefore, obliged to bake it soon after the corn is threshed out. Our youthful anchorites were lodged gratuitously by the people of Dormilleuse, who also liberally supplied them with wood for fuel, scarce as it was; but if the pastor had not laid in a stock of provisions, the scanty resources of the village could not have met the demands of so many mouths, in addition to its native population.'—p. 264.

The situation becomes more striking when it is borne in mind that the scene was in one of the highest inhabited parts of the Alps,—a spot, indeed, which men would never have inhabited if they had not been driven there by persecution. Their communication with the other valleys was both difficult and dangerous, and that not only when the snow was falling and the winds high, but rendered so by the avalanches which threatened on all sides, and which were 'falling thick, especially about Dormilleuse.' Once the students and many of the inhabitants were providentially preserved from one when returning home after a sermon, from the church. It rolled into a very narrow defile, and fell between two groups of people,—a moment sooner or later one of those parties must have been carried into the abyss below, and 'the flower of the youth of this region would thus have been destroyed.' 'The villages,' says Neff, 'are everywhere menaced by the impending danger. Upon several occasions lately, I have seen even our calm and daring Alpines express anxiety. In fact, there are very few habitations in these parts which are not liable to be swept away;—there is not a spot in the narrow corner of the valley which can be considered absolutely safe. But terrible as their situation is, they owe to it their religion, and perhaps their physical existence. If their country had been more secure and more accessible, they would have been exterminated like the inhabitants of Val Louise.'

'The separation of this little party is not the least interesting part in the history of their proceedings. Towards Easter, the opening spring gave the signal for their return to their several *communes*, and the studies of the school-room gave place to manual labour in the fields and woods. The breaking up of a society, which had been united by the strongest ties of mutual respect and affection, could not be contemplated without feelings of reluctance on all sides—but it was an event which was regarded with peculiar regret by the inhabitants of the secluded Dormilleuse. It was a perfect epoch in its history to have received in its bosom a company of young men, who, though they were of grave habits and serious demeanour, yet gave a dash of unwonted cheerfulness to the dull routine of Alpine life. To see them in the village sanctuary, to hear their voices at the close of day, and to listen to the swelling harmony, when their evening hymn of praise was raised to the throne of the Most High, to receive them in their humble dwellings, and to meet them by the torrent side, when the weather would permit them to take exercise—these were so many incidents to change the sameness of their usually unvaried existence, and the day, on which they were to bid farewell to their guests, was one of painful anticipation to the Dormilleusians. On the evening

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before they took their leave, the young men of the village prepared a supper for their new friends, and invited them to the parting banquet. It was a simple and a frugal repast, consisting of the productions of the chase. The bold hunter contributed his salted chamois, the less enterprising sportsman of the mountain laid a dried marmot upon the table, and one or two of the most successful rangers of the forest produced a bear's ham, as a farewell offering in honour of the last evening on which the conversation of this interesting group was to be enjoyed. It was at the same time a pleasing and a melancholy festival, but I do not find, in the pastor's Journal, that either the achievements of their ancestors, who had garrisoned this rocky citadel, and had repulsed numberless attempts to storm it, or the exploits of the chasseurs, who had furnished the festive board, formed the conversation of the evening. It seems to have savoured rather of the object which originally brought them together, and when one of the party remarked,—"What a delightful sight, to behold so many young friends met together—but it is not likely that we shall ever meet all together again!"—the pastor took the words up like a text, and enlarged upon the consolatory thought, that though they might see each other's faces no more in this life, they would most assuredly meet again in a joyful state of existence in the world to come, if they would persevere in their Christian course. He then gave them a parting benediction, and, after a long and mournful silence, which each seemed unwilling to interrupt, either by uttering the dreaded good-bye, or moving from his seat, the valedictory words and embraces passed from one to another, and they separated. The next morning, at an early hour, they were seen winding down the mountain-path to their several homes; they of Dormilleuse gazed after them till their figures were lost in the distance, and the village on the rock appeared more dreary and desolate than ever.'—p. 265-268.

Three years of such unremitting exertions irremediably ruined Neff's constitution, which had shown symptoms of weakness at the commencement of his labour. One continual, or rather perpetual, course of excitement and anxiety—frequent and laborious journies on foot, in all weathers—the sharpness of the external air, and the suffocating heat of a small room, in which so many persons, not remarkable for their cleanliness, were crowded together, day after day,—these, with the fatigue of his daily, and almost hourly, lectures, would have undermined a stronger frame. Nor was his food such as to supply the unmerciful demands made upon his bodily powers. His meals were irregular, the food coarse and unwholesome, and thus a total derangement of the digestive organs was brought on, which compelled him to leave his parish in April, 1827, in the vain hope that the more genial climate of his native country might restore him: he lingered about twelve months in a state of severe suffering, and then went to his reward;

ιερον υπνον
Κοιμαται, θνησκειν μη λεγε τους αγαθους.

Like Oberlin, indeed, who was his model, Felix Neff has left an example that will live and fructify. He has been singularly fortunate in finding a judicious biographer, one who, with warm feelings, possesses a sober mind; one who, with the most affectionate reverence for the virtues of this admirable man, has neither canonized what was erroneous in his conduct, nor sought to conceal it.

Neff's unremitting exertions, and the privations and hardships to which he voluntarily subjected himself, were such that he may almost be said to have perished by a slow suicide. But this, considering the zeal which consumed him, is more to be regretted, than imputed to him as a fault; he may even (though mistakenly) have thought it his duty so to spend himself, knowing in how great a degree his death, so hastened, would sanctify his memory, and tend to impress his lessons upon the hearts of those for whom he had sacrificed himself. But he exacted too much from those as well as from himself; being, as it were, wholly spiritualized himself, he allowed too little for ordinary humanity. He set his face against harmless sports, which are salutary as well for the mind as the body, (it is proper to observe that his biographer intimates no dissent from his opinions upon this point;) and he established *re-unions* or prayer-meetings throughout his parish, wherever he could, being so thoroughly persuaded of their utility as to assert that 'whosoever, even were he an angel, should neglect such meetings, under any pretext whatever, is very little to be depended on, and cannot be reckoned among the sheep of Christ's fold!' To those who agree with Neff here, we earnestly recommend a perusal of Mr. Gilly's very judicious remarks upon the sure tendency of such meetings to generate spiritual pride, and the whole train of evils that follow upon that easily besetting sin. The remarks are advanced in a spirit of true Christian meekness, and they are strengthened by the high practical authority of Thomas Scott, and the high intellectual one of Bishop Heber. We touch thus briefly upon this, only, as the biographer of this admirable man has done, lest it should be supposed that we think his example worthy to be followed in these, as in so many other things. It is a beautiful example. 'Without derogating in the least degree,' says Mr. Gilly, 'from Neff's merits, it may be said that much of his usefulness may be attributed to the practical lessons which Oberlin had previously taught. It is for this reason that few greater boons can be conferred on society, than by giving all possible notoriety to the labours of such benefactors of mankind as our own Bernard Gilpin, and George Herbert, or Frederick Oberlin, who, in their humble stations of parish priests, promoted the temporal and spiritual good of their people at the same time. Many a young clergyman has received the same impression as Neff, from reading such biography; and has lighted

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his candle at such glorious lamps, and has been inspired with the noblest of all ambition, that of distributing happiness and comfort within the immediate circle of his duties.' Neff himself is now 'a burning and a shining light,' by which others will be kindled.

No English clergyman has difficulties of the same kind to contend with; but it is not less true than lamentable that there is scarcely a parish in England in which there are not much more formidable ones. Neff had no ale-houses in his parish, no beer-shops, (those most mischievous creations of the legislature, against which a cry is heard from all parts of the land.) There were no schism-shops there—no interloping bigots or itinerant fanatics to obstruct his usefulness, by disparaging his office, vilifying his motives, and traducing his doctrines. No newspapers found their way there to counteract (systematically) his religious instructions, and to set before his people the details of every loathsome and every atrocious crime that is committed in the midst of a depraved and thoroughly corrupted society. There was no poverty there but what nature inflicted; it belonged to the place—the people regarded it as their portion, their hereditary lot, and there was no close contrast to embitter it. There were none there who ground the faces of the poor—no iron-hearted manufacturers; and, on the other hand, none who existed in a state of hostility, secret or avowed, with the world and the world's law; no smugglers, no poachers, no sabbath-breakers; none of that rising population which is to be seen, not in our great cities alone, but in all manufacturing and all populous places, and from which scarcely the smallest town is free—running wild, as it were, among their fellow-creatures, and trained up from earliest childhood in the ways of sin, misery, and perdition. We could name parishes (and every reader assuredly could add to the list) to which, as to their moral state, the Ban de la Roche, when Oberlin commenced his labours there, was as the garden of Eden; and as to the physical condition of a large proportion of the people, the poverty of Dormilleuse might seem like comfort and abundance when compared with them.

'If there is a crime in England,' says the author of an unpretending but very pleasing little volume,*—'if there is a crime in England which may be properly termed *rational*, it is the sin of Sabbath breaking. I do not know what idea a foreigner would form of *Christian* England, if he took a survey of our towns and villages on a Sabbath day: he would be led to look upon our bible societies, our missionary societies, as no more than sunbeams glancing from a plain of ice. Let not the splendour of our good deeds, the heavenly halo which sheds its glory round us, blind us to the moral plague, which, lurking beneath, is preying upon the very vitals of society. Pass on from town to town, and from village to village; visit the churches, the chapels also, and see what proportion their united congregations bear to the population that swarms around them: visit the dwellings of the people, ask if family altars are common among them, and how many of their inhabitants are really on the Lord's side? sum up the account, and the glory of England is laid in the dust.'

Well does this amiable and right-minded writer remind those in high places who regard the sabbath with habitual contempt, that 'rank and fortune are dependent upon social order, in other words, upon the submission of the people to certain regulations, the observance of which is founded upon, and sanctioned by the sacred authority of *that* religion they so madly despise: for, let religion once lose its hold on the minds of the people, and hereditary power and pride will be swept away and mingle in the wreck of better things.' Well has he said this to the great; and well and eloquently too does he say—

'The waters are agitated, and public opinion, like a river that has burst beyond its banks, threatens to overturn all that is within its reach; and what is beyond its reach? The most durable works of man are unable to resist it: the torrent is rolling onward, and its waters are now heaving and splashing against a fabric that has withstood the storms of centuries,—a fabric that now trembles to its very foundation beneath the mighty pressure. Let the clergy not despise the signs of the times: the searching waters will also try the solidity of their structure, and what is not based upon the rock the uplifted billows will batter down.'

The clergy have *not* despised those signs. Whoever can call to mind the state of the church and of the universities thirty or forty years ago, must know, that in no other class has there been so great and undeniable an improvement. Were they but favoured by external circumstances as much as they are obstructed by them, the good that might be effected through their influence would be great indeed. For it is only by their zealous and persevering endeavours that reformation can be hoped for, without which all other reforms (real or putative) will only mock the expectations that they excite. By them it is that men must be induced (as indeed from the pulpit we have heard them properly exhorted) to 'reform the rotten boroughs of their own hearts;' to inquire into the guilds and corporations of their own vices; to lessen the tyranny and the vexations in their own establishments and families; to petition—not the legislature to change the constitution of their country—but their God to regenerate their own corrupted nature.

But much as they are doing and can do, too much is expected from them, especially when the laws whereby they ought to be aided are operating against them. In vain may we desire to see a sober and a moral people when the legislature, by a single act, doubles the haunts of drunkenness and the temptations to

* Evenings by Eden Side, by George Pearson, Kendal, 1832.

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it. In vain may we hope to become once more a religious nation, while those who openly, and in defiance of human laws, break the sabbath, outnumber, and in some places even disturb, those by whom it is kept holy. In vain may the people be exhorted from the desk and the pulpit to fear God and honour the king and those who are in authority under him, while the press inculcates its weekly and daily lessons of insubordination and impiety, sowing the seeds of all vices and of all crimes. Here indeed some indignation must be awakened that, when a ready and sure remedy exists, the evil should nevertheless be permitted—and all but licensed—all but encouraged—to proceed unchecked. But it is even more painful, and more fearful, to know, that in vain must the faithful pastor admonish the labouring classes to do their duty in that state of life to which it hath pleased God to call them, while they find themselves in that state helplessly, hopelessly, and miserably poor. This Journal will bear us witness that, for more than twenty years, we have insisted upon this topic, and proclaimed that, unless the condition of the poor be improved, both morally and physically, (and till it be physically improved, it is in vain to look for moral improvement,) nothing can save this nation from a more tremendous subversion than history has yet recorded as a warning to mankind!

But this we will venture to assert fearlessly, that whatever may be reserved for us in this age of experimental policy,—through whatever 'variety of untried changes' it may be destined that we should pass, the clergy of the church of England will do their duty. That church as it had its confessors, and its 'noble army of martyrs' in the days of popish and of puritanical persecution, so has it never been without men who, in their humble spheres, discharged their duty faithfully towards God and man; and never at any time has it been better provided than at this present. The age of Oberlin and Neff was that of Henry Martyn and of Reginald Heber—(living names it were unfit to mention here, readily as they would else occur,)—and many a heart is at this hour deriving strength from these examples. Let the legislature, we entreat, aid them with such wholesome enactments as the reports of its committees afford us reason to expect, and as those who have the welfare of their country and of their fellow-creatures earnestly at heart pray for. Let it restore to us the enjoyment of a Christian Sabbath;—(no one will suppose that, in saying this, we ask for a puritanical one, with which heaven forbid that this nation should ever again be afflicted, and thereby prepared for licentiousness and impiety;)—let it provide a law for punishing cruelty towards animals, a crime which, notwithstanding the horror that the excess to which it is at this time carried excites in every heart of common feeling, is, because of the defects of the law, committed with entire impunity.* Let it diminish the inducements to drunkenness; instead of multiplying them as it has done. Let it look into the state of slavery at home as well as abroad—the slavery of children in our factories; and as it claims for the black slaves a portion of time for their own use, so let it claim for these part at least of one week-day for the purposes of instruction, that the Sunday may be to these poor creatures not a school-day—but, what the laws of God designed it to be—a day of recreation and rest. Let it pursue its inquiries into the condition of the poor, and take speedily what measures are possible for bettering it in all respects. Let this be done; and our Neffs and Oberlins (for such will rise among us) will enter, with the strength of hope as well as of zeal, upon their labours of love.

From the United Service Journal.

NARRATIVE OF THE NAVAL OPERATIONS IN THE POTOMAC,

By the Squadron under the Orders of Captain Sir James A. Gordon, in 1814.

When the war with France terminated in 1814, by the overthrow of Napoleon, Government determined to carry on vigorous operations in America, and bring the war to a conclusion in that quarter, by severely chastising a nation who had declared against us when our hands were full in Europe, and who, by their maritime successes, had astonished themselves as much as they had surprised us.

It is not my intention to enter into a history of our naval disasters; but I cannot help observing, that the Americans owed their success, in a great degree, to our Government and naval officers holding them too cheap, and instead of sending out large and well-manned frigates to crush them at once, we trusted to our supposed naval superiority, without taking proper precautions to secure it. We never took the trouble to reflect, that there was no instance on record of a 12-pounder English frigate capturing a French one mounting 18-pounders, and we had no right to expect an 18-pounder English frigate should capture an American carrying 24-pounders. We, unfortunately, considered them far below the French in naval knowledge and gunnery, when they were actually superior to ourselves, having devoted much attention to that science which we had shamefully neglected. We forgot there had been an embargo for a considerable time

* We saw, some months ago, two or three numbers of a little monthly magazine entirely devoted to this most painfully interesting subject; and we hope it has not been discontinued. Lord Porchester, from the zeal with which he has taken up the cause of humanity towards animals, and Lord Ashley, from his readiness to supply Mr. Sadler's place as the advocate of the factory children, are reaping more of real honour and thankfulness than will ever in this country fall to the share, whether of noble or ignoble demagogues

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on American shipping, and that their ships were, in consequence, manned with picked men, and commanded by old officers, well-experienced in seamanship, although totally inexperienced in war. They held our navy in great respect, I had almost said dread, and they zealously exerted themselves to render their ships as perfect as possible. Nevertheless, I apprehend, it never once entered into the head of the commander of the Constitution that he could by any chance capture a British frigate; and I intend nothing disrespectful to the Constitution, when I observe, that had she fallen in with the Shannon, who was well manned, and in a superior state of discipline, she would, in all probability, have met the fate of the Chesapeake.

The first action being successful, gave them confidence; this was confirmed by the capture of another frigate, and several sloops of war, with equal ease, but all of inferior force; they thought themselves invincible, and, in an evil hour, determined to try their strength with the Shannon, and so sure were they of success, that many of the inhabitants of Boston went out in pleasure-boats to see the fight, and welcome the Chesapeake back with her prize; when, to their surprise and dismay, a short quarter of an hour showed the United States' flag struck, and the British colours flying as usual over those of their enemy. The action was short, but it was a hard fought and bloody battle; the Americans behaved with great bravery, (and why should they not?—they are our children,) but nothing could withstand the discipline of the Shannon.

It is difficult for a naval officer to write about America without touching on our disasters, and the reader must pardon this natural propensity, and I will carry him, with as little delay as possible, across the Atlantic to the scenes of action I am about to describe. I was in the Euryalus in those days, cruizing off Marseilles, under the orders of the Undaunted, and plans were laid for various enterprises during the summer. On standing in one night we observed brilliant illuminations, and concluded that Napoleon had gained a great victory, or that the Allies had entered Paris, and made peace—either of which events would have caused rejoicings. At daylight in the morning, the white flag was seen flying on the forts, and we stood in to ascertain what had taken place, and were rather surprised at receiving a few shot from chateau D'If. The Undaunted was not slow in returning the compliment, not exactly understanding what to make of our reception. A boat with a flag of truce soon made its appearance, and the Mayor of Marseilles came alongside to apologize for the firing, and to inform us the Allies were in Paris, and Buonaparte dethroned. He invited us to anchor in the road, regretting at the same time that the sanitary laws would prevent him having the pleasure of seeing us on shore. We accepted the invitation most readily, with the secret intention of profiting by the general joy and enthusiasm, and outwitting the quarantine officers. After the complimentary salutes, we rowed into the harbour, and were so clamorously invited by the people to land, that it was impossible to resist. The moment the boat touched the wharf, a rush was made by men, women, and children, who embraced us with the most lively joy, and finally carried us in their arms to the town-hall, where the municipal body were assembled, and, totally forgetting the quarantine laws, received us with the greatest enthusiasm. The first alderman had got half through a long complimentary speech, when he was interrupted by a deputation from the Board of Health, expressing their surprise, that the first act of the English should be setting the sanitary laws at nought—laws that had never been infringed but by Buonaparte, who was now dethroned. We spoke French badly, and, in the present instance, were inclined to speak but little, and understand less. After a good deal of shrugging our shoulders, shaking our heads,—vociferation on the part of the sanitary officers,—attempts to calm them on the part of the municipality and bye-standers,—it was finally decided, the ships were to be put in quarantine, and the captains be allowed to remain on shore. Orders to that effect were given, but too late to be effectual; every boat at Marseilles had been put in requisition, and the ships were fairly boarded by men, women, and children of all classes,—this continued for two days. Representations were made to the Board of Health to grant *pratique*, as it was quite impossible to keep the people out, but they were inflexible. The governor was at last obliged to lay the boom across the harbour, and call on the inhabitants by proclamation to respect the law; this farce went on for a week or ten days, when the flag was hauled down, and the officers were invited to share in the gaities of the town.

The governor, Count Du Mui, an old general upwards of seventy, treated us with great kindness and hospitality; his example was followed by the principal inhabitants, who vied with each other in their attentions and entertainments. In the midst of this gaiety, the Undaunted sailed for Frejus, to embark the fallen emperor, in consequence of a requisition from Sir Neil Campbell, the English commissioner; her place was, however, supplied by several line-of-battle ships and frigates, who had heard of our reception, and came for the double purpose of recreation and embarking the numerous English prisoners who had been released, and were flocking in from all parts of France, and who had their full share of the hospitalities of Marseilles. The sanitary laws were considerably relaxed, in consequence of the length of time the ships had been at sea, and great harmony prevailed. Entertainments were given on board to the authorities and principal inhabitants; and French and English, who had been so long at war, seemed to for-

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get their animosities, and were only anxious to contibute to each other's enjoyments.

Business was not forgot in the midst of these gaieties. The caulking-iron, which had been many years silent, was again heard; ships were seen rigging, repairing, and taking in cargoes, and every inhabitant appeared to feel prosperity had again smiled on their town. The military alone seemed dissatisfied; but still they were polite and attentive to their former enemies, which was both pleasant and agreeable. It was most amusing to see our weather-beaten tars, who had been long shut out from any rational amusement, except what they found at Minorca, figuring away in quadrilles, with all the good humour and awkwardness of John Bull, quite unacquainted at that time with French dancing. The ladies of Marseilles were beautiful and most fascinating, and not a few officers left their hearts behind them. From this dream of pleasure—for it was but a dream—we were awakened by an order to proceed forthwith to Mahon. We hardly had time to bid adieu to our fair friends; nothing was further from our wishes than a trip to America, which was our ultimate destination: we had been long most actively employed in the Mediterranean, and looked forward to a relaxation from all our toils and troubles, with unfeigned pleasure; that prospect, however, was at present at an end, and we left Marseilles, with heavy hearts, to proceed to Minorca, where we arrived in a couple of days. The Iphigenia, Bacchante, and Furieuse, were already there, refitting for the American station; we were put under the orders of Captain King, the senior officer, and we followed their example with all the alacrity that could be expected from a disappointed ship's company. The Euryalus was the oldest frigate in the Mediterranean, and officers and men had fully made up their minds to be ordered home from Marseilles: they, however, bore their disappointment with great good humour; the worst hands were ordered to be discharged, and our complements were filled up from the squadron. Somehow or other we managed to receive worse men than we discharged; and I believe I may safely say, the other frigates were in the same predicament, and we all sailed from Minorca with ship's companies by no means fit to cope with the picked men of America. On our arrival at Gibraltar we received orders to take under convoy between three and four thousand men, under General Gosling, who were daily expected from Genoa, and who were destined to carry on offensive operations in America. Five three-deckers and the convoy soon arrived,—the latter had to provision and water,—and with so strong a naval force, and two admiral's flags flying, it might be supposed that completing them was no difficult task; be that as it may, little or no assistance was given, and an easterly wind coming on, we were ordered to sea, short of everything that was necessary to perform a voyage across the Atlantic—every necessary representation was made, without effect, and even after being under way, outside the Gut, a telegraphic signal was made to the squadron, which had also sailed, that we had neither water nor provisions, which was answered by the word "supply."

A favourable wind brought us to the Canary Islands, where we obtained, with much difficulty, a scanty supply of water; three days were passed at Santa Cruz in obtaining this, and the convoy sailed from that port on short allowance of water. The trade wind conducted us within a couple of hundred miles of Bermuda, where we were met by a westerly breeze, and the water becoming short, it was a question whether we should not be obliged to proceed to Halifax. After beating about a few days, it fortunately changed, and we soon arrived at Bermuda. I mention this circumstance, to show how much maritime expeditions depend upon weather, and how necessary to their success are good and proper arrangements at their commencement: in this instance, for want of management, an expedition, intended to close the war with America, fitted out at an enormous expense, must have failed had not the wind changed to the eastward. Officers who were there, and read these pages, will well recollect this circumstance; who was to blame it is not for me to say, nor do I know: all that our commodore could do, by way of remonstrance and application, was done, and yet we sailed in the manner I have described. At Bermuda we found Sir Alexander Cochrane, the commander-in-chief, and Sir Pulteney Malcolm, who had arrived from Bordeaux a few days before, with a squadron of troopers, having General Ross, and between two and three thousand soldiers and artillery on board. Part of these troops were destined to act in the Chesapeake, and part on the coast of New England; but, by some unaccountable mistake, the despatch containing the distribution of the troops, and the officer who was to command them, was nowhere to be found. General Ross, on leaving Bordeaux, had reason to suppose he was to have a separate command. General Gosling, who commanded the Mediterranean troops, and was the senior officer, made his appearance with no orders at all. Search was made for the ill-fated letter, and, after a couple of days' perplexity, it was found, either on board a transport or troop-ship. General Ross had orders to carry on the war in the Chesapeake, and General Gosling the operations in New England—this arrangement was most agreeable to the Wellingtonian troops, who were again to serve under one of their own generals.

Sir Alexander Cochrane, having made all the necessary arrangements, put the convoy under Sir Pulteney Malcolm, and sailed for the Chesapeake, taking the Euryalus with him; Sir Pulteney, after provisioning and watering the fleet, was to follow with the greatest de-

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spatch. The commander-in-chief, after a tedious passage, arrived off the Capes of Virginia, in the beginning of August, and soon after joined Sir George Cockburn, who had been actively employed, feeling his way with a battalion of marines, and had kept the coast in a constant state of alarm. A flotilla of gunboats was blockaded in the Patuxent, but the military force under him was not sufficiently strong to make any impression on their position, and he had been anxiously looking for the arrival of the chief, and the army destined to act in the Chesapeake.

Sir Pulteney arrived a few days after, having, by singular good fortune, met with a fair wind, which led him from the Capes of Virginia to the entrance of the Potomac without the possibility of the enemy receiving information for some days after. No time was lost in making the necessary arrangements: the troops sailed the day after for the Patuxent, accompanied by the admirals, and the greater part of the squadron; the Euryalus, Devastation, Etna, Meteor, Erebus, and Anna Maria tender, were put under the orders of Captain Gordon, of the Seahorse, with the following instructions:

"Sir—You are hereby ordered and directed to proceed up the Potomac river as high as you may find practicable, without endangering the ships, for the purpose of keeping the country bordering the river in a state of alarm, and to bombard and destroy, if possible, such fortifications as the enemy have erected for the protection of its navigation; and you will continue on this service until you receiver further advices from me, but sending to me in the Patuxent any intelligence you may deem it important for me to be acquainted with by the Manly.

"Given under my hand, &c.

"ALEXANDER COCHRANE.

"To Capt. Gordon, H.M.S. Seahorse."

The river Potomac is navigable for frigates as high up as Washington; but the navigation is extremely intricate, and nature has done much for the protection of the country, by placing one-third of the way up very extensive and intricate shoals, called the Kettle Bottoms; they are composed of oyster-banks of various dimensions, some not larger than a boat, with passages between them. The best channel is on the Virginia shore, but the charts gave no marks, very bad directions, and no pilots could be procured. A frigate had attempted some time before to effect a passage, and after being frequently aground, gave it up as impossible. The American frigates themselves never attempted it with their guns in, and were several weeks in the passage from the naval yard at Washington to the mouth of the Potomac.

The evening of the second day brought this little squadron, without any accident, to the entrance of the Kettle Bottoms; we were fully aware of the difficulties we had to encounter, but were determined to conquer them if possible. The Seahorse, keeping the Virginian shore on board, led, the Euryalus and the rest of the squadron following; the wind was light, and several boats were ahead sounding. As long as the soundings were good, no apprehension was entertained, not being aware of the smallness of the obstructions, and it appeared almost impossible, if the ship ahead found a passage, that those immediately astern should be brought up. We were, however, mistaken: the Euryalus opened the ball, and struck, or rather, was suddenly brought up, for nothing was felt, and the lead gave us plenty of water; the signal was made to anchor, and boats and hawsers were sent to assist in getting her off. No one could tell where she hung; there was abundance of water ahead, astern, and all around, and yet the ship was immoveable; a diver went down, and found, to the astonishment of all on board, that an oyster bank, not much bigger than a boat, was under her bilge, the boats had missed it with the lead, and the Seahorse had passed, perhaps by a few feet on one side. After some hard heaving, we floated, and the squadron weighed. We proceeded with great caution, having several boats abreast of each other, with leads going ahead of the ships; but, notwithstanding all this care, the Seahorse grounded on a small bank; every effort was made to get her off, without lightening, in vain; the tide appeared flowing, and no difficulty was anticipated, but she was immoveable; a strict examination showed that, though the tide was apparently running up, the water was actually diminishing; and not until it had flowed several hours was there any perceptible increase of depth. Her water was started, a great part of her provisions, and eight or ten guns were hoisted out before she floated; several of the other ships were also on shore, but got off with more ease. Next day was employed in getting in her provisions and guns, sounding the channel, and preparing to warp in the event of a foul wind.

On the 19th, the squadron again weighed with a favourable breeze, and the Kettle Bottoms were cleared before dark, without any serious difficulty, each vessel acting independent, and picking her way to the best of the commander's judgment; all were occasionally ashore, but got off with more ease than the Seahorse did two days before.

The following morning, the wind being foul, the signal was made to warp. Each ship divided her boats in two divisions; one using the stream and the other the kedge. The stream was first laid out, and all the hawsers bent to it, and as the ship was warped ahead, the hawsers were coiled in the boats of the second division, which laid out the kedge; and it was so arranged that the end should be on board as the other anchor became short, stay, or peak. When the tide was favourable and the wind light, we warped by hand; with the ebb, and the wind strong, the hawsers were brought to the capstan. This operation began at daylight,

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and was carried on without intermission till dark, and lasted five days, during which time the squadron warped upwards of fifty miles; and on the evening of the fifth day anchored off Maryland Point. The same day the public buildings at Washington were burnt; the reflection of the fire on the heavens was plainly seen from the ships, much to our mortification and disappointment, as we concluded that act was committed at the moment of evacuating the town. It was nevertheless decided to proceed; and as the next reach was sufficiently wide to beat through, though the water was very shoal, we anticipated some little relaxation from our toils. Warping all day was not our only occupation: at night the boats were rowing guard in every direction, and the hammocks were never piped down. It is true the enemy gave us no trouble, either with fire-vessels or with light troops, who might have been stationed in such a manner on both banks of the river as to have rendered the laying out anchors totally impossible; but, considering we were several hundred miles in the interior of an enemy's country, the utmost precaution was necessary to provide against any unforeseen attack.

The strictest discipline was observed in the guard-boats: no landing or plundering was permitted; the numerous flocks of geese swam undisturbed in the river; the bullocks and sheep browzed unmolested; the poultry-yards were respected; and every act that might irritate the inhabitants was most industriously avoided. In one instance only a boat did land in the night, in search of stock, and the breach of discipline was justly punished by an American wounding one of the seamen, which served as a salutary example to the rest.

In the course of this day I landed with a flag of truce at an agreeable-looking residence, the first indeed we had observed on the banks of the river, for the country was thickly wooded, and few habitations visible. The owner was an American farmer, not the most polished man in the world. He had two daughters, rather homely, and as uncouth as himself. They *guessed* we would not go farther than Maryland Point, as the water was shoal; seemed to know and care very little about what was going on; offered us a glass of peach brandy; and hoped the Britishers would not carry off their negroes, which appeared to be their only apprehension.

On the morning of the 22d, the squadron weighed, and were beating up Maryland Reach, in about the same water the frigates drew, and sometimes less, but the bottom was soft and we dragged through it, when the sky became suddenly overcast, and everything portended one of the severe northwest squalls. We had heard much of the violence of these gusts, but always concluded them exaggerated, and were not quite so cautious as we ought to have been; we, however, took in the top-gallant sails, main-sail, jib, and spanker. The squall thickened at a short distance, roaring in a most awful manner, and appearing like a tremendous surf. No time was to be lost: everything was clued up at the moment it reached us; nevertheless we were nearly on our beam ends. A couple of anchors were let go; and as we swung to the wind the bowsprit rose right up; this slackened the stays, and away went the heads of all three top-masts; this saved the fore-mast, which, in another moment, would have fallen. The bowsprit being relieved, sunk back to its place, but broke completely through. The Seahorse sprung her mizen-mast; and all the squadron suffered more or less: the Meteor was lying on a bank, and was fairly blown over it, and brought up in deep water. This catastrophe took place a little after noon. We piped to dinner, leaving the wreck as it was. The squadron was all together, with the exception of two, who were four or five miles lower down the river.

Captain Gordon thought the game up; but he was assured we should be refitted before the other ships joined. At half past one, the hands were called, the wreck cleared, bowsprit hoisted on board, a new one made out of a top-mast; new cross-trees and trustle-trees made and fitted; and although we did not work after dark, next day at one o'clock we were all ataunt, and weighed as the two sternmost vessels passed; it was calm. The boats, manned with the marines, towed the ship, as the seamen were setting up the rigging. At dark the squadron anchored for the night.

The following morning, to our great joy, the wind became fair, and we made all sail up the river, which now assumed a more pleasing aspect. At five o'clock in the afternoon Mount Vernon, the retreat of the illustrious Washington, opened to our view, and showed us, for the first time since we entered the Potomac, a gentleman's residence. Higher up the river, on the opposite side, Fort Washington appeared to our anxious eyes; and to our great satisfaction it was considered assailable. A little before sunset the squadron anchored just out of gunshot; the bomb-vessels at once took up their positions, to cover the frigates in the projected attack at daylight next morning, and began throwing shells. The garrison, to our great surprise, retreated from the fort; and, a short time after, Fort Washington was blown up, which left the capital of America and the populous town of Alexandria open to the squadron, without the loss of a man. It was too late to ascertain whether this catastrophe was occasioned by one of our shells, or whether it had been blown up by the garrison; but the opinion was in favour of the latter. Still we were at a loss to account for such an extraordinary step. The position was good, and its capture would have cost us at least fifty men, and more, had it been properly defended; besides an unfavourable wind and many other

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chances were in their favour, and we could only have destroyed it had we succeeded in the attack.

At daylight the ships moored under the battery, and completed its destruction. The guns were spiked by the enemy; we otherwise mutilated them, and destroyed the carriages. Fort Washington was a most respectable defence: it mounted two 52-pounders, two 32-pounders, eight 24-pounders; in a battery on the beach were five 18-pounders; in a martello tower, two 12-pounders, with loop-holes for musketry; and a battery in the rear mounted two 12, and six 6-pound field-pieces.

A deputation from the town arrived to treat; but Captain Gordon declined entering into any arrangements till the squadron arrived before Alexandria. The channel was buoyed, and next morning, the 27th, we anchored abreast of the town, and dictated the following terms:

The town of Alexandria, with the exception of public works, shall not be destroyed, unless hostilities are commenced on the part of the Americans; nor shall their dwellings be entered, nor the inhabitants molested in any manner whatever, if the following articles are strictly complied with:

1. All naval and ordnance stores, public or private, must be immediately given up.

2. Possession will be immediately taken of all shipping, and their furniture must be sent on board by the owners without delay.

3. The vessels that have been sunk must be delivered up in the state they were in on the 19th of August, the day the squadron passed the Kettle Bottoms.

4. Merchandise of every description must be instantly delivered up; and to prevent any irregularities that might be committed in its embarkation, the merchants have it in their option to load the vessels generally employed for that purpose, when they will be towed off by us.

5. All merchandise that has been removed from Alexandria since the 19th instant, to be included in the above article.

6. Refreshments of every description to be supplied to the ships, and paid for at the market price by bills on the British Government.

7. Officers will be appointed to see that Articles Nos. 2, 3, 4, and 5 are strictly complied with; and any deviation or non-compliance on the part of the inhabitants of Alexandria will render this treaty null and void.

The following decision of the common-council was sent to Sir James Gordon, and it was strictly observed by the general commanding the camp before Alexandria:—

"The forts erected for the defence of the district having been blown up by our men, and abandoned without resistance, and the town of Alexandria having been left without troops or any means of defence against the hostile force now within sight, the Common Council of Alexandria have with reluctance been compelled, from a regard to the safety of the inhabitants, to authorise an arrangement with the enemy, by which it has been stipulated that, during their continuance before the town, they shall not be molested. No superior force having, in this emergency, appeared to defend or direct, the Common Council has considered itself authorised, from extreme necessity, to make the above stipulation,—they, considering it binding on themselves and the nation, require a faithful observance of it from all the inhabitants of the town.

"Resolved, that copies of the above resolution be transmitted to Brigadier-General Winder, of the 10th military-district, and to Generals Young and Hungerford, with the request of the Common Council, that proper measures may be used to secure a strict observance of the public faith which the Common Council has been compelled to pledge. "Thos. Herbert, President.

"John Gird, Clerk *pro tem.*"

By the 1st, the greater part of the vessels had been hove down, caulked, repaired, and loaded; several that had been sunk were raised; and the whole were in a fit state to quit the anchorage; one vessel alone we found it impossible to raise, and she was in consequence set fire to. Unfortunately there were only 21 sail, all of whom were loaded with flour and tobacco; and 200,000 barrels were left behind for want of transport.

Alexandria is a large well-built town, and a place of great trade. It is eight miles below Washington, where few merchant ships go, and is, in fact, the mercantile capital, and before the war was a most flourishing town, but at the time of its capture had been going rapidly to decay. Agricultural produce was of little value; the store-houses were full of it. We learnt that the army, after destroying Barney's flotilla, had made a forced march on Washington, beat the Americans at Bladensburg, destroying the public buildings and navalyard, and retreated to their ships. Had our little squadron been favoured by wind, the retreat would have been made by the right bank of the Potomac, under our protection, and the whole country in the course of that river would have been laid under contribution.

In justice to the squadron, I must observe, that the whole of our operations at Alexandria were conducted with the greatest order and regularity: the inhabitants were quite undisturbed; no plundering was permitted; and, with the exception of one occurrence, nothing tended to disturb the good feeling between the inhabitants and the squadron.

The occurrence I allude to was neither more nor less than an American midshipman's lark; and it appears they have larking mids as well as us; but it had well nigh put the town in a blaze.

We had been in the habit of walking about the town, and even to the part nearest the camp, without fear of interruption, which, I suppose, had been communicated by some person in the town. An enterprising midshipman thought it would be fine fun to carry off an

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officer; and with that intention dashed into the town on horseback, and meeting no officers in the streets, came boldly down to the boats, and seized a midshipman by the collar. The fellow was strong, and attempted to get him on his horse. The youngster, quite astonished, kicked and squalled most lustily; and, after being dragged a hundred yards, the American was obliged to drop his brother officer. This operation, which was like lightning, created a considerable alarm: the men retreated to the boats, and prepared their carronades, expecting every moment to be attacked by cavalry, and were with some difficulty prevented from firing. This occurrence soon found its way to the mayor, who came off in great alarm for the town. Capt. Gordon, with great good humour, admitted his apology, and treated it, as it was, a midshipman's spree; but recommended that proper precautions should be taken, as a repetition of such amusement might lead to the destruction of the town.

Contrary winds delayed us at Alexandria longer than we expected. Capt. Baker, of the Fairy, who had been obliged to fight his way up the river, confirmed the report that batteries were building below and a large military force collected, to intercept, if possible, our descent. He had been fortunate, and passed the Kettle Bottoms without getting once on shore; and was sailing up the river, and had got within sight of Mount Vernon, when, to his surprise, a large portion of underwood suddenly disappeared, and a severe fire of guns and musketry opened upon the Fairy. They were cleared for quarters, and returned it briskly; the high bulwarks of the brig saved them from a severe loss, as the Americans are generally excellent shots.

It now became necessary to check as much as possible the workmen of the enemy; and the Meteor bomb, a gun-boat, and a mortar-boat were sent down, together with the Fairy, to interrupt their operations; but, notwithstanding all our exertions, they succeeded in mounting eleven guns, and building a furnace for heating shot. This, together with a foul wind, was no welcome news for the squadron; and we found it necessary, after waiting a day or two, to recommence the operation of warping. The Devastation grounding a few miles below Alexandria, obliged us to anchor above Fort Washington to give her protection; and it is lucky we did; for, taking advantage of her situation and the ebb-tide, an attempt was made with three fire-vessels, covered by five row-boats, to burn her. Capt. Alexander pushed off with his boats, and was soon followed by others from the squadron, who towed the fire-vessels astern, and chased the row-boats up to Alexandria.

On the 3d, the Etna and Erebus were sent to the assistance of the ships who were stationed to interrupt the construction of the battery; and the following day, the whole of the prizes and the squadron, with the exception of the Devastation, who was still five miles up the river, were assembled under Mount Vernon, and about four miles from the White House Battery as it was called.

Another attempt was made to destroy the Devastation at night; and the boats, under the orders of Captain Baker, were sent to her assistance. The fire-vessels were discovered in a creek close to her, and vigorously attacked; but it was found impossible to dislodge them from the strong position they had taken up, covered by a number of soldiers in a thick wood. A lieutenant and eight or ten men were killed and wounded in this attempt; but the Devastation was brought down to our anchorage.

On the 8th, at noon, the wind became fair, and the signal was made to weigh. The Seahorse and Euryalus led. A heavy but ill-directed fire was opened from the battery; both ships anchored within musket-shot, and soon silenced them; but it was quite impossible to dislodge the numerous body of sharp-shooters, who were under cover of the trees, and did considerable execution through the ports. The frigates were followed by the bombs, who discharged, in passing, their mortars loaded with musket-balls, and took up a position to cover the retreat. The Fairy took charge of the convoy, and passed them all without damage. The Americans fought under a white flag, bearing the words "Free Trade and Sailors' Rights," and behaved remarkably well; but their efforts were useless.

As the prizes passed, we slipped our cables; the bombs followed, and we calculated all was over for that day. We were mistaken. The Fairy and prizes were observed to anchor suddenly a few miles farther down, having descried fresh batteries; and the Erebus, in endeavouring to pass, grounded, and drew a sharp fire upon her from the defences that were constructed along a high ridge of hills. We had just time to prepare to anchor as we got within range; the Seahorse went farther, and was obliged to move; boats were sent to the Erebus; and the Fairy took up a position to draw the fire from her; but before she was afloat she suffered considerably.

From fourteen to eighteen guns were mounted in this new position, and a considerable interruption was expected. In the morning we weighed, the Seahorse leading, and the Euryalus bringing up the rear; and were agreeably surprised at being allowed to pass quietly. We ascertained afterwards that the batteries were hardly finished, and the powder and shot had been expended the night before.

No further interruption took place on the part of the Americans, and the squadron and prizes repassed the Kettle Bottoms without grounding, with the exception of the Euryalus, who, though as nearly right astern of the Seahorse as possible, struck upon one she missed, and was two days before she was disengaged,

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having been ashore on different banks four or five times.

This expedition lasted twenty-three days. The hammocks were only down twice; each ship was ashore at least twenty times; but nothing could exceed the patience and good conduct of the ships' companies; and, though every encouragement was held out by the inhabitants at Alexandria to induce the men to desert, there were only four or five out of the whole squadron who remained behind. The total loss was seven killed, thirty-five wounded.

The first-lieutenants of both frigates, and two midshipmen, were promoted; and at the conclusion of the war, the commanders were all made post, and Captain Gordon was made a Knight-Commander of the Bath.

From the same.

DOINGS IN THE BONNY—THE SLAVE TRADE.

Few things have, of late, excited more interest among general readers than simple narratives of sea-life,—the one here offered, however, is an "o'er true tale," by an eye-witness; not related to feed mere curiosity, but to call the public attention to the insufficiency of England alone persecuting the slave-trade.

On the 6th of September, 1831, his Majesty's brig Black Joke boarded a *French Slaver*, and learnt that there were two Spanish brigs in the River Bonny, in the Bight of Biafra, ready to receive their slaves on board,—the one, mounting eight guns, was formerly a sixteen gun man-of-war, and the other having four broadside guns, and one mounted on a pivot. They were said to intend sailing together, in order to be a match for the Black Joke, which they suspected to be prowling near; and the latter vessel, confident in her oft-tried prowess (not only in capturing the Marinerito, but even before she became the Dryad's tender), longed to pounce on such a tempting quarry. On the following day she was joined by the Fair Rosamond, also tender to H.M.S. Dryad, commanded by Lieutenant Huntley. To sharpen the eyes of the "lookouts" at the mast-head, the officer rewarded the lucky fellow who first spied a prize, and the commodore on the station gave a dollar per hundred on the slaves captured. The Kroomen, having a very penetrating sight, were generally the first to give the joyful tidings; and, accordingly, at half-past eight on the morning of the 10th, while our two cruizers were at anchor, in order to preserve their station about twenty miles from the mouth of the river, one of these Kroomen, perched on the mast-head of the Fair Rosamond, exclaimed, "Sail, ho!" In a few minutes two large rakish brigs were distinctly made out, and, as they were evidently approaching, Lieutenant Huntley, the senior officer, desired that the tenders should get everything ready to weigh, but not stir till the strangers ceased to near them.

About half-past nine the enemy anchored, just inside the outer bar of the Bonny, upon which the tenders instantly weighed, and made all sail to get at them; the Fair Rosamond leading half-a-mile ahead. At one o'clock the two strangers were observed to be signalizing;—shortly afterwards they hoisted Spanish colours, weighed, and stood to sea. All now on board the tenders were elated with the hopes of an action; but, when they were within three or four miles of them, the Spaniards bore up, in order to run back to the Bonny, setting their studding-sails in a manner, however, that would not have disgraced a British man-of-war; and, indeed, performed all their manœuvres with a quickness and precision that has long disappeared from their Government vessels.

It is necessary here to mention, that the mouth of the Bonny is surrounded by shoals, and that there are two dangerous bars to pass, but, when once in the river, nothing can be finer; the water deepens to about ten fathoms, and for the first seven or eight miles the breadth is about four, when it receives a large tributary stream, which vessels, not drawing more than thirteen or fourteen feet, can ascend for some miles. Vessels trading for palm-oil lie two miles below this stream. Thus, the Bonny ought never to be attempted without good pilots on board, and Mr. Huntley was aware of it; yet, acting with that decision and resolution which on almost every occasion are so essential in the naval officer, he bore up, and made all sail after the slaves; the Black Joke of course following her leader. The bars (thanks to Captain Owen's excellent surveys) are passed in safety—the river is entered—they gain upon the chase—the Fair Rosamond still a quarter of a mile ahead of her companion, and about a mile and a half astern of the Spaniards:—the tributary stream is now reached—the slavers trim their sails and haul up it—the tenders quickly follow, when a sight of unalloyed horror presents itself!—the Spaniards actually throwing their slaves overboard, shackled two and two, and a great number of the small sharks, which infest these rivers, attacking their helpless victims, who thus encumbered and wounded, chiefly perish; some few, indeed, reach the shore, and others are landed by canoes; but the shrieks of the drowning, and the contest of the sharks for the bodies of the dead and dying, formed so harrowing a scene, as to be almost too horrid to recur to it.*

The boats of the tenders were immediately sent to try to save some of the poor negroes, but could only pick up two with their boat-hooks, who were just sinking. Meanwhile, the largest slaver ran aground, upon which the Fair Rosamond, knowing that she would be taken care of, dashed on after the other, and

* The master of a palm-oil ship, who was there during this occurrence, touched at Fernando Po a month after, and stated, that having occasion to pass the beach off which these wretched slaves were thrown overboard, he counted upwards of one hundred bodies, shackled together by twos, emitting an intolerable stench.

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the Black Joke coming up immediately, laid her on board, to prevent any more negroes being thrown overboard. She took possession without any resistance, for most of the Spaniards, thinking that we should take vengeance upon them for their cruelty, jumped overboard of their own accord, as our men boarded, and several shared the same shocking fate to which they had consigned so many of the blacks. The captured vessel proved to be the Spanish brig Regulo, with two hundred and twenty slaves still on board, having sailed in the morning with four hundred and sixty. She was pierced for sixteen guns, but had only eight mounted, with a crew of fifty-six men.

The Fair Rosamond also quickly came up with her antagonist, and took possession of her in the same way. She proved to be the Spanish brig Rapido, of five guns and fifty men, and had sailed that morning with four hundred and fifty slaves on board,—*all of whom she had now got rid of:* but the two who had been picked up, as before-mentioned, and were now on board the Black Joke, had fortunately for the slaver's condemnation, been embarked in the Rapido. When taken to Sierra Leone, they gave so positive and distinct an evidence, and, in spite of the large offers made them by the opposite party, adhered so strictly to the truth, that the Court was obliged to condemn their vessel as well as the Regulo. These two poor lads had something so amiable and kind in their disposition, that those who would have consigned them to a watery grave must have been very demons. They had not been many hours on board of us, before they endeavoured to make themselves useful; thus, observing a couple of brooms, of their own accord they began sweeping the deck. The sailors, who always delight in assisting the distressed, gave them clothes, encouraged them in every way in their power, and showed considerable regret at their departure. The quick manner in which they learnt our ways was extraordinary; particularly when it is considered that they were probably brought from the interior of Africa, as no one at the Bonny knew where they came from, or understood their language. Another little trait in their conduct testified the warmth of their gratitude, for soon discovering who commanded the vessel, they insisted on kissing his hand whenever he came on deck, and then returned smiling to their work—for they were never idle.

But to return:—the assistant-surgeon, as is customary, examined the captured slaves in the Regulo, and reported that there were three very ill of the small-pox; adding, that if they were not removed, not only all the rest, but many of our own men would soon catch that fatal disease, doubly dangerous in a tropical climate. They were, therefore, ordered to be immediately unshackled and sent on shore; but now another distressing circumstance took place, for, dreading the infection, none of the villagers would receive them, and about midnight they crawled back to the swamps, off which the vessels were lying, and great indeed must have been their distress, when, in pitiable language not to be misunderstood, they supplicated to be taken on board again. This, however, could not be complied with, although their heart-rending wailings lasted all night; in the morning they were heard no more,—nor could we learn what became of them; but death alone it is to be feared could put an end to their miseries.

All the four vessels were now aground, and during five days and nights we were almost constantly at work, getting into the fair way, and preparing for sea. Nearly everything had to be got out of one of the prizes before she would float, and the labour was very trying—sometimes under a deluge of rain, and directly after under a vertical burning sun; besides which, let it be recollected, that during the few hours of repose that could be allowed the crew, they had no comfortable bed to go to, for on board these tenders the only sleeping-place is the hard deck. It is gratifying to mention, that there were two English palm-oil vessels lying in the river, whose officers and men, with characteristic good feeling, gave all the assistance they could, and one of the masters being an excellent pilot for the place, rendered us most essential service.

Two days before sailing, Lieutenants Huntley and Ramsay* waited upon the king, who received them with much politeness, and made them partake of a repast; but, although good-natured, he is unfortunately addicted to drinking palm-wine, and negligent in wielding the sword of justice; whence he is not esteemed by his subjects. One of the principal men in the place, who speaks a little English, said to Mr. Ramsay, "He no proper king like his father,—he never hab cut off man's head." And when Mr. Huntley expressed to his sable majesty in strong language, the cruelty of the slave trade, and that he ought to put an end to it in his dominions, all he answered was, "Spaniard man did very wrong to drown poor black man," and put an end to the conference by saying, "Make my compliments to my broder, King William, and tell him to send me 'dash'"—the African word for "present," and immediately retired. His subjects are, in general, a quiet, industrious race of people, exporting a large quantity of palm-oil. There is, perhaps, more trade from the Bonny than any river on the coast; and if, as is now supposed, it is the principal mouth of the Niger, its commerce will increase rapidly. Although the people have made some progress towards civilization, they are still very superstitious and ignorant relative to religion. Formerly they principally worshipped two large live lizards, until thinking that domesticating one might be sufficient, they commissioned a large brass one from Birmingham about three

* This is the officer who won his promotion by boarding the Spanish slaver Mariaerito, in April, 1831; the particulars of that gallant exploit are recorded in our Journal, Part II. for 1832. p. 63, to which we refer the reader.

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ago, which now shares their worship with
ve partner; yet, ridiculous as this is, no
n along this coast is so advanced in gene-
nowledge.

few remarks will now be added, addressed
ose who take an interest in the cause of
nity, and yet may not have been fully in-
ed of the real state of the slave-trade.—
es of such atrocity constantly take place,
none can imagine but those who have wit-
d them. How dreadfully these poor crea-
must suffer during a long and tedious
, when five or six hundred are crowded
her in a small space, not four feet high;
owners, being afraid that their moving
would impede the progress of the vessel,
old both water and provisions for a whole
and this under a hot vertical sun. In one
nce, after a chase of twenty hours, twenty-
were found dead upon the lower deck—
ead shackled with the living; and the re-
der were nearly all in a state of madness,
ioned by heat and thirst; fifty died before
xpiration of three days, and upwards of a
red in less than three weeks! Many
examples of the same kind could be given,
n so painful a subject probably these are
ient.

may be remarked—"But have not these
ties been increased by our interference?"
doubtedly they have; and all our efforts
scarcely diminished the number of ne-
exported from Africa: an assertion which
e easily proved. There is a market at
and in the Brazils, to be supplied with
s, requiring about thirty thousand annu-
and, up to this time, that number has been
ied. No doubt the risk that is run, owing
r cruizers, increases the price of the blacks
planters, thereby diminishing their profits,
appears very doubtful, supposing the trade
ve been free, that many more could have
carried over with any profit to the import-
since the fall in the price would not suffice
crease the demand much. How far the
nt system raises the expense of importing
es, is a matter of calculation which we
ss data sufficient to determine: the average
aves captured is one in ten, which has
d the insurance from eight to fifteen per
; another increase of expense arises from
Spaniards now employing very fast-sailing,
armed vessels, with a numerous crew, to
tate their escape. This again adds to the
ry of the poor slave; for these vessels are
arp, that they afford very little accommo-
n in proportion to the tonnage. Again, if
trade were free, the price of a negro in
a and at Cuba would be more equalized;
hat reason greater care would be taken of
, or the importer would be ruined. As an
ple, let it be supposed that a man fits out
nooner from Cuba, and sends her to Africa
wo hundred slaves; their cost on the coast
his other expenses are eight thousand dol-
; his cargo would fetch twenty thousand;
but, from cruelty and neglect, one-half die on the passage: his gain would still amount to two thousand dollars. But let free trade be now supposed, when the price of two hundred slaves at Cuba would fall to fifteen thousand dollars; then, if the same man is so cruel and negligent that half his cargo die, he will be an actual loser of five hundred dollars, instead of making a profit by his voyage. This is not only a correct statement, but what is known to take place.

By an agreement that we made about four years ago, the Portuguese are permitted to carry on their slave trade uninterruptedly to the south of the line, and negroes are consequently much dearer there than to the north of the line. Ten thousand are annually exported from those latitudes; yet the vessels are all so much better formed and so much more roomy, that they have not one-fourth of the deaths that occur on board vessels of equal tonnage to the northward. In the year 1831, about twenty thousand slaves were exported from the northward of the line; and in 1832, there appears, from all accounts, to have been considerably more! So that for the sake of humanity more efficient means should be taken to put down this dreadful traffic; and there are but two ways: either all the powers of Europe must declare it piracy—in which case our present squadron off the coast of Africa would suffice; or, if we are to act alone, such a number of fast-sailing vessels must be sent out, that the risk of capture may overbalance the remunerating price which the planter could afford to pay. Supposing the second plan to be adopted, another dozen of men-of-war, on that station would probably get the slave-trade fairly under; and then the Spaniards and Portuguese, no longer finding it their interest to struggle, might consent to declare it piracy.

The case, we confess, is beset with serious difficulties; and while, on the one hand, our measures are chargeable with insufficiency and quixotism; on the other, they are obviously harsh and unjust. We will close this distressing statement with an extract from a letter written in 1808 by the late intelligent Captain Beaver from Antigua:—

"Many years have rolled over my head since I first visited these regions; and I know not whether the manners of the people have altered, or my own taste has changed—perhaps both may have felt the influence of the interval. I admire the matchless tints of the scenery and the heavenly splendour of the climate more than formerly; but I no longer relish the boisterous cheer and lax hospitality which once did not incommode me. The chatter of the negro is as vociferous, and the piccaninies gambol as wildly as ever, while Sunday is still the happy day which they call their own. But the planter is certainly less gay; and he appears already to suffer under the interference of our legislature. I apprehend the result of our measures will ultimately prove of greater benefit to our ene-

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mies than either to our own subjects or the slaves. It seems to me but reasonable that those who so warmly discuss this question in the House of Commons should first take the trouble to make a trip across the water, and ascertain the truth; for the inquiry has hitherto been borne down more by sophistry than by fact. I would rather see the wisdom and philanthropy of England exerted to ameliorate the condition of the blacks, which she can do, than witness her efforts at what she cannot do. I abhor slavery; but feeling that, constituted as mankind are, it ever has existed, and perhaps ever will, I cannot surrender the evidence of my senses to mere speculative morality. Everything I now meet with fully confirms me in the opinions which I have already expressed on this topic, in my narrative, or 'African Memoranda.'"

From the United Service Journal we copy the following letter addressed to Captain Scott, R. N. The writer appears to be more solicitous for the honour of the Navy than for that of the British Government:—

Sir,—I have seen a letter written to the Editor of the United Service Journal, commenting upon the account given in the Life of a Sailor of the various conflagrations during our operations against the Americans in the Chesapeake, and in no very courteous manner accusing the author of being 'a foul blot' on an escutcheon. To answer this very unfortunate production I now resume my occupation, and commence with an exculpation of myself in regard to the character of Sir George Cockburn.

I defy you or any other man to trace in the Life of a Sailor one word in any way reflecting improperly upon the character of the Admiral. I have mentioned him as a man firm of purpose—strong in feeling, but *constrained* to sacrifice those feelings to a sense of duty; and you, Sir, who have been all your life a follower of Sir George, know as well as myself, or any other officer of the Navy, that his character stands sufficiently high in our estimation as scarcely to require the support of a pen not very much accustomed to place its owner's ideas in the clearest of all possible lights. If I had said that Sir George was an overbearing, cruel man, that he laughed while the shores of the Potomac blazed,—if I had said that he was a tyrant, and that he threatened publicly to flog his first-lieutenant, or any other such improbable events, then *you* might have been justified in the remarks you have made, and would have been the best person to vindicate his character.

Although you state that your friends drew your attention to the chapter in the Life of a Sailor, which occasioned your remarks, yet you have omitted to state that they approve of them. Allow me to correct your 'readings' a little. You say, "It is a libel on the service: instead of the exertions of the gallant chief and the brave men he commanded being a blot on the escutcheon of the arms of England as long as she exists, the foul blot rests with the man who, after a lapse of twenty years, insidiously casts upon a distinguished Admiral and his own brother officers a heap of stigmas alone suited to barbarians."

Why, Sir, who ever did cast the insidious stigmas? You have conjured up a phantom, and then dressed it to suit your own convenience: and I presume this phantom is one of the gallant *spirits* mentioned in the preceding sentence. The *fault* of that villanous mode of warfare was never attributed to Sir George Cockburn;—on the contrary, it was expressly stated as a species of revenge *ordered* to be acted upon in consequence of the like aggressions having been practised by the Americans in the Canadas. "The disgraceful savage *mode* of warfare" (see p. 135, vol. ii.) is called the *blot* on our escutcheons as long as the arms of England may exist, and *not* the conduct of Sir George or the honourable and gallant spirits who executed the order. You have built a very fine "house upon the sands," and lo! —of course you know the rest.

Well, I congratulate the Americans with all my heart that my eyes deceived me; and I hope they found their houses untouched by their enemies. I am quite certain, from your statement, that we never did burn a house—that we never did steal the sheep, ducks, and geese; and I must have been dreaming when I thought I remembered a certain man in the foretop of a frigate being exchanged for a much better man, merely because he knew how to drive geese. Mind, Sir, I do not doubt that you carried the money-bags,—the purser of course held a sinecure,—and that the *Admiral himself* did pay A *price*. As for the Baltimore "last current," the ready Gazette, the reference, &c. &c. I of course never saw them; and I am very certain that most of my companions will subscribe to this remark, notwithstanding your letter which is now *lying* before *me*.

You make mountains of molehills—you speak of *yourself* and the Admiral; but the next time you stand as Sampson's post with Argus's head, do allow your eyes to range a little beyond your own ship. When the Havannah's men landed in the Rappahannock, to filch some geese left as decoy *ducks*, and were taken themselves instead, do you think they carried a dollar bag, or asked for the Baltimore Gazette? When Dr. Bolinbroke's house was sacked, in real good style—(I have some of his books now)—do you imagine that we ran over the country to pay the poor medico, or left an equivalent for the plunder?—Not a bit of it, I promise you;—why we put the staircase clock in the midshipmen's berth, as a memento of *past* time, for it never went, and his knife and fork case adorned our buffett. Now pray, Sir, do

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undeceive the public. I assure you we are all labouring under a most serious delusion; for the public papers mentioned and reprobated the unnatural mode of warfare; and I, having always believed my eyes and ears, readily lent a credulous attention to their statements; and until your very able letter, with the beautiful quotation of Isaac Watts at the top, and the little Latin hit at the tail, appeared, upon my honour and word I did give credit to our having stolen bullocks, ducks, sheep, geese, &c. and likewise to our having practised Mr. Swing in America, very much to the astonishment of the natives, and very little to their satisfaction or remuneration.

As your friends directed your attention to the Life of a Sailor, allow me to direct it again, not only to that Life, but to the Life of Sir Peter Parker; then, perhaps, your credulity will be a little aroused at the escape of the Menelaus, and you will find that I have not *much* exaggerated the number of ships, the distance, or any of the circumstances. After you have read that Life, perhaps you will favour the public with another letter; and do continue the motto, for it is most applicable, and I hope will strike the reader as forcibly as it did myself, for that motto caused this reply.

Believe me your very obliged,

The Author of the Life of a Sailor.

From the Dublin University Magazine.

MARY GRAY AND BESSY BELL.

"Oh! Mary Gray and Bessy Bell,
They were twa bonnie lassies."

Scotch Ballad.

These names are perfectly familiar to the inhabitants of the town and neighbourhood of Omagh, in the county Tyrone, and are given to two low mountains, situate on either side of the splendid demesne of Mountjoy Forest.—During a late visit to that part of the country, I made it my business to enquire into the origin of these titles, guessing, rightly, that some legend of interest might be found to be connected with them. The result of my investigation I shall now commit to writing, doubting not that the narrative itself, independently of any powers of the narrator, will be found sufficiently engaging to justify me in the attempt. Concerning the date of the events I am about to relate, I have ascertained nothing accurately, further than that they were still fresh in the memory of some of the elders of the district, as either coeval with or shortly preceding their early youth.

Mary Gray and Bessy Bell were two maidens, whose hereditary residences were placed near the foot of the respective mountains, which serve to hand down their names to posterity. The former might have had the precedence in years by two summers at the farthest; and while they equalled each other in fascinations and accomplishments of the first order, yet these were in each composed of far different lights and shades, even as their degrees in life were widely removed. Mary's ancestors had long leased the considerable farm which her family now held, and which was justly looked upon as one of the most substantial and thriving in the neighbourhood. Bessy, on the other hand, was highly descended, and connected with many of the leading families around her. Mary's disposition was thoughtful, calm and imaginative; Bessy's, again, was playful, capricious, and inconsiderate. The one could sit happily for hours, on the summit of her native hills, gazing on the beautiful scenes of lawn and wood-land beneath her, and lulled by the murmur of the river of the valley, conjure up a world of a thousand dreams around her, and trace in admiration the fair handywork of nature. The other, yielding to every passing impulse, fearless of care, and open to enjoyment, was apparently intended to figure only in the more sunny passages of existence, and was herself a potent mistress of the spells of gaiety. Mary's figure was tall, perfect, and commanding, and though her light blue eyes, and auburn tresses seemed the very emblems of all that was tranquil, yet every fine feature was robed in inexpressible dignity, during her moments of excitement or enthusiasm. It was impossible, on the other hand, to withstand the laughing glances of Bessy's sparkling eyes, set off as they were by a profusion of raven ringlets that clustered down her dimpled cheeks, while her almost fairy form was cast in the finest mould of feminine loveliness.

Such were the two fair creatures whose histories I am about to relate, when the one had reached her twentieth, and the other her eighteenth year; and by what link those histories came to be united, it will be now necessary to explain.

The reader has already, perhaps, felt surprise, that the qualities and attractions I have ascribed to Mary should be found in a farmer's daughter, in a "maiden of low degree." My information, however, accounted readily for the fact. Her family, as I have hinted, had long enjoyed an unusual, and almost uninterrupted prosperity, and in consequence of singular industry and perseverance on their part—virtues which seldom go without their reward—were conversant with few of the distresses that annoyed and agitated their less gifted neighbours. Her father, though in other respects a prudent and moderate man, seems to have indulged in overweeningly ambitious views for his daughter's welfare. Her birth had been soon followed by the loss of an affectionate wife, and he appeared thenceforth to have centered all his warmer feelings in her, whose uncommon beauty, and earlier indications of a superiority of mind, accounted, even in childhood, for all his fond partiality. Thus he was often heard to boast, that "his Mary should be as fine a lady as the best of them;" and with this view he had intrusted

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her, when but eight years old, to the care of the most fashionable school-mistress of the metropolis, desiring her to take charge of her until she was as accomplished as unsparing expenditure could make her. Mary was accordingly thrown at once among associates all higher than herself in station, and prospects in life; and, save when the honest farmer paid his regular half-yearly visit, she never even saw for a number of years, any that moved within her own natural sphere.

But while her companions, as I have said, had the superiority in point of rank, she found few to rival her in innate elegance, in graces of person, and in thirst for improvement; and although it must be admitted that the arrival of her unfashionable relative never failed to excite a momentary titter among her playmates, yet it was speedily checked by the recollection of her own unassuming merit and extraordinary good nature, which had won, from the first, the affections of each individual of the little community.

One of these, and inferior only to Mary in acquirements, was the second heroine of my tale; and, strange to say, although as different in tastes as I have described them, they soon formed for each other a fond and faithful attachment. They had been born and nursed amid the same scenes, and it was Mary's greatest delight, during her long exile from the midst of them, to freshen her recollections and multiply her enquiries from her very willing and happier friend, who twice, at least, each year could draw her information from experience. They were the joint idols of the school, but so far were they, either from envying the other's popularity, that they would sit conversing together in some quiet corner on the occasion of many a pastime, when there was the loudest cry for their aid and countenance of the general sports. Thus did each delight in the other's society, the very opposition of their characters enhancing perhaps the charms of intimacy. When Mary sung a pensive melody, Bessy would reply to it in some merry little native air; when Mary's imagination was attracted by the sombre and melancholy, Bessy would discover each lighter sentiment, as if by magic, in their common studies.

Years flitted by, strengthening their attachment as they passed, and Mary was at length delighted by a summons to attend her father on his last expedition homeward. Bessy was to remain one year longer at the academy, and the friends parted with mutual protestations of regard, and threats of almost daily correspondence, which they afterwards put into very accurate execution, to the great pride and pleasure of the farmer, who was gratified by the connection and intercourse in which his daughter had engaged. Not so with Mr. Bell. Naturally haughty and distant, he listened with little satisfaction to Bessy's account of her great intimacy with one so much her inferior in rank, although accompanied by the most glowing and enthusiastic praise; and when at length the period of her departure from school arrived, and she was to appear as his daughter in society, he sternly interdicted all future intercourse between them. Need I tell of the supplications, of the tears that attended so cruel a disappointment. He was resolute in his severity, and Bessy rode over to make the terrible disclosure, and weep for the last time on the bosom of her devoted and disconsolate friend. It was, indeed, a trying scene—they parted in the deepest affliction.

When poor Mary was left alone, she had time to estimate fully the overpowering loss she had sustained. Even before this sad occasion, indeed immediately on her arrival from school, she had perceived, and almost regretted, the deep mistake her father had committed in giving her an education so completely disproportioned to her rank—an education, which, if it added refinement, yet increased her wants, and unfitted her to take any interest in the pursuits or pleasures of her natural associates and protectors, while the fatal barrier of her birth seemed irrevocably to forbid the acquisition of that place in a higher circle, to which she was both entitled by her accomplishments, and which she could have filled with dignity. Her relations, indeed, had greeted her return with every demonstration of pride and affection, while her father doated on her with the most intense, nay painful fondness; yet, both they and he approached her with an involuntary betrayal of a consciousness of their inferiority, that, to her delicate sensibility almost destroyed the satisfaction which should naturally be afforded her from the kind interest of kinsfolk, and the warmth of a father's love. Viewing her circumstances, therefore, with discreet and unbiassed penetration, she would have regretted, I say, her adventitious elevation above her fellows, had she not hitherto enjoyed a solace for all distresses in her "sweet communion" with her beloved Bessy, and felt how deep should be her gratitude for being so strangely enabled to preserve an equality and enjoy an interchange of feeling and affection with so much merit and elegance.

Can any wonder then that this disappointment preyed heavily on her tender disposition; that she gave herself up for a time to a deep and wearing melancholy, and fancied that she was now left almost alone in the world. It was during the Christmas holidays that the unexpected shock came upon her, which seemed for the moment to stun all her faculties; and the spring had softened into summer, ere her mind regained aught of its natural elasticity. The honest farmer felt deeply affected, and, unable as he was to appreciate her sentiments duly, still endeavoured to soothe her too visible sorrow with unavailing fondness. Fearful of giving offence, by letting him see the inefficiency of his sympathies, she sought rather to retire into the solitude; and, as the season advanced, she wandered up the mountain almost daily to some shady spot, and soon forgetting

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the subject of the book before her, was lost for hours together in her own bitter and crowding thoughts, until the evening's chill, or the gathering gloom, reminded her that it was time to return.

It was on the morning of the 28th of August, that Frederick Montgomery also climbed that mountain, with the eagerness of a sportsman on the first day of the grouse-shooting for the season. As he descended again, it was with no slight astonishment that he perceived at a little distance, Mary Gray, as it were some fair spirit of the heights, moving slowly and musingly downward towards her father's cottage. It was the thought of a moment to follow cautiously and trace her steps; and at length his enquiries from a labourer in the adjoining field, convinced him that he had discovered her residence. Accordingly he resolved to return the next day to the same ground for sport, trusting to his ingenuity to invent some pretext for gaining admission at Farmer Gray's.

Frederick Montgomery was a stranger in Ireland, and had come down to the neighbourhood to pay, as he had at first intended, but a short visit to a newly married friend—himself a late settler. Although naturally of a frank and manly disposition, yet the dissipation of an Oxford life, and a subsequent unlimited enjoyment of the pleasures of the Continent during two years, now found him nearly as heartless as he was gay. Early the master of an independent fortune, and gifted with ready and showy talents, he had arrived at perfect self-confidence from his intercourse with the world, and was possessed of an address as insinuating as his person was striking and handsome. It was no wonder then that he boasted of some success with woman, who had been long his favourite study, as her favours were his darling pursuit, and that he now flattered himself with an intimate knowledge of the sex, and believed that he was accomplished in its passions and whims, its oddities and caprice, and every access to its softer feelings.

Such was the person who stopped at Farmer Gray's on the morning of the 21st, under the plausible pretext of remedying some accidental disorder of his gun. While a servant was heating water for that purpose, perhaps it was through some momentary feeling of vanity, that her father requested him to step in to Mary's little drawing-room. Although the furniture was plain and unpretending, yet it displayed an air of unstudied elegance, that had the power for an instant to change Montgomery's delight into astonishment. Workboxes, a writing desk, music and drawing, occupied their various positions through the apartment; a piano-forte lay open, while one or two feminine ornaments had been left in progress on the table. Books of Belles-lettres, instruction, and devotion, were arranged in spider-shelves around the walls, and a splendid portrait of their beautiful possessor hung over the mantel-piece. Every thing seemed to acknowledge the governance of a tasteful mistress, though all the occupations whose tokens were thus visible, had been neglected for months previous to the time of which we speak.

Soon mastering his surprise, Montgomery, with admirable tact, displayed his pleasure only so as to flatter the vanity, without exciting the suspicions, of the farmer; and having discovered she had gone abroad for some time, he contrived to carry on so successfully his insidious attacks upon the gratified father, that, won by the courtesy and bearing of his guest, and believing his daughter also might be pleased at the society of one who was evidently so fully accomplished, he invited him to return to his house that evening on his way homeward.

Need I tell the rest? His visits were daily repeated—while his stay with his friend was further protracted, and each morning he started for the mountain with his gun and dogs, long after there had ceased to remain a single feather for his bag. He was a favourite alike with father and daughter, the one he continued to manage as artfully as at their first meeting—the other could not but be taken with a person who possessed so many attractions, taste, talents, and multiplied, though showy and superficial, reading—who was ready to join in all her studies and amusements—who took such interest in every trifle that engaged her, and carried off all with those delicate and obsequious attentions, which, while they failed not to flatter and delight, could never for a moment appear obtrusive or alarming. They read, they sung, they walked and conversed together; Mary's disappointment at the loss of her friend was soothed, as her place was supplied; nor was she for a long time aware of the potent poison she was imbibing. And strange to say, altho' it cannot be denied that his first intentions were of the basest and most infamous order, as his letters to a friend, of that date, attempted not even to disguise, yet the same testimony at a latter period declared him to be caught, as it were, in his own snare, and completely disarmed of his terrible purposes, by the gentle nature and glowing virtues of the fair being they were intended to assail.

Time rolled on, and at length he ventured to speak openly of love and wedlock, and met with a reception, from both father and daughter, as flattering as his pride could desire. He was the first of his sex whom Mary had ever known, and in truth he was a favourable specimen, and it would have been unaccountable if the farmer had not been dazzled at the prospect of such a brilliant alliance. Such was the promise of happiness which enlivened the little party at the cottage; when one noon, in the decline of the season, this young and interesting pair strolled on as they conversed of their prospects far into the enchanting scenery of Mountjoy Forest.

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Of the details of that fatal day nothing further was known, than that Mary returned alone,

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and late in the evening, in a state bordering on frenzy, and never recovered from the shock she had sustained, or regained the peace she had sacrificed. Happily indeed for himself, her father was then absent, and for several days afterwards, and came home to suspect no more from the change in his daughter's spirits, which all her efforts could not conceal, than a mere lovers' quarrel, often but the enhancement of lovers' happiness!

Meanwhile, Montgomery appeared early the following morning at the cottage, and from that moment continually besieged the door, begging, supplicating, even fiercely demanding to be admitted, and in vain. A thousand billet-doux, addressed to Mary, he entrusted to her faithful attendant—all, except the first, were immediately returned unopened. He, too, seemed to have become almost a maniac—his dress and figure were disordered, his words rash and violent, and his voice hoarse and broken.

The farmer's arrival, however, acted like a charm; he seemed to have awaked from a dream, and gained over his feelings so sudden and powerful a mastery, that the poor unsuspecting man was confirmed in the opinion I have mentioned, and pitying his distress, engaged to intercede for him with his daughter. Who will not pause to pity him in the fulfilment of such a task?—Whose heart will not bleed for the poor victim whom he solicited? He came back at length, bewildered and displeased at her pertinacity, while she still remained resolute in declining to admit Montgomery in defiance of all importunities.

At length exhausted and despairing of success, the latter absented himself wholly from the cottage, though he long continued to hover about at some distance, under the vain expectation of accidentally crossing her path. The friend at whose house he was a visiter, and to whom he betrayed no desire to move, though his originally intended limits were now more than trebled, could not but observe his forlorn and dispirited state of mind, which, indeed it needed but a glance at his haggard cheek and sunken eye, to ascertain. Too delicate to probe a wound which appeared so deep and irritable, he resorted rather to every kind of artifice and design, which might have the effect of reviving and awakening him from the deplorable condition into which his every faculty had fallen.—Among the rest, he invited company to his house, and courted the society of all the neighbouring gentry, to whose advances, as a stranger, he had been until now, considered unaccountably distant; and it was in the round of gaiety that ensued, that Montgomery met, for the first time, the former friend of his Mary, who seemed, as it were, the very soul and arbitress of all that was mirthful and happy. Worn and lethargic as he was, he could not help being attracted by such a brilliant display of charms; and his anxious friend was soon delighted to remark, that in her society he appeared to shake off much of the torpor which had so long preyed on him, as the opportunities of meeting her seemed to multiply with an almost fatal accuracy.

Surprising and inconsistent, with that morbid and painful state of feelings I have described, as the next passage of his history would appear, let no man, I would say, presume to decide on the hidden motives, the inner workings of a fellow-creature, however open his external conduct to censure or dislike. For myself, I would fain see the sunny side of each fleeting picture, and I am satisfied, with regard to Montgomery, that during the latter part of his intimacy with Mary, he had been perfectly honorable in his intentions, whatever mysterious fatality seemed to have hung over its issue; that his grief and melancholy, when that intimacy was broken off, were equally unaffected; and that it was not owing to heartless indifference, but to natural fickleness and instability, and to the ardent spirits and warm constitution of his youth, that he soon was seen to be inspired with equal devotion to another, and as fair an object.

As for Bessy, she too had recovered from the shock her friendship had sustained although the latter feeling remained still undiminished; and we have already noticed the number and power of the fascinations which now newly beset her. In a word, Montgomery was formed to be the bane of two gentle creatures, with respect to whom, whether we look to their personal charms, their intellectual attractions, the innocence in which he found them, or their unalterable attachment to each other; it would be difficult to decide which should be the object of the greater interest and admiration.

Yet is it not after all, nearly incredible, when we recur to the circumstances of this little tale from the commencement, that in the course of four months from the hour when he parted with Mary, her recollection was now almost effaced, at least from the seat of his deeper emotions, and he found himself day after day engaged in attentions as assiduous to another, as he had so lately practised with unwearied zeal toward her? Nor was Bessy long insensible to his addresses, and, though her playful and innocent coquetry left him for a considerable period in doubt as to the state of her feelings towards him; yet, this very coquetry seemed destined to produce a result fatal to herself, as it roused him the more effectually from the languor which had oppressed him, awoke in him an interest and excitement, and elicited numberless fascinations which might have remained unnoticed had her manners been more distant and formal on the one hand, or had she seemed on the other, more easy and open to conquest. As it was, each soon received a sensible impression from the other's attractions, and looked forward with delight from day to day to the renewal of their intercourse. Montgomery, with his usual tact, won the good will even of the cold Mr. Bell, and began to be looked upon as a constant visiter at his house. His daughter was seldom absent, and, as before, with her

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early friend, their recreations and pursuits became the same, and as he walked or rode by her side, with admirable versatility of talent he accommodated his thoughts and feelings to her's, and was now as light and gay in his topics of conversation with Bessy, as he had been grave and speculative with Mary.

At length, a lawsuit in which he was engaged, demanded his presence in England within the course of a few days, and he determined, though with considerable compunction, to sound Miss Bell's feelings, and, should he find them propitious, to make an immediate declaration of his own. This important step, he reserved for his last day in the country, and on the morning previous engaged to accompany the fair object of his now undivided passion in her usual ride.

For the first time, and he now remarked it with deep uneasiness, she led the way toward farmer Gray's cottage. Of her former intimacy with his daughter, Montgomery, by some strange chance, had never heard. Each of them perhaps, had thought of it as a painful subject, and one, too sacred, it might be, to be intruded on a stranger's attention. But the reaction of restrained feeling is often more lively than its original force, and on this occasion as the pretty farm-house at the foot of the mountain came suddenly in view. Bessy was as instantaneously overcome, and bursting into tears, "There," she exclaimed, "even there lives one who is dearest to me on earth!"

What? Mary? stammered Montgomery, and, but that his companion was herself so touched at that bitter moment, his guilty confusion could never have passed unobserved. Little did either imagine that the pitiable subject of the thoughts of each, was at that same instant gazing from a shrubbery on the road side, who, after a long wild stare, reeled and fell to the ground!

They had paused for some time involuntarily, Bessy yielding to pathetic and sad remembrances, while Montgomery's heart was nearly rent asunder by a thousand maddening and conflicting emotions; at length they, each as involuntarily, turned their horses' heads and pursued their way homeward in melancholy and ill-omened silence. He was engaged for the same evening to meet a large party at Mr. Bell's, and it was not until they sat together at dinner that almost a syllable was interchanged between them; even then it cost an effort on both sides. The company observed it and rallied each on their depression, and Bessy was ere long, again the centre and attraction of all cheerfulness. Montgomery still maintained a gloomy taciturnity, for which the frightful convulsions of his mind that morning but too truly accounted. Bessy herself, was surprised, when it no longer seemed to originate in compliment to her own feelings; but still following the bent of a fond woman's credulity, she gave it the flattering interpretation of extreme regret at his early intended absence.

The ladies had long retired, and Montgomery had fortified himself with deep and long potations, ere he found it possible to gain even an artificial excitement. Under such influence, he at length appeared in the drawing room, and hastening again to Bessy's side, he lavished on her to an extravagant excess, all the flattery and compliment of which he was so finished a master. He led her to the pianoforte, hung over her chair, mingled his manly voice with her own sweet thrilling notes, and during each pause, whispered in her ear his fixed and unalterable devotion.

They were, after some time, induced by the delighted audience, to attempt a celebrated duet, the most difficult they had yet performed, and peculiarly expressive of tender and impassioned sentiments. It was in the midst of this, and when Montgomery was taking his part with exquisite taste and masterly skill, that a servant slipped into his hand a note which had been just delivered to him. He held it with the air of one totally abstracted in his occupation until it was Bessy's turn to respond, as she did with power equal to his own; then he ventured to snatch one hasty glance at its superscription. It seemed to contain a deadly spell—his very reason appeared to fail him—he staggered to the door, to the astonishment of all present, and seizing his hat, and seeming to fly from their attentions, rushed with the speed of madness to the stable yard, mounted his saddled horse and galloped furiously away.

Can it be doubted from whom that communication came? The beautiful characters were but too well known to him, and the words, which he himself read not till the next dawn, were the following: "Unhappy man! as thou wouldest yet hope for mercy for all thy accumulated guilt, ensnare not by thy wiles, another victim in addition to the lost MARY."

Often after that night, did Montgomery curse the perfections of the animal which carried him, that he dashed him not to atoms on the rough roads which he passed. On, on he rode, pushing him at the height of his speed, nor pulled a rein till he arrived at the Gray's cottage. It was already an hour past midnight, when he paused scarce knowing where he was, and having come so far without fixed purpose or intent. All around was calm and quiet, in awful contrast to the tumult that raged within him. The farmer and his household had long retired to rest; yet there was one sleepless being within that heard the horse and guessed at its rider. It was a moment of fearful excitement, and having almost mechanically led the reeking animal to a stall, he struck his hand against his forehead, and endeavoured to regain the composure which he appeared to have utterly lost. That he soon found was, at the moment, hopeless; and fearful of himself, frantic and distracted as he was, he determined to

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await the morning ere he sought admission at the cottage. He wandered round the environs of the farm, and as each familiar spot recurred to his eye beneath the clear moonlight, which he had trod so often with the lost, the loving Mary, he imprecated the deepest curses upon his own devoted head. At length the night clouded, as if in unison with his thoughts, the moon disappeared from the heavens, the storm rose apace, the rain descended thick, drifting, and violent. Involuntarily he bared his head and bosom to its assaults, and felt, for the moment, the first relief from frenzy. But in its place came reason, once more calm and cool, and he felt he had but awakened to a clearer sense of his misery. The lightning began to flash, and as its transitory brightness aided the grey glimmering of morning, he traced the expressions of the almost forgotten note. Deadly sickness came over him—a spasmodic shudder—a gravelike chill—and, staggering to a stable door, he sunk senseless beneath his steed upon the straw.

The farmer was, as usual, the first astir, and on going out was surprised to see that door but half-closed. He entered hastily, and was horror-smitten at the spectacle within. There lay Montgomery, as if in the grasp of a cruel and violent death, his throat and breast still bare, his face distorted, his hands clenched, and his hair damp and disbevelled. On closer examination, the farmer was rejoiced to discover that life yet remained: and being somewhat skilled in surgery, a power which his retired situation often called into practice—he bore his patient to the cottage, and having bled him freely, used every means to recal the existence which seemed so fast ebbing. Nor were they long without effect; and whilst he bent over him, anxiously watching their progress, and having administered a gentle opiate, laid him in his own bed, and sat him down by the side, he gave up his mind to innumerable conjectures upon the cause which might have reduced Montgomery to such a fearful situation.

His horse might have taken fright, and fled to a haunt once so familiar. He might have been attacked by ruffians, with whom the forest was said occasionally to abound, and fled for protection to his house, whilst the violence of their assaults, or the exhaustion of fatigue, would account for his having been found insensible. These, and a thousand such accidents, his imagination speedily suggested; but they were soon discarded successively, and as it were by instinct, his fears settled finally on the truth—that all he saw was connected, though he guessed not how, with the interests of his beloved daughter.

Instantly he sought her chamber.—She heard with little surprise, that Montgomery was in the house; but was deeply shocked to learn his pitiable condition. She accompanied her father to his bedside, and along with him watched over the wretched being it contained, with a deep intensity of emotion, until a long drawn sigh and violent contortion at length betokened his reviving sense, and then, in bitterness and misery, she glided back to her own apartment. The farmer, in the mean time, had resumed his painful reverie. During the last three months he had laboured under continual anxiety and doubt, concerning the lovers' unaccountable separation, and had latterly yielded to dark suspicions as to the purity of Montgomery's intentions, whose unworthiness he believed his daughter might have earlier detected and acted accordingly. Even his present compassion could not prevent their growing form; and it is not then to be wondered at, that when at length the patient opened his eyes, and rolled them wildly round ere he could recollect and account for his present situation, which he finally testified by grasping convulsively the hand of his kind physician, that the latter replied to his wistful look, by saying abruptly,

"Mr. Montgomery, I am a plain spoken man, and you must not be offended by my asking, what brought you here, or rather, was it to marry my daughter that you came?"

"Marry her!" exclaimed the unhappy young man—"Marry, did you say?—yes, yes!—it was to marry her—and oh! if you have a heart, but prevail on her this hour—to-morrow—or the next day—or when and where she pleases!"

The farmer was at once disarmed of every angry feeling, and all again was the tenderest and most attentive kindness. Finally, he undertook to gain for him an interview with his daughter, and left him for that purpose; while Montgomery, whose powerful constitution had already rallied considerably, made the necessary preparations in case his request should be granted.

And, after a long interval, it was so. Wrought up to the highest pitch of excitement, he received and obeyed the summons—and they met. But alas! how changed was the fair creature before him, from the bright young being he had once known and loved, in the beauty of opening womanhood, in the charms of happy innocence, in the spring-day of health and hope, almost a stranger to care, and possessing within herself a world of fascination, and of peace. Now, that cheek was lighted up as brilliantly as ever—but it was with a hectic flush; that eye was as bright—but with the glaze of disease; that brow was as eminently fair—but with the wan pallor of death.

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What passed during that sad interview never transpired to any. His voice had been elevated in the various tones of supplication, of passion, and of anguish; even his bitter sobs were heard distinctly through the cottage. She had always spoken in the lowest accents of calm resolution and collected dignity. At length there was a long pause—there was one heart-breaking groan—the door opened, and

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Montgomery rushed to the stable, and, having thrown himself on his horse, and galloped furiously to Omagh, called wildly for a post-chaise, and took the road to Dublin. There were no tidings of him afterward for many a week, save a hasty note to his friend, apologising for his abrupt departure.

It were idle to detail the innumerable conjectures and rumours in the neighbourhood concerning his strange conduct the preceding evening, and his sudden and mysterious disappearance. Idler far were the hope of describing the woeful feelings of the terrified, the forsaken Bessy. She had just learnt what it was to love, and be beloved, when the cup of happiness was dashed from her lips; she had just felt the full brightness of the vision, when it vanished from her straining gaze.

* * * *

It was in the noon of the 20th August, one year from the day on which he had first seen Mary, and during that short year what misery had he not wrought for himself and others! that Frederick Montgomery arrived in Omagh, having ridden by easy stages from the metropolis. He was much and visibly changed. His face had lost its former sweet expression, his cheek was pale, his lip colourless, his eye was wilder than before, and his brow wore the ravages of illness, and the traces alike of harrowing affliction and deep despair. What had brought him thither he dared not to ask himself. Could it be to look once more on the waste, the ruin he had made?

He partook of some refreshment, and prepared to resume his lonely way. As he awaited the appearance of his horse, the church-bell threw sullenly on the air its awful lament of death. He listened calmly for a moment, then burying his face in his hands, yielded himself up to the succession of bitter emotions that those sounds inspired; and the groom had summoned him thrice ere he started from his sad reverie. He mounted, rode slowly up the street, and saw the mournful paraphernalia of mortality enter the church-yard as he was about to pass. Under an involuntary impulse he paused, and moved after the sorrowful crowd toward the gate. He thought he heard some whispers of his name in the procession, but was too deeply abstracted to listen with much attention.

At length he reached the gate—there was, immediately within, a newly dug grave, and the coffin was being lowered from the hearse. As he gazed almost unconsciously around—suddenly, like the lightning's flash—he caught the chief mourner's eye—that chief mourner was farmer Gray, and in that glance what was there not conveyed! It seemed to pierce him to the heart, and turning round instantaneously, he fled with the mad speed of the criminal, down the precipitate hill, and whither?—and wherefore?

* * * *

That terrible evening, Bessy was sitting in a little arbour which Montgomery's hands and her own had raised in happier days, and she looked on the last beams of the setting sun, and thought how the wit and merriment of which she was then the mistress were now as faint and evanescent as the expiring glories on which she gazed. Then her ideas, as they wandered in a pensive strain, réverted to her happy school-days, to her beloved companion in them all. Oh! if she had known that the faithful, the well-remembered, the once lovely being, was at that very moment being consigned as dust to dust.

Suddenly there was a step—there was a voice, and in another instant she was folded in the arms of Montgomery! It was a long—an impassioned, as it had been an involuntary caress. At length it was over, and tears, while they relieved her, prevented her for a while from observing the ghastly, the frantic expression of him who still wildly gazed upon her. But it could not be longer unnoticed, and terrified and horror-struck—"What means that look?" she exclaimed. "Oh, dearest Frederick, you have never yet recovered from the shock of that awful night," and she burst into a new passion of tears.

"In truth," he replied slowly, and gasping for breath, "in truth it was a fearful shock; and the next day" he paused, and added convulsively—"the next day I was to have asked you to marry me. Oh, Bessy! dearest, best-beloved, would you have been the wife of the ——

"Murderer" he would have added, but he sunk powerless on the ground.

After a considerable interval he revived. A servant was chaffing his temples. Bessy stood near, intensely occupied with a paper she held, while her eye glanced from line to line with wild rapidity. It was the manuscript from which some of the leading facts I have related were originally extracted, and as Montgomery started up, and caught the reader's eye, she would have fallen had he not folded her in his arms. He laid her tenderly on the ground—staggered a few yards from the spot—there was the report of a pistol—and all was over. —She recovered but too speedily to hear that deadly sound. She rushed to the fatal spot, and threw herself on the bleeding and mangled corpse. At length she was torn away, borne to the house, and laid in her bed under the rage of a delirious fever. Long was her existence hopeless. But joy was in every countenance, when after nineteen days there was a plain and evident improvement. Then came a few lucid intervals, during which who would not have wept with her? And then a relapse. And after two months she rose from that bed an unconscious idiot.

It were impossible to describe the emotions with which I listened to this deeply pathetic tale. Two mountains, as I have said, serve to keep up its recollection amidst the scenes of its sad occurrences; and the weatherwise of

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the neighbourhood have been often heard to remark, that any menaces from the object of their study, are still earliest indicated by the gloom that gathers around Mary Gray; while in the darkest hours of the showery season, of spring or autumn, if any spot around would seem to indicate a brighter prospect, it is ever the green and sunny summit of Bessy Bell.

From the same.

WRITERS ON IRISH CHARACTER.*

The subject of Irish wit, to use the words of one of its happiest illustrators, is one "which dilates the heart of every true Briton, which relaxes his muscles, however rigid, to a smile; which opens his lips, however closed, to conversation; which 'frets another's spleen to cure our own,' and makes even the angelic part of creation laugh themselves mortal;' and yet, we know not any species of composition in which a greater number of writers have failed, than in that of delineating the Irish character. It has proved the Acroceraunian promontory to many a daring humourist, who has made shipwreck of his fame in his attempts to double it; and the number of adventurers in this species of writing has been proportionally great, as there is no people whose peculiarities are more entertaining, or whose humour, though frequently delicate and refined, yet is often of that broad and intelligible cast, which pleases the polished and the witty, and at the same time, "shakes with loud laugh the rude and dull." Yet the numerous failures in this extensive field may be easily traced to the erroneous estimate, which writers are apt to form of the distinguishing characteristics of districts or provinces; they seem to imagine, that the sole distinctions of these portions of mankind arise from the pronunciation of particular words, or the use of certain idiomatic expressions, and they suppose, that this may be easily marked by the mode of spelling or transforming the English language—the Scotch or Welshman is thought to be sufficiently distinguished, the former, if his conversation be embellished with "hout awa mon," "deil tak me," or "dinna fash your thumb;" and the latter, if he make such a transposition of letters as shall cause his language to appear ridiculous and enrich his conversation by quotations from his genealogical tree, tracing his pedigree through the Ap-Jones or Ap-Shenkins, to some period before the deluge; but such are not adequate marks of the varieties of our countrymen, nor are provincial barbarisms the only modes of designating the differences between one province and another; there are characteristics which are no less marked, and far more conclusive; it is the moulding of the thoughts, the spirit, not the letter of the conversation, which distinguishes districts and marks the peculiarities of different clans. Yet though this be true, how seldom has it been observed in the attempts to delineate Irish character, in which the difference is more strikingly marked and the outline more distinctly traced, than in any other race of people. The generality of writers suppose that an Irishman is adequately represented, if he be named Pat, if his conversation be overloaded with those figures of speech commonly called Irish Bulls, and enriched by the Doric embellishments, "arrah my jewel, by my shoul and St. Patrick, or 'by the holy poker.'" Such is the Irishman, as represented by English writers, and we do really aver, that it would be as true to nature, if Paddy was figured with a long tail and pair of wings.

We grant that an Englishman may suppose such to be an Irishman, and we consequently doubt not that Colman's stupid jokes are highly esteemed in England, when he has, gipsey-like, disguised them with a "purpureus pannus," from Paddy's coat of many colours: his Irish bulls are merely the blunders of stupidity, unlike that of the young student who, when asked of his progress, said, "I shall soon be qualified to practice as a physician, for I can already cure a child;" they contain no point, no humour, and are mere commonplace blunders. When he has attempted to be witty, in his Irish characters, without the assistance of *English* blunders, he has completely failed, and yet his success has not been the less in England; for Englishmen cannot appreciate, in consequence of not understanding, true Irish humour, which depends more on the drollery of a turn in the expression, the readiness of the repartee, or the mistake as much designed as accidental, which constitutes the peculiar excellence of the wit of our countrymen. Yet we forgive him, for if not witty himself, he has been the cause of wit in others, and the parody in the "Rejected Addresses" has almost for this reason made us excuse the dullness of its archetype.* And yet the Irish bull is not a "beast" of peculiarly Irish origin, as Miss Edgeworth has shewn in her admirable essay, nor are our countrymen to be distinguished by its exclusive use. John Bull has had himself a numerous progeny, but like the elder branches of most families, they are pardoned, while their Irish cousins are obliged to be the scape-goats (or rather calves,) and bear the sins and consequent flagellation, of their more fortunate relatives. What we have said above of the "Pic Nic poet" applies equally to all his countrymen, from the causes we have stated, and we do assert that no English writer has pourtrayed, or can pourtray Irish character; they have tried it frequently, and their repeated failures should have been a sufficient warning to them to abstain from the trial: it is to a fellow-countrywoman we owe the first truly Irish sketches —to the pen of Miss Edgeworth may be attri-

* Traits and Stories of the Irish Peasantry—Second Series, 3 vols., —Wakeman, Dublin, 1833.

* Vid Drury Lane Hustings, a new halfpenny ballad. Rejected Addresses, p. 81.

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buted the first successful pourtraiture of our nation's peculiarities; but it is only its harmless wit or amiable foibles she has attempted to represent; she describes her countrymen as seen only under circumstances calculated to develope the good points in their characters; and though the outlines of the picture are most true to nature, yet by omitting the dark shading, she has left it imperfect, and resigned to others the task of putting in the gloomy back ground, which though sombre in itself, yet serves to throw out the brighter tints in the picture, and make it more faithful and correct. In the same way the author of Hyacinth O'Gara and Honor Delany, has most correctly represented the manners of our countrymen; the former of these is in its way perfect; without any of the broad and extravagant humour, generally considered essential to the perfection of an Irish sketch, he has by delicate strokes of wit, by allusions to particular habits, only to be recognised by one intimate with his private life, succeeded in placing before the mind's eye the humble Irish Cottager telling his simple story, like "Thady in Castle Rackrent out of face," without having recourse to the usual straining at vulgar wit, but with the true inbred humour which so strikingly characterizes the lower orders of Ireland.

The style of each of these writers is altogether different from that of Mr. Lover, to whose sketches we give the greatest praise, as he has succeeded in the more hacknied and consequently the more difficult task of sketching the broad intelligible humour of our country, and succeeded, without having recourse to coarse vulgarity or worn out provincialisms, which constitute the only title of the generality of Irish sketches—his object has been to draw caricatures, and though in his sketch the features be more prominent, or the outline more strongly marked, yet he has succeeded in preserving enough of the likeness to enable us at once to identify the original.

We must pass over many other successful writers on this subject, and proceed to a consideration of the book, which forms the subject of this article, and to the author of which we would wish to introduce our readers, if they have not the pleasure of being previously acquainted with him, through the medium of the first series of Traits and Stories.

Mr. Carleton combines in himself all the requisites for this species of writing, he has lived in the country, the manners of whose people he undertakes to describe, until he has completely identified himself with their feelings and language; a close observer, of keen and discriminating judgment, he has most happily seized on the peculiarities, and given personality to the genius of the people he describes, his stories are *intensely* Irish, and combine all the excellencies of the best writers on Irish character—he has not sought to give a general sketch of a whole nation, but has pourtrayed the characters of a particular province. His opportunities have been peculiarly favourable, and afforded him facilities for observing the various features of character in the most truly Irish portion of the country, and he has been successful in representing his fellow-countrymen in all the circumstances best adapted for developing their peculiarities either as the unwary dupes of a powerful superstition, or the thoughtless associates of the midnight lawgiver; in this he has effected what Miss Edgeworth omitted, her object was, without perverting truth, to put forward all the amiable and excellent points in the Irish character, but Mr. Carleton has not only faithfully represented them under the most favourable aspects, but also shewn to us what they have become from oppression, from habits of insubordination, unchecked, if not encouraged, and from their being so often obliged to become the submissive engines of deep-laid conspiracy. In representing them under the last of these characters, he has been most successful, he seems to have felt with them, and for them; and to have entered as fully into their feelings, as it was possible a mere spectator could do. Yet in this portion of his task he has still shewn himself zealous for his country's honor, and without compromising truth, extenuated their crimes, by shewing that they are the results of feelings wrought to the perpetration of crime by the priest or demagogue, or of ignorance worked on by the undue influence of both, to seek for vengeance on those whom they suppose to be *their* enemies, or the opponents of *their own* legislation. In fact no one can read his books without being satisfied that the great want in Ireland is education, and so much proselytism as will render its people more independent of superstition and political prejudice, to which all their errors may ultimately be traced.

The first story in this series may seem partly to contradict what is here laid down, respecting the primary causes of the misdemeanours of the misguided peasantry, but it must be recollected that of the two principal actors, although they are not both under similar influence, yet the one is the passive instrument of his religious advisers, and the other has been in the first instance the dupe of a whiteboy party, of whose proceedings the priest is cognizant. We would gladly give an analysis of this story, but we prefer referring our readers to the book itself rather than mar their pleasure by an unsatisfactory abstract. We will, however, make one quotation, from the similarity between it and the scene in the "Fair Maid of Perth," where a supposed murderer is obliged to undergo the ordeal of touching the body of his suspected victim;* and we do this, not for the purpose of invidious comparison, but to shew

* Our readers will at once recognise the *bier-right*, to which allusion is made in the Death-song,

When the form thou shalt espy,
That darkened on thy closing eye,
When the footsteps thou shalt hear
That thrilled upon thy dying ear.

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the power of our author, even when matched against the Coryphæus of romantic fiction; no accusation of plagiarism can be brought against Mr. Carleton, as we know of cases in Ireland, where an appeal to this ordeal has been had recourse to. We will preface our quotation by merely observing that Frank M'Kenna is the individual suspected of having murdered Reillaghan.

"Now, neighbours," said Darby, "hould your tongues, 'till I ask Frank M'Kenna a question or two. Frank M'Kenna, as you hope to meet God at judgment, did you take his life that's lying a corpse before us?"

"I did *not*," replied M'Kenna; "I could clear myself on all the books of Europe, that he met his death as I tould yees; an' more than that," he added, dropping upon his knees, and uncovering his head, "*may I die without priest or prayer—without help, hope, or happiness,* UPON THE SPOT WHERE HE'S NOW STRETCHED, *if I murdered or shot him.*"

"I say amin to that," replied Darby, "*oxis doxis glorioxis!*—so far that's right, if the blood of him's not on you. But there's one thing more to be done: will you walk over *undher the eye of God,* AN' TOUCH THE CORPSE. Hould back neighbours, an' let him come over alone: I an' Owen Reillaghan will stand here wid the lights to see if the corpse bleeds."

"Give me a light," said M'Kenna's father, "my son must get fair play, any way: I must be a witness myself to it, an' will too."

"It's but rasonable," said Owen Reillaghan; "come over beside Darby and myself; I'm willin' that your son should stand or fall by what will happen."

Frank's father with a taper in his hand, immediately went, with a pale face and trembling steps, to the place appointed for him beside the corpse, where he took his stand.

When young M'Kenna heard Darby's last question, he seemed as if seized by an inward spasm; the start which he gave, and his gaspings for breath were visible to all present. Had he seen the spirit of the murdered man before him, his horror could not have been greater; for this ceremony had been considered a most decided test in cases of suspicion of murder—an ordeal, indeed, to which few murderers wished to submit themselves. In addition to this we may observe, that Darby's knowledge of the young man's character was correct: with all his crimes he was weak-minded and superstitious. He stood silent for some time after the ordeal had been proposed to him; his hair became literally erect, with the dread of this formidable scrutiny; his cheeks turned white, and the cold perspiration flowed from him in large drops. All his strength appeared to have departed from him; he stood as if hesitating, and even the energy necessary to stand, seemed to be the result of an effort.

"Remember," said Darby, pulling out the large crucifix which was attached to his beads, "that the eye of God is upon you. If you've committed the murder, thrimble; if not, Frank, you've little to fear in touchin' the corpse."

Frank had not yet uttered a word; but leaning on the gun, he looked wildly round him, cast his eyes up to the stormy sky, then turned them with a dead glare upon the cross and the crucifix.

"Do you confess the murdher," said Darby.

"Murdher," rejoined Frank; "no; I confess *no* murdher: you villain do you *want* to make me guilty?—do you want to make me guilty, you deep villain?"

It seemed as if the current of his thoughts and feelings had taken a new direction, though it is probable that the excitement, which appeared to be rising within him, was only the courage of fear.

"You all wish to find me guilty," he added; "but I'll shew yees that I'm not guilty."

He immediately walked towards the corpse, and stooping down, touched the body with one hand, holding the gun in the other. The interest of the moment was intense, and all eyes were strained towards the spot. Behind the corpse, at each shoulder—for the body lay against a small snow-wreath in a recumbent posture—stood the father of the deceased, and the father of the accused, each wound by feelings of a directly opposite character, to a pitch of dreadful excitement. Over them, in his fantastic dress and white beard, stood the tall mendicant, who held up his crucifix to Frank, with an awful menace upon his strongly-marked countenance. At a little distance to the left of the body, stood the other men who were assembled, having their torches held aloft in their hands, and their forms bent towards the corpse, their faces indicating expectation, dread, and horror. The female relatives of the deceased stood nearest his remains, their torches extended in the same direction, their visages exhibiting the passions of despair and grief in their wildest characters, but as if arrested by some supernatural object immediately before their eyes, that produced a new and more awful feeling than grief.—When the body was touched, Frank stood as if himself bound by a spell to the spot. At length he turned his eyes to the mendicant, who stood silent and motionless, with the crucifix extended in his hand. "Are you satisfied *now?*" said he.

"That's wanst," said the pilgrim: "you're to touch it three times."

Frank hesitated a moment, but immediately stooped again, and touched it twice in succession: but it remained still unchanged as before. His father broke the silence by a fervent ejaculation of thanksgiving to God, for the vindication of his son's character which he had just witnessed.

"Now!" exclaimed M'Kenna, in a loud ex-

Then strange sympathies shall wake,
The flesh shall thrill, the nerves shall shake,
The wounds renew their clottered flood,
And every drop cry, blood for blood.

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ulting tone, "you all see that I did *not* murdher him!"

"You DID," said a voice which was immediately recognized as the voice of the deceased.

* * * * *

We wish we were able to extract the description of a snow storm in the mountains from this story, which for accuracy of conception and vigor of description is unequalled by any thing we recollect to have read; but we must hasten on, and passing over the "Donagh" and "Pig Driver," proceed to the two concluding sketches in this volume, which are so connected together, that the "Geography of an Irish oath" may be considered merely as an illustration of the preceding "Essay on Swearing," in which is given a complete exposé of the talent of an Irishman for oath-taking, especially the department in which he is unrivalled and unapproachable, namely, in swearing an *alibi*. Our author in this essay contrasts the English, Scotch, and Irish systems of swearing, and of course establishes a triumphant case for Paddy, proving his superiority in that polite accomplishment; "in fact he is an *improvisatore* in oath-taking, with this difference, that his *extempore* oaths possess all the ease and correctness of labor and design." We regret that our limits prevent our giving the whole of the "Geography of an Irish Oath," which may be considered as a supplement to the "Essay;" we shall lay before the reader that portion which gives the name to the sketch, and an outline of so much as is required to make our extract intelligible.

Peter Connell first began the world as the keeper of a Sheebeen house, about four miles from the town of Ballyporeen; by active exertion he gradually advances in the world, and at last arrives at the dignity of a squireen, at least so far as to be able to keep an horse and car, and to farm an extensive tract of land. This advance in the world is to be mainly attributed to the good sense and activity of his wife Ellish, whose industry and steadiness have been the means of correcting Peter's unsettled and intemperate habits, and of almost weaning him from Poteen. Unfortunately for poor Peter, at this period, his wife is carried off by a fever, and he is left without the ballast which enabled him to stand the storms and tempests of life; his grief at the loss is so poignant and bitter, that he flies for relief from his agony of mind to the bottle, the usual resource of our fellow-countrymen, and even of less volatile and better educated men, when in difficulties more easily overcome than Peter's; this is chiefly owing to his kind friends having encouraged him to drown care by a little sup, when he found his grief coming on.

"Peter literally fulfilled his promise of taking a jorum in future. He was now his own master; and as he felt the loss of his wife deeply, he unhappily had recourse to the bottle to bury the recollection of a woman, whose death left a chasm in his heart, which he thought nothing but the whiskey could fill up."

Peter proceeds on in this manner, having become an habitual drunkard, his health rapidly declining, under the artificial excitement, which "often kills but never cures;" his family and his landlord remonstrating with him, but in vain; as a "dernier resort" the priest is applied to, whose remonstrances would have been ineffectual, had he not threatened to stop the masses for the soul of Mrs. Ellish Connell, and to return the money Peter had given him for saying them—the latter part of the threat is that which would probably have never been executed. In consequence of the priest's interference, Peter at last promises to swear against more than a "rasonable share," and that evening goes to the house of the village school-master to get the oath drawn up.

"Misther O'Flaherty," said Peter, "I'm comin' to ax a requist of you, an' hope you'll grant it to me. I brought down a sup in the flask, an' while we're takin' it, we can talk over what I want."

"If it be any thing widin the circumference of my power, set it down Misther Connell, as already operated upon. I'd dip a pen to no man at keepin' books by double entry, which is the Italian method invinted by Pope Gregory the Great. The three sets bear a theological ratio to the three states of a thrue Christian. 'The Waste-book,' says Pope Gregory, 'is this world, the Journal is purgatory, an' the Ledger is heaven.' 'Or it may be compared, he says, in the preface of the work, 'to the three states of the Catholic Church—the church militant, the church suffering, and the church triumphant.' The larnin' of that man was beyant the reach of credibility."

"Arrah, have you a small glass, masther? You see, Misther O'Flaherty, it's consarnin' purgatory, this that I want to talk to you about."

"Nancy get us a glass—oh, here it is! Thin if it be, it's a wrong enthry in the journal."

"Here's your health, masther!—not forgettin' you, Mrs. O'Flaherty. No, indeed thin, it's not in the journal, but an oath I'm going to take aginst liquor."

"Nothing is asier to post than it is. We must enter it under the head of—let me see—it must go in the *spirit* account, under the head of Profit an' Loss. Your good health, Mr. Connell!—Nancy, I drink to your improvement in imperturbability! Yes, it must be enthered under the—"

"Faix, under *the rose*, I think," observed Peter, "don't you know the smack of it? You see since I tuck to it, I like the smell of what I used to squeeze out o' the barley myself, long ago. Misther O'Flaherty, I only want you to draw up an oath against liquor for me; but it's not for the books, good or bad. I promised to Father Mulcahy that I'd do it. It's regardin' my poor Ellish's sowl that's in purgatory."

"Nancy, hand me a slate and cutter. Faith,

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that same's a provident resolution; but how is it an' purgatory concatenated?"

"The priest, you see, won't go on wid the masses for her 'till I take the oath."

"That's but wake logic, if you ped him for them."

"Faix, an' I did—an' well too: but about the oath? Have you the pencil?"

"I have; jist lave the thing to me."

"Asy, masther—you don't understand it yit. Put down two tumblers for me at home."

"How is that, Masther Connell?—It's mysterious, if you're about to sware *against* liquor!"

"I am. Put down as I said, two tumblers for me at home. Are they down?

"They are down; but—"

"Asy!—very good! Put down two more for me at Dan's. Let me see!—two more behind the garden. Well! put down one at Father Mulcahy's;—two more at Frank Carroll's of Kilclay. How many's that?"

"Nine!!!"

"Very good. Now put down one wid ould Bartle Gorman of Nurchasy; an' two over wid Michael Morris, of Cargah. How many have you now?"

"Twelve in all!!!! But, Misther Connell, there's a demonstration badly wanted here. I must confiss I was always bright, but at present as dark as Nox. I'd thank you for a taste of explanation."

"Asy, man alive! Is there twelve in all?"

"Twelve in all: I've calculated it."

"Well, we'll hould to that. Och, och!—I'm sure, avourneen, afore I'd let you suffer one minute's pain, I'd not scruple to take an oath aginst liquor, any way. He may an wid the masses now for you, as soon as he likes. Mr. O'Flaherty will you put it down on paper, an'. I'll swear to it, wid a blessin,' tomorrow."

"But what object do you wish to effectuate by this?"

"You see, masther, I dhrink one day wid another from a score to two dozen tumblers, an' I want to swear to no more nor twelve in the twenty-four hours."

"Why there's intelligibility in *that!*—wid great pleasure, Mr. Connell, I'll indite it. Katty tare me a lafe out o' Brian Murphy's copy there."

"You see, masther, it's for Ellish's sake I'm doin' this. State that in the oath."

"I know it; an' well she desarved that specimen of abstinence from you, Misther Connell. Thank you, your health agin! an' God grant you grace and fortitude to go through wid the same oath! An' so he will, or I'm grievously mistaken in you."

OATH AGAINST LIQUOR,

Made by Mr. Cornelius O'Flaherty, Philomath, on behalf of Misther Peter O'Connell, of the Cross-roads, merchant, on one part, and of the soul of Mrs. Ellish O'Connell, now in purgatory, merchantress, on the other—

I solemnly, and meritoriously, and soberly swear, that a single tumbler of whiskey punch shall not cross my lips, during the twenty-four hours of the day, barring *twelve*, the locality of which is as followeth:—

Imprimis—Two tumblers at home,	2
Secundo—Two more ditto at my son Dan's,	2
Tertio—Two more ditto behind my own garden,	2
Quarto—One ditto at the Rev. Father Mulcahy's,	1
Quinto—Two more ditto at Frank Carroll's, of Kilclay,	2
Sexto—Two ditto wid ould Bartle Gorman, of Nurchasy,	2
Septimo—Two more ditto wid Michael Morris, of Cargah,	2
	12

N. B.—I except in case any Docther of Physic might think it right and medical to ordher more for my health; or in case I might get Father Mulcahy to take the oath off for a start, at a wedding, or a christening, or at any other meeting of friends, where there's drink.

his
PETER ⋈ CONNELL.
mark.

Witness present,
Cornelius O'Flaherty, Philomath.
June the 4th, 18—.

☞ I certify that I have made and calculated this oath for Misther O'Connell, merchant, and that it is strictly and arithmetically proper and correct.

CORNELIUS O'FLAHERTY, Philomath.

Dated this fourth of June, 18—.

In spite of this oath to which Peter swears obedience, after adding Octavo—one more tumbler out of respect for dacent Andy Cavanagh—1. He is still constantly drunk, and after some time obliged again to have recourse to Mr. O'Flaherty.

"Masther," said he, "we must thry and make the oath somethin' plainer. You see,

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when I get confused, I'm not able to rimimber things as I ought. Sometimes, instid of one tumbler I take two at the wrong place; an' sarra bit o' me but call'd in and had three wid one Jack Rogers, that isn't in it at all; so I'd thank you to dhraw it clearer, if you can, nor it was."

"I see," Mr. Connell," I comprehend, wid the greatest ase in life, the very plan for it. We must reduce the oath to Geography, for I'm at home there, being a surveyor myself. I'll lay down a map of the parish, an' draw the houses of your friends at their places, so that you'll never be out of your latitude at all."

"Faix I doubt that, Masther—ha, ha, ha!" replied Peter, "I'm afeard I will of an odd time, for I'm not able to carry what I used to do: but no matther; thry what you can do for me this time, any how. I think I could bear a long dozen still, if I don't make mistakes."

O'Flaherty accordingly set himself to work; and as his knowledge, not only of the parish, but of every person and house in it, was accurate, he soon had a tolerably correct skeleton map of it drawn for Peter's use.

"Now, see this dot—that's your own house."

"Put a crass there," said Peter, "an' thin I'll know its the Crass-roads."

"Upon my reputation, you're right, an' that's what I call a good specimen of ingenuity. I'll take the hint from that, and we'll make it a Hieroglyphical as well as a Geographical oath. Well, there's a crass, wid two tumblers—is that clear?"

"It is, it is! Go an."

"Now, here we dhraw a line to your son Dan's. Let me see: He keeps a mill an' sell's cloth. Very good. I'll dhraw a mill-wheel and a yard-wand. There's two tumblers. Will you know that?"

"I see it—go an, nothin' can be clearer. So far I can't go asthray."

"Well, what next? two behind your own garden. What metaphor for a garden? Let me see!—let me cogitate! A dragon—the Hesperides! That's beyant *you*. A bit of a hedge will do an' a gate."

"Don't put a gate in; its not lucky. You know when a man takes to dhrink they say he's goin' a grey gate, or a black gate, or a bad gate. Put that, out, an' make the hedge longer, an' it'll do—wid the two tumblers, though."

"They're down; one at the Reverend Father Mulcahy's. How will we translate the priest?"

"Faix I doubt it will be a difficquilt business."

"Upon my reputation I agree with you in that, especially whin he repates Latin. However, we'll see. He writes P. P. afther his name; pee-pee is what we call the turkeys wid. What'ud you think of two turkeys?"

"The priest wud like them roasted, but I could'nt undherstand that. No; put down the sign of the horsewhip, or the cudgel, for he's handy and argues well wid both.

"Good! I'll put down the horsewhip first, an the cudgel alongside of it; then the tumbler, and there'll be the sign of the priest."

"Ay, do, Masther, and faix the priest 'ill be complete; there can be no mistakin' him thin. Divil a one but that's a good thought!"

"There it is in black an white. Who comes nixt? Frank Carroll. He's a farmer. I'll put down a spade and harrow. Well that's done. Two tumblers."

"I won't mistake that aither; its clear enough."

"Bartle Gorman of Nurchasy. Bartle's a little lame, an uses a staff wid a cross on the end that he holds in his hand. I'll put down a staff wid a cross on it."

"Wud there be no danger of me mistakin that for the priest's cudgel?"

"Not the slightest. I'll pledge my knowledge of Geography, they're two very different weapons."

"Well, put it down, I'll know it."

"Michael Morris, of Cargah. What for him? Michael's a pig driver—I'll put down a pig. You'll comprehend that?"

"I ought; for many a pig I sould him in my day. Put down the pig; an if you could put two black spots upon his back, I'd know it to be one I sould him about four years agone—the fattest ever was in the country; it had to be brought home on a car, for it wasn't able to walk wid fat."

"The spots are on it. The last is Andy Cavanagh, of Lisbuy. Now do you see, I've dhrawn a line from place to place, so that you've nothing to do only to keep to it as you go. What for Andy?

"Andy! let us see. Andy! Pooh!—What's come over me that I've nothin for Andy? Aye! I have it.—He's a horse-jockey. Put down a grey mare I sould him about five years agone."

"I'll put down a horse; but I can't make a grey mare wid black ink."

"Well, make a mare of her, any way."

"Faith, that puzzles me. Stop, I have it! I'll put a foal along wid her."

"As good as the bank. God bless you, Misther O'Flaherty; I think this 'ill keep me from mistakes. An' now, if you'll slip up to me afther dark, I'll send you down a couple of bottles and a flitch. Sure you desarve it, afther the trouble you tuck."

We feel convinced that after this extract, our readers will agree with us in our commendations of Mr. Carleton's powers as a writer: we should mention, that the above is not without foundation, according to our author, and it certainly affords an additional reason for believing "truth to be stranger than fiction." In any of his sketches, where schoolmasters are introduced, Mr. Carleton shews great ability; he has evinced the most consummate skill in displaying their pedantry and supercilious ignorance. In the former series, how-

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ever, he was more successful than in the present, in which he seems to have almost exhausted his materials on this subject, and been therefore obliged to have recourse to the overstrained and unnatural hyper-iriscisms which disfigure the composition of most of our writers, and from which we had supposed Mr. Carleton entirely free, until we came to the sketch of the schoolmaster, in the "Poor Scholar," which is quite unworthy of Mr. Carleton's pen, and of the admirable story in which it occurs; let any one read the speech in p. 160. vol. ii., and we are confident they will agree with us in our observations; we are at the same time ready to acknowledge, that it is almost the only defective writing in the book; it is also redeemed by the preceding sketch, in the same story, of Mr. Corcoran, which is redolent of humour, and in our author's best style. For the benefit of our College readers, we will give, in Mr. Corcoran's own words, the account of the prowess of his pupil, Tim Kearney, who "bate" them all in that "overgrown hedge-school called Thrinity College."

"Arrah, how was that, Masther?"

"Tim, you see, wint in to his Enthrance Examinayshuns, and one of the Fellows came to examin him, but divil a long it was 'till Tim sacked (puzzled) him."

"Go back agin," says Tim, "and sind some one that's *able* to tache me, for you're *not*."

"So another greater Scholar agin came to thry Tim, and *did* thry him, and Tim made a hare of *him*, before all that was in the place—five or six thousand ladies and gintlemin, at least!"

"The great larned Fellows thin began to look odd enough; so they picked out the best scholar among thim, but one, and slipped him at Tim: but well becomes Tim, the never a long it was 'till he had *him*, too, as dumb as a post. The Fellow went back."

"Gintlemin," says he to the rest, "we'll be disgraced all out," says he, "for except the Prowost sacks that Munsther Spalpeen, he'll bate us all, an' we'll never be able to hold up our heads afther."

"Accordingly, the Prowost attacks Tim, and such a meetin' as they had, never was seen in Trinity College since its establishment. At length when they had been nine hours and a half at it, the Prowost put one word to him that he couldn't expound, so he lost it by *one* word. For the last two hours the Prowost carried on an examinayshun in Hebrew, thinking, you see that he *had* Tim there; but he was mistaken, for Tim answered him in good Munster Irish, and so it happened that they understood each other, for the two languages are first cousins, or, at all events, close blood relations. Tim was thin pronounced to be the best scholar in Ireland except the Prowost; though among ourselves, they might have thought of the man that taught him. That, however, wasn't all. A young lady fell in love with Tim, and is to make him a present of herself and her great fortune (three estates) the moment he becomes a counsellor: and in the mean time she allows him thirty pounds a year to bear his expenses and live like a gentleman."

We must now hasten to conclude, and shall therefore pass on, to the third volume, which contains two sketches, "Denis O'Shaughnessy," and "Phelim O'Toole's courtship." We will not attempt any outline of these stories, having trespassed too long already on our readers' patience, and wishing not to lessen their interest in the perusal. We cannot, however, resist the temptation of giving the following specimen of a prayer at a *Pattern*, which excels even Mrs. Malaprop's *orthodoxy*.

"Queen o' Patriots pray for us! St. Abraham—go to the divil you bosthoon; is it crushin' my sore leg you are?—St. Abraham, pray for us! St. Isinglass, pray for us! St. Jonathan pray for us! Holy Niniveh, look down upon us wid compression an' resolution this day; Blessed Jerooslim, throw down compuncture an' meditation upon us Christyeens assembled here before you to offer up our sins! Oh! grant us, blessed Catastrophy, the holy virtues of timtation an' solitude, through the improvemint an' accommodation of St. Columbkill! To him I offer up this button, a bit o' the waistband o' my breeches, an' a taste o' my wife's petticoat, in rimimbrance of us havin' made this holy station; an' may they rise up in glory to prove it for us at the last day! Amin."

We must also for the instruction of any of our readers about to enter the bands of Holy Matrimony, give the following extract, containing the most valuable advice for the arranging of marriage articles, and assisting them in the almost incomprehensible business of settling entails, or *bona fide* property in stock, which 'parvis componere magna,' is most expeditiously and satisfactorily decided, without either the interference of the lawyer or his jackall, in the cabin of the Irish peasant; it is merely necessary to premise that Phelim is heir at law to a fee simple estate of "half an acre," on which account his father is anxious he should marry and have an heir to keep up the family of the O'Tooles.

"When Phelim had reached his twenty-fifth year, his father thought it was high time for him to marry. The good man had, of course, his own motives for this. In the first place, Phelim, with all his gallantry and cleverness, had never contributed a shilling, either towards his own support, or that of the family. In the second place, he was never likely to do so. In the third place, the father found him a bad companion; for in good truth he had corrupted this good-man's morals so evidently, that his character was now little better than that of his son. In the fourth place, he never thought of Phelim that he did not see a gallows in the distance; and matrimony, he thought,

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might save him from hanging, as one poison neutralises another. In the fifth place, the "half acre" was but a shabby patch to meet the exigencies of the family, since Phelim grew up. "Bouncing Phelim,"—as he was called, for more reasons than one,—had the gift of good digestion, along with his other accomplishments; and with such energy was it exercised, that the "half acre" was frequently in hazard of leaving the family altogether. The father, therefore, felt quite willing, if Phelim married, to leave him the inheritance, and seek a new settlement for himself. Or if Phelim preferred leaving him, he agreed to give him one-half of it, together with an equal division of all his earthly goods; to wit: two goats, of which Phelim was to get one; six hens, and a cock, of which Phelim was to get three hens, and the chance of a toss-up for the cock; four stools, of which Phelim was to get two; two pots—a large one and a small one—the former to go with Phelim; three horn-spoons, of which Phelim was to get one, and the chance of a toss-up for the third. Phelim was to bring his own bed, provided he did not prefer getting a bottle of fresh straw as a connubial luxury. The blanket was a tender subject; being fourteen years in employment, it entangled the father and Phelim, touching the propriety of the latter's claiming it at all. The son was at length compelled to give it up, at least in the character of an appendage to his marriage property. He feared that the wife, should he not be able to replace it by a new one, or should she herself not be able to bring him one, as part of her dowry, would find the honeymoon rather lively. Phelim's bedstead admitted of no disputes, the floor of the cabin having served him in that capacity ever since he began to sleep in a separate bed. His pillow was his small-clothes, and his quilt his own coat, under which he slept snugly enough."

This is the last extract we are able to give from this most amusing and instructive book—instructive, as it acquaints us with the manners and feelings of a people but imperfectly understood and unduly appreciated; and though we have frequent occasion to laugh at their foibles or ridicule their errors, yet we should never forget the circumstances which have mainly contributed to keep them permanently in this state of degradation; which it seems the policy of their present rulers to perpetuate, by affording additional facilities to their greatest enemies for keeping them under the dominion of error and fanaticism, instead of endeavouring to repress violence and encourage education; still we have hopes, that the night of ignorance is drawing to a close, and that ere long the British Cabinet will see their real interests in legislating rather on principle than expediency. The story entitled "Tubber Derg," which we have been obliged to omit any notice of, also conveys a lesson to the landlord, as it clearly demonstrates, that something more than legal authority is required, to make this country what it ought to be, and proves that the interest of the owners of the soil is intimately connected with what we conceive to be their duty, namely, their personal attention to the necessities and wants of their tenantry. Whether any exertion on their part be not *now* too late is a question of a different nature, as we fear that the die is cast and the fate of Irish landlords almost decided; and unless some measures are had recourse to ere long, which will restore their legitimate powers to the landed proprietors in this country, we apprehend that the situation of keeper of their accounts, as far as the credit side of the book is concerned, will be a sinecure. But a truce to gloomy politics, and let us return to the author of "Traits and Stories," to whom we give our most sincere thanks, for the relief we obtained by his stories from the painfully exciting discussions of public affairs. We are fully aware of our inability sufficiently to praise these volumes, but were we to express what we feel on the subject, our praise might appear extravagant to those who have not read them, while to those who have it would be superfluous, as we are convinced that no one possessing the slightest knowledge of our country can fail to consider them as the best traits and stories connected with our native land that have ever issued from the press. We sincerely hope that Mr. Carleton may continue to work this valuable mine, in which he has discovered and partially wrought, a new and rich vein. As literary co-patriots, we trust that he will receive such encouragement at home as will obviate the necessity of our advocating the repeal of that literary union, which unlike the 'legislative,' draws from our shores our brothers of the quill, without giving their equivalent or allowing us a draw-back on the export.

We cannot conclude our review of these admirable volumes without expressing the gratification we feel at being able, in the first number of a new literary enterprize, to bring before our readers a book, not merely meriting notice as the work of a fellow-countryman, but worthy of taking a high place in the literature of any nation; and we trust that it is an augury of success for ourselves, to find publishers not unwilling to risk capital in promoting literary exertion in this country, and purchasers ready to sanction the risk. Time was, when such an undertaking would be looked upon as a speculation, only to be parallelled in absurdity by the "South Sea Stock," or "Peruvian Bonds"—and though *we* cannot say, "nous avons changé tout cela;" yet, that such a change has taken place is undeniable; and books are published and publishing in Dublin, which, in our youthful days, could only have found purchasers and publishers at the other side of the channel: so that we trust ere long we will be able to say, with truth, what was said many years since without foundation in

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fact, but we hope in a prophetic spirit: "*Les Irlandois, ne le cèdent plus aux Anglois, ni en industrie, ni en lumiéres.*"

From the Book of the Hundred and-One.

THE BLACK NAPOLEON.

"The present generation must expect to be encumbered with sons of Napoleon, in rivalry with false Dauphins. Each fallen dynasty has bequeathed to us its glorious illegitimates, and its counterfeit descendants. * * Popular belief is fed from such doubtful sources; and, provided the nose or the mouth bear some faint resemblance to the same features in the ex-sovereign, the dress does the rest. * * *

"This preamble shows, by anticipation, the little desire I have to seduce the credulity of the reader, and my indifference whether or not he share in my conviction. I am only anxious, by the simplicity of this narrative, and the authority of the dates, facts, and names, which I adduce, to inspire him with a little confidence.

* * * * *

"During the moments of leisure between the thousand prodigies which have made the Egyptian campaign a poem, or a fairy tale, Napoleon, then called Buonaparte, formed acquaintance with the dark Egyptian girls, beautiful, submissive, and passing their lives upon the sand, or upon sofas,—their imaginations excited at the sight of a man, who projected his shadow, like a huge pyramid, from Cairo to Upper Egypt.

"I agree with the world, that it is a prodigious thing to have conquered the English, the Mameloucs, the plague, the ophthalmia, thirst, and the Desert; and they will surely agree with me, that there is nothing extraordinary in Napoleon leaving a descendant. I grant the marvellous;—concede to me the possible.—Grant me that Napoleon had a son in Egypt, and that this son was a half-caste, short, formed like his father, and copper-coloured like his mother.

"When I left school in 1824, I was acquainted at Marseilles with a young Egyptian, twenty-six years of age, named Napoleon Tard***. A certain identity of political opinions, and the same taste for solitude, soon cemented a strong friendship between us. All the disadvantages of our intimacy lay on his side; for I drank deep of knowledge from his conversation, and he instructed me in the Greek and Arabic languages; rendering his lessons truly delightful by recollections of his travels in Nubia, Ethiopia, and across the Jordan—by vast original information—and by those views which you cannot derive from books, because books are mutes, and have not the animation of gesture, nor the flash of the eye, nor the music of the voice, nor the quivering of the muscles. His memory, which he pretended he had lost, was encyclopedical. If you asked him for a word he would give you a volume. When he spoke, I more than listened,—I read. But the moment this overflowing of poetry, science, thought, and enthusiasm ceased, he would relapse into the deepest and most silent melancholy. Nothing could rouse him from it. A mild and constant smile alone denoted in him the motion of life. It was during this lethargic tranquillity that you were struck with the muscular power of his thickset body, and with the fine form of his shoulders, arched and moulded like those of an antique statue. He was short—scarcely five feet four; but in such men, the head is the body. His was of a size prodigiously out of proportion with his bust, although the latter was very large; whilst his thin and nervous legs were like those of all the Orientals, without exception, inhabiting the borders of a desert. His head displayed the largest cerebral developement ever seen in a European, together with the finest characteristics of an African. His nose, boldly aquiline, hung over lips more natural than delicate in their form. His chin turned up a little too much, which gave to the lower part of his face an enervative and somewhat monkish expression. But it was impossible not to pass over this defect, when you perceived that which justified his claim to a resemblance of which he was proud. His eyes, of a transparent and dazzling blue, indicated that mental superiority with which God now and then invests certain men, to prove to the levellers of all ages the untruth of equality among mankind. The fascination of his eye dragged you within the vortex of his will, where you were forced to remain and encounter the shock of his emotions, and the concussion of his mental excitement. His eyes, which you wished you had never seen, and which it was impossible to forget when once you had come within their influence, flashed fire; and the dark orbs which encircled these two burning mirrors, enabled you to comprehend at what price God sometimes bestows genius, and what constant suffering he kindles in those hearts which serve as its altars. From this description, which my feeble pen has left so imperfect, the reader will be reminded of the noble countenance of Napoleon, which will be handed down to the latest posterity. It is one of the family portraits of human nature.

"Your idea of Tard*** would be incomplete, if you forget that he was a half-caste. Upon his huge, thick, and hard skull was stretched a tanned skin always in perspiration. The straight hair of the Corsican fell over two large, flat, and primitive ears. His was the frame of Napoleon, covered with the skin of Sesostris.

"Let those who comprehend Napoleon's mission upon earth, who know what energy he derived from the Corsican, Genoese, and Florentine blood mingled in his veins, measure, if they dare, the confusion into which the same man would have thrown the social economy had he been born in Africa, his veins swollen with black blood, galloping naked upon a horse without a saddle, pointing with his sword to the west, and showing it to his people, as a tamer

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of wild beasts would show a quarter of fresh meat to a lion;—moving men not with ideas of independence and glory—which symbols have no meaning but among old nations, rubbed smooth with worn-out civilization—but with miracles in deeds,—lengthening the desert wherever he passed,—realizing the unity of empires by death, and universal peace by silence,—leaving in each conquered city a flame for ensign, and fire for a garrison.

"The consciousness of his high birth and two-fold origin, now kept Tard*** in a state of sombre preoccupation. As soon as our intimacy warranted every kind of confidence, he constantly talked to me of his mad projects in the East. 'The East is mine,' he would say, 'as the West belonged to my father Napoleon. I will state my descent, my name, and my projects; I will place myself at the head, not of the Turks, but of the Arabs. The former have run their race. With the Arabs I will restore the civilization of the Ptolemies. I speak their language; I belong to their race; I am of their blood;—and they will listen to me. I will call each city, each town, each hamlet, each man, and each child by their several names. All will come to me; and the Nile, and the sands of the desert, and the winds shall roll towards Cairo and Alexandria as did the armies of Cambyses. The cross of the Cophts, and the three colours shall operate new prodigies. I will do for Egypt that which my father had not the generosity to do. He wanted it only as a road to India, instead of making it independent. Egypt shall with me and by me, be free; free by my sword, by the cross, and by the three colours. No more beys, nor pachas, nor slaves. Freedom, as in the time of the Caliphs, will I establish.—See you this casquette?' he continued; 'I will place it upon the pinnacle of Mecca. Until that time, it shall never quit my possession; then shall civilization revolve round it. Then shall we open our libraries;—then shall we call to us science now enslaved in old Europe. It shall come to us from Germany, and Italy and Spain. The Arabic of the Caliphs, the Greek of Plato, and the Latin of Tacitus, shall run through the streets of Alexandria. Then shall the light again come from the East, and the prophecies be accomplished!'

"And I have seen him, full of these strange ideas, full of projects of conquests, gallop half-naked upon the sand along the sea-shore, calling with his strong and sonorous voice upon the nations who dwell upon the banks of the Nile, the borders of the desert, and skirt the mountains of Ethiopia, waiving his hand in the wind as if balancing the scimitar, and shouting in Arabic, 'Ye people and nations! behold the son of Kebir!'

"Then stopping on a sudden, he would resume the mild and constant smile which I have already noticed, whilst the upper part of his face assumed the most perfect immobility. Insensibly the colour which his enthusiasm and violent excitement had raised upon his cheeks would fade and merge into the hue of sadness, which like a cloud descended from his brow. Here again was to be seen the deep thought of Napoleon, so admirably represented in the picture of the battle of Eylau. * * *

"Let us use the privilege of poetry, and suppose for a moment that Napoleon's legitimate son, the Duke of Reichstadt, had realized some of those sublime hopes dreamt of by those who idolized his father,—by men enthusiastic enough to adore Napoleon as a prodigy, and thoughtless enough to dishonour his renown, by supposing that the same greatness could exist a second time by the mere force of descent; let us suppose, that the political fetters so well and so adroitly fixed around the existence of the Duke of Reichstadt had burst of themselves, and that the son of Napoleon, as a soldier at St. Roch, an artillery officer at Toulon, and a General in Italy, had earned the right of leading our armies to the plains of Egypt, whither we had sent them a second time to obtain that which was there sought by his father—namely, a sun warm enough to dry the blood-stains of another revolution—(for after civil murder, glory must be won; the alternative must lie between external war, and the public executioner at home);—let us suppose this, and who knows if Providence would not have placed face to face, two principles sprung like Oromasis and Arimanes, from the same origin, and have revived for us incredulous people those mythic beings, who at first, under real human forms, lead men in herds to some act of regeneration, whether of blood or of fire, and who, after they disappear, become moral truths like Typhon, Isis, and Osiris? Why should not this young prince, this legitimate son of Napoleon, have promoted that eternal tendency of Europe to obtain possession of Egypt, for the purpose of making an easy road to India, the cradle of human civilization? And why should not the young Egyptian, the illegitimate son of Napoleon, have represented that want, already felt by Africa under its Mameloucs and its Pachas, of shaking off the besotted yoke of the Sultans? It would have been a wonderful spectacle for mankind to see two men sprung from the same father—one pale as Europe, the other bronzed like Africa—meeting under the curve of their sabres in their first march towards each other, asking each other's name, and each replying, 'Napoleon!'

"Yes! I believe in the existence of an energetic and divine power, produced by the meeting of certain syllables and of certain numbers. Without unfolding the mysteries of the Cabal, I believe that these two names, forming but one, would have aroused from their sleep of stone, Alexandria, and its pharos, and its bazaars, and its arsenals, and its towers, and its nine hundred thousand inhabitants. I believe that the powerful breath of this double apparition would have dispersed the fine sand which now wears away so many noble monuments of granite; that in lieu of this dust, would have sprung up

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columns and capitals hewed out of the petrified date-tree, and all that population of statues formed from the natural productions of Egypt.

"Egypt only produces statues made from its sand,—and sand which is made solely from its statues. Nothingness and form come and go alternately; to-day there is a pyramid, to-morrow a few heaps of sand. The Great Desert is but a collection of pounded cities.

"But let us quit the field of hypothesis, and return to the reality of my narrative.

"Tard*** added to his powerful energy of character, the most simple pursuits, and much innocence in his amusements. He was passionately fond of flowers. A sunset in the bosom of our Mediterranean, threw him into extasy. His oriental life always swam upon the surface of the habits he had acquired in Europe. He used the bath and perfumes to excess, and when the heat of the weather was great, the veil of drowsiness threw over his eyes that languor peculiar to the women of the East, as well as to lions and tigers.

"Before we proceed further, I must state that Tard*** was mad, but his madness was nothing more than a philosophical monomania. It was so whimsical that it would not be worth recording, did it not unravel the dénouement of his life. I know not from what course of reading or study he had imbibed his system, but he believed neither in the mortality of the soul, nor in the mortality of the body. Death, so far as he could define it to me, he seemed to consider a mere change of country, a forced journey from one place to another. The man murdered or presumed dead at Paris, would be found at Berlin or London. He positively denied a total disappearance. Thus, he said he had met somewhere walking together, Rousseau and Raynal, Buffon and Linnæus; and according to him, grave-diggers were sinecurists, and cemeteries a farce. With such a system of belief, aided by the officious resources of logic, murder was in his eyes only a forcible expulsion from one country, and a sentence of death only a passport to other climes. I believe that this fatal extravagance of belief may have proceeded from an accident which readily admits of an explanation, but which made a lasting impression upon his mind. During his childhood, and on the occasion perhaps of some insurrection in favour of his claim to the throne of the Pharoahs, he had stabbed a camel-driver at Cairo. Some years after this murder, or rather this duel, he met, or thought he met, the same man at Aleppo. Now, whether the camel-driver was the victim of the application of his system, or the first cause of his error, I am not prepared to say; for I never knew. Be that as it may, Tard*** positively denied the mortality of the body.

"He had attained to that age when the contrast of a precarious condition, with gigantic views and hopes in after years, cease to be in equilibrium. The poetry, which had kept his mind within bounds was fast disappearing. * *

"Tired of the delays caused by the refusal of his two uncles—respectable merchants, one of whom had been several times elected member of the national representation—to advance him money for his intended voyage to Egypt, Tard*** complained of their parsimony. He could not understand their refusing him the money necessary to take possession of the throne of the Caliphs. These worthy merchants, without denying the august descent of their nephew, would have preferred adding him to their establishment as a book-keeper, to seeing him a Pharoah I., an Aroun, or an Abasside. They therefore declined to supply him with funds for such a purpose.

"One day, as I was walking with him on the port of Marseilles, he began to play with a small knife, about two inches long, which he held between his fingers; he then begged me to wait for him a moment. Returning in a short time, he said, shutting his knife, 'I have just dispatched my two uncles for America—which means, in your language, that I have just killed them.'

"At the same instant, two gendarmes increased my astonisment and stupefaction, by arresting, with these words, the expeditive nephew:—'In the name of the law! Napoleon Tard***, you are our prisoner:—you have murdered your two uncles!'

"On his trial at the Assize Court of Aix, Napoleon Tard*** swerved not from his character. But his metaphysical monomania on the subject of death did not save him. * * *

"He proceeded to the scaffold without fear, and without a murmur, deeply impressed with the idea that he could not die, because his body was immortal as well as his soul. He displayed only that smile, half sinister and half lovely, which I before mentioned.

"He must, moreover, have been well pleased at seeing such an abundance of fruit and flowers as were collected at the place to which he was taken. For the place of execution at Aix is embalmed twice a week, with all the vegetable wonders of Provence—the Delta of Southern France. The Nile is not more lavish of its gifts than the Rhone and the Durance. He thought, no doubt, that these perfumes were for him. Without a cravat, his neck free, and his eyes brilliant and sparkling, he walked through the crowd as if he were taking a stroll in the country. He would have been content had he been allowed a carnation in his button-hole, and a switch in his hand.

"He was in the market-place of Aix, and on a market day.

"In the glowing beams of a sun-shine in Provence, the imperial head of the victim fell by the knife of the guillotine, and the blood of Napoleon stained the pavement.

"One day, when the executioner came to Marseilles, to purchase a better blade, and two stronger planks, a certain young man whom I may be allowed not to name, received a casquette, as the dying bequest of Tard***.

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"It was the one which was to have crowned the minaret at Mecca, and rallied the civilization of the East."

From the Eclectic Review.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE ECLECTIC REVIEW.

Sir,—On taking up the Number for last November, the other day, I perceived that the Reviewer, in noticing the Winter's Wreath, observes, after mentioning a Poem 'revoltingly opposed in its sentiments to the declarations of Scripture,' &c., 'Yet, in this same volume, we find introduced into a very sad and melancholy tale by Captain Sherer, the following exquisite hymn, which, if not a genuine antique, is a very skilful imitation of our English poets:

'"My life's a shade,"' &c.*

In a note is added: 'As we cannot suppose the transcriber to be the author, we wish he had stated how he came by the hymn.'

I beg, Sir, to say how he *might* have come by the hymn, as it is to be found in a book before me, with the following title: 'The Young Man's Calling; or, the Whole Duty of Youth. In a serious and compassionate Address to all young persons to remember their Creator in the days of their youth; together with remarks upon the lives of several excellent young persons of both sexes, as well ancient as modern, noble and others, who have been famous for piety and virtue in their generations. With twelve curious pictures, illustrating the several histories. Also,

'DIVINE POEMS.

'"Wherewith shall a young man cleanse his way? by taking heed thereto according to thy word." Ps. cxix. 9.

'Verecundo adolescente quid amabilius? *Ber.*

'*Imprimatur*, Tho. Grigg, R. P. D. Episc. Lond. a Sac. Dom.

'THE NINTH EDITION.

'London: Printed for A. Bettesworth, by C. Hitch, at the Red Lyon in Paternoster Row; and J. Hodges, at the Looking-Glass, on London Bridge. 1737. Price 1*s.* 6*d.*'

I had marked the hymn, 'My life's a dream,' with one or two more, from 'The Young Man's Divine Meditations; or some Sacred Poems upon Select Subjects and Scriptures,' for a small collection of devotional poetry, or for private worship, at the end of my Appendix to Dr. Watts's Psalms and Hymns.

You may deem the following worthy insertion, if you have a blank page in a coming Number.

The title to 'My life's a shade,' is, 'The Resurrection,' from Job xix. 29. It is followed by 'Heaven.' But I will first give a preceding one.

'THE PILGRIM'S FAREWELL TO THE WORLD.

'"For we have no continuing city, but we seek one to come." Heb. xiii. 14.

'1. Farewell, poor world, I must be gone:
Thou art no home, no rest for me.
I'll take my staff and travel on,
'Till I a better world may see.

'2. Why art thou loth, my heart? Oh why
Do'st thus recoil within my breast?
Grieve not, but say farewell, and fly
Unto the ark, my dove! there's rest.

'3. I come, my Lord, a pilgrim's pace;
Weary, and weak, I slowly move;
Longing, but yet can't reach the place,
The gladsome place of rest above.

'4. I come, my Lord; the floods here rise;
These troubled seas foam nought but mire;
My dove back to my bosom flies:
Farewell, poor world, heav'n 's my desire.

'5. Stay, stay, said Earth; whither, fond one?
Here's a fair world, what would'st thou have?
Fair world! Oh! no, thy beauty's gone,
An heav'nly Canaan, Lord, I crave.

'6. Thus ancient travellers, thus they
Weary of earth, sigh'd after thee.
They're gone before, I may not stay,
'Till I both thee and them may see.

'7. Put on, my soul, put on with speed;
Though th' way be long, the end is sweet.
Once more, poor world, farewell indeed;
In leaving thee, my Lord I meet.

'HEAVEN.

'"When shall I come and appear before God?" Ps. xlii. 2.

'FIRST PART.

'1. Sweet place; sweet place alone!
The court of God most high,
The heav'n of heaven's throne,
Of spotless majesty!
Oh happy place!
When shall I be
My God, with Thee,
To see Thy face?

'2. The stranger homeward bends,
And fighteth for his rest;
Heav'n is my home: my friends
Lodge there in Abraham's breast.
Oh happy place, &c.

'3. Earth's but a sorry tent,
Pitch'd for a few frail days;
A short-leased tenement.
Heav'n 's still my song, my praise.
Oh happy place, &c.

* This beautiful poem was published in the Museum for Dec. 1831.

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'4. No tears from any eyes
Drop in that holy Quire:
But Death itself there dies,
And sighs themselves expire.
Oh happy place, &c.

'5. There should temptation cease;
My frailties there should end;
There should I rest in peace,
In the arms of my best Friend.
Oh happy place, &c.

SECOND PART.

'1. Jerusalem on high
My song and city is:
My home whene'er I die;
The centre of my bliss.
Oh happy place, &c.

'2. Thy walls, sweet city! thine
With pearls are garnished;
Thy gates with praises shine,
Thy streets with gold are spread.
Oh happy place, &c.

'3. No sun by day shines there:
No moon by silent night.
Oh, no, these needless are;
The Lamb 's the City's Light.
Oh happy place, &c.

'4. There dwells my Lord, my King,
Judg'd here unfit to live;
There angels to him sing
And lovely homage give.
Oh happy place, &c.

'5. The patriarchs of old
There from their travels cease:
The prophets there behold
Their long'd-for Prince of Peace.
Oh happy place, &c.

'6. The Lamb's apostles there
I might with joy behold;
The harpers I might hear
Harping on harps of gold.
Oh happy place, &c.

'7. The bleeding martyrs they
Within these courts are found;
Clothed in pure array,
Their scars with glory crown'd.
Oh happy place, &c.

'8. Ah me! ah me! that I
In Kedar's tents here stay:
No place like this on high,
Thither, Lord, guide my way.
Oh happy place, &c.'

T. RUSSELL.

Walworth, 12th February, 1833.

TO A SNOW-DROP.

ART thou some blossom snowed from moonlit skies,
White-marble petall'd, pure as air-dropt snow?
Art thou some vestal seen by Grecian eyes?
Some swan upon Ilissus moving slow?
Art thou soft infancy in silken sleep?
Maidenly beauty with a modest brow?
Art thou some silver dream of slumbers deep?
Some type of fearless purity art thou?
Gem on the brow of winter! when all flowers
Wait for bright spring, thou then art calmly brave;
Child of the tempest, sport of stormy hours,
Meet blossom to be wept in beauty's grave—
Thou art in thy invincible armour cased,
Fearless as Truth, as dove-eyed and as chaste!

From the Foreign Quarterly Review.

A weekly Conversazione is, we hear, about to be established by men of science, in which, besides the oral discussion of interesting subjects, papers are to be read relating to theoretical or practical science or manufactures. The meetings are to be held weekly during the season; and the Directors of the National Gallery of Practical Science, Adelaide-street, have offered their rooms for the purpose.

Russian Annual.—The first publication of an Annual, has just taken place at St. Petersburgh. It is in German, and is ornamented with several attractive plates, amongst which are a representation of the gigantic Alexandrine Column, lately erected in the Russian metropolis, a view of Kuero, in Finland, a Finland woman in her national costume, and views of Adrianople and the Mosque of Sultan Selim in that city.

The Rev. Robert Hall.—Of a penurious person, a friend said, "Poor wretch! you might put his soul into a nut-shell." "Yes, sir," replied Hall, "and even then it would creep out at a maggot-hole." On being asked if Dr. Kippis was not a clever man, Hall said, "He might be a very clever man by nature, for aught I know; but he laid so many books upon his head that his brain could not move." Disgusted, on one occasion, by the egotism and conceit of the preacher, who, with a mixture of self-complacency and impudence, challenged his admiration of a sermon; Mr. Hall, who possessed strong powers of satire, which he early learned to repress, was provoked to say, "Yes, there was one very fine passage in your discourse, sir." "I am rejoiced to hear you say so—which was it?" "Why, sir, it was the *passage from the pulpit to the vestry.*" In confessing that he had been led into the folly of imitating Dr. Johnson, he said, "I aped Dr. Johnson, and I preached Johnson, and, I am afraid, with little more of evangelical sentiment than is to be found in his essays; but it was a youthful folly, and it was a very great folly. I might as well have attempted to dance a hornpipe in the cumbrous costume of Gog and Magog. My puny thoughts could not sustain the load of words in which I attempted to clothe them." In speaking of Johnson himself, he said, "He shone strongly on the angles of a thought."—*Tait's Mag.*

Errors of Opposites to Evils.—The wisest man is not safe from the liability to mistake for

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good the reverse of some inveterate and grievious ill. The clearer his discernment of existing evils, and the more absolutely his whole soul is engaged in the contest against them, the more danger that the mischiefs which chiefly occupy his own thoughts, should render him insensible to their contraries, and that in guarding one side he should leave the other uncovered.—*Jurist.*

Hearing to the Blind.—Blind people have a peculiar method of presenting the ear, and in some cases acquire the power of moving it when much interested. The incessant use they make of it gives them an indescribable quickness: they judge of every thing by sound; a soft sonorous voice with them, is the sound of beauty; and so nice a discerner is a blind person of the accents of speech, that through the voice he fancies he can see the soul. From the idea they form notions of character, that often lead them into erroneous conclusions. If you notice a string of horses upon travel, you will find that the first horse points his ear forward, and the last behind him, keeping watch; but the intermediate ones, who seem not to be called upon to do this duty, appear careless and perfectly at their ease.—(*Dr. Darwin's Zoonomia.*) Sir John Fielding possessed a great faculty of this sort; and he could recollect every thief that had been brought before him by the tone and accent of his voice for more than forty years.—*Gardiner's Music of Nature.*

Imitation of Nature.—When Smeaton rebuilt the Eddystone light-house, he spent much time in considering the best methods of grafting his work securely on the solid rock, and giving it the form best suited to secure stability: and one of the most interesting parts of his interesting account, is that in which he narrates how he was led to choose the shape which he adopted, by considering the means employed by nature to produce stability in her works. The building is modelled on the trunk of an oak, which spreads out in a sweeping curve near the roots, so as to give breadth and strength to its base, and again swells out as it approaches to the bushy head, to give room for the strong insertion of the principal boughs. The latter is represented by a curved cornice, the effect of which is to throw off the heavy seas, which, being suddenly checked, fly up, it is said, from 50 to 100 feet above the very top of the building, and thus to prevent their striking the lantern, even when they seem entirely to enclose it. The efficacy of this construction is such, that after a storm and spring-tide, of unequalled violence, in 1762, in which the greatest fears were entertained at Plymouth for the safety of the light-house, the only article requisite to repair it was a pot of putty, to replace some that had been washed from the lantern.—*Gallery of Portraits, with Memoirs.*

Madame Roland.—To a very beautiful person, Madame Roland united great powers of intellect. Her reputation stood very high, and her friends never spoke of her but with the utmost respect. At her house I saw several committees, composed of ministers and the leading Girondists. A female appeared rather out of place at such meetings; but she took no part in the discussions. She was generally at her desk writing letters, and seemed not to notice what was going on, of which however she did not lose a word. The simplicity of her dress did not detract from her natural grace and elegance; and though her pursuits were more adapted to the other sex, she adorned them with all the charms of her own. I reproach myself with not having personally known all her good qualities; but I had imbibed a prejudice against female politicians.—*Dumont's Recollections of Mirabeau.*

Talleyrand.—A sententious manner, frigid politeness, and an air of observation, formed an impenetrable shield round his diplomatic character. When among his intimate friends he was quite a different being. He was particularly fond of social conversation, which he usually prolonged to a very late hour. Familiar, affectionate, and attentive to the means of pleasing, he yielded to a kind of intellectual epicurism, and became amusing that he might himself be amused. He is the author of the bon-mot quoted somewhere by Champfort, where Ruhlière said, "I know not why I am called a wicked man, for I never, in the whole course of my life, committed but one act of wickedness."—The bishop of Autun immediately exclaimed, with his full sonorous voice and significant manner, "But when will this act be at an end?"—One evening, at whist, while he was in London, a lady of fifty was mentioned as having married a footman. Several expressed their surprise at such a choice. "When you are nine," said the bishop of Autun, "you do not count honours."—His manner of story-telling is peculiarly graceful, and he is a model of good taste in conversation. Indolent, voluptuous, born to wealth and grandeur, he had yet, during his exile, accustomed himself to a life of privation; and he liberally shared with his friends the only resources he had left, arising from the sale of the wreck of his superb library, which fetched a very low price, because even in London, party-spirit prevented a competition of purchasers.—*Ib.*

Impossible.—"Monsieur le Comte," said the secretary of Mirabeau to him one day, "the thing you require is impossible."—"Impossible!" exclaimed Mirabeau, starting from his chair; "never again use that *foolish* word in my presence."—*Ib.*

AN ENIGMA.

My complexion's dull and dark,
Yet I have a lovely sire.
I am wingless; but the lark
Through the skies ascends not higher:
Griefless tears I cause the fair;
And at my birth dissolve in air.

THE ANSWER.

Upon my word, 'tis quite a joke,
That six such lines should end in *smoke*.

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From the Dublin University Magazine.

PERILS OF THE IRISH POOR.

"Here," said my reverend guide, "you have before you a memorial of the calamities which followed in the train of that glorious agitation, to which you hastily attribute good. Strangers to this unhappy land can seldom judge what evil, moral and physical, has been brought amongst us by practices, in which the excitement of the times did not permit even the agents, or the victims, to discern the enormity of the offences in which they were engaged. Here indeed the spirit of evil could triumph. Never, in humble life, very rarely in exalted, have I known a group of equal interest or a home of more felicity, than this desolate place and those broken and roofless walls bring to my remembrance. You shall hear their sorrowful story."

We seated ourselves on a rising ground, immediately above what had once been evidently a larger and more commodious dwelling than the farming classes in Ireland usually enjoy, and my friend proceeded. "One might have thought, that the widow Cormac and her family were chosen to furnish an example of the felicity which may be enjoyed by the humble, and of the extreme misery to which they may be reduced. Calamity is visited, in some instances, on whole families, under circumstances calculated to excite our especial wonder.—Causes seemingly disproportioned to the effects which ensued on them; events which appeared wholly unconnected with each other, follow in rapid succession or occur in casual concert, and all individuals in a family, shall become each so occupied by a separate and peculiar sorrow or embarrassment, as to have no power of succouring the beloved friends who are in the same moment smitten down. In ordinary cases, merciful power interferes to arrest the progress of calamity, so as that griefs too numerous do not crush the heart; but, sometimes, in His inscrutable wisdom and benevolence, God dries up and withers all comforts here, and constrains the miserable to feel that they are in a desert and to look upwards for consolation. It may be also observed, that in many instances, it is upon those whose habits and dispositions are more than commonly amiable, the chastening hand is most heavily laid. The world loves its own, and will not surely molest them, while those who are desirous of something better than the world, are often brought, through tears and painful trials, to a thorough understanding of things not earthly; and to a wisdom from above, pure and peaceful, and which recompenses for all the afflictions through which its precious lessons were communicated.

The widow Cormac had passed her early years in the patient endurance of much hardship and affliction. Educated in decent, though very frugal habits, and familiar with upright and honourable sentiments, when, in her sixteenth year, she became the wife of a rude and riotous mate, she was ill prepared for the scenes of discomfort and excess which she was condemned to witness, almost daily. The alternations of want in very squalid forms, and riot with its most brutal accompaniments, would in time have brought down her fragile frame to the grave—but, youth is strong, and she had scarcely attained her twenty-second year, when the consequences of his intemperance became visible in her husband's declining health, and after some months of painful and unremitting attention at his sick bed, she was left, with the burden of three infant children, a daughter and two sons, a poor, and it was thought, a helpless widow.

There are powers within us, of which we are never conscious, until some emergency requiring their activity, discovers their presence. So it was in the case of the poor widow Cormac. While stunned and beaten down by the boisterous and uncongenial temper of her husband, and the distresses to which his misconduct reduced her, she had appeared destitute of spirit and understanding, unable to guide herself aright through any perplexing circumstances, and quite incapable of sustaining the inclemencies to which she might now become exposed. But, as she said, in a proverb of less beauty than that spoken by Maria, but not of less propriety or force, "God fits the back to the burden." It was soon seen that in her the proverb was realized. So much activity did she display in reducing to order the very deranged affairs, to the management of which she was called—so much wisdom in directing, and promptness in deciding, that the farm, which, it was thought, would have speedily past out of her husband's hands, became profitable in her's. An indulgent landlord was one of the blessings for which she had reason to be grateful, and with his favour and her own care and exertions, she felt prosperity visiting her, and was able to entertain good hopes for her children.

As these objects of her anxiety and tenderness grew up towards maturity, they became conspicuous among their young companions for high and graceful qualities. Denis, the eldest youth, while in field sports and exercises he was without a rival, had never caused his mother a pang by crime or disobedience. Industrious, kind-hearted, and of a high and gentle spirit, he made home cheerful, and, under his careful tillage, the fields returned abundant harvests. His sister Mary, when she had arrived at womanhood, was a pattern of discretion in the admonitions of the old, while the young were all her admirers. The second son, Michael, early appeared to have dedicated himself to the priesthood, and by his retiring habits and grave manners, and his singular beauty, had acquired to himself almost the reverence of a saint. There was something in him it was said, not like other men. He was as "a bright particular star," and the village maidens, while they agreed that "there was not the like of

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Michael Cormac in the whole country round," felt, although they did not use precisely such expressions, that his beauty was of too high and holy a character to be devoted to any affection, but that to which he had already given himself up. Such was the family of the widow Cormac, prosperous, and, as man would say, adorning prosperity, basking in the love and respect of their acquaintances, and living in the enjoyment of blessings which are, naturally, the most to be coveted, the power of relieving the wants of the distressed, and winning the affections of all within their sphere who deserved to be valued. "What wonder is it," she would sometimes say, as with swelling heart and eyes she gazed on her beautiful offspring—"What wonder is it, that they look like the gentle of the land, and that they have the spirit of the gentle. Many a prayer was offered for them when they were young, that they should never do any thing mean or shameful, and they never told me a lie, nor hid any thing from me, since they were able to know right from wrong." And sometimes an old female follower of the family would add, not without some feeling of indignation, "Gentles of the land, indeed! I wonder who has a better right to look gentle and high? I wonder what gentles of the land have such blood in their veins, as your own three children. 'Tis the spirit of princes that ought to be in them, and so it is: God's blessing be about them, and shield them from all harm."

It was a happiness which this poor widow afterwards, when sorrow had come, remembered like a heavenly dream, to see her children collected, when the night closed in, around their cheerful hearth—Denis, questioning all who could answer on the subject of Ireland's ancient glory—Mary, her day's toil over—her household cares dispatched, breaking in with prohibited, but quickly forgiven mirth, on these high topics, and Michael, when he, for a moment, laid aside his book to utter some pious thought, received with the reverence yielded to one who was already disengaged from this world's vanities, and who had the power to diffuse solemnity over even his sister's light-heartedness, and to take from the recollections of Ireland's glory, every thing but the edifying assurance of her ancient religious distinction. But the remembrance of these dream-like evenings, was too frequently accompanied by a memory which made it painfully oppressive.—There came with it the face and form of one, who, she was firmly persuaded, had destroyed all her comfort. Still, tho' she strove to recal happier times,—however distant from the fatal evening, was that upon which the poor woman would fix her thoughts,—the measured step in the path which led to her cottage, would still seem to chill her—the solemn, thrice-repeated knock at the door—the entrance of the austere figure—a maniac in habiliments, and with a look wiser almost than of man—the deep toned benediction, which was, she thought, toll'd out more as though a death-bell sounded, than as if a human voice had spoken—all this came freshly and fearfully before her, and warned her against soliciting her dreams of happiness to return.

It was a calm night, at the close of autumn, and all members of the widow Cormac's family were assembled around a blazing fire—the servants and their superiors forming one company, and contributing according to their place and abilities, to the general entertainment; when the mistress of the house, whose attention was, perhaps, more quickly excited, was alarmed by the sound of approaching footsteps. The disturbances, by which afterwards, the country became so afflicted, had not, at this time, convulsed her tranquil neighbourhood, but strangers rarely visited her abode after night had fallen, and she felt some little anxiety as she thought who this new-comer could be. Presently, three, distinct, slowly-repeated knocks were struck upon the door, and, for a moment, silence and something of alarm seemed to have affected the group within. Denis, however, almost instantly started up, and was proceeding to the door—"Ask who is there Denis, my dear," said his mother—she had not raised her naturally low voice above the ordinary pitch—but she was heard outside the house.

"A poor pilgrim," was answered, in tones of great depth and solemnity, "begging a meal's meat for God's sake and St. Francis."

A figure entered, not such as was calculated to disappoint the expectations which the voice had excited. It was of a man yet in the vigour of life, although far advanced in middle age—his head and feet bare—a long staff in his hand, and a scanty bundle of straw suspended obliquely at his back. His long thick hair was but slightly grizzled, and a full black beard descended to his breast. Fantastic as the "properties" of his "character" must be confessed to be, they did not counteract the impression which the pilgrim's respect and bearing were calculated to produce. There was in his countenance, no apparent consciousness that he appeared in strange attire. Had he made his entrance in the least pretending and least extravagant form, he could not have displayed less anxiety about effect, or greater self-possession.

While he partook sparingly of the plentiful repast set before him, the family group, as unwilling to embarrass him by their notice, resumed the conversation which his coming had interrupted. They spoke in whispers, but were not unheard. Mary, with a half sidelong look towards their guest, had, for some time, divided her attention between him and the group of which she was an ornament, when—her interest increasing as she more frequently regarded him—she said, in the most cautious whisper, "The holy man could tell us much. Michael, do speak to him." If Michael had resolved to obey, he was anticipated. "I am not holy," said the pilgrim; "many a sorrowful

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penance have I yet to bear, before suffering has made satisfaction for my sins, but I can tell much to ears that love such stories as I have been hearing."

"Then for the honour of God," cried out the anxious mother, "speak to these young creatures, and tell them that they ought not to be so fond of thinking and discoursing of such things: they don't know the folly of it, nor the consequence." She had, of late, witnessed a fire in the manner of her elder son, when speaking or hearing of Ireland in the old time, and an excitement on such subjects frequently manifesting itself, which caused her some alarm. "Tell them," continued she, "and what you speak they will respect, and keep your saying—that there is no good now in thinking of the gone times, but that much trouble and sore hearts may come of it."

"I will tell them," said the pilgrim, "to think, when they speak of the ancient glories of their country, that it was when sin came they were quenched, and that they never will give light again, until the land is holy. I will tell them, when they speak of the pride and honour of Ireland in her happy days, that she has now no pride or honour except in her real children, and that if they be faithful and virtuous, she needs no brighter glory than they can win for her. I will tell them to be wise and wary; but I never will tell a Cormac, that the stories of the Island of Saints and heroes should become strangers to his tongue."

"God direct us all," said the poor woman, "sure it is not for the like of me to say again what you think proper, but I was afeard—and the times so troublesome, and so many bad boys going about in wild courses—I was afeard that, may be, it was better not to make much of thoughts that came, God knows, too often, into all our hearts, to disturb us. I thought that it was not right or good to be speaking about them, and I thought that, may be—but, sure, you know better—since God took away the crown from Ireland we ought not to be ruminating upon things that might make us wish for it back again."

"We are all poor blind creatures," said the pilgrim. "We do not know what we should desire or do; and we cannot say that the memory of Ireland's greatness, and pride in her purity of faith, may not be appointed as means of our restoration. If we become worthy of it, God will surely bring the mighty change to pass.—Listen to the thoughts that visited my soul last night; they have guided my steps hither. I was in Cashel yesterday, and I was moved to see those monuments of other days, which England and heresy have been unable to destroy. I made my bed, at night, upon 'the Rock,' within Cormac's—*king* Cormac's—chapel. Then thoughts and visions came upon me, and I asked, what spirit or what saint was guardian of the place, that the enemies of the pure faith could not profane it, or destroy it? I asked of my soul, how it was that that blessed abbey had not felt the desolation of war, and that the prayer of heretics was never heard within its cloisters? I asked, why, when castles sunk in unremembered ruin, this peaceful and holy temple withstood the storm? and how it came to pass that, when the heretic sought a place for his accursed rites, he forsook the high station where saints and monarchs had lifted up a temple worthy of the God they served, and chose out a spot more fitting for his cold and stinted worship? It was not his conscience; his heart-felt unworthiness; that saved the blessed shrine from pollution. It was not his reverence for holy things, that kept ruin from them. No; they that saw the adorable mystery of faith—that heard pure prayers and holy worship there, before ever Luther went to his fire; they never forsook the consecrated ground, and they have guarded it for the faithful. Yes; saints are around it. It is kept, not to remind us of old times, but, when times like the old are come again, to be there, that the saints who once praised God in their prayers and their lives, may see the descendants of true worshippers kneeling where they knelt themselves, and that Ireland in her glory, and Ireland when she rises out of her desolation, may serve the Lord in the same unpolluted temples."

"Often," said Michael, "have I had thoughts like these. I love to read and muse where I can see that sacred pile. How deeply have I been thankful to the spirit which gave it so suitable a station. It is worthy of the Lord's house to be where its towers and battlements show forth his power, far and wide over the country. Sometimes, when the last light of the evening shines upon it, I have felt almost as if it spoke to me, and, with a silent voice, told my heart, that prayers and sacrifice shall again be offered up within it. Tell me, is it a right thought? I have at times remembered the Jews, wretched and ruined, and scattered abroad; their nation trodden under foot of the Gentile, and their worship impoverished; but still not only testifying of glories that are departed, but preserved and kept separate for greater glory to come; and I have thought that, it may be, the temples of our holy religion are guarded like these Jews. They too, are the ruins of ancient greatness; they too, are preserved from the ordinary and profaning uses of evil days. They stand solitary and sorrowful, like God's loved and chastened people; and may they not, also, like them, be prophesying, though in sackcloth and ashes, of a day when they shall again be joyful?"

"Your thought is not of sin. For unrighteousness, God's people of Jerusalem, as well as our own island, have been sorely punished—and the punishment of each shall have an end. Ireland has had her sorrowful days—long has her robe of prophesy been of sackcloth—long has she eaten ashes for bread—but soon she may arise to the fulfilment of prophecy; and then," added the pilgrim, after a pause—"her

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children must prove their love of her by other penances than sackcloth garments and the voice of supplication."

He now rose to depart, and, notwithstanding the entreaties of the family and the vehemence of Denis, persisted in his resolution. He was under a solemn vow, he said, never to rest at night in an inhabited house from Easter to Advent. His only indulgence was the scanty couch of straw which he carried at his back, and which he spread in some out-office when the season was more than ordinarily inclement; or, when the severity was not intense, under a tree by the way-side. He consented at length to rest for one night in the barn, but firmly resisted all appliances to render his slumbers easy. Denis accompanied him to his place of repose, and remained long in conversation with him. Before dawn, on the following morning, he sought him again, but he had already departed. He had, however, left remembrances behind him, very unmeet inmates of the family who had admitted them.

It would be tedious to detail the progress by which it became known to the poor widow that her son Denis had joined himself with the disturbers. He was too little practised in deceit to be the possessor of an important secret, and to appear unconscious of it. He had so long admitted all his family to an entire confidence, that he could not unlearn without much evident distress, the habit of communicating thoughts as they arose in his mind, and plans as he formed them. His spirits appeared variable; sometimes his despondence spread gloom over the whole family—sometimes his almost fierce excitement affrighted them. Denis had chosen his path—he was conscious of the peril which crossed it, and had resolved that only himself should incur the danger. From Michael he was especially resolved that his secret purpose and engagements should be hidden. Absence, however, from home to late hours, and sometimes for whole nights, caused even Michael to be alarmed, by a demeanour and a temper so unlike what his brother had ever till now displayed, and almost revealed to him the ill-kept secret. Hope at length mingled with the poor mother's apprehensions. The disturbers became less daring—the law assumed new terrors, and there was reason to expect that, if her child was spared for some time longer, he might be released, by the breaking up of evil associations, from his unfortunate engagements, and restored, with entire heart to his family.—Little was she prepared for the affliction which was to come upon her. She soon learned that, as direct opposition to law became fainter and less daring, an animosity sprang up in the minds of the discomfited insurgents, more fierce against each other than it had been against the government. In this her son could take no part—she knew that he had laboured much to allay it, and when condemned to feel his efforts fruitless had withdrawn, dispirited, and disgusted, from communion with his late associates.

Withdrawal, however, from their society, was not to escape from their hostility, and in the end their malice assailed him where its virulence was the sorest. Anxious to dissipate his gloomy thought, and make home cheerful to him, as it had been, his brother Michael, in a great degree, renounced his studies, and often joined in temporal pursuits and pleasures. In the spirit which dictated this sacrifice of what he valued most, he had accompanied him to a fair, where Denis had some business to transact. Among his relatives, unhappily, there were many who had enrolled themselves in one of the factions which arose out of the late illegal associations, and Denis was involved with them in one common hatred. Reverence for Michael's character would have protected him, but when his brother was assailed—for a moment every thing but the danger and the result were forgotten—and, wresting a bludgeon from one of the numerous party who had commenced the attack, he combatted, with a spirit and an energy, which checked the ferocious violence of his enemies, until the noise of the stripes, and the cry of the family name, collected friends to his side, and the conflict became general.—That conflict was afterwards a source of bitter sorrow.

The assault on Denis Cormac had not been a mere wanton and capricious aggression. He had an inveterate enemy, who, carefully concealed himself, had directed the storm where it was to fall. There was one, who, though very unworthy of such a bride, had sought his sister's hand, and was rejected, with something less of tenderness for his feelings, than, he thought, his offer merited. He did not for this, abandon all hope of success, while he vowed secretly he never would forgive the brother, through whom the dreadful message of dismissal had been conveyed. In appearance, however, he was the steady friend of all the family, and the hearts for which he was plotting misery, were beyond suspicion, that, under the guise of friendship, he could betray. Baffled in his first attempt, he tried another. From whatever cause it has proceeded, it is certain that Catiline was not more abundantly provided with those instruments of entrapping and embarrassing the innocent and abetting the guilty, false witnesses, than are the agents in that extensive and prosperous conspiracy which is working so fatally in Ireland. M'Manus availed himself of the assistance thus offered, and had information lodged against Michael Cormac, as the individual by whose violence an affray had been commenced, in which he had actually done no more than defend his brother, and for which no one, not even the friends of the unfortunate man whose death had given it an unhappy importance, had felt deeper sorrow

When all was ready for the arrest of one brother, he took measures to deprive the mo-

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ther and sister of the protection which the other could afford them. His plot was, to alarm Denis, by insinuating that he had been betrayed to an active magistrate, as one who was deeply implicated in a treasonable conspiracy. M'Manus was bailiff and clerk to a neighbouring justice of the peace, an employment which rendered it probable that his information was correct, and he was sufficiently well acquainted with the habits of Denis, to know that they were such as would encourage him to defy his real or imaginary accusers. He found more difficulty than he had anticipated in persuading him to fly. He had, however, succeeded, and returned with him into the house to reconcile the poor mother to his immediate departure. She had been somewhat alarmed by the abruptness with which M'Manus, entering the house after night had fallen, asked her son to walk out with him, and she sat, occupied with painful apprehensions, for the space of about an hour, which elapsed before their return. The moment their approaching footsteps were heard, she started from her abstraction, and stood, with her eyes fixed upon the door, towards which it seemed as if she could not advance. "What am I to hear?" said she, as they entered, "tell me it all at once—tell me what is coming upon us."

Denis, startled by the unwonted vehemence of his mother's manner, was silent, but M'Manus undauntedly opened his commission. "You see" said he, "'twill be nothing—nothing in the world, only just Denis must go out of the way for a while, you know, just till the little trouble is over, you see."

"The cross of Christ between us and all harm," cried the poor woman, when she was able to speak, using at the same time the appropriate gesture, "This is a brain-blow indeed. Oh, God pity me, and forgive me. If I was'nt a foolish mother, I would not have to see my child hunted out of his own house, and drove out upon the world." Tears choked further utterance, she sunk down on the floor, and, with her apron thrown over her head, which she moved, as it were unconsciously, from side to side, she for some minutes, gave a loose to her sorrows. There was still sobbing and lamentation in the house, when the widow arose. "Denis," said she with a strong effort, "give me your pardon for all my foolishness."

"Don't kill me, mother," cried Denis, his voice hoarse, and with great difficulty pronouncing the words, "For God's sake—although 'tis little I deserve it—don't drive me mad entirely, now that I'm going where may be I'll have enough to try me. Sure 'tis well known that there's no such another as yourself, and a bad son you had in me."

"Let me hear no word from you of good mother and bad son, but, before you go from this, tell me that you give me what I ask. I saw you going on in courses that I did not like, and I did not ask you where you used to be, nor advise you tell. Oh, God forgive me, things might be different now, if I did what you desired from me, but I was afeard of troubling you, though I knew it was for your good, and a sore time we all have of it now. But say the word—my poor ruined boy—say you forgive me.

"Well, mother, since it will satisfy you, I"—he could not speak for a moment, but threw his arms around the poor woman's neck, and wept with her, while she continued still, in an under-voice, sobbing out—"Say it, Denis, ma vourneen, wont you say it." At length the words were pronounced, and the poor mother's tears flowed more freely. "And now," said she, after having a little recovered, "let me know why my boy is to be taken from us? M'Manus, if you have a heart, can you see them tore asunder?" Mary and Michael had embraced their brother, and were weeping in his arms. "Why then now," said the villain, "if it was not for their good, I'd be far enough from wishing 'em parted. And since it's only in love for the family I gave the advice I did—If we were by ourselves, I could show you the reason of the case."

There is no one in this house, M'Manus, but friends that wish me and Denis well—you may speak before them all you have to say."

"Why then, for that matter,—true for you—every one here is a friend to you and your's; but still there's many a reason I have for not speaking except to yourself, and no one to the fore but ourselves. You see," said he, when they had withdrawn into a small room, styled a parlour, used only on festival occasions, "You see, some of them blackguards that would sell father or mother if they could make a penny by them—they went, you see, and they swore that Denis was swore, and that he knows more of the ins and outs of the whole business than the rest of the country put together; and a warrant is issued upon the head of it, and when I got the wind of it, I made haste here, and if Denis gets off to Cork, and goes to Bristol, where a relation of my own is living, why, you see, may be in a little time we'll know better what to do, and he'll soon be with us again."

"Denis," called out his mother, "come here—tell me, do you know of the men that have swore against you? Or do you know who they are, M'Manus?"

"Why, then, to tell you the truth, I could not just say that I know who they are."

"I take God to witness, mother, that I do not know on earth a man that owes me a spite, I have no more notion than the child unborn, who it is that would swear against me."

"Then, my darling, be said by your poor old mother—she did not advise you when she ought, and don't have your revenge by not hearkening to her now—go up to 'the court'—or no—I'll go up myself to 'the court,' with the first light of day, and I'll lay the whole case before Sir Thomas himself—you know he's always up early, about the plantations—and he never

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was the man that would not advise us well what we ought to do."

"So that's what you think best to be done," said M'Manus.

"That's the very thing—and what fault can you find with it?

"Sorry I'd be to find fault with any thing you could say. God send that you have not more on you than sending the boy away—I ask pardon—I ought not to meddle or make with things that are not my own, but I did all for the best."

"But what danger is there in going to Sir Thomas?"

"There's an Act of Parliament against it. If you go to his Honor, and a trial comes on, he must make you a witness against the boy."

"And if he does, I'll take my death upon it, that a better natured or a better behaved boy never was in the world, and that it was not in bad ways he was brought up—but sure, Denis, we know Sir Thomas as well. He was always a good friend to us, and I'll have his advice before I see my child drove out on the wide world away from me."

The deceiver finding the success of his scheme doubtful, and not likely to be promoted by an obstinate adherence to his expressed opinion, yielded to the widow's determination, and even, as he said, found much good sense in her suggestion. The family, including M'Manus, who accepted an invitation to remain for the night, sat together until a late hour, shaping their plans into the forms which appeared to be most eligible, adjusting the mode in which it would be desirable that Sir Thomas Chapman should be addressed, and arranging what course to adopt, if he held out but little hope of escape from trouble. They were about to retire—the widow's grief lightened, and her heart relieved to a great extent of the burden it had for some time secretly borne—M'Manus raised in the opinion of the whole family, by the kind sympathy with which he participated in their sorrows—all, except the plotter of wickedness, hoping that the cloud, as the widow said, would go by—when a knock came to the door, and a voice, as of a child, cried out, "Open, open quick—let me in." The night was so dark that from the window nothing could be seen; but the voice being recognised, the door was opened in the confidence that no evil was intended. A boy entered, and, apparently out of breath from running, cried out, "The soldiers—are coming!" "Coming here, James," said M'Manus—"are they coming this way?" "They are. They stopped at our house, and made my father get up to shew 'em the way—for the man made off from 'em that was to show 'em—and my father is gone the long way round and I run across the fields to tell ye."

Now, M'Manus saw was his time to play a bold part. It would be discovered, sooner than he had anticipated, that Michael, not Denis, was the object of prosecution. The devil, it is said, does not desert his own, until his ends are accomplished, and M'Manus was ready with his expedient. "Now Denis, if they take you, you're surely done for; come away with myself while the road is fair before us." The steps of the approaching military party could be faintly heard, and the sound added much authority to M'Manus's persuasion. "Go—God bless you, my darling," said the poor mother, "thank God you have a friend with you that will think for you, and help you. Go, and the Lord be with you."

They were yet at a short distance from the house, within sight of it, even in the darkness, to which their eyes were becoming accustomed, when the military party arrived. They could hear the knocking upon the door, and, startling the deep stillness of the hour, the ponderous jarring sound, as the soldiers obeyed the word of command to "order arms." Denis seemed charmed to the spot, and all M'Manus's earnest efforts were inefficient to disengage him. "I cannot go," said he, "till I see them away from the house." "Now Denis, dear, don't be the positive man; sure you would'nt be the death of the poor mother, as you surely will, if you fall in with them." Denis, however, crept forward. His object was to get a sight of the military party and of the house, when the door opened to admit them. He was moving stealthily on by the side of a hedge, when a sentinel, stationed as an outpost, heard the rustling and challenged. At that moment, M'Manus forcibly kicked a horse, which started up and removed the sentinel's apprehensions. Denis cautiously drew back, and was condemned to the distress of hearing the door of his mother's house opened, to admit his pursuers, and of remaining in an agony of suspense, which lengthened, into a duration of very considerable extent, the few minutes occupied in the arrest of his brother. It is unnecessary to attempt a description of what, during these few minutes, his feelings were. He would not, by breathing, distract his watchfulness. When, occasionally a light air swept through the branches, it provoked his anger, as though it were an intentional offender, and when it had died away, he was grateful for the stillness which succeeded; although his fancy, and the painful vigilance of his ear almost created for him the shriek of outrage and despair by which the listening silence was to be alarmed. At length he breathed more freely—the door opened, the soldiers, it would seem, were settling into the order of march—voices also, though the words could not be distinguished, were heard speaking in quiet tones. He thought he could discern that of his brother Michael pronouncing a blessing; but all was uncertain. Every thing, however, convinced him that the soldiers had not misconducted themselves, and he felt assured and elated, when, after long listening to their measured tread, the sound of the receding footsteps ceased to reach him. "Now," cried he, "one fond kiss from those I leave behind, and then God be with them."

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"Oh, then, God direct you," said the adviser, "after all that was done for you to-night, will you go run into the trap? I does'nt know but there's a strong guard still about the house, watching who goes out and who goes in. Was'nt that the way Ned Henesy was caught last Shraftide—sure he thought that it was all over, and the soldiers gone, and he hiding in the hollow oak in the haggard; and when he came out, there was five men left behind, and poor Ned was carried off. For God's sake, Denis, and for them that have a right to be thought of by you, don't do a rash action. What would the poor woman do if you were to go back, and may be a guard left there waiting for you? Is'nt it giving God thanks you ought to be that every thing is so well, and not to be going on, with headstrongness, to spoil it all!

The end of the dialogue, which continued to a greater length than has been here taken down, was, that Denis gave way, and consented to set out on his journey for Cork, purposing to remain there until he received intelligence from home.

In the meantime, Michael was a prisoner, and on his way to the barrack, from which he was speedily transmitted to Clonmel Gaol. He had been given up by his mother, and had surrendered himself, with no apprehension that he was the object of search, and with an expectation that he diverted pursuit from his brother, and procured for him the power of escaping danger. M'Manus having conveyed Denis on his way, took care to have a meeting with the widow before she had time to understand any thing of the impending calamity. Accordingly he arranged that a letter should be addressed to the fugitive, acquainting him with the occurrence which had taken place after his departure from the house, assuring him that Michael was arrested only in mistake—a mistake which both he and his mother encouraged—and that as soon as he was brought before a magistrate, he would assuredly be discharged. The letter concluded with an intreaty that Denis would, without delay, remove himself to the asylum, where, as it had been previously arranged, he was to remain until the danger was over. This injunction was obeyed, and the widow and her daughter were left dependant, principally, for protection, on the main contriver of their harms.

It had entered into the contemplation of M'Manus, that the chief advantage he was to derive from the removal of the two brothers, was the opportunity to be afforded him of possessing himself forcibly of their sister. He soon discovered that his schemes were productive of still more advantage. He found that his many opportunities of appearing and acting as a friend, made him an object of much interest to the destitute females. In all their difficulties M'Manus was at hand, with assistance and advice. He was their protector when visiting the poor prisoner. In any pecuniary difficulty his purse was a never-failing resource. Whenever his personal exertions could be of any avail, he was an indefatigable, and, as they thought, a prudent and faithful ally; and thus he gradually came to be accounted a member of the family, and to obtain a nearer interest in the hearts of both mother and daughter, than any but the two great objects of their affection had ever acquired before. Still, however, the success of his suit appeared doubtful and distant. If ever he ventured to pass the bounds of friendship, he was repelled—tears and sad countenances met him, and entreaties to spare a heart painfully occupied by other cares—solicitations which could only aggravate its distresses. To this effect were the answers M'Manus received, whenever he employed a more passionate language than was justified by his admitted office of friend and protector. But, notwithstanding these repulses, the villain persisted in his addresses, so far as they could be safely urged, and endeavoured to strengthen his suit by an advocacy, which, he had no doubt, would be more prevailing than his own.

From the day on which Michael found that his arrest was not owing to mistake, and that a charge of murder was preferred against him, he had looked forward to the result of a trial with far less confidence than M'Manus affected and endeavoured to inspire in his mother and sister. In these endeavours he was to a certain extent successful, insomuch that he prevailed in his entreaty "not to have poor Denis troubled with the bad news, when, after all, no harm would surely happen." With Michael, he soon began to consider it for his interest, that his offered encouragement would not be accepted. On the contrary, he contrived that much should meet his ear calculated to weigh down his spirit more heavily in anticipation of the approaching crisis. He also, by artful insinuation, conveyed to his mind the apprehension that Denis was consigned to almost perpetual exile, while he flattered the poor mother, and appeared, as though he encouraged Michael himself, to hope a speedy termination to all their sorrows. The effect of this iniquitous contriving will appear in a conversation which took place between the members of this guileless family, on one of the rare occasions when M'Manus had left them to the unreserved enjoyment of each other's society.

"Do you know, Michael, my dear," said the widow, (as a species of tribute to the early sanctity of their child, his name, even from her lips, had always been pronounced in its full dimensions,)—"do you know who rode over yesterday to see me, and to ask after you?

"May be 'twas John Byrne or James Ryan."

"No then, 'twas neither one nor the other. 'Twas parson Grant himself, and he came in and sat down, and asked every thing about you, and told me, if I wanted money to bring matters through, to call on him, and I should not be without it. But, thank God, we are in no

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want at all, and I shew'd him your own room, that Mary and I were settling out for you, where you can see the work from your window, and have a beautiful fine rose-bush growing outside it, that Mary put down, you know, last year, and many a good word Parson Grant said of you, and I hope, says he, Michael will come to see me when all is over; he was a great favourite of mine always, and indeed, says he, he was a pattern to my school for goodness and learning.

Mother don't deceive yourself with a hope of things that can never be; I know it well—my time is come, and the home I'm calling to, is not the place where you and Mary have settled out my mansion. No, mother, there is an end of my home on earth, and well I loved it and all in it, and kind and good ye were all to me. Oh Mary, may God reward you for all your goodness, and forgive me for every hard word I spoke to you. God knows, if I did, it was all in love. Mother don't speak to me yet, and don't think it is afeard I am. Altho' every hour of my life, until the last year, was happy, and I was without care and dread, I am not afraid to give up all. He that was so good to me while I was here, has better things to give me. Loth I am to part ye, mother; but ye'll have God to protect you, and many a time, I think, if my penance here is done well, and I have my purgatory on earth, I may be left to watch over ye, and, mother, when I am gone, remember that if prayers can win that power, and if it's right for the faithful to ask it, I'll be about ye when ye want help, and will be your guard, till we go altogether to the mercy of God." His mother and sister were unable to break the silence into which his voice here subsided. They were weeping unrestrainedly. Michael seemed to commune with himself and to engage in a brief, mental prayer, he then resumed:—"Listen to me, mother and dear Mary, dont make light of my words. I am not afraid, but that God will be very good to you and will save you from harm; but we ought to do the thing that would be proper, when we pray for His grace, and sometimes, may be, he provides the very thing we pray for and puts it into our power. Was'nt it God that sent us such a friend as is now working for us. When another would keep away in ill will. He came like the real good neighbour and christian. Mother, my death would be light if M'Manus was living in one house with ye when I am gone. I often wished that Mary would become the spouse of a holier than man; but I gave up that hope, and now what I pray is, that ye may have always one like M'Manus to be a friend and an adviser." Michael ceased, for he, whose cause he advocated, was admitted to the cell, and was successful in relieving the awkwardness of his interruption, and diffusing a livelier spirit over the conversation. M'Manus, however, had judged rightly, that such support as his suit had upon that night received, was of great moment. The conversation which he then interrupted, was upon many other occasions renewed, and, in the end, Mary, if Denis approved, when the trial was over and all happy again, as M'Manus encouraged her to hope, promised she would recompense so constant and faithful an affection. The approval of Denis was soon received and all was fair for M'Manus.

The day of trial now came on, and the deceiver having effected his purpose, would gladly have it end, as he predicted it should. To ensure this favourable termination, he sent out of the way some of those whose suborned perjury would have been most hostile to Michael's case, but the zeal and animosity of party was fierce against those with whom the poor youth was connected, and who were included with him in one common indictment, and thus, testimony which would not have been offered against him standing alone, was injurious to him because of the party amidst whom he appeared at the bar. The end was, that, notwithstanding strong evidence in his favor—most unexceptionable attestations to his good character, and the apparent innocence of his countenance and demeanour, Michael Cormac was included in the verdict which the jury, after long deliberation, returned against the prisoners given in charge to them.—Guilty of manslaughter.

Denis was now acquainted by letter with the calamity which had fallen upon the family, and hastened over from his retreat, regardless of all peril to himself. He hastened over to learn more afflicting intelligence. Sentence had been passed, and his brother Michael—the modest—saintly Michael, besides imprisonment, was to be whipped on two market-days, through the Main-street of Clonmel. This was an affliction for which the poor sufferer had been quite unprepared, and which, as respected himself, appeared far more calamitous than the death which he had expected. Denis, regarding himself as the author of all his brother's sufferings, was incessantly occupied in contriving how he could avert them. Deliverance from prison by violence, was evidently not to be thought of, and he soon learned, that to evade the vigilance of the keepers was equally beyond hope. One generous effort was in his power, and he made it.

On the night preceding that dreadful day, he returned from a progress through all the friends and connections of his family, and the farmers and tradesmen with whom he had been in habits of business. It was known, that his family had "a good interest" in their farm, and loans were made to him on the security he could offer; he had also debts to receive, which were now paid, and, when he had presented himself at the gaol of Clonmel, he had in his possession a sum amounting to not less than three hundred pounds, for part of which the farm was mortgaged. His first request was to see the

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keeper of the prison. "Mr. Dunne," said he, "will you allow me a few words with you in private!"

"By all means—walk in here, Mr. Cormac. Your brother and sister have been for some time with your brother; do you wish to join them!"

"Not yet, Sir, not yet. How can I ever bear to look on that poor boy again—and no one but myself his ruin. Is'nt it a murder that he must be slashed in the open streets, a poor boy that never did hurt or harm to mortal, and that had his mind always more on heaven and holy things than in wickedness or diversion? Oh, sir, is'nt it a poor case that he must be beat and mangled, and I that brought him into all his trouble, to have no sorrow but for him? Mr. Dunne," cried he, falling at the gaoler's feet, and on his knees looking up to him imploringly, and speaking with a low, rapid, and monotonous utterance, "I brought with me three hundred pounds; I thought it a great sum yesterday, but now I feel as if it was nothing—take it—for God's sake take it—let the poor boy go back with the mother and sister, and let me be slashed in his place.

Mr. Dunne rejected the offered bribe. "My poor fellow," said he, "this never can be. You know, even if I were willing to break my oath, it would be impossible to make you pass as your brother."

Denis started from his knees—"Look, Sir, what I have ready." He displayed a quantity of false hair, and adjusted it on his own closely-cropped head. "I can paint my face too," said he, "so that you would not know me, and when I'm in the cell, and they come to take me out, nobody will ever know. Will you, Sir, oh! will you have mercy on us."

Grotesque as the appearance before him was, the gaoler saw only the generous design. "Would that it were in my power to do you a service, said he.

"God bless you and reward you—it *is* in your power, and a great service you can do, and a good action too. Surely 'tis just that I should be the sufferer; poor Michael never did any thing wrong in his whole life, and many's the bad turn again me. Sure 'tis the guilty that the law wants to have revenge of, and wouldn't it be a good act to save one that is not guilty towards God or man, and to punish me that have many a heavy sin upon my soul! Oh, Sir, 'twill break my poor mother's heart, and if you let him off now they'll never know any thing about me till it's all over to-morrow; and my poor Michael—if you knew that boy, Sir, you'd think it was a sin to strip him in the streets and mangle him—he is a holy boy, and if they knew his heart, 'tis begging his blessing they'd be, not tormenting of him. He's tender too, and can't bear the beating as I can, that's used to hardship."

All was unavailing; the gaoler mildly but firmly withstood the temptation, and Denis found his case hopeless. "The curse of the miserable be forever upon you!" said he, crushing the rejected bribe in his hand, "many's the sore trouble you bring us into, and leave us without help or pity in our ruin." He flung the notes away from him, and they would have perished in the flames but for the promptness of the gaoler.

After repeated and urgent messages, Denis at length consented to visit his brother. He found Michael cheerful and collected, endeavouring to speak comfort to his mother and sister.—Denis scarcely able to sustain himself, stood leaning against the door, until he felt himself in his brother's arms, then he joined in the loud sorrow which had burst out afresh at his entrance. "You take this little trial," said the resigned sufferer, "indeed you do, too much to heart. Be sure it comes from God, and he knows it is for my good. Oh! sure God is the best confessor of all, and if He enjoins our penance, who can murmur at what he enjoins on us. Come here, brother; come all, and look at this." He drew back a curtain, and displayed a print of the crucifixion and some coarse daubs of various martyrdoms. "Look what is here. Ye think me very good and holy, but see, who is here, with nails through his hands and feet, and his side pierced, and thorns around his bleeding brows? Who is he, mother? and who is he, that before all this was mangled with cruel stripes? Was it for his sins he suffered? Do you know what he said when he was bearing his cross to die on it, and the women were bemoaning him? 'Daughters of Jerusalem, weep not over me, but weep for yourselves and your children.' When I hear ye making so much of me, and thinking of my trouble, you frighten me, and make me think that your tears for me and not for my sins or your own, may wash away all the good of my sufferings. Why, many a blessed saint imposed on himself a harder penance than I shall have to go through to-morrow; yes, and if an easier was enjoined by a priest, would choose another confessor. Mother, look at this," a daub of the Virgin Mary, with all the swords of sorrow piercing her, "instead of sinning by your tears, pray to that Queen of Heaven for grace to make us all patient and holy."

The fortitude with which Michael anticipated his suffering did not forsake him in the actual endurance of it. It was as a miracle that one so young and tenderly reared could bear his torment with so heroic a patience. Certainly, if sympathy could beguile the sense of pain, his was much alleviated. I remember the day well, and with sensations which, to this hour, powerfully affect me. I was, upon that day, passing through the town of Clonmel, with feelings very suitable to the tragedy I was to witness. My vacation at school had commenced—I was immediately to enter College—my heart was bounding with joy and hope, and my fancy charmed with the visions of home and home-friends, which it had summoned into life and beauty. The reality before me soon dispersed them. The carriage in

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which, with two school-companions, joyous as myself, I sat rejoicing, made a halt under the West Gate, as we entered the Main-street of Clonmel—a mounted dragon withstood our advance, and there we sat, gazing on the piteous spectacle before us, or, when we closed our eyes, saddened by sounds scarcely less affecting than what we had beheld. The middle of the street was lined on both sides with military, horse and foot—from their lines to the houses; a space of about twenty feet on each side—was crowded by a most dense multitude—the space which the lines enclosed was vacant, except for the few persons (as the surgeon and sheriff, &c.) who walked behind or at the side of the cart to which the sufferer was tied. It was most strange—all inside this space was in perfect silence, save only that, at times, the motion of the wheels could be heard, and sometimes—and that perhaps was fancy, at least, while the procession was distant—the sharp sound of the lash. As the instrument of torture descended, at each stroke, deep and earnest groans arose from the whole multitude—cries of "Oh! God pity him!"—"God comfort him, to think of this sore day!"—and then a burst of sorrow would follow, in which all articulate utterance was drowned, and sincere grief and sympathy faithfully expressed; but, through all this, the procession, where the youth endured his torments, moved on, in as much silence, as if a mere painted or unsubstantial vision were set forth to interest or agitate the assembled spectators.

I was not aware of the full horror of the scene until the cart, having arrived at the place where we were detained, turned to complete the dreadful course at a building called the Old Court-house, in which the street terminated, and where the punishment had begun and was to end. I had lifted my eyes as the nearer sounds of the cart-wheels and the cruel lash aroused me, and they fell on the raised head and up-turned eyes of the sufferer. Pain was evidently struggling with his resolution, but, in his ghastly countenance, there was a resignation which, better than obstinacy, sustained him—there was an expression which, I can now understand, to be that with which a martyr, in his agony, remembers Him who was crucified and commends his spirit into the hands of Jesus—when the assurance that the Lord beholds every infliction, and knows every pang, renders pain less bitter, because it comes as his message. I can now understand the expression of countenance which then awed me, and baffled my power to comprehend it. I continued to gaze until the car was turned—and then, the horrid appearance—the lacerated form. I sickened at the sight—and still no murmer from the melancholy procession—but louder and more continued bursts of sorrow from the deeply-affected multitude.

In this manner Michael Cormac endured the punishment to which he had been condemned. It was not for the sake of pride, he said, that he abstained from complaints or cries; but, all he suffered was little, and he offered it to God, for himself and family, as purely as a weak nature would permit. Frequently, in the interval between the first and second punishment, and once after the second, he had been visited in prison by the pilgrim, whose first appearance at her house, the Widow Cormac regarded as so inauspicious. Now, because he saw that his visits were very acceptable to her son, she urgently solicited that they should be frequent, and was delighted with them, although it often happened, that by conversing in Latin, they excluded her from all acquaintance with the nature of their discourses. Her son's manifested learning, however, compensated her for her ignorance.

On the day when the time of his imprisonment had expired, multitudes from all parties and factions assembled amicably, to give his return home an air of triumph. They met him at some miles distance from his house, with music and festal decorations, and were provided with an ornamented chair in which he was to be carried amidst demonstrations of rejoicing; but he entreated that they would spare him. "I come back," said he, "a poor sorrowful man, to spend one day and night in the place where I was a child, and then to go far away where none can know me. It was my hope, that I was to die among ye, after wearing the holy office of your ghostly instructor. It is not for a wretch like me to dishonour our blessed religion. Never more am I to feed the hope, that I can reconcile penitents to their God, and call down, to offer himself again for sinful creatures, the Saviour of the world. Oh! it is not in hands like these, marked as they are with bonds of public shame, that he is to be taken, who, all pure, gave his life for sinners. My brightest earthly hopes are quenched, and can I rejoice? Give me your prayers. I offer to the Lord my sufferings and my disappointments the griefs I have borne, and the hardships I shall yet endure. I give up home and friends and all that this world values. I go to do the Lord's will in poverty, among strange people. All, I solemnly declare, I willingly renounce—all I willingly undertake; but I cannot share in joy, and my friends, companions, and brothers, as many of you were to me, do not ask looks of joy from me in the one little day that I give to my own griefs and affections."

On the following day, Michael had left his home. It will be readily understood that he had much to encounter and overcome of solicitation on the part of all his friends, before he could carry this resolution into effect. So much, however, had the ascendancy which he always possessed over his friends' minds, been encreased by suffering, and so much had his character acquired, even of dignity, that he was now yielded to, as one who walked already by a heavenly light, and who was not to be confined within ordinary rules or limits. Before he departed, he had exacted a promise

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that the engagement with M'Manus had been fulfilled, although he would not remain to assist at the solemnity. Accordingly, a short time after, Mary became a bride, and removed to her husband's house; and the mother and Denis continued to live together, ignorant of Michael's place of abode, and endeavouring to comfort themselves with a hope that they should see him again.

At last, even that uncertain hope was given up, and the widow was brought to believe that her son was dead. The chamber allocated for him had been with almost religious care, preserved from other appropriation. The poor mother was scrupulous in her attention to it—the books were kept in order, and all its little furniture had retained the air of neatness which had been given to it, when more cheering prospects seemed to present themselves than were now realised. The only use in which the chamber was employed was that of a chapel or oratory, and there Denis and his mother performed their devotions. Sometimes the prayers of the poor widow were continued until a late hour at night, after Denis had retired to rest, and sometimes she continued, in forgetfulness even of her sorrows, sitting in the chair which her son had occupied while he pursued his unhappily interrupted studies. He had been unseen and unheard of for nearly a year, and his mother was absorbed in her customary meditations, when the incident occurred which caused her belief that, on this earth, she was no more to see him.

It was a calm warm night in May, the moon was near the full, and its beams, unimpeded by mist or clouds, diffused around a softer and scarcely fainter light than of the day. The ruins of the abbey on the rock of Cashel were visible, and rendered the night more solemn; but the widow's eye would not rest upon them, painful thoughts were rendered still more affecting by the remembrances which that ruin called forth, and she withdrew her looks from the prospect of it. They are widely mistaken who imagine that the poor do not moralize on the appearances and the changes which creation exhibits. Among those who are little acquainted with other books, that of life and nature have many intelligent readers. That sympathy of which philosophers write so learnedly, between external objects and the human heart, is felt not less vividly among the poor than among those who can better analyse their sensations, and when the widow Cormac, affrighted almost, by the awful ruin on which her eyes first fell, shrunk back into herself, she felt as if the rose-bush at the partially opened window, which at that moment wafted a rich perfume to her, uttered a voluntary and intelligent consolation, "kind, kind and considerate flower," said she, "do you know my sorrow, and do you comfort my afflicted heart. Oh! if he knew it, and was upon this earth, seas would not keep him from me, and Michael, my dear," continued she, as if she were addressing her son, "'tis hard to think, that leaving them that love you, and breaking the heart of her that bore you, it is a good deed to do; but God before me it is my sense that speaks, 'tis my poor sorrowful nature, and grief changes us, and it is not the one heart or the one nature we have; sure it is not I that would find fault with the poor holy child, and he having his own hardship; but if he knew my misery, he'd feel for me; you would, my own Michael, God pity you and send his blessing about you." Michael stood before her at the window—his head and feet bare—his arms stretched upwards, and his head raised to heaven, as if he invoked a blessing on her. It was but for a moment—she screamed loudly, and fell upon the floor. Denis, alarmed, rushed into the room and beheld the apparition at the window; but instantly it vanished, and occupied in his mother's recovery, he saw it no further. When restored to her senses, she recounted what she had seen, and expressed her opinion that a vision had been sent to her. * * *

From the Quarterly Review.

DEATH AND MADNESS.*

The President of the College of Physicians has produced in these Essays a delightful compound of professional knowledge and literary taste. Handled with skill and feeling such as his, subjects of medical research have not only nothing dry or repulsive about them, but are of deep and universal interest and attraction. His points of view and illustrations are, in general, those of a man of the world, as familiar with men and manners as with books; his language is that of a graceful scholar—and the reflections interspersed are not more remarkable for sagacity, than agreeable for the benevolent and humane spirit which they reflect.

Sir Henry's remarks on the phenomena of the death-bed will be read with particular interest.—Whatever be the causes of dissolution, whether sudden violence, or lingering malady, the immediate modes by which death is brought about appear to be but two. In the one, the nervous system is primarily attacked, and there is a sinking, sometimes an instantaneous extinction, of the powers of life; in the other, dissolution is effected by the circulation of black venous blood in the arteries of the body, instead of the red arterial blood. The former is termed death by syncope, or fainting,—the latter, death by asphyxia. In the last-mentioned manner of death, when it is the result of disease, the struggle is long protracted, and accompanied by all the visible marks of agony which the imagination associates with the closing scene of life,—the pinched and pallid features, the cold clammy skin, the upturned

* Essays and Orations, read and delivered at the Royal College of Physicians: to which is added an Account of the Opening of the Tomb of King Charles I. By Sir Henry Halford, Bart. M. D., G. C. B. London, 12mo. 1832.

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eye, and the heaving, laborious, rattling respiration. Death does not strike all the organs of the body at the same time; some may be said to survive others; and the lungs are among the last to give up the performance of their function and die. As death approaches, they become gradually more and more oppressed; the air-cells are loaded with an increased quantity of the fluid, which naturally lubricates their surfaces; the atmosphere can now no longer come into contact with the minute blood-vessels spread over the air-cells, without first permeating this viscid fluid,—hence the rattle; nor is the contact sufficiently perfect to change the black venous into the red arterial blood; an unprepared fluid consequently issues from the lungs into the heart, and is thence transmitted to every other organ of the body. The brain receives it, and its energies appear to be lulled thereby into sleep—generally tranquil sleep—filled with dreams which impel the dying lip to murmur out the names of friends and the occupations and recollections of past life: the peasant 'babbles o' green fields,' and Napoleon expires amid visions of battle, uttering with his last breath '*tête d'armée.*'

The contrast between the state of the body and that of the mind is often very striking; the struggles of the former are no measure of the emotion of the latter. Indeed, the laborious and convulsive heavings of the chest are wholly automatic, independent of the will,—a part of the mechanism of the body, contrived for its safety, which continues to act when the mind is unconscious of the sufferings of the frame, or is occupied by soothing illusions. No one has described this better than Abernethy.

'Delirium often takes place in consequence of an accident of no very momentous kind,—it may occur without fever, or it may be accompanied with that irritative sympathetic which is often the "last stage of all, that closes the sad eventful history" of a compound fracture. Delirium seems to be a very curious affection; in this state a man is quite unconscious of his disease; he will give rational answers to any questions you put to him, when you rouse him. but he relapses into a state of wandering, and his actions correspond with his dreaming. I remember a man with compound fracture in this hospital, whose leg was in a horrible state of sloughing. I have roused him, and said, "Thomas, what is the matter with you? how do you do?" He would reply, "Pretty hearty, thank ye; nothing is the matter with me; how do you do?" He would then go on dreaming of one thing or another; I have listened at his bedside, and I am sure his dreams were often of a pleasant kind. He met old acquaintances in his dreams,—people whom he remembered *lang syne*, his former companions, his kindred and relations, and he expressed his delight at seeing them. He would exclaim every now and then,—"That's a good one; well, I never heard a better joke," and so on. It is a curious circumstance that all consciousness of suffering is thus cut off, as it were; from the body; and it cannot but be regarded as a very benevolent effect of nature's operations that extremity of suffering should thus bring with it its antidote.'

Occasionally the last dreams of existence are of a more painful nature;—guilt is delirious with dread,—remorse peoples the fancy with terrific visions—but even these are chequered with scenes of a tranquil, not to say trivial character. The death-bed of Cardinal Beaufort, terribly true, is rare; the mixed feelings and shadowings of past life, exhibited in that of Falstaff, are much more frequent.

The second mode of dissolution is marked by the absence of all corporeal struggle. The mind is left free and unclouded, to the very verge of the grave, save by the influence which the particular malady itself exercises on the current of ideas and feelings. The sufferings of the patient are incidental to the progress of the disease; but the 'end of all' is placid, painless, and generally sudden. Death, in these cases, attacks the sentient principle, through the nervous system, as it were, directly. It surprises the sufferer sometimes when sighing for the consummation of life, but believing the term yet distant; sometimes in the midst of plans and schemes which are destined never to be realized. In consumption, and, in general, in diseases which are slow in their progress, this sudden termination of life is as common as that more protracted form, already noticed. It is best exemplified by death produced by lightning, in which the visible alterations in the frame afford a striking contrast to the ordinary ravages of what is termed disease. The machinery of the body appears nearly perfect, and unscathed, and yet in none of the multitudinous forms of death is the living principle so summarily annihilated. Certain poisons appear to act in a similar manner; and, occasionally, the more important operations of surgery are followed by the like result; for which the genius of John Hunter could find no better explanation than the figurative hypothesis, that the *vis medicatrix*, conscious that the injury is irreparable, gives up the contest in despair.

Severe injuries inflicted on the great centres of the nervous system, the brain, spine, and stomach, are followed by instantaneous death: of which, pithing or wounding the uppermost part of the spinal-marrow of the bull, in the arena, and the *coup de grace*, or blow on the stomach of the criminal, whose limbs have been previously broken on the wheel, are well-known examples. Emotions of the mind, especially such as, by their depressing character, exhaust the energies of life, often terminate in this mode of death. The slightest causes, a mere fainting fit, trivial in every other state of the frame, in this may be fatal. It is the euthanasia of a healthy old age, and the termination assigned by nature to a life in which

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the passions have been controlled and the energies regulated by the authority of reason and a sense of duty.

Whether we look at the one mode of dissolution or the other, the sting of death is certainly not contained in the physical act of dying. Sir Henry Halford, after forty years' experience, says—

'Of the great number to whom it has been my painful professional duty to have administered in the last hours of their lives, I have sometimes felt surprised that so few have appeared reluctant to go to "the undiscovered country from whose bourne no traveller returns." Many, we may easily suppose, have manifested this willingness to die, from an impatience of suffering, or from that passive indifference which is sometimes the result of debility and extreme bodily exhaustion. But I have seen those who have arrived at a fearless contemplation of the future, from faith in the doctrine which our religion teaches. Such men were not only calm and supported, but even cheerful in the hour of death; and I never quitted such a sick chamber without a wish that "my last end might be like theirs."

'Some, indeed, have clung to life anxiously —painfully; but they were not influenced so much by a love of life for its own sake, as by the distressing prospect of leaving children, dependent upon them, to the mercy of the world, deprived of their parental care, in the pathetic language of Andromache—

Νυν δε μ' ορφανικ παιδες, φιλου απο Πατρος αμαρτον.

These, indeed, have sometimes wrung my heart.

'And here you will forgive me, perhaps, if I presume to state what appears to me to be the conduct proper to be observed by a physician in withholding, or making his patient acquainted with, his opinion of the probable issue of a malady manifesting mortal symptoms. I own I think it my first duty to protract his life by all practicable means, and to interpose myself between him and everything which may possibly aggravate his danger. And unless I shall have found him averse from doing what was necessary in aid of my remedies, from a want of a proper sense of his perilous situation, I forbear to step out of the bounds of my province in order to offer any advice which is not necessary to promote his cure. At the same time, I think it indispensable to let his friends know the danger of his case the instant I discover it. An arrangement of his worldly affairs, in which the comfort or unhappiness of those who are to come after him is involved, may be necessary; and a suggestion of his danger, by which the accomplishment of this object is to be obtained, naturally induces a contemplation of his more important spiritual concerns, a careful review of his past life, and such sincere sorrow and contrition for what he has done amiss, as justifies our humble hope of his pardon and acceptance hereafter. If friends can do their good offices at a proper time, and under the suggestions of the physician, it is far better that they should undertake them than the medical adviser. They do so without destroying his hopes, for the patient will still believe that he has an appeal to his physician beyond their fears; whereas, if the physician lay open his danger to him, however delicately he may do this, he runs a risk of appearing to pronounce a sentence of condemnation to death, against which there is no appeal—*no hope;* and, *on that account*, what is most awful to think of, perhaps the sick man's repentance may be less available.

'But friends may be absent, and nobody near the patient in his extremity, of sufficient influence or pretension to inform him of his dangerous condition. And surely it is lamentable to think that any human being should leave the world unprepared to meet his Creator and Judge, "with all his crimes broad blown!" Rather than so, I have departed from my strict professional duty, done that which I would have done by myself, and apprized my patient of the great change he was about to undergo.' —p. 79.

The following passage from the same Essay is, we think, in the highest degree honourable to the physician who writes, and to his illustrious patient:—

'If, in cases attended with danger in private life, the physician has need of discretion and sound sense to direct his conduct, the difficulty must doubtless be increased when his patient is of so *elevated a station, that his safety becomes an object of anxiety to the nation.* In such circumstances, the physician has a duty to perform, not only to the sick personage and his family, but also to the public, who, in their extreme solicitude for his recovery, sometimes desire disclosures which are incompatible with it. Bulletins respecting the death of a sovereign differ widely from the announcements which a physician is called upon to make in humbler life, and which he intrusts to the prudence of surrounding friends. These public documents may become known to the royal sufferer himself. Is the physician, then, whilst endeavouring to relieve the anxiety or satisfy the curiosity of the nation, to endanger the safety of the patient; or, at least, his comfort? Surely not. But whilst it is his object to state as accurately as possible the present circumstances and the comparative condition of the disease, he will consider that conjectures respecting its cause and probable issue are not to be hazarded without extreme caution. He will not write one word which is calculated to mislead; but neither ought he to be called upon to express so much as, if reported to the patient, would destroy all hope, and hasten that catastrophe which it is his duty and their first wish to prevent.

'Meanwhile, the family of the monarch and the government have a claim to fuller information than can, with propriety or even common humanity, be imparted to the public at large.

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In the case of his late majesty, the king's government and the royal family were apprized, as early as the 27th of April, that his majesty's disease was seated in his heart, and that an effusion of water into the chest was soon to be expected. It was not, however, until the latter end of May—when his majesty was so discouraged by repeated attacks in the embarrassment in his breathing, as to desire me to explain to him the nature of his complaint, and to give him my candid opinion of its probable termination—that the opportunity occurred of acknowledging to his majesty the extent of my fears for his safety.

'This communication was not necessary to suggest to the king the propriety of religious offices, for his majesty had used them daily.—But it determined him, perhaps, to appoint an early day to receive the sacrament. He did receive it with every appearance of the most fervent piety and devotion, and acknowledged to me repeatedly afterwards, that it had given him great consolation—true comfort.

'After this, when "he had set his house in order," I thought myself at liberty to interpret every new symptom as it arose in as favourable a light as I could, for his majesty's satisfaction; and we were enabled thereby to rally his spirits in the intervals of his frightful attacks, to maintain his confidence in his medical resources, and to spare him the pain of contemplating approaching death, until a few minutes before his majesty expired.

'Lord Bacon encourages physicians to make it a part of their art to smooth the bed of death, and to render the departure from life easy, placid, and gentle. This doctrine, so accordant with the best principles of our nature, commended not only by the wisdom of this consummate philosopher, but also by the experience of one of the most judicious and conscientious physicians of modern times (the late Dr. Heberden) was practised with such happy success in the case of our late lamented sovereign, that at the close of his painful disease "non tam mori videretur (as was said of a Roman emperor) quam dulci et alto sopore excipi." '—p. 89.

Occasionally, the last scene of life is marked by such strength, such unwonted vivacity of thought and solemnity of feeling, as led Aretæus to attribute prophetic power to individuals dying of peculiar maladies—especially of brain fever; the effect of which, when the violence subsides, is, he says, to clear the patient's mind, and render his sensations exquisitely keen.—'He is the first to discover that he is about to die, and announces this to the attendants; he seems to hold converse with the spirits of those departed before him, as if they stood in his presence.' In diseases of the intellect, the phenomena thus described by Aretæus are often observed. Cervantes has given so faithful an illustration in the death of Don Quixote, as proves him to have taken the scene from nature. But waiving the discussion of that general belief entertained by antiquity, that dying men were gifted with a prophetic spirit, illustrated as it is in the Old Testament, and in the dramatic use made by the Greek poets of the *novissima verba*, we may say, that the circumstances of the case explain all that it presents. If it be granted that diseases of the body act on the mind—if consumption excites the feelings of hope and security—palsy those of fretfulness and discontent—if diseases of the heart arouse involuntary terrors—and some morbid states of the brain excite and sharpen the faculties of the mind,—the death-bed of those about to sink under the last-mentioned class of maladies must be singularly favourable to the exhibition of mental energy under bodily decay. The passions, which during life embarrassed the decisions of judgment, are extinguished at the approach of death—and, to use the words of Sir Henry, 'the inferences which wisdom had drawn from experience of the former behaviour of men are now made available to a correct estimate of their future conduct, in the sense of Milton's lines,—

——— old experience doth attain
To something like prophetic strain.'

We extract what follows from the sixth of these Essays, that 'on the Καυσος of Aretæus':—

'A young gentleman, twenty-four years of age, who had been using mercury very largely, caught cold and became seriously ill with fever. His head appeared to be affected on the fifth day, and on the seventh, when I was first called into consultation with another physician who had attended him with great care and judgment from the commencement of his illness, we found him in the highest possible state of excitement. He was stark naked, standing upright in bed, his eyes flashing fire, exquisitely alive to every movement about him, and so irascible as not to be approached without increasing his irritation to a degree of fury. He was put under coercion, and, amongst other expedients, emetic tartar was ordered to be administered to him, in doses of a grain each time, at proper intervals. On the eleventh day of his disease I was informed that he was become quite calm, and seemed much better. It was remarked, indeed, that he had said, repeatedly, that he *should die*; that under this conviction he had talked with great composure of his affairs; that he had mentioned several debts which he had contracted, and made provision for their payment; that he had dictated messages to his mother, who was abroad, expressive of his affection, and had talked much of a sister who had died the year before, and whom, he said, he knew he was about to follow immediately. To my questions, whether he had slept previously to this state of quietude, and whether his pulse had come down, it was answered—No; he had not slept, and his pulse was quicker than ever. Then it was evident that this specious improvement was unreal, that the clearing up of his mind was a mortal sign, "a lightening before death," and that he would *die forthwith*. On entering his room, he did not notice us; his

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eyes were fixed on vacancy, he was occupied entirely within himself, and all that we could gather from his words was some indistinct mention of his sister. His hands were cold, and his pulse immeasurably quick,—he died that night.'—p. 96.

In another Essay, entitled, 'On Shakspeare's test of Insanity,' we find various cases of the same or a like kind brought forward to illustrate the accuracy with which our great dramatist, and other poets of the first class, have delineated the phenomena of mental disorder. The minute, even technical, study which Shakspeare had bestowed on this painful subject, is indeed apparent; his delineations of mania, in its various degrees, embody quite as careful a record of realities as Lord Byron's Storm in the Gulf of Lyons, and Siege of Ismael, had been lately proved to do. Sir Henry's text is in these words of Hamlet:—

——— 'Ecstacy!
My pulse as yours doth temperately keep time,
And makes as healthful music. It is not madness
That I have utter'd: bring me to the test,
And I *the matter will re-word, which madness
Would gambol from.*'

We select the following illustration:—

'A gentleman of considerable fortune in Oxfordshire, about thirty-five years of age sent for his solicitor to make his will. He was in habits of strict friendship with him, and stated that he wished to add five hundred pounds a year to his mother's jointure, if she got well, she being then (to the knowledge of the solicitor and himself only) confined as a lunatic; to make a provision for two natural children; to leave a few trifling legacies; and then, if he died childless, *to make him, the solicitor, his heir.* His friend expressed his gratitude, but added that he could not accept such a mark of his good opinion, until he was convinced that it was his deliberate judgment so to dispose of his property, and that decision communicated to him six months afterwards.

'In about six weeks time the gentleman became deranged, and continued in such a state of excitement for a whole month, (during which he was visited constantly by Sir George Tuthill and myself,) as to require coercion every day. At the expiration of that time he was composed and comfortable. But his languor and weakness bore a proportion to his late excitement, and it was very doubtful whether he would live. On entering his room one day, to my question how he found himself, he answered,—"Very ill, Sir; about to die; and only anxious to make my will first." This could hardly be listened to under his circumstances, and he was persuaded to forego that wish for the present. The next day he made the same answer to the same question, but in such a tone and manner as to extort from common humanity, even at the probable expense of future litigation, an acquiescence in his wish to disburthen his mind. The solicitor was sent for, and, having been with him the preceding evening, met us, at our consultation in the morning, with a will prepared according to the instructions he had received *before the attack of disease, as well as to those given the last night.* He proposed to read this to the gentleman in our presence, and that we should witness the signature of it, if we were satisfied that it expressed clearly his intentions.' It was read, and he answered, "yes,"—"yes,"—"yes," distinctly to every item, as it was deliberately proposed to him. On going down stairs with Sir George Tuthill and the solicitor, to consider what was to be done, I expressed some regret that we, the physicians, had been involved in an affair which could hardly be expected to terminate without an inquiry in a court of law, in which we must necessarily be called upon to justify ourselves for permitting this good gentleman, under such questionable circumstances, to make a will. It occurred to me then, to propose to my colleague to go up again into the sick room, to see whether our patient could *re-word* the matter, as a test, on Shakspeare's authority of his soundness of mind. He repeated the clauses which contained the addition to his mother's jointure, and which made provision for the natural children, with sufficient correctness; but he stated that he had left a namesake, though not a relation, ten thousand pounds, whereas he had left him five thousand pounds only; and there he paused. After which I thought it proper to ask him, to whom he had left his real property, when these legacies should have been discharged,—in whom did he intend that his estate should be vested after his death, if he died without children? "In the heir at law, to be sure," was the reply. Who is your heir at law? "I do not know." Thus he "gambolled" from the matter, and laboured, according to this test, under his madness still.

'He died, intestate of course, four days afterwards. I owe it to the solicitor, the friend, to testify that his conduct throughout was strictly honourable; and I have pleasure in adding, that the heir at law has generously made good the bequest to the mother, and the provision for the natural children to the extent of more than thirty thousand pounds.'—p. 60.

Sir Henry, whose acquaintance with Greek and Roman literature gives this volume many of its attractions, proceeds from Shakspeare to Horace.—'Twice,' he says, 'it has occurred to me to find his portraits of madness exemplified to the life.'

'One case, that of the gentleman of Argos, whose delusion led him to suppose that he was attending the representation of a play, as he sat in his bedchamber, is so exact, that I saw a person of exalted rank under those very circumstances of delusion, and heard him call upon Mr. Garrick to exert himself in the performance of Hamlet. The passage is the more curious as it specifies distinctly that it was upon this one point only that the gentleman was mad:—

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"Fuit haud ignobilis Argis,
Qui se credebat miros audire tragœdos,
In vacuo lætus sessor plausorque theatro;
Cætera qui vitæ servaret munia recto
More; bonus sane vicinus, amabilis hospes," &c.
Epist. lib. ii. 2. 128.

'In another well known case, which justified the Lord Chancellor's issuing a writ *de lunatico inquirendo*, the insanity of the gentleman manifested itself in his appropriating everything to himself, and parting with nothing. When strongly urged to put on a clean shirt, he would do it, but it must be over the dirty one; nor would he put off his shoes when he went to bed. He would agree to purchase anything that was to be sold, but he would not pay for it. He was, in fact, brought up from the King's Bench prison, where he had been committed for not paying for a picture valued at fifteen hundred pounds, which he had agreed to buy; and in giving my opinion to the jury, I recommended it to them to go over to his house in Portland-place, where they would find fifty thousand pounds worth of property of every description; this picture, musical instruments, clocks, baby-houses, and baubles, all huddled in confusion together, on the floor of his dining room. To such a case what could apply more closely than the passage—

"Si quis emat citharas, emptas comportet in unum,
Nec studi citharæ, nec Musæ deditus ulli;
Si scalpra et formas, non sutor; nautica vela,
Aversus mercaturis: delirus et amens
Undique dicatur merito."—*Sat.* lib. ii. 3. 104.

'If the physician were to collect and apply the brief notices of various disorders, which have been thrown out by the great poets of antiquity, he might not only illustrate the truth of the descriptions drawn by those accurate observers of nature, but derive from them some useful hints to assist him in his own observations of disease.'—p. 64.

To return to Hamlet,—his criterion of madness, however excellent as a mark for incoherence of intellect, will scarcely be used in detecting the more intricate forms of this Protean malady. The Prince's testimony in favour of his own perfect sanity is treated with as little ceremony by the commentators, as similar words from the lips of a staring lunatic would be by the phalanx of modern mad-doctors. Some of them, however, are of opinion that the poet means to describe a mind disordered, and that the feigned madness is a part of the plot quite compatible with such a state of intellect; while others see nothing but the assumption of insanity in the inconsistencies of Hamlet. This discrepancy springs from the different notions included by different men in their definitions of madness. In fact, however, madness, like sense, admits of no adequate definition; no one set of words will include all its grades and varieties. Some of the existent definitions of insanity would let loose half the inmates of Bedlam, while others are wide enough to place nine-tenths of the world in strait-jackets. The vulgar error consists in believing the powers of the mind to be *destroyed* by the malady; but general disturbance of the intellect is only one form. The aberration may be confined to a few objects or trains of ideas; sometimes the feelings, passions, and even instincts of our nature may assume an undue ascendency over a mind not disjointed, but warped, urging it with resistless force to the commission of forbidden deeds, and to form the most consistent plans for their accomplishment.

Thus, in cases of monomania, a mother is impelled to murder her children—conscious of the atrocity of the act—abhorring it, and even entreating those around her to protect her from herself—as in the instance related by Orfila; where the wretched woman, whenever she washed her children, and saw the water trickling from them, heard a voice whispering in her ear, *Laissez le couler*—let it flow—until, after a thousand struggles to banish the horrid suggestion, she plunged the knife. Damien persisted to the last in declaring, that had he been bled that morning as he had wished and requested to be, he never would have attempted the assassination of Louis XV. In another equally well attested instance, a father systematically persecuted his children for many years. During the whole of this period he was looked on by the generality as a man of great talent and probity; and it was only after the history of his life had been sifted by several of the best physicians of the day, that a tinge of insanity was perceived to pervade it. He had started with impracticable notions of virtue, and, finding these not realised in the conduct of his children, he conceived a hatred against them, which caused him to persecute his sons, even to destitution, and to accuse his daughters to their husbands of the worst of crimes. In the prosecution of his plans, and in the business of life, he evinced anything but incoherence.

Villemain, in his 'Mélanges Historiques,' says, 'Shakspeare has represented feigned as often as real madness; finally, he has contrived to blend both in the extraordinary character of Hamlet, and to join together the light of reason, the cunning of intentional error, and the involuntary disorder of the soul.' Goethe, again, in his Wilhelm Meister, says:—

'It is clear to me, that Shakspeare's intention was to exhibit the effects of a great action, imposed as a duty upon a mind too feeble for its accomplishment. In this sense, I find the character of Hamlet consistent throughout. Here is an oak planted in a vase, proper only to receive the most delicate flowers. The roots strike out, and the vessel flies to pieces. A pure, noble, highly moral disposition, but without that energy of soul that constitutes the hero, sinks under a load which it can neither support nor resolve to abandon altogether. All his obligations are sacred to him, but this alone is above his powers! An impossibility is required at his hands—not an impossibility in itself, but that which is so to *him*. Observe

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how he shifts, hesitates, advances, and recedes! —How he is continually reminded and reminding himself of his great commission, which he nevertheless, in the end, seems almost entirely to lose sight of, and this without ever recovering his former tranquillity.'

Ingenious and elegant as is this German gloss, we nevertheless think Villemain right in adhering to Malone's opinion. Hamlet, after his father's death, is a totally different being from the hope of Denmark whom Ophelia lauds with such impassioned eloquence, and whom Horatio and Fortinbras both deck with the noblest attributes of our nature. Neither indecision of character nor feigned madness account for Hamlet's actions. His conduct, when he leaps into Ophelia's grave, and the reason he assigns for it, are evidences of a mind diseased. 'The bravery of his grief put me into a towering passion,' is the poorest of excuses for disturbing, before the august assemblage, the last rites of one whom he so loved, 'that forty thousand brothers could not, with all their quantity, make up his sum.' In short, we have no doubt, that Shakspeare intended to display in the character of Hamlet a species of mental malady, which is of daily occurrence in our own experience, and every variety of which we find accurately described by his contemporary, the author of the 'Anatomie of Melancholy.'

'Suspicion and jealousy (says Burton) are general symptoms. If two talk together, discourse, whisper, jest, he thinks presently they mean him—*de se putat omnia*—or if they talk with him, he is ready to misconstrue every word they speak, and interpret it to the worst. Inconstant they are in all their actions; vertiginous, restless, unapt to resolve of any business; they will, and they will not, persuaded to and from, upon every occasion: yet, if once resolved, obstinate and hard to be reconciled. They do, and by and by repent them of what they have done; so that both ways they are disquieted of all hands, soon weary. They are of profound judgments in some things, excellent apprehensions, judicious, wise, and witty; for melancholy advanceth men's conceits more than any humour whatever. Fearful, suspicious of all, yet again many of them desperate hairbrains; rash, careless, fit to be assassinates, as being void of all truth and sorrow. *Tædium vitæ* is a common symptom; they soon are tired with all things—*sequitur nunc vivendi nunc moriendi cupido;* often tempted to make away with themselves—*vivere nolunt, mori nesciunt:* they cannot die, they will not live; they complain, lament, weep, and think they lead a most melancholy life.'

It would be difficult to find a criticism more applicable to the character of Hamlet than in this page of old Burton, who drew the picture as much from himself as from observation made on others. This form of madness (the *melancholia attonita* of nosologists) begins with lowness of spirits, and a desire for solitude. The very words of Hamlet have been taken by Dr. Mason Good to describe the first stage of the malady.

'I have of late, wherefore I know not, lost all my mirth; foregone all custom of exercise; and indeed it goes so heavily with my disposition, that this goodly frame, the earth, seems to me a sterile promontory; this most excellent canopy the air, look you, this brave o'erhanging firmament, this majestical roof, fretted with golden fires, why, it appears no other thing to me than a pestilent congregation of vapours.'

Thus the external world is either falsely recognised by the perception, or falsely discriminated by the judgment. The objects of former love become the objects of present indifference or dislike. If the temperament be timorous, everything is shunned or suspected; if fierce, a morose and mischievous disposition is engendered. If the unfortunate individuals labour under the scourge of religious terrors, they, like Cowper, almost invariably attempt suicide. The ideas of persons so affected are not so incongruous with themselves as with the world around them; they reason acutely in the train of their diseased notions; they draw fanciful conclusions from the most ordinary events tinging everything with the predominant hues of their own imaginations. This state of mind is compatible with length of life, during which, however, great inequalities of temper and action are observable, so that at one moment the individual shall be comparatively sane, at others wild and incoherent; to-day an agreeable and witty companion—if a poet, inditing a John Gilpin—to-morrow driven by some irresistible impulse to the cord or the dagger.

Perhaps some may find it difficult to believe that Shakspeare observed these minute and almost technical distinctions of madness, which appear to belong rather to the province of the pathologist than that of the poet. But everything is still to be learnt concerning this extraordinary man's habits of study and observation. The variety and individual clearness of his delineations of mental malady leave on our minds no doubt that he had made the subject his especial study, as both Crabbe and Scott certainly did after him, and with hardly inferior success. The various forms of the malady he has described—the perfect keeping of each throughout the complications of dramatic action—the exact adjustment of the peculiar kind of madness to the circumstances which induce it, and to the previous character of the 'sound man,' leave us lost in astonishment.

As in Hamlet, the present character of Jaques is strongly contrasted with his former one, to show the violent change which had been wrought in his nature. He had been a libertine, 'as sensual as the brutish sting itself:' and now, satiated, he would 'cleanse the foul body of the infected world.' Shakspeare makes him a muser, a gentle misanthrope, with whose 'sullen fits so full of matter, the duke loved to cope.' Jaques's account of himself, while it fixes the precise signification of the term *me-*

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lancholy, as understood by Shakspeare, proves how deeply the poet had studied all the various forms of this disorder; and with what art he seized the predominant characteristic in each kind:—

'I have neither the scholar's melancholy, which is emulation; nor the musician's, which is fantastical; nor the courtier's, which is proud; nor the soldier's, which is ambitious; nor the lawyer's, which is politic; nor the lady's, which is nice; nor the lover's, which is all these: but it is a melancholy of my own, compounded of many simples, extracted from many objects; and, indeed, the sundry contemplation of my travels, in which my often rumination wraps me, is a most humorous sadness.'

Let us again hear Burton:—

'Humorous they are beyond all measure;—sometimes profusely laughing—extraordinary merry—and then again weeping, without a cause; groaning, sighing, pensive, sad, almost distracted; restless in their thought and actions, continually meditating.

——— Velut ægri somnia vanæ
Finguntur species.

More like dreamers than men awake they feign a company of antic fantastical conceits.'

This same cast of mind, which Shakspeare has designated as melancholy in Jaques, he reproduces in Hamlet, in the grave diggers' scene. There are the same fantastic musings, a similar train of conceits, a wild mixture of pathos, wit, and ribaldry, which had the scene been in the Forest of Arden, might have been uttered by Jaques, without doing violence to the 'keeping' of that exquisitely drawn character; and it is immediately after such a preparation, be it observed, that Shakspeare has represented Hamlet in the towering passion which impels him to outrage all decency by leaping into Ophelia's grave. This sudden transition from placid musing to rage is unintelligible, if it be not intended to show the wayward disposition of the *melancholy* mind. Garrick, in his *corrected* edition of this play, expunged the grave-diggers' scene, as injuring the general effect. But this is not the only instance in which Shakspeare has preferred a close imitation of nature, however painful, to what is called the dignity of the drama. In the fourth act of Lear, the king is represented in the last degradation of madness, scampering off the stage; and an attendant exclaims:—

'A sight most pitiful in the meanest wretch—
Past speaking of in a king.'

Of that lighter species of melancholy which Shakspeare has delineated in the character of Jaques, we have an admirable portraiture—perhaps the original—in the account of Hippocrates's visit to Democritus.

'Democritus,' says Burton, 'was a little wearish old man, very melancholy by nature, averse from company in his latter days, and much given to solitariness. After a wandering life he settled at Abdera, a town in Thrace, and was sent for thither to be their law-maker, recorder, or town-clerk, as some will, or, as others, he was there bred and born. Howsoever, it was there he lived at last, in a garden in the suburbs, wholly betaking himself to his studies and a private life, saving that sometimes he would walk down to the haven, and laugh heartily at such a variety of ridiculous objects which there he saw.*

A most urgent letter was despatched to Hippocrates in the name of the senate and people of Abdera, to entreat him to come and visit Democritus.

'He lives (they say) forgetful of everything, but more especially forgetful of himself; watching day and night, and treating all that passes around him with the utmost derision, as utterly insignificant. Does one marry, does another harangue the people, is a third engaged in merchandise—is one a magistrate, another an ambassador—or, on the contrary, is one dismissed from office by the people, is a second sick, is a third wounded, does a fourth die,—Democritus equally laughs at all. He affirms, that the air is full of images; and that he understands the notes of birds. Now and then, rising in the night-time, he walks about with great gravity, singing to himself. He tells us that he sometimes travels immense journeys into infinite space, and finds innumerable Democrituses, doubles of himself.'

In the letter to Damagetus, the physician's first view of Abdera and his patient is thus described:—

'We found at the gates, expecting our arrival, a mixed multitude of both sexes, old and young, all in deep sorrow. Philopœmen was eager to conduct me to his house; but I told them, that my first object was to see Democritus. This declaration drew forth great applause. I was then escorted through the forum, some going before me, others following, but all imploring me to save their philosopher. Proceeding to a little hill, close to the city, shaded with poplars, we obtained a view of the house of Democritus—and of himself, sitting on a stone seat under a plane tree, clothed in a short tunic, squalid, pale, emaciated, and with a long beard. Near him, on the right hand, a rivulet in soft murmurs glided down the green bank. Here in perfect composure he was seated, holding a book on his knees, while others lay beside him on the ground. At a little distance were heaped together the carcases of animals which he had dissected. We observed him sometimes intensely engaged in writing, and at other times he would stop, apparently in deep contemplation. He would soon after-

* 'Burton,' says Mr. Grainger, 'wrote his Anatomie with a view of relieving his own melancholy, but increased it to such a degree, that nothing could make him laugh but going to the *bridge-foot*, and hearing the ribaldry of the bargemen, which rarely failed to throw him into a violent fit of laughter. Before he was overcome with this horrid disorder, he, in the interval of his vapours, was esteemed one of the most facetious companions of the university.'

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wards rise, and take a walk, and, after inspecting the entrails, sit down again. "You behold," said the Abderites standing beside me, "how melancholy is the life of Democritus, and in how deplorable a state of insanity he is. He knows neither what he wishes, nor what he does." I desired them to remain where they were until I should hear him speak, examine his person, and ascertain the reality of the disease.

'Having descended a precipice so steep that it was with difficulty I could keep my feet, I came upon him when he was under the influence of some divine impulse, and was committing his thoughts to writing. I therefore stood still, watching for a favourable opportunity when he should lay down his pen. This he did a few minutes afterwards, and, seeing me approach, saluted me with "Hail, stranger. By what name shall I call thee?" "My name," I replied, "is Hippocrates; I am a physician." "Thy fame," said he, "has reached my ears; but pray tell me, friend, what brought thee hither?" '*

After Hippocrates has answered this question, he learns from Democritus that the object of his study is to discover the seat of melancholy; and then with great acumen and vivacity the patient rails against the vices, follies, and inconsistencies of the human race. The ideas of Democritus are not incongruous in themselves, but inconsistent with surrounding circumstances. The delusion consists in taking the vices of mankind collectively, and applying the heap to each individual of the human race severally. These melancholy notions soon disturb the affections, dissolve the ties of kindred, and crush all interest in life. Where the temperament is naturally placid, the persons so affected may, during a lifetime, be regarded only as eccentric, like Democritus or Jaques; but if it be irritable, the ordinary and inevitable ills of life jar the troubled faculties into raving madness, or urge the miserable being to form the most consistent plans for suicide or for murder. The various modes of self-destruction attempted by Cowper, and the consistent reminiscence of his thoughts and feelings while so employed, as detailed by himself, will recur to every reader.

The character of Clara Mowbray offers another example of the retiring melancholy. Scott, like Shakspeare, never appears greater than in his delineations of mental aberration, scarcely a form of which he has not embodied in his works; he is equally minute, as his great prototype, in describing the temperament, and noting every circumstance, which can develope in the ground-work of his plot just that kind of insanity which a physician would say must have been originated on such a foundation. Of Clara Mowbray he tells us, that hers was a 'melancholy verging on madness.' The circumstances which prepared the mind to be thus affected by the incidents of the fable are presented with masterly skill. The faulty education and undue bias given to the imagination—the effect of early loss of the only parent who can direct the young female mind—the contempt for society and the influence of such feelings on the intellect—the restless movement of the body, never formally told, but ever appearing before the reader—the abrupt half-connected wit, 'that happiness of reply that often madness hits on,' which, glancing and sparkling, threads, with the rapid motion of the eccentric lightning, the incongruous subjects of a mixed conversation—alarming some, offending others, and leaving all in that subdued sort of astonishment excited by the view of conduct not explicable by obvious causes—all these things are indicated with a master's hand. The meeting of Clara and Tyrrel, however, at the Buckstone, is the scene in which the author's consummate knowledge of the workings of insanity is most strikingly displayed. The struggle between reason and madness—the alternate mastery of each—the difficulty of distinguishing between the reality of the impression from without, and the vivid image which deep passion and long and solitary contemplation had planted in Clara's perturbed phantasy, are characterised by touches worthy of Shakspeare.

Ophelia, again, and Madge Wildfire, though differing from each other in the train of disordered ideas and feelings, exhibit the same general features of insanity, which characterize the *mania mitis* of Crichton—the 'roving melancholy' of other systematic authors. This species of insanity is in some essentials the reverse of that just described. 'These persons,' says Crichton, 'hate solitude; they are busy and loquacious; their attention can rarely be fixed to external things for any length of time; and often, under the pressure of this form of malady, feelings and expressions are acquired little consonant with female decorum. The men are kings, emperors, and popes; the women ladies of distinction.' The taste of his age permitted Shakspeare to be faithful to nature in every point of the above description. Madge Wildfire, which Mr. Coleridge has pronounced to be the most original of Scott's characters, is intended by the author to exemplify 'derangement of a mind constitutionally unsettled by giddiness and vanity.' Let the reader turn to the tale, and observe with what art this hint has been worked out—how it is made to pervade the whole range of the poor maniac's feelings and actions, and how it peeps forth even in the very selection of scraps from John Bunyan with which the author has filled her head. As Madge is made to select from her slender stores of reading such passages as pourtray her vanity, so the industry of Shakspeare's commentators has shown us, that the disjointed sentences in which Ophelia indicates her 'fond distractions,' are made up

* Probably Le Clerc is right in thinking that much which was traditional with regard to Hippocrates' visit to Democritus has been interpolated in the genuine letter.

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of snatches from the popular works of that day. It would have been easy to put arbitrary ravings into Ophelia's mouth, but then these would not have conveyed that feeling of intense reality which the *groundling* of the Globe derived from observing on the stage one day a minute transcript of what he might on the morrow see exemplified in a madhouse; the inhabitants of which must have been influenced by the age in which they lived and the society in which they moved, and consequently disjoined in madness the ideas which they had derived from these sources. The principle is so correct, that we forgive the author for the anachronism by which the Danish lady is made to rave in expressions chosen from the common authors of the Elizabethan age. Guided by the same principle, Shakspeare has taken the odd jumble of names uttered by Edgar when he feigns madness almost verbatim from Harsnet, whose work had been published very shortly before he wrote his play.

Jaques was an early delineation—Hamlet was drawn several years sooner than Lear—and we may trace the improving skill of the poet in the growing fulness and boldness of his touch. Well may 'Lear' have been called a study even for the pathologist. The author marks, in the very outset of the tragedy, the temperament on which he is about to engraft madness:—

'*Goneril.* The best and soundest of his time has been but rash; then must we look to receive from his age, not alone the imperfections of long-engrafted condition, but therewithal the unruly waywardness that infirm and choleric years bring with them.'

Ardent in his affections no less than in his temper—born to a position in which the wholesome uses of adversity are never learnt, and which converts even kindred into flatterers—it is not surprising that the reserve of his favourite child should have shocked his inmost spirit:—

'Like an engine, wrenched my frame of nature
From the fixed place; drew from my heart all love,
And added to the gall.'

After the terrible burst of passion under which Lear discards Cordelia and his faithful servant Kent, Shakspeare invents no pompous scene to exhibit the struggle within, but, by a touch of impatience, shows how ill the father has succeeded in tearing his child from his heart:—

'*Lear.* Ha, sayest thou?
Thou but remindest me of mine own conception.
I have perceived a most faint neglect of late.
But where's my fool? I have not seen him these two days.
Knight. Since my lady's going into France, Sir, the fool has much pined away.
Lear. No more of that, *I have noted it well.*'

From the moment in which he loses Cordelia to that of his death, Lear is a prey to the most vehement trials of passionate suffering. The faint suspicions of Goneril's neglect are speedily converted into certainty. The fond and generous father marks

'That the offices of nature, bond of childhood,
Effects of courtesy, dues of gratitude,'

are all forgotten; and then the paroxysm of passion overwhelms him, finding vent in that terrible curse which Kemble groaned out with a concentration of agony which seemed to render his frame motionless—fixed in the posture of a mummy, as if the very dead poured forth the awful denunciations—a curse which, in its utterance, seemed to fell Kean to the earth, as, planted on both knees, with uplifted arms bared to the shoulder, naked bosom, and streaming hair, presenting the picture of a desolate and withered tree, he called all nature to hear him.

The excess of passion has now unhinged the frame of Lear, and the currents of life no longer run equably; accordingly, the poet has made him more absorbed in his griefs. He pays little attention to the jibes and jests of his fool, and from time to time thoughts of his injustice to Cordelia, and the ingratitude of Goneril, find unconscious utterance.

'I did her wrong———
I will forget my nature—so kind a father.'

This internal conflict goes on in none without disturbing the circulation, creating fulness and oppression about the heart, which is relieved by sighs. This general derangement of the circulation creates, for the most part, indefinable sensations in the head, precursors of approaching madness. The sufferers, long before insanity breaks out, have presentiments of their fate. It is now that Lear exclaims,

'Oh, let me not be mad! not mad, sweet heaven!
Keep me in temper—I would not be mad.'

Nor when the physical malady becomes more intense—after he finds his messenger has been put into the stocks by Regan 'the daughter left, who he was sure was kind'—does the poet fail to note the corporeal effects—

'O how this mother swells up towards my heart!
Hysterica pasaio—Down, thou climbing sorrow,
Thy element's below——'

The mind takes alarm, as it discovers itself more and more under the tyranny of corporeal sway. Shakspeare, therefore, no longer paints Lear as giving way to unrestrained passion, but, conscious of the increased hold of the malady, he makes him *endeavour* to be calm. The alternate play of passion and forced resignation is wrought up to the sublime. A burst of rage succeeds when Lear is informed that Regan and her husband send excuses for not receiving him; but this he endeavours to subdue:—

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'*Lear.* Oh me, my heart—my rising heart—but down.
Regan. I am glad to see your highness.
Lear. Regan, I think you are; I know what reason
I have to think so: if thou shouldst not be glad,
I would divorce me from thy mother's tomb,
Sepulchring an adulteress.———Beloved Regan,
Thy sister's naught: O Regan, she hath tied
Sharp-tooth'd unkindness, like a vulture, here.'
I can scarce speak to thee; thou'lt not believe,
Of how deprav'd a quality.———O Regan!'

In the midst of this scene Goneril enters, to taunt her father; and the conflict between a mind saddened by griefs and a choleric temperament goaded into a phrensy of passion, hastens the catastrophe:—

'Return with *her?*
Persuade me rather to be slave and sumpter
To this detested groom.
Gon. At your choice, sir.
Lear. I prithee, daughter, do not make me mad;
I will not trouble thee, my child; farewell:
We'll no more meet—no more see one another.'

The poet well knew, that such a conflict, made up of the highest excitement and the deepest depression, must end in death or insanity. The king, when he finds Regan as ungrateful as her sister, feels it too. Those mysterious sensations which render the mind vaguely cognizant, we know not how, of some fearful alteration, alarm Lear; and lamentations, which he in vain endeavours to suppress, now suggest the idea of instant, impending madness; from the thought of which he flies with breathless horror. Driven to the heath, where all nature seems to him leagued 'against a head so old and white as this,' he perceives anew the approach of the enemy:—

'My wits begin to turn!'

But the morbid thoughts and feelings, which have already absorbed all nature into their vortex, keep possession of his mind; and the old man, in the workings of the elements, sees nothing but the ingratitude of his 'pelican daughters:'—

'——— Pour on; I will endure—
In such a night as this! O Regan, Goneril!—
Your kind old father, whose frank heart gave you all,—
O, that way madness lies: let me shun that:
No more of that!'

At this juncture, Shakspeare has made him conscious of that marked sign of overwhelming mental agitation—insensibility to bodily privation and suffering. When Kent urges Lear to take shelter, he receives for answer:—

'——— The tempest in my mind
Doth from my senses take all feeling else,
Save what beats here,—filial ingratitude!'

Up to this point, the poet has depicted the effects of impassioned grief, which has unhinged the mind:—he now plunges Lear into a paroxysm of incoherent delirium, by an incident which shows how deeply he had studied the human heart. We have seen, that as the disorder increased, so all external nature appeared to his mind tinged by the predominating hues of his malady. The elements were

'———Servile ministers,
That have with two pernicious daughters joined!'

But even the associations thus afforded do not come sufficiently home, to tear up reason from its seat. Accordingly, it is only when Lear sees Edgar disguised as a madman, that the presentation of such wretchedness appears as an embodied reflex of his own, and causes his mind to give way. Every sympathy is torn open; and the final ingratitude which had been diffused over nature, now appears concentrated in one crawling victim before him:—

'*Lear.* What! have his daughters wrought him to this pass?
Couldst thou save nothing? Didst thou give them all?

Here, on the open heath, and unsheltered from the storm, the old king, in imitation of the madman, for whom he conceives a violent and sudden attachment, flings off his clothes, begins to rave of the noble Athenian, the learned Theban before him; and thus gives token to Kent, 'that all power of his wit has given way to his impatience.'

Spakspeare now depicts another step of the disorder of the mind, and Lear is made to be unconscious of the identity of those about him; to mistake inanimate objects for persons.

'*Kent.* How do you, sir? Stand you not so amaz'd;
Will you lie down at rest upon the cushions?
Lear. I'll see their trial first. Bring in the evidence.
Thou robed man of justice, take thy place;
And thou, his yoke-fellow of equity,
Bench by his side:—You are of the commission,
Sit you, too.
Arraign her first; 'tis Goneril. I here
Take my oath before this honourable assembly,
She kicked the poor king her father.
Fool. Come hither, mistress: is your name Goneril?
Lear. She cannot deny it!
Fool. Cry you mercy, I took you for a joint-stool.
Lear. And here's another, whose warped looks proclaim
What store the heart is made of.—Stop her there!
Arms, arms, sword, fire!—Corruption in the place!
False justicer, why hast thou let her 'scape?'

The very phantasms of his imagination react the realities of his story, escape from his grasp, and leave him so desolate, that the deep canker of ingratitude appears to him to have extended even to his household dogs—

'Tray, Blanch, and Sweetheart, see, they bark at me.'

After the king has been removed to Dover

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to meet Cordelia, the poet, true to nature, paints the regular course of the mental malady as marked by lucid intervals, in which, for 'burning shame, he will not see his child—

'*Kent.* Well, sir, the poor distressed Lear is i' th' town,
Who sometime in his better tune remembers
What we are come about, and by no means
Will yield to see his daughter.'

The following scenes depict that utmost degradation of madness which we have already noticed, but relieved with some touches of exquisite pathos—and equal truth. The conditions of the cure are now stated, and here too Shakspeare has been guided by the practice of the physicians of the day, who received their notions from the ancient schools. The king is lulled in repose by 'many simples operative, whose power will close the eye of anguish.' He is to be awakened by soft strains of music which shall not jar the disturbed senses, and then a powerful moral impression is to be produced by the presentation of Cordelia when he first awakes—

'*Phy.* Be by, good madam, when we do awake him;
I doubt not of his temperance.
Cor. He wakes—speak to him.
Phy. Madam, do you—'tis fittest.'

The thoughts which are incessantly passing in rapid succession through the heated imagination of the insane when waking, rarely subside in their sleep. The overwrought brain still labours in dreams. The potency of the drugs has, however, lulled the mind of Lear; and though the organ of thought has not altogether resumed the tranquil activity of health; though dreams too vivid and too painful have occupied the brain, still the poet indicates with beautiful art their calmer tenor. The visions in his sleep appear to have been accompanied by some soothing feelings—Lear had found that rest in the grave which was denied him on earth. His first exclamation on waking is—

'You do me wrong to take me out of the grave.
Thou'rt a soul in bliss.
Cor. Sir, do you know me?
Lear. You are a spirit *I know*; when did you die?
Phy. He's scarce awake!'

The struggle between reason and insanity is exquisitely drawn. At first Lear is not assured of his condition—doubts if he be indeed alive—questions his sanity. The perceptions strengthening, stir the memory feebly—and Kent and Cordelia are hesitatingly recalled—

'Methinks I should know you, and know this man,
Yet I am doubtful.'

As the memory becomes confirmed, the affections claim their full sway, and the presence of his child is made to dispel the gloom of madness—

'Do not laugh at me;
But as I am a man, I think this lady
To be my child Cordelia.'

The next scene presents Lear rushing with the dead body of Cordelia, as if by a species of instinct, to the spot where most are congregated—

'Howl! howl! howl!—O ye are men of stones!
She is as dead as earth—Lend me a looking glass!'

Still clinging to the least glimpse of hope, he tries whether the lingering breath may not obscure a mirror or stir a feather. The quick and expectant fancy deceives him, and for a moment the father imagines he hears 'that voice—soft, gentle, low.' Shakspeare closes the painful scene by tracing the steps of Lear's death as minutely as he had those of his madness. At length assured that his child is dead, a flush of exultation at having himself revenged her, lights up for an instant the sinking mind—but only for an instant. The tough frame has yielded to this last blow—the sight becomes dimmed—the brain giddy—and turning to Kent, who had never quitted his master, Lear asks—

——'Who are you?
Mine eyes are none of the best.'

Scarcely have the spectators of this anguish had time to mark and to express to each other their conviction of the extinction of his mind, when some sudden physical alteration, made dreadfully visible, urges Albany to cry out, 'O see, see! The intense excitement which Lear has undergone, and which lent for a time a supposititious life to his enfeebled frame, gives place to the exhaustion of despair—

'No, no, no life;
Why should a dog, a horse, a rat have life,
And thou no breath at all? O thou wilt come no more!
Never—never—never—never—never.
Pray you undo this button. Thank you, sir.
Do you see this? Look on her—look—her lips—
Look there—look there!' (*Dies.*)

Even here, where any other mind would have confined itself to the single passion of parental despair, Shakspeare contrives to indicate by a gesture the very train of internal physical changes which are causing death. The blood gathering about the heart can no longer be propelled by its enfeebled impulse. Lear, too weak to relieve the impediments of his dress, which he imagines cause the sense of suffocation, asks a bystander to 'undo this button.'*

* The small portion of Sir Henry Halford's volume which is in a dead language, appears to us equally creditable to him as his English Essays. We suspect there are few mere scholars of these days who could produce anything more elegant, as a specimen of Latinity than the following passage respecting the late Dr Matthew Baillie. In substance the tribute is honourable to the dead and to the living.

'In hoc dilecto nomine fas sit mihi commorari paulum et dolere, quod huic excellenti viro, tot annos in eadem nostra illa laboriosissima vitæ ratione comiti, socio, amico,

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From the Foreign Quarterly Review.

PELLICO'S MEMOIRS OF HIS TEN YEARS' CAPTIVITY.*

We will candidly confess that the deep interest we have felt in the perusal of these Memoirs nowise arises from any great sympathy with the actors in Italian revolutions in general. Admitting the oppressive character of the Austrian government of Italy, and the undistinguished contempt for national feelings and prejudices with which it is administered; and therefore conceding to the Italians in the fullest manner their right to obtain redress, *par vie de fait*, when constitutional representations are disregarded, there has been in their late insurrections a union of fool-hardiness in the conception with faint-heartedness in the execution, sufficient to throw discredit on any cause, and to postpone, perhaps indefinitely, the chance of any general and vigorous effort in behalf of Italian freedom. In the fate of the actors in these ill-advised explosions it is difficult therefore in general to feel much interest. If they will set their lives on a cast, they must abide the hazard of the die. But exceptions do occasionally occur, and it is the very nature of these which must make every man of calm judgment regard with an unfavourable eye all such premature and hazardous movements; men, of whom their more scheming and worldly associates were not worthy, and who by their firmness and passive fortitude under adversity, captivity, and exile, shed a redeeming lustre upon a cause which has little else to recommend it. It is the misfortune, we say, of these rash movements, that, once commenced, they involve in them, against their better judgment, many virtuous and amiable men, who, had they been left to themselves, would never have attempted, with means so inadequate, and minds so unprepared for a serious and lasting struggle, to precipitate their country into the certain miseries which must in the outset accompany every revolution, and with scarcely even a probable chance of ultimate success. The wise and rational attachment they feel for *liberty*, as being but another word for the *happiness* of the community, would have taught them how little the interests of *liberty*, in its true sense, could be promoted by such attempts,—the failure of which would only afford to their stern masters a justification of their iron system of coercion, and an opportunity for increasing its vigour. But when once the cry of liberty has been set up, the very generosity and chivalrous nature of such men prevents them from hanging back; they would not needlessly have challenged a gigantic enemy, but they cannot refuse their support when called on to aid their countrymen in a desperate struggle; and their reward too often is, that while the scheming agitator, who had set the whole in motion, makes his escape, or his peace, on the first reverse of fortune, the disinterested and intrepid, who have adhered to a hopeless cause through good report and bad, are ultimately the victims on whom the vengeance of their successful antagonist descends.

For men such as these, whose natural disposition is averse from the troubled elements of revolution, who, if left to themselves, would have pursued the quiet path of philanthropy, of science, of literature, but who have been involved by the force of circumstances in the movement which rasher heads or more interested minds have set in motion: for the Gioias, Arrivabenes and Pellicos of suffering Italy, we feel that interest and sympathy which a generous though mistaken self-devotion must always awaken. When Pellico, therefore, lays before us the narrative of his imprisonments, in this simple and beautiful volume, with scarcely a loud complaint, without a single invective, with no political disquisition whatever—and where the mild, benevolent and pure-hearted character of the author shines out in every page,—men of all parties and political opinions must equally yield to the charm which it possesses; and, whether he look on the revolutionary movements of Italy with the eye of a liberal or an absolutist, the reader must equally regret that one, whose nature seems so opposed to conspiracies or political struggles, should have been their victim.

For our own part, we will candidly say, that this little work seems to us more calculated to enlist the sympathies of mankind against Austria, to expose the cold-blooded and relentless character of its Italian administration, and to prepare the way for its downfall, than any revolutionary movements to which it is likely to be exposed, or the political invectives by which it has been assailed. It is not from secret societies and Carbonari that Austria has much to fear. Judging from the issue of the Neapoli-

singulari in hanc domum pietate, hisce comitiis celebriori rus. huic solemnitati, huic illustrissimorum et nobilissimo bum Hospitum cœtui non licueret interesse, quamquam eum famæ satis diu vixisse scio, æternæ felicitati, quod humillime spero, bene satis Et enim, patre usus pio, a prima usque adolescentia in explorando corpore Dei maxima admiratione, summa veneratione contemplatus est. Postea vero cum admedicinam exercendam se accinxisset, faci'e sensit, quantulum corpori morbis et ægra valetudine laboranti, subventurus esset Medicus nisi qui animi quoque motus, vires, adfectus, perciperet: animi, scilicet, unius et ejusdem cum corpore, tamen diversi,—consociati cum illo, sed distincti,—in ejus compagibus inclusi et involuti, nihilominus tamen liberi—Immortale quid perpetuo præsentientis atque præmonentis, et illud futurum cuplentis. tamen et metuentis. Ab his contemplationibus potentiæ ac majestatis divinæ ad debitum numini cultum præstandum incitatus est, ad fidem in Deo habendam, et ad totum sæci subeuntendum. Hinc pia illa vivendi regula, hinc spectata integritas. Hinc illi omnia graviter, humaniter, amibiliter mos erat cogitare;—hinc, quod cagitaverat, planissime ac veritalme dicere;—hinc nihil alteri facere, quod sibi faciendum nollet; hinc candor, cariias:—sed me reprimo; quanquam haud verior, Optimates, ne vobis in præsentiarum hujus viri laudibus longior fuisse videar; quippe vestrum quamplurimi sanitatem ejus judicio et consiliis acceptam referlis. Nec timeo; no mihi succenseatis, Socii. quod eum his saltem accumulaverim donis, qui tantum sibi vestrum omnium amorem vivus concillaverit; qui industriæ, benevolentiæ, sanctitatis, innocentiæ exem pium (quod omnes utinam imitemur! reliquerit.'—p. 148-150

* *Le mie Prigioni. Memorie* di Silvio Pellico, da Saluzzo. Torino. 1832. 8vo.

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tan and Piedmontese revolutions, we should say, there was more peril in one of Pellico's pages than twenty of their swords. Neither has she much to apprehend from the rancorous and exaggerated tone of those political works in which the character of her Italian government has usually been attacked; for these have in general been so questionable in their facts, or at least so distorted and over-coloured by the violence of political and national prejudice, that in the minds of calm observers they frequently produced an impression directly the reverse of what was intended. But here is a work which appeals, not to party feeling, but to the general sympathies of humanity,—which does not deal in vague generalities, or doubtful anecdotes, but sets forth with truth and soberness the workings of that system in an individual case: instead of exaggeration there is rather a studied exclusion of every thing approaching to violence of thought or expression; and yet no one can peruse it without feeling his heart revolt, and his indignation rise, at the system of mean, paltry and persevering cruelty which it developes. There might have been some excuse for violent and rigorous measures, carried through under the alarm and irritation excited in the minds of the rulers, by the supposed discovery of an extensively ramified conspiracy; but what can be said in defence of a system, which, when the danger and the excitation are past, labours with studied igenuity to deepen the miseries of solitary imprisonment for life, by exposure to cold and damp in winter, and to the suffocating heat of leaden roofs in summer—by coarse and revolting food—by labour; by the load of chains—by the want of medical assistance, save on particular days—by the exclusion of all communication with relatives and friends—by every petty refinement, in short, which can render the sufferings of the prisoner more intolerable? To us it seems a matter of no moment in the consideration of such a system, whether the victim was guilty of the crime which was imputed to him or not. That in any civilized country in Europe, and for any crime whatever, above all for political offences, such a system should exist in the nineteenth century, is matter of astonishment; and if the Austrian government does not wish to place itself beyond the pale of humanity altogether, and to stand conspicuous as a monument of barbarism in the midst of surrounding civilization, it will assuredly avail itself of the disclosures which have now been given to the world in so affecting a shape, to abolish at once that disgraceful apparatus of moral and physical torture to which we have alluded.

The main charm of this book of Pellico lies in the singular calmness and placid beauty of its tone. It is one long tragic monologue, and the scene is but a succession of prisons. And yet it presents a picture so interesting of a refined and amiable mind labouring against the most trying of earthly calamities, long continued and solitary imprisonment; it exhibits him under so many touching aspects of weakness or strength—of patient mental exertion, of the weariness of sickness of hope delayed—of the influence of sceptical doubt creeping in upon despondency, or the revival of courage and religious faith; it is brightened or saddened by so many little interesting episodes—glimpses of existence, as it were, seen through prison bars; it is instinct throughout with so kindly a spirit towards mankind, so anxious a desire to discover good even in evil, and benevolence beneath the outward garb of harshness or selfishness, that it possesses the interest of a romance combined with the truth of reality. It is at once a historical document and a psychological picture, drawn, as the author himself says, from no motive of personal vanity, but left as a legacy to those who may be placed under circumstances as trying, and with the hope "that the detail of his sufferings, and of the consolations which even amidst the deepest misfortunes he still found attainable, might impart comfort to their minds; with the view of bearing testimony to the fact, that even amidst all that he had endured, he had not found humanity so wicked, so destitute of exalted feeling, as it had been represented,—of encouraging all noble spirits to love many, to hate none,—to reserve their irreconcileable hatred for mean imposture, cowardice, perfidy, and every moral degradation,—and of inculcating the once well known, but now too often forgotten truth, that religion and philosophy can command both energy of mind and calmness of judgment, and that without their union there can exist no justice, no dignity, no certain principle of action."—A worthy and elevated object, and worthily accomplished!

It may no doubt be possible that something of the subdued tone which distinguished this production may be owing to the fact, that it appears under the surveillance of a Piedmontese censorship; and if so, we are disposed for once to consider the influence they have exercised as advantageous to its character. Had the work been an ordinary invective against Austrian oppression, conceived and executed in the usual perfervid manner of Italian partizanship, it would have been forgotten in a fortnight; but this calm, classical and moving picture of suffering insinuates itself irresistibly into the heart, and will long maintain its hold on the memory.

The name of Silvio Pellico must be familiar to every reader of Italian poetry, as one of the most distinguished of the modern dramatists of Italy. The glowing and yet gentle spirit, the pure and elevated imagination of the author, is reflected in all its writings. With more of tenderness than Foscolo, and more of dramatic skill than Manzoni, he has his *Francesca, da Rimini*, founded on the tragic episode of Dante, given one of the best specimens of a native Italian drama, constructed on the freer and deeper principles of the English and German schools. His *Eufemio da Messina* is

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scarcely inferior. Beloved and respected by a numerous circle of friends and acquaintances, and admired by the public as a rising ornament of Italian literature, his arrest, which took place at Milan in October, 1820, on the charge of being implicated in a conspiracy against the Austrian government, excited a deep and general sensation of sympathy and regret. After undergoing an examination, as to the particulars of which he is silent—"being," as he says, "like an ill-used lover, determined to bear his injuries with dignity, to leave politics alone"—he was conducted to the prison of St. Marguerite, and consigned to a room on the ground floor, looking out on a court surrounded on all sides by prisons.

The first day of imprisonment passed wearily indeed. The gaoler, who had studied the philosophy of imprisonment after his way, advised Pellico to kill time by taking some wine with his meals, and when Pellico informed him that he drank none, "I pity you," said he; "you will suffer doubly from solitude." He was left to gaze out of the window into the court, to listen to the sound of the gaolers' feet as they walked the passages to the prison, and to the half-frenzied songs which at times rose from the different cells. He tried to amuse himself by contrasting the purposes to which the building, which had once been a monastery, had been originally devoted, with its present gloomy application. But the consideration of his own position could not be long excluded; the recollection of a father, mother, two brothers and two sisters, left at Turin, recurred to him; and Pellico felt the truth of the observation, how certainly, in moments of sorrow, the remembrance of any supposed unkindness to those who should have been dear to us, is sure to rise up in judgment against us, and to haunt the mind with unavailing regret. He had visited his family about three months before at Turin, but occupied by other business, he had had but little time to devote to his relations. "Ah," observed his mother, who probably perceived the difference on this occasion, "I see our Silvio does not now come to Turin to visit *us*." This observation of his mother now occurred to him; he reproached himself with not having shown more visibly, ere it was too late, the affection he felt for them all; and he wept like a child till evening darkened about him, and he laid himself down on his hard couch, not expecting to sleep. Weariness, however, overpowered him, and he slept soundly for a time.

His first feeling on awaking, which he did some hours after, he describes as one of despair. Frightful visions of his own fate, and that of his family, pursued him in the darkness. He wished they had been in their graves before the news of his stroke should reach them in Turin. "Who," he asked, "will enable them to bear it?" At this moment the idea of an overruling God, of the consolations of religion, first became seriously impressed on his mind; hitherto it had exercised but little practical influence on his thoughts, but now, in the gloom and solitude of his cell, he began to dwell upon it long and earnestly, and as he did so he felt his mind grow calm, and a ray of hope seemed to him to emerge where all had at first appeared to be despair. The very turnkeys observed the difference in his appearance next morning, and congratulated him upon it. "Yesterday," said one of them, "you had the look of a basilisk, but to-day I am glad to see you don't look so rascally. Your rascal always looks worse the second day than the first." Pellico had been allowed the use of a copy of Dante and the Bible. Of the former he used to commit a canto to memory every day, till at last the exercise became so mechanical that it ceased to afford any interruption to the train of melancholy thought. It was otherwise with the study of the Bible; for though his attention at first wandered often, yet by degrees he became capable of meditating on it with fixed attention, and of absorbing himself in its perusal to the exclusion of every other intrusive thought. The precept, "Pray without ceasing," in particular made a deep impression on his mind, and he determined to realize it, by keeping the idea of the Deity constantly present to his thoughts, and conforming every purpose (for there was little room for action) to the Divine will. Thus a tranquil hope and confidence that he was not left alone in the world, seemed to grow upon him day by day.

Meantime he thought it his duty to preserve his spirits and his cheerfulness, by finding some objects which might afford interest or occupation to his mind. Even in the first few days of his imprisonment he had found a friend. This was a deaf and dumb child of five or six years old, whose father and mother had been robbers, and had fallen victims to justice. The poor orphan was brought up here by the police, with other children in the same situation. They lived all together in a room in front of Pellico's, and at times they came out to take the air in the court.

"The deaf and dumb boy," says he, "came under my window and smiled and gesticulated to me. I threw him a piece of bread; he took it, leaping for joy, ran to his companions, shared it with them all, and then returned to eat his own small portion opposite my window, expressing his gratitude to me by the smile that beamed in his beautiful eyes. The other children looked at me from a distance, but did not venture to approach. The deaf and dumb boy had a deep sympathy for me, and one not founded on mere motives of interest. Sometimes he did not know what to do with the food I threw him, and made signs to me that he and his companions had had enough, and could not eat more. If he saw a turnkey coming towards my room, he would give him the bread to return to me. Though expecting nothing from me, he would continue to gambol beneath my window with the most amiable grace, delighted that I should see him. One day a turnkey promised that he should be allowed to visit me in my cell: the moment he entered he ran to embrace

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my knees, with a cry of joy. I took him in my arms, and the transports with which he caressed me are indescribable. What attachment there was in that poor creature! How I longed to educate him, to save him from the abject condition in which I found him!

"I never learnt his name. He himself did not know that he had one. He was always gay; nor did I ever see him weep but once, when he was beaten, I know not for what, by the gaoler. Strange! To live in a prison seems the height of misfortune, and yet assuredly this child was then as happy as the son of a prince. I reflected on this: I learned that it is possible to render the mind independent of place. Let us keep imagination in subjection, and we should be well every where. A day is soon over, and when at night we lie down without hunger or pain, what matters it if our bed be placed between walls which are called a prison, or walls which bear the name of a cottage or a palace?"

Of the consolation and amusement which his intercourse with this poor child afforded, Pellico was soon deprived by his removal to another room, his own being required for a newer arrival. It was darker, dirtier, and more comfortless than the former, commanding on one side a view of a court with the windows of his former room, and on the other, a prospect of part of the prison for the women. Pellico looked anxiously for some days towards his old lodging, to see if he could catch a glimpse of his successor at the window; at last he discovered him to be his friend Melchior Gioia. Gioia had, in his turn, been made aware what part of the prison was occupied by Pellico. The friends could not speak, but they waved their handkerchiefs, and endeavoured to express their feelings by silent yet speaking gestures. But such intercourse was contrary to the rules of the prison, and the turnkey entering, directed Pellico to discontinue it.

The apartment of Pellico, we have mentioned, adjoined the prison of the women; only a wall divided them. Through this thin partition, the sound, sometimes of their songs, sometimes of their quarrels, reached him; and at night, when all around was quiet, he could almost hear their conversation. Among their voices there was one that peculiarly attracted his attention. It was sweeter than the rest, it was heard more seldom, and gave utterance to no vulgar thoughts. Sometimes it sang two simple verses,

> Chi rende alla meschina
> La sua felicita?

at other times, accompanied by the rest, the Litany. Without seeing its possessor, Pellico formed to himself a most interesting picture of this unfortunate and repentant being, and an almost fraternal attachment for her. Often was he on the point of calling to her through the wall, but as often his courage failed him, and this little romance of a dungeon ended where it began.

In the commencement of the year 1821 Pellico was allowed the comfort of a visit from his friend Count Luigi Porro (in whose family he had lived as tutor,) and from his father. They could give him no hope of liberation; it was evident that this imprisonment was to be a long one. His chamber was again changed, and this time for the better. The day of his removal was a day of events for Pellico. As he crossed the court he again saw the deaf and dumb orphan, and again exchanged a parting greeting with Melchior Gioia. On entering his new apartment, he found some French stanzas written on the wall, and signed "The Duke of Normandy." He began to sing to them, adapting them, as he best could, to the air sung by the unseen Magdalen of the women's prison,—when to his surprise, a voice from an adjoining cell took up the strain and sang them to another air. "Bravo," exclaimed Pellico, as he finished. The singer saluted him politely, and asked him if he was a Frenchman. Pellico told him his name and birth-place, and in return asked the name of his companion. The answer was, "I am the unfortunate Duke of Normandy."

This was one of the numerous pretenders to the character of the son of Louis XVI., who had been imprisoned by the vigilance of the Austrian Government. He told his story with a surprising air of truth and conviction, and a most remarkable familiarity with the events of the Revolution, and the family history of the Bourbons. Though Pellico gave no credit to his tale, he could not help admiring the appearance of candour, goodness, and elevation of mind which he showed in the long and frequent conversations which they held together; and yet he reproached himself afterwards that he did not fairly tell him at once that he disbelieved his pretensions. There was a degree of pusillanimity, he observes, in thus appearing to give credit to an imposture, of which he afterwards felt ashamed; and still more did he regret that the light and sceptical tone in which his unseen neighbour talked of religious subjects had so far influenced his mind at the time, that he had been weak enough in their conversations to disguise the depth and sincerity of his own convictions. Often and often did the recollection of this piece of moral cowardice recur to his mind, and excite feelings of contrition and shame.

On the night of the 18th February, 1821, he was suddenly awakened by the noise of chains and the grating of locks. Count Bolza the Commissary of Police, entered his prison and desired him to dress himself as quickly as possible. In the first moments of his surprise the idea occurred to him that the Count might be sent to conduct him to the confines of Piedmont; that he was once more to rejoin his family and enjoy the sweets of liberty. "Where am I going?" said he to the Count as they got into the carriage. "I cannot tell you till we are a mile beyond Milan." But Pellico saw that their course was not towards the

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Portâ Vercellina, and this was a sufficient answer. It was a lovely moonlight night; the streets, the houses, the churches, the public gardens in which he had walked with Foscolo, Monti Breme, Borsieri, and Porro, could all be recognised as they drove along; his heart swelled at the thought that he was looking at them for the last time, and when they passed the gate, he pulled his hat over his face to conceal his tears. "I suppose," he said, after a time, "we are going to Verona." "Farther," replied the Count, "we are going to Venice, where you are to be consigned to the charge of a special commission." They reached Venice on the 20th February.

Pellico's destination was the celebrated *Piombi*, forming the upper part of the old palace of the Doge, and so called from their leaden roofs. From his chamber window he looked out on the roof of the church of St. Mark, beyond which he could catch a glimpse of the extremity of the square with its numerous cupolas and steeples. Rising immediately over the roof of the church was the gigantic *Campanile*, which was so near that he could even in calm weather hear the voices of the persons who were talking on its top. Crowds of doves fluttered about his windows, or rested in the adjoining spires. At one corner of the church a small portion of the court of the palace, with a public well, were visible; but, from the height of his prison, the people in the street beneath looked like children, and their voices were lost as they ascended. He felt his solitude more complete than even in the prison of Milan. The faces of the men about him seemed more solemn and appalling. The gaoler, with his wife and family, which consisted of a daughter about fifteen and two sons of thirteen and ten years old, had already heard of his name and reputation as a tragic poet. They looked upon him at first as a sort of magician, and scarcely ventured to utter a syllable in his presence; but by degrees all of them, except the wife, whose temper seemed naturally harsh and unamiable, seemed to grow accustomed to him. The daughter and the two boys generally accompanied their mother when she took the prisoner his coffee or his meals, and would often turn round and regard him with a deep expression of pity, when the door was about to be locked.

Meantime the investigation before the special commission was proceeding; day after day Pellico had to undergo long examinations; and often he returned to his cell in such a state of excitement and despair, that he would have committed suicide, if the recollection of his family, and the voice of religion, had not restrained his hand. Yet this harassing scene of never-ending examinations began at last even to shake his religious faith. He neglected prayer—he vented curses on his fellow men and the world;—he tried to still the agitation of his mind, by singing for hours with a forced gaiety; he gossipped with whoever entered his cell, and endeavoured to look on all things with a cynical indifference and contempt.

But happily, these evil days were few. His Bible, neglected in the meantime, had become covered with dust. "Since you have given up reading that large ugly book," said one of the gaoler's little boys to him one day, "you don't look so melancholy, I think." "Do you think so?" said Pellico, sorrowfully and with a feeling of shame taking the Bible in his hand, and brushing the dust from it. It opened by chance at these words: "It is impossible, but that offences must come, but woe unto him through whom they come! It were better for him that a millstone were hung about his neck, and that he were thrown into the sea, than that he should offend one of these little ones." He blushed as he shut the book, and when the boy retired, he fell on his knees, re-opened the Bible, and amidst tears, sweeter than any other enjoyment could have been, he read for an hour, and rose with the feeling, that he had reconciled himself again to a friend whom he had forsaken, and that he could now look on imprisonment, nay, the scaffold itself, with resignation.

His solitude, however, became still more dreary and complete. The two little boys of the gaoler were sent to school; his visitors were now reduced to their mother and sister, and even they no longer lingered in his room, as they had been accustomed to do. The mother's absence Pellico scarcely regretted, but he felt the want of the compassionate looks and gentle speech of Angela, the daughter, who, though plain, had a certain sweetness of look and language which were not without their attractions to a solitary prisoner. "When she brought me my coffee," says he, "and told me she had made it, I thought it excellent. When she said her mother made it, it seemed but tepid water." Deprived of human society, Pellico had recourse to that of the insect creation. He feasted large colonies of ants which inhabited his window, and made a pet of a handsome spider on the wall, whom he fed with gnats and flies, and who became at last so domesticated, that he would crawl into his bed, or on his hand, to receive his allowance. It would have been well for Pellico, if these had been the only insects to whose visits he was exposed. But the extreme mildness of the winter, and the heat of the spring, had generated millions of gnats, which filled the sweltering oven in which he was confined. The reflection of the heat from the leaden roof was intolerable, while the bed, the floor, the walls, the air, were filled with these venomous insects, constantly going and coming through the window with their tormenting hum. The suffering produced by the burning heat and the stings of these creatures almost drove the prisoner to distraction. He applied frequently for a change of prison, but no attention was paid to his request. Still, with the assistance of his own firmness of mind, and religious faith, he bore up against all these

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miseries. He determined if possible to divert his attention by committing to writing the thoughts which passed through his mind. He was allowed paper, pen and ink by the gaoler; but was obliged to account for every sheet he used, by exhibiting its contents. He did not venture, therefore, to make use of any part of his allowance of paper for this purpose, but contrived to procure a substitute by scratching the surface of a deal table smooth with a piece of glass, and using it as a tablet. And thus, with his hands in gloves, his legs and head wrapped up as much as possible from the attacks of the gnats, he sat, covering the surface of the table with reflections and recollections of the history of his life, and giving vent in this mute shape to all the anxious visions that crossed his mind. When he heard the gaoler approaching, he used to throw a cloth over the table, and place upon it his *legal* allowance of ink and paper.

At times again, he would devote himself to poetical composition, often for a day or a night at a time. Two tragedies, "Esther of Engaddi," and "Iginia of Asti," and four Canticke, "Tancreda," "Rosilde," "Eligi e Valafrido," and "Adello,"* with many other sketches of poems and dramas,—among others, one on the League of Lombardy, and another on Columbus, attest the undiminished activity and power of his mind, amidst everything calculated to paralyze the intellect, and deaden the heart. As there was occasionally some difficulty in getting the *legal* supply of paper renewed when exhausted, the first draft of all these was made either on the table, as above mentioned, or on the scraps of paper in which figs and dry fruits had been brought to him. Sometimes, by disposing of his allowance of food to one of the turnkeys, he could procure a sheet or two of paper in return, and endure the pains of hunger till the evening, when he would request that the Siora Zanze (Angela) would make him some coffee stronger than usual. The effect of the liquid, acting on an empty stomach, was to produce a state of mild and pleasing intoxication, which Pellico, having once experienced its soothing influence, could not resist the temptation of repeating, even when he was not under the necessity of famishing himself during the day. Frequently he would abstain from food, merely to enjoy the state of pleasurable sensation produced by this refreshment. And grievously was he sometimes disappointed, when, instead of the strong cordial beverage which Angela used to send him, he received only some weak and watery potion, manufactured by her mother. How important are trifles to a prisoner! These occasional disappointments seemed to poor Pellico almost more grievous than imprisonment itself, and poor Angela on her next visit was sure to encounter a torrent of reproaches for having broken her word.

A scene of this kind one day extracted from the poor girl the confession that she was in love,—not with Pellico himself, (though he pleads guilty to a momentary imagination of that sort having flashed across his mind,) but with a young man of her own age. "The course of true love" had, however, at the moment been interrupted by a quarrel, and she came to seek a comforter, or at least a patient listener, in Pellico. The whole of this little idyl is beautifully given. Gradually, Pellico begins to find that Angela was less plain than he had at first thought, nay, that at times she had even some pretensions to beauty; her visits began to be anxiously longed for, the touch of her hand confused him; and at last, one day, when the innocent girl, in return for some words of consolation and hope which he had spoken to her, threw her arms in a transport of gratitude about his neck, and embraced him as if he had been her father, the agitation he experienced was such, that he was obliged to request that she would not again honour him with such marks of filial confidence.

Angela, however, was taken ill, and here her story, much to the disappointment of the reader, breaks off as abruptly as Cambuscan's. Some hints dropped by the turnkeys as to the cause of her disappearance, were of an unfavourable tendency, but Pellico gave no heed to them. So it was, however, she returned no more; and now the solitude of his dungeon pressed upon him more desolate than ever. It felt, he says, like a tomb.

A somewhat singular incident, however, occurred to divert his thoughts. One of the turnkeys, one morning, with a mysterious air, presented him with a letter. It bore to be written by a person whose name Pellico conceals, who described himself as an admirer of his genius, and requested him, by means of the friendly turnkey, to correspond with him. Pellico at first naturally suspected this to be a mere scheme to entrap him into a correspondence which might be turned against him, but the fact turned out to be otherwise. The most singular part of the business, however, was the strain which the unknown letter-writer chose to adopt. His letters, instead of touching on his own situation or that of Pellico, consisted of a series of the most audacious and abusive attacks on the Christian religion; and when Pellico, determined not to be guilty a second time of the moral pussilanimity he had shown in the case of the *soi-disant* Duke of Normandy, frankly avowed in his answers the strength of his own convictions, and the disgust which the ribaldry of this modern Julian (for so he chose to term himself) had caused him, he only became more impious and indecent in his replies, till at last Pellico allowed the correspondence to drop. Had it been worth any one's while to divert himself with the misfortunes of a poor captive, we should almost have been disposed

* All these are included in the two volumes of his "Opere Inedite," lately published at Turin. To them, and to a still more recent volume, "Tre Nuove Tragedie," we propose to devote an article very shortly.

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to regard the whole of this letter-writing episode as a mystification. At a subsequent period of his captivity, however, he obtained some information which seems to have considerably modified his unfavourable opinion of this singular correspondent.

Another change of apartment now took place. It was not without feelings of regret that Pellico quitted even his former dreary residence—for here were his ants, his spider; here the kindness of the gentle Angela had helped to wile away many a tedious hour; here, in the exercise of composition, in the consolations of devotion, he had often forgotten his misfortunes. The new room, which was also under the *Piombi*, had two windows, the one looking out on the palace of the patriarch, the other, small and high up in the wall, could only be reached by placing a chair upon the table, but, when attained, commanded a view of a great part of the city and the Lagune. Here, too, Pellico soon found some human objects of interest. In some small apartments opposite the large window lived a poor family, who soon evinced by their kind gestures, the sympathy they felt for the prisoner.

"A little boy of nine or ten," says Pellico, "raised his hands towards me, and I heard him say, 'Mother, mother, they have just put somebody into the *Piombi*—O, poor prisoner! who are you?'—'I am Silvio Pellico.' Another boy came running to the window, and cried, 'You are Silvio Pellico?'—'Yes, and you, my dear children?'—'I am called Antonio S., and this is my brother Joseph.' Then, turning round, I heard him say, 'What more shall I ask?' and a woman, whom I supposed to be their mother, and who stood half concealed behind them, suggested kind expressions to the children, who repeated them, and I thanked them with the warmest tenderness."

These consolations were renewed every morning and evening; when the lamps were lighted, and the windows about to be closed, the children used to call from the window, "good night, Silvio!" and the mother, emboldened by the darkness, would repeat, in a voice of emotion, "good night!"

Suffering and anxiety, which he had now endured for nearly a year, began to produce their natural effects upon his health. His nerves had become so shattered, his frame so weak, and his sleep so broken, that his mind also to a certain extent gave way. He fell into a state nearly resembling that of Tasso in his prison at Ferrara.

Yet do I feel, at times, my mind decline,
But with a sense of its decay: I see
Unwonted lights along my prison shine,
And a strange demon who is vexing me
With pilfering pranks and petty pains, below
The feeling of the healthful and the free;
But much to one who long has suffered so,
Sickness of heart and narrowness of place.

"My nights," says Pellico, "became more and more sleepless and feverish. In vain I gave up taking coffee in the evening; my restlessness continued the same. I thought at times, that I consisted of two men, one anxious to write letters, the other to do something else. 'Well,' said I, 'let us compromise matters; let us write the letter, but let us do it in German, and thus we shall learn the language.' So for a time I continued to write only in bad German, and even in this way I made some progress in that study. Towards morning, after a night of wakefulness, sleep would fall upon my wearied brain. Then I dreamt, or rather raved, of seeing my father, my mother, or some other dear relative, despairing of my fate; I heard their sobs in my sleep, and would awaken sobbing, and terrified.

"Sometimes, in these short dreams, I thought I heard my mother comforting the rest, entering my prison along with them, and addressing to me the most consoling words on the duty of resignation; then, when I was rejoicing at the prospect of my own resolution and their courage, she would suddenly burst into tears, and all would weep along with her. I cannot describe the agonies which these visions caused me.

"Sometimes, to escape these miseries, I tried not to go to bed at all. I kept my light burning all night, and sat reading or writing at my table. But the time always came when I found myself reading, perfectly awake, but understanding nothing, and my head incapable of directing my thoughts for composition. Then I would try to copy something, but I copied, thinking of any thing except what I was writing, thinking only of my misfortunes.

"And yet when I went to bed it was worse. Every position in which I lay was intolerable to me. I moved about convulsively; I was obliged to rise; or, if I dropped asleep, those fearful dreams shook me more than want of sleep. My prayers came with difficulty, yet I repeated them often, not in many words, but in invocations to God—to that God who had united himself with man, and was acquainted with his woes.

"In these terrible nights, my imagination was so excited, that, even when awake, I seemed to hear groans, or the sound of stifled laughter, in my prison. From infancy I had never been a believer in witches or spirits—but now these groans and sounds of laughter terrified me, I knew not why, till I began to doubt whether I were not the sport of some unseen and malignant being. Several times I took the light, and looked if any one had concealed himself under the bed to torment me. Sometimes I thought they had removed me from the former room to this, because it contained some trap door or secret aperture in the walls, through which my gaolers might inspect my movements, and find a cruel amusement in my terrors. Even when standing at the table, I thought I felt some one pull me by the coat, or a push given to a book on the table, or that some one behind me blew upon the light to extinguish it. Then I sprang upon my feet, looked around me, walked about timidly, and asked myself whether I were in my senses or not. Of all I saw I no longer knew what was reality and what illusion, and used to exclaim with agony, 'My God! my God! why hast thou forsaken me!'"

This morbid state which, had it been pro-

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longed, must soon have terminated in madness, was brought to a crisis by a violent convulsive attack, from which Pellico recovered, exhausted, indeed, but freed from the harassing visions which had been the offspring of his disease. A fire, which about this time took place in a building adjacent to the prison, and which for a time threatened the safety of the prison itself, is described with a force and animation that makes us feel as if in our own case, the awful situation of a prisoner awaiting, without the power of escape, the approach of that devouring element. But another change of situation was now awaiting Pellico.

On the 11th January, 1822, he was informed that he was to be transported to the prison of St. Michele at Murano, to receive the sentence of the commission. He entered the gondola that was to bear him across the Lagune with mixed sentiments; the pleasure of breathing once more the refreshing air upon the sunny Adriatic, of seeing the lovely picture of the city and the sky without the gloomy framework of prison bars around it, was mingled with a feeling of regret at quitting even the dreary Piombi, where some affectionate recollections were blended with many sufferings; and with the idea which he could not exclude, that evil as had been the past, it was yet possible that worse was to come. At St. Michele, while awaiting his own sentence, he contrived secretly to obtain some intelligence of the fate of his companions, who had been arrested along with him. Count Camillo Laderchi, he learned, had been liberated, as well as Professor Gian Domenico Romagnosi and Count Giovanni Arrivabene. Maroncelli now occupied the prison which had been inhabited by Laderchi; Rezia and Canova were confined together; Professor Ressi was dying in a neighbouring cell; some weeks afterwards he learned that he was dead.

On the 21st of February, Pellico was conducted to the hall of the commission to receive the announcement of his sentence. The president, rising with an air of dignified commiseration, informed him that the sentence had been a terrible one, but that it had been mitigated by the kindness of the emperor. The sentence had been death; the mitigation was imprisonment for fifteen years in the fortress of Spielberg, in Moravia. Pellico answered, "The will of God be done!" "To-morrow," said the inquisitor, "I am sorry the sentence must be read in public; but the formality is indispensable." "Be it so," said he. "From this moment you will be allowed the society of your friend;" and Pellico was conducted from the hall to embrace once more his friend Maroncelli.

Next morning they were put into a gondola, and re-conducted to the prison at Venice. The scaffold from which the sentence was to be proclaimed was in the centre of the Piazetta. Two files of soldiers were drawn up from the foot of the Giant's-staircase, down which they descended, to the foot of the scaffold, along which they walked. An immense multitude surrounded it, on whose countenances sat marks of terror and pity, though the consciousness that every part of the square was commanded by cannon, with lighted matches ready, of course controlled the expression of their feelings. A curious recollection at that moment flashed across the mind of Pellico. On that very spot, in September 1820, a month before his arrest, a beggar had said to him, "Ah! signor, I wonder how so many strangers admire this place. It is an unfortunate spot." The observation had indeed been verified, and Pellico glanced his eye over the multitude, to see whether the beggar was there to witness the fulfilment of his prediction. At that moment, however, the prisoners were directed to turn round and face the palace; an officer appeared on the balcony with a paper in his hand; it was the sentence; he read it aloud, and the deepest silence prevailed, till he came to the words, *condemned to death*, when a general murmur of compassion arose. It subsided when the crowd perceived there still remained something farther to be read, but revived more loudly at the conclusion: "Condemned to the *carcere duro*,* Maroncelli for twenty years, and Pellico for fifteen." The prisoners were then reconducted to St. Michele, to await their removal to the Austrian fortress.

Before they set out, they received from the German Commissary, who had just arrived from Vienna, the consoling information that he had had an interview with the Emperor, and that his majesty had graciously announced that the days of their imprisonment should be counted by twelve hours instead of twenty-four—a roundabout way of stating the simple fact, that their actual imprisonment would only be of half the duration of the nominal. This was not officially announced to them, but as the information was given publicly, there was no reason to doubt that the promise had been made. If so, it will be seen that in Pellico's case it was violated. Everywhere on their route the prisoners were received with kindness. Pellico had feared that this would cease when they had crossed the Alps; but it was not so: in Germany, as well as in their native Italy, they were everywhere received with the exclamation, "*Arme Herren*"—Poor gentlemen!

"Sometimes," says Pellico, "our carriages were forced to stop as we entered a village, before deciding where we were to be lodged. Then the people would gather round us, and we heard on all sides expressions of compassion that burst from the heart. The kindness of these poor people affected me more than even that of my own countrymen. How grateful I felt to all! how

* "Carcere duro," imprisonment accompanied with labour, chains on the feet, sleeping on bare boards and miserable food. In the *carcere durissimo* the prisoner is chained to the wall, so as to be unable to move beyond a certain distance, and the food is only bread and water.

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sweet is the sympathy of our fellow creatures! how delightful to love them!

"The consolation I derived from this mitigated the rancour I felt towards those whom I had called my enemies. Who knows, thought I, if I could see them more narrowly—if they could but see me—if I could read in their souls and they in mine, who knows but I should be forced to confess there was no villainy in them, and they to admit that there was as little in me! who knows but we might feel ourselves compelled mutually to pity, to love each other! Too often men *hate*, only because they do not *know* each other; and could they but exchange words, they would extend the arm of confidence towards one another."

They reached their destination on the 10th of April. Unwell when he left Venice, the journey had exhausted Pellico's strength; his body was racked with pain and fever; a continual cough preyed upon his constitution. Maroncelli and he were placed in two separate cells; and the imperial Commissary, on parting, impressed upon them the necessity of the most implicit submission to all the rules of the prison.

About half an hour after Pellico had taken possession of his new dungeon, the door opened, and the head gaoler entered. The character of this man, who bore the renowned name of Schiller, unfolds itself with singular beauty, and is one of the most delightful parts of the book. On his first entrance, Pellico, suffering from pain and irritation of mind, received him rather rudely. He came to bring him a pitcher of water to drink.

"'To-morrow,' said he, 'I will bring the bread.' 'Thanks, good man.' 'I am not good.' 'The worse for you,' I added. 'Is this chain (pointing to one on the floor) for me?' 'Yes, signor, if you should be unmanageable or insolent: but if you are reasonable, we shall only put a chain on your feet. The smith is preparing it.'

"He walked slowly up and down, shaking a vile mass of large keys, while with angry looks I watched his old, gigantic and meagre figure, and, in spite of some lineaments of no vulgar kind, I thought I read in his countenance nothing but the odious expression of the most brutal harshness.

"How unjust are men, when they judge by appearances and according to their own hasty prepossessions. The man who I thought was rattling his keys joyfully for the mere purpose of making me feel his power—whom I had conceived hardened by a long course of cruelty—was accessible to sentiments of compassion, and made use of this harsh tone only to hide the feelings of which he was conscious. He wished to hide them, from the fear of being thought weak, or the idea that I might prove undeserving of them; and yet, believing at the same time that I was more unfortunate than guilty, he longed to disclose them.

"Annoyed by his presence, and still more by the air of a master which he wore, I determined to humble him, and said to him imperiously, as I would have done to a servant, 'Give me some drink.'

"He looked at me as if to say, 'Arrogant man, here you must get quit of the habit of commanding.' He said nothing however, but bending his long back, he took up the pitcher and gave it to me. As I took it, I observed he trembled; and attributing this to his age, a feeling of compassion and respect mingled with and mastered my pride.

"'How old are you?' said I, with a voice of more gentleness. 'Seventy-four, signor; and many misfortunes of my own and other people have I seen.' This allusion to his own misfortunes and those of others was accompanied by a new fit of shaking, as he replaced the pitcher: and I could not help now attributing it not so much to age as to the influence of a generous feeling of sympathy. This idea at once removed from my mind all those hostile feelings with which I had at first regarded him.....I looked at him more attentively than before, and his look was no longer displeasing to me; and notwithstanding a certain air of rudeness in his language, there were in it traces of an amiable mind. 'The office of head gaoler,' said he, 'has been conferred upon me as a place of repose, but God knows if it does not cost me more pain than risking my life in battle.' I repented having asked for drink with such haughtiness. 'My dear Schiller,' said I, taking him by the hand, 'it is in vain for you to deny it; I know that you are a kind man; and since I have fallen into this misfortune, I thank heaven that it has given me such a guardian.' He listened to my words, shook his head, then answered—rubbing his forehead as if at the recollection of some unpleasant thought, 'I am a *harsh* man, signor. I have taken an oath which I cannot violate. I am obliged to treat all the prisoners without regard to their condition, without indulgence, without allowing the least abuse, and particularly the prisoners of state. It is the Emperor's concern, and I must obey.'—'You are an honest man, and I shall respect what you think a conscientious duty.'—'Poor gentleman, have patience, and make allowance for me. I shall be inexorable in my duties; but my heart—my heart—is filled with anguish at my inability to succour the unhappy. This is what I wished to tell you.'...Both of us were moved. He entreated me to be calm, and to give way to no violence, as the prisoners too often did, that he might not be compelled to treat me with rigour; then resuming his harsher tone, as if to conceal from me the depth of his sympathy, he said, 'I must go.' He turned however, asked me how long I had been so miserably tormented with cough, and muttered a curse against the physician because he was not to come that evening to visit me. 'You have a fever enough to kill a horse,' he added: 'you will require a mattrass at all events, but we cannot give it you till the physician comes to order it.'"

Nothing could be conceived more miserable than the situation in which Pellico was now placed. Exhausted by cough and fever, he had to wait till the usual visiting day of the physician arrived, which was not to be till the

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second day following. No change from the coarsest food, no mattrass could until then be allowed him. Covered with perspiration, he in vain applied to be allowed the use of some of the sheets he had brought with him. It was contrary to the rules of the prison, which allowed only a sheet per week. At last the physician arrived, who sanctioned the indulgence of the mattrass, and directed him to be removed from his subterranean cell to the floor above; and this, after a special application to Count Mitrowsky, the governor of the provinces of Moravia and Silesia, was with some difficulty effected. In a day or two Pellico's prison dress arrived, consisting of a sort of harlequin suit of two colours, and a shirt as rough as hair cloth, with chains for the feet. As the smith fastened them on, thinking that Pellico did not understand German, he observed to Schiller, 'I might have been saved this trouble; he has not two months to live." "*Mochte es seyn!*" (would it were so!) exclaimed Pellico, to the confusion of the poor workman, who begged his pardon, and prayed that his prophecy might not be fulfilled.

On the detail of all the minor miseries of the prison, we will not pause; suffice it to say, that if a system could be devised for rendering existence intolerable, it seemed to have been discovered and carried into execution in the prison of Spielberg. The only consolation the prisoners experienced was the obvious though ineffectual desire which the officials felt to mitigate their sufferings, even with no inconsiderable risk to themselves. Often Pellico was obliged to refuse the finer bread, which the servant who cleaned out his room would secretly put into his hands from perceiving his inability to swallow the black bread allowed to the condemned; and often, when Schiller would in the same way bring him a bit of boiled meat, though he confesses he could have sometimes almost snatched and devoured it, he felt himself obliged to reject his kind offering, from the feeling that if the practice was persisted in, it would, in all probability, be discovered, and that the kind-hearted gaoler might be the sufferer.

We prefer turning to some of those incidents by which the gloom and suffering of the prison were occasionally mitigated. Pellico had more than once heard in the neighbourhood of his cell the sound of some Italian song, but it was generally soon suppressed by the sentinels. One evening, however, when the sentinels had been less attentive, Pellico distinctly heard the song sung in the cell adjoining his own. His heart beat rapidly, he sprang from his pallet, and called through the wall, "Who are you, unfortunate man?—I am Silvio Pellico." "O Silvio," answered his neighbour, "I know you not by sight, but I have loved you long. Come, let us to the window, and talk in spite of our gaolers." It was Count Antonio Oroboni, a young man of twenty, imprisoned on a charge similar to his own. Their conversation was soon interrupted by the threats of the sentinels, who had positive orders to prevent all communication between the prisoners; but at last, by watching the moments when the sentinels were farthest off in making their rounds, and talking in a whispering tone, they found themselves able to converse every day, though without seeing each other's faces. A warm friendship sprang up between them. They related to each other the events of their lives—they tried to impart to each other comfort and hope. Oroboni shared the strong religious feelings of Pellico; and even Pellico himself derived lessons of resignation and christian charity from the tone in which the youth of twenty spoke of his sufferings and his oppressors.

The prisoners at Spielberg were allowed a walk of an hour twice a week, between two guards, upon a platform of the castle, commanding a view of the city of Brunn and a large tract of surrounding country. The path to it led along the range of the prisons in which all the Italian prisoners were confined, with the exception of the unfortunate Maroncelli, who still languished in his subterranean cell below. Each used to whisper to Pellico as he past, "Buon passeggio!" (a pleasant walk,) but he was not allowed to return their greeting. The people from the town, who were occasionally on business at the castle, used to gather into groups as he passed, and cry, "There is one of the Italians!" and sometimes, thinking that he did not understand them, they would shake their heads and say, "That poor gentleman will soon grow old, he has death in his face:" It was with difficulty, in fact, that Pellico was able to drag himself and his chain so far as the platform, and once arrived there he used to throw himself on the grass, and remain there till the expiration of the hour allowed him. The guards stood or sat beside him, and gossipped together. Both were good natured and kind, and one of them, Kral, a Bohemian, was well acquainted with Klopstock, Wieland, Goethe, Schiller, and the best German writers. Of these he used to recite long passages with intelligence and feeling, while Pellico lay and listened beside him on the grass. A touching little episode follows, which we shall give in the author's own words.

"At one extremity of the platform were the apartments of the superintendant; at the other lived a head gaoler, with his wife and infant son. Whenever I saw any one come out of these buildings, I used to rise and approach them, never failing to be received with marks of courtesy and pity.

"The wife of the superintendant had long been ill, and was declining slowly. She sometimes made herself be carried out on a sofa into the open air. I cannot describe with what emotion she expressed the compassion she felt for us all. Her look was very gentle and timid, and yet, timid as it was, it used sometimes to rest as if with intense and inquiring confidence on those who spoke to her.

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"I said to her one day, smiling: 'Do you know, lady, that you have some resemblance to a person who was dear to me?' She blushed, and replied, with a serious and amiable simplicity, 'Do not forget me then, when I am gone. Pray for my poor soul, and for the poor little infants I leave behind me.'

"From that day she could not leave her bed. I never saw her more. She languished a few months longer and then died.

"She had three sons, beautiful as cupids, and one of them still at the breast. The poor creature often embraced him in my presence, and said, 'Who knows who will become their mother after me. Ah! whoever it may be, may God give her the bowels of a mother, even for those who are not her own!' And then she wept. A thousand times I have remembered that prayer and those tears.

"When she was no more, I often embraced the children, and with tears in my eyes repeated their mother's prayer. I thought of my own mother, and of the ardent prayers which her loving heart doubtless offered up for me. And I exclaimed with sobs, 'O happier that mother who dies and leaves behind her her children in infancy, than she who lives to have educated them with every care, and to see them taken from her!

"Two kind old women used to accompany the children, one of them the mother, the other the aunt of the superintendant. They wished to know all my history, and I related it to them shortly.

"How unfortunate we are,' they would say, 'that we can do nothing to assist you. But be assured we shall pray for you, and if your pardon some day arrive, it will be a day of joy for all the family.'

"The former of them, whom I was in the habit of seeing most frequently, possessed a wonderful eloquence in imparting consolation. I listened to her with filial gratitude, and treasured her words in my heart.

"She told me things I knew already, which yet struck me as new;—that misfortune does not degrade a man, unless he be a worthless one, but rather elevates him;—that if we could understand God's counsels we should frequently see cause to think the conqueror more to be pitied than the vanquished, the exulting than the afflicted, the rich than the destitute; that the special grace shown to the unfortunate by our Saviour should reconcile us to our situation, and that we ought to glory in the cross which was borne by him.

"But these two good old women, whose company gave me such consolation, were soon, for family reasons, obliged to leave Spielberg, and the children no longer came upon the platform. How deeply did these losses afflict me!"

The health of Pellico, which had at first improved a little by the change of lodging, now began rapidly again to decline. Severe headaches, with violent fever, and dreadful spasms of the chest, tortured him day and night. In their conversations he mentioned his situation to Oroboni. He too, who had long been declining, was one evening worse than usual. "My friend," said he, "I perceive the day is not far off when one of us two will no longer be able to come to the window. Every time we salute each other may be the last. Let us hold ourselves prepared, therefore, the one to die, the other to survive his friend." Poor Oroboni's presentiment was correct. Various discharges of blood from the lungs in rapid succession, and followed by dropsy, showed that he was destined to precede his friend. He soon became aware of his situation, and often looking towards the burying ground of the castle, of which his window commanded a view, he would express to Pellico the deep pain it gave him, notwithstanding all his efforts at resignation, to think that his remains were destined to moulder beneath a German instead of an Italian sky. After lingering till June, 1823, he expired, his last words being, "I pardon from my heart all my enemies." His patience had won the hearts of all his attendants. Kubitzky, the sentinel, who had attended the bier to the grave, and who knew his wish, said to Pellico, with a degree of delicate feeling which surprised him, 'I have marked his burial place exactly, that if any of his friends should obtain permission to carry his bones to his own country, they may know where they lie.'"

His death was followed by that of Antonio Villa, another of Pellico's companions in misfortune. Even poor Schiller, worn out with age and infirmities, was removed from the active duties of gaoler, and could no longer by his kindness soften the rigour of imprisonment.

"From the time he left us he was often unwell, and we inquired for him with the anxiety of children. When he got a little better, he used to come and walk under our windows; we hailed him, and he would look up with a melancholy smile, and say to the sentinel, in a voice that we could overhear, 'Da sind meine Sohne,' (there are my sons!)

"Poor old man, what grief it gave me to see him tottering feebly along, without being able to offer him the support of my arm!

"Sometimes he would sit down on the grass and read the books he had lent to me. That I might recognise them, he would read the titles to the sentinel, or repeat some extract from them. For the most part the books were stories from the almanacks or other romances of little value, but of good moral tendency. After several relapses of apoplexy, he was conveyed to the military hospital, where he shortly died. He had amassed some hundred florins, the fruit of his long savings; these he had lent to some of his fellow soldiers, and when his end approached, he called them about him and said, 'I have no relations, let each of you keep what he has in his hands. I only ask that you will pray for me.'

"One of these friends had a daughter of about eighteen, who was Schiller's god-daughter. Some hours before his death the good old man sent for her. He was no longer able to speak distinctly, but he took a silver ring, the last of his possessions, from his finger, and put it upon her's,

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Then he kissed her, and shed tears over her. The girl sobbed, and bathed him with her tears. He dried her eyes with his handkerchief; then took her hands and placed them on his eyes;—those eyes were closed for ever!"

While friend after friend had thus been taken from him by death, one comfort was at last vouchsafed to Pellico. Maroncelli was allowed to share his cell. A new stimulus was given to both for a time by this indulgence. The liberation also of two of the prisoners, which took place about this time, (Solera and Fortini,) one of whom had been condemned to fifteen, and the other to twenty years' imprisonment, revived their hopes that at last the hour of deliverance would approach even for them. The end of 1827 they thought would be the term of their imprisonment; but December past and it came not. Then they thought that the summer of 1828 would be the time, at which period the seven and a half years of Pellico's imprisonment terminated, which, from the report of the emperor's observation to the commissary, they had reason to think were to be held equivalent to the fifteen, which formed the nominal amount of the sentence. But this too past away without a hint of deliverance. Meantime the effects of his long subterranean confinement began to show themselves in Maroncelli by a swelling of the knee-joint. At first the pain was trifling, merely obliging him to halt a little as he walked, and indisposing him from taking his usual exercise. But an unfortunate fall, in consequence of the snow, which was already beginning to cover the ground, increased the pain so much, that after a few days the physician recommended the removal of the fetters from his legs. Notwithstanding this, however, he grew daily worse: leeches, caustics, fomentations were tried in vain, they merely aggravated his pangs.

"Maroncelli," says Pellico, "was a thousand times more unfortunate than myself; but O, how much did I suffer for him. The duty of attendance would have been delightful to me, bestowed as it was on so dear a friend. But to see him wasting amidst such protracted and cruel tortures, and not to be able to bring him health—to feel the presentiment that that knee would never be healed—to perceive that the patient himself thought death more probable than recovery—and with all this to be obliged at every instant to admire his courage and serenity—Ah! the sight of this agonized me beyond expression!

"Even in this deplorable condition, he composed verses, he sang, he discoursed, he did everything to deceive me into hope, to conceal from me a portion of his sufferings. He could now no longer digest nor sleep; he grew frightfully wasted; he often fainted; and yet the moment he recovered his vital power again, he would endeavour to encourage me.

"His sufferings for nine months were indescribable. At last a consultation on his case was allowed. The chief physician came, approved of all the physician had ordered, and disappeared, without pronouncing any further opinion of his own.

"A moment afterwards, however, the sub-intendant entered, and said to Maroncelli—'The chief physician did not like to explain himself in your presence; he was apprehensive you might not have sufficient strength of mind to endure the announcement of so dreadful a necessity. I have assured him, however, that you do not want for courage.'

"'I hope,' replied Maroncelli, 'I have given some proof of it by suffering these pangs without complaint. What would he recommend?'

"'Amputation, Signor!—except that seeing your frame so exhausted, he has some hesitation in advising it. Weak as you are, do you think yourself able to bear the operation? Will you run the risk?'

"'Of death?—And should I not die at all events in a short time, if this evil be left to take its course?'

"'Then we shall send word immediately to Vienna, and the moment the permission is obtained'—

"'What! is a permission necessary?'

"'Yes, Signor.'

"In eight days (!) the expected warrant arrived. The patient was carried into a larger room. He asked me to follow him. 'I may die,' said he, 'under the operation; let me, at least, do so in the arms of a friend.' I was allowed to accompany him. The Abate Wrba, our confessor, (who had succeeded our former confessor, Paulowich,) came to administer the sacrament to the sufferer. This act of religion being over, we waited for the surgeons, who had not yet made their appearance. Maroncelli employed the interval in singing a hymn.

"The surgeons came at last: there were two of them; one the ordinary household surgeon, that is to say, our barber-surgeon, who had the privilege, as matter of right, of operating on such occasions; the other a young surgeon, an *élève* of the school of Vienna, and already celebrated for his talents. The latter, who had been despatched by the governor to superintend the operation, would willingly have performed it himself, but was obliged, in deference to the privileges of the barber, merely to watch over its execution.

"The patient was seated on his bedside, with his legs hanging down, while I supported him in my arms. A ligature was attached round the sane part, above the knee, to mark where the incision was to be made. The old surgeon cut away all round to the depth of an inch, then drew up the skin which had been cut, and continued to cut through the muscles. The blood flowed in torrents from the arteries, but these were soon taken up. At last came the sawing of the bone.

"Maroncelli never uttered a cry. When he saw them carry away the leg which had been cut off, he gave it one melancholy look, then turning to the surgeon who had operated, he said, 'You have rid me of an enemy, and I have no means of recompensing you.' There was a rose standing in a glass near the window. 'May I request you to bring me that rose?' said he. I took it t

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him, and he presented it to the surgeon, saying, 'I have nothing else to present to you in token of my gratitude.' The surgeon took the rose, and as he did it, dropt a tear."

Amidst so much that is calculated to inspire the profoundest disgust at the whole system of the Austrian prison discipline, it may be right to mention that the emperor himself, who had probably heard of the courage and resignation with which Maroncelli had borne his hard fate, specially directed that his diet during his recovery should be of the most restorative kind, and should be sent him from the kitchen of the superintendant. One would have thought that after nine years of captivity, followed up by such a scene as that we have just quoted, an instant order for his liberation would have rather "more German to the matter." But this suited not the unbending rules of state. The cure was completed in about forty days, after which Pellico and the mutilated Maroncelli, with his wooden stump and crutches, were again consigned to their old prison, improved, however, so far, by the removal of the partition which had formerly divided it from the cell once occupied by the hapless Oroboni.

Are not our readers tired of this long detail of misery, unadorned as it is in our pages by the exquisite language and deep pathos of the original? We fear they must; and therefore passing over many events to which he has contrived to impart variety and interest—the visits of successive imperial commissaries from Vienna, the changes of gaolers, the fluctuations of hope and fear as to his ultimate liberation—let us turn at once to the catastrophe of this dungeon drama.

The 1st of August, 1830, was a Sunday. *Ten* years had now nearly elapsed since Pellico had first been imprisoned; eight and a half since he had been consigned to the *carcere duro* of Spielburg. Pellico had returned as usual from mass; he had been looking from the terrace upon the cemetry where the dust of Oroboni and Villa reposed, and thinking that his own would shortly be laid beside them. The prisoners were preparing their table for their meal, when Wegrath, the superintendant, entered. "I am sorry," said he, "to disturb your dinner, but have the goodness to follow me—the director of police is waiting for you." As this gentleman's visits generally indicated nothing very pleasant, the prisoners, it may be supposed, followed their guide somewhat reluctantly to the audience-room. They found there the director and the superintendant, the former of whom bowed to them more courteously than usual, then taking a paper from his pocket he began—"Gentlemen, I have the pleasure, the honour of announcing to you that his majesty the emperor has had the kindness—." Here he stopped without mentioning what the kindness was.

"We thought," says Pellico, "it might be some diminution of punishment, such as freedom from labour, the use of books, or less disgusting diet. 'You do not understand me then,' said he. 'No, Signor. Have the goodness to explain what this favour is.' 'Liberty from both of you, and for a third, whom you will soon embrace.' One would suppose this annoucement would have thrown us into transports of joy. Yet it was not so: our hearts instantly reverted to our relations, of whom we had heard nothing for so long a period, and the doubt that we might never meet them again in this world so affected their hearts, as entirely to neutralise the joy which might have been produced by the announcement of liberty.

"'Are you silent,' said the director of police; 'I expected to see you transported with joy.' 'I beg of you,' I answered, 'to express to the emperor our gratitude; but, uncertain as we are as to the fate of our families, it is impossible for us not to give way to the thought that some of those who are dear to us may be gone. It is this uncertainty that oppresses our minds, even at the moment when they should be open to nothing but joy.'

"The director then gave Maroncelli a letter from his brother, which allayed his anxiety. He told me, however, he could give me no tidings of my family, and this increased my fears that some accident had befallen them.

"'Retire,' said he, 'to your room, and in a short time I shall send to you the third individual to whom the emperor's clemency has been extended.' We went and waited with anxiety. Perhaps, we thought, it is the poor old man Murani. We thought of many; there was none, in fact, who had not our good wishes. At last the door opened, and we saw that our companion was to be Andrea Tonelli, of Brescia. We conversed till evening, deeply pitying those whom we were to leave behind. At sunset the director of police returned to rescue us from this ill-omened abode. Our hearts groaned as we passed before the prisons of our friends, at the thought that we could not take them along with us. We knew how long they were destined to languish there!—how many of them to be slow victims of death! A soldier's cloak and cap were placed on each of us, and in our old gally-slave attire, but divested of our chains, we descended the fatal hill, and were conducted through the city to the prisons of the police. It was a lovely moonlight night. The streets, the houses, the people whom we met, all appeared to me so delightful, so strange, after so many years, during which I had looked on no such spectacle. . . . After four days the commissary arrived, and the director of police transferred us to him, putting into his hands at the same time the money we had brought to Spielberg, and that produced by the sale of our books and effects, which was delivered to us at the frontier. The expense of our journey was liberally defrayed by the emperor."

The weakness of Pellico's health when he set out from Brunn rendered it necessary for him to remain for some time in Vienna, for the sake of medical attendance. His anxiety to depart, it may easily be imagined, was not lessened by the news of the *three days* of Paris, which reached him on his arrival. It is a singular coincidence that the day on which the French revolution broke out was that on which

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the emperor had signed the warrant for their liberation. Pellico knew not however what baleful influence the state of matters in France might have upon the views of the emperor, and began to fear that though they might not again be recommitted to their Moravian prison, they might be transported to some imperial town, far distant from their native country. While visiting the palace at Schonbrunn as he began to be convalescent, in company with the commissary, whose presence was still required, and Maroncelli, the emperor passed, and the prisoners were directed to stand a little aside, that the sight of their miserable figures might not annoy him. At last, however, the warrant arrived for their departure from Vienna. Another attack of illness seized Pellico at Bruck; but, tormented by the home-sickness of the mind, he considered the sickness of the body as comparatively unimportant, and after being bled and taking a liberal supply of the medicine which has formerly relieved him (digitalis,) he insisted on their route being resumed. They crossed through Austria and Styria, and entered Carinthia: at Feldkirchen they had to halt again, till new orders for their route should arrive. At last they came—*Italy—was* to be their destination!

"I exulted," says Pellico, "along with my companions at the news, but still the thought occurred that some terrible disclosure for me might be at hand, that father, mother, or some one most dear to me might be no more. My depression of spirits increased as we approached Italy. The entrance to it on that side has few charms for the eye; or rather, the traveller descends from the beautiful mountains of Germany into the plains of Italy, by a long, sterile, and unlovely track, which gives to foreigners but an unprepossessing idea of our country. The dull aspect of the country contributed to render me more melancholy. To see once more our native sky, to meet with human faces whose features bore not the aspect of the north, to hear on all sides our own idiom,—all these melted my heart, but with an emotion more akin to sorrow than joy. How often in the carriage did I cover my face with my hands, pretend to be asleep, and weep. Long years of burial had not indeed extinguished all the energies of my mind, but alas! they were now so active for sorrow, so dull, so insensible to joy! ..... Pordenone, Conegliano, Ospedaletto, Vicenza, Verona, Mantua, reminded me of so many things! A young man who had been my friend, and had perished in the Russian campaign, had been a native of the first; Conegliano was the place where the Venetian turnkeys told me poor Zanze (Angela) had been conducted during her illness; in Ospedaletto an angelic and unfortunate being had been married, now no more, but whom I had loved and honoured once, whose memory I love and honour still. In all these places, in short, recollections more or less dear crowded upon me, in Mantua particularly. It appeared to me but yesterday since I had come thither with Ludovico in 1815, with Porro in 1820. The same streets, squares, palaces,—but how many social differences! How many of my acquaintances carried off by death, how many in exile! A generation of adults whom I had seen but in infancy! And to be still prevented from flying from house to house, to inquire after one, to impart consolation to another! To complete my distress, Mantua was the point of separation between Maroncelli and myself. We passed a melancholy night. I was agitated like a criminal on the evening before he receives his sentence of condemnation. In the morning I washed my face carefully, and looked in the glass, to see whether it bore traces of weeping. I put on as far as possible a tranquil and smiling air; I repeated a short prayer to God, but in truth my thoughts wandered, and hearing Maroncelli already moving about on his crutches, and talking to the servant, I ran to embrace him. Both seemed to have collected their courage for the separation. We spoke with some emotion, but in a strong voice. The officer of the gendarmerie who was to conduct him to the frontiers of Romagna was come; he must depart immediately—one embrace—another—he entered the carriage—he disappeared, and I remained as if annihilated.

"I returned to my room and prayed for the poor mutilated being, separated from his friend. I have known many excellent men, but none more affectionately social than Maroncelli, none more alive to all the refinements of gentleness, none more inaccessible to attacks of bad humour, or more constantly mindful that virtue consists in a continual exercise and interchange of toleration, generosity, and good sense. O thou! my companion through so many years of sorrow, may heaven bless thee wherever thou mayst be destined to breathe, and grant thee friends who may equal me in attachment, and surpass me in worth!*

"We set out the same morning for Brescia, where our other fellow-captive took leave of me. Here he learned, for the first time, that he had lost his mother, and the sight of his tears wrung my heart at parting. Grieved, however, as I was for so many causes, the following occurrence almost extorted a smile from me. On the inn table there lay a play bill, which I took up and read; 'Francesca da Rimini, Opera per Musica.—Who is this opera? said I to the waiter.—' Who may have composed the music,' said he, 'I know not, but, in short, it is that Francesca da Rimini, which every body knows.' 'Every body,' said I, 'you are mistaken. I who am but just arrived from Germany, what can I know about your Francescas?' The waiter, a young fellow with a rather haughty and truly Brescian expression of countenance, looked at me with disdainful pity. 'Signor, we are not talking about Francescas. We speak of *one* Francesca da Rimini, I mean the tragedy of Signor Silvio Pellico. Here they have turned it into an opera, spoiling it a little, but all's one for that.' 'Ah! Silvio Pellico,' said I, 'I think I have heard of him. Is not that the political agitator who was condemned to death, and

* Maroncelli shortly afterwards went to Florence, where he was not allowed to remain long, the government having ordered him away, in consequence of the expressed wishes of that of Austria. He is now in Paris; and we observe that a French translation of Pellico's Memoirs, with notes by him, is announced for immediate publication.

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afterwards to the *carcere duro* some nine or ten years ago!'—I ought never to have uttered that jest. He looked round,—then at me,—grinned so as to show two-and-thirty handsome teeth, and if he had not heard a noise at the time, I verily believe he would have knocked me down.

"He went on murmuring to himself, 'agitator! agitator!' But before I left, he had got hold of my name. He could then neither ask questions nor answer them, nor even walk about, such was his distraction and surprise. He kept gazing at me, rubbing his hands, and exclaiming, 'yes, sir,' 'coming, sir,' without knowing the least what he was about. . . . . Another delay took place at Novara. On the morning of the 16th Sept. the final permission arrived. And from that moment I was liberated from all surveillance. How many years had elapsed since I had enjoyed the privilege of going where I would, unaccompanied by guards. I set out about three in the afternoon. My travelling companions were a lady, a merchant, an engraver, and two young painters, one of them deaf and dumb. They came from Rome, and I was gratified to learn that they were acquainted with the family of Maroncelli. We spent the night at Vercelli. The happy morning of the 17th September dawned. Our journey proceeded: How slow the conveyance seemed! It was evening ere we reached Turin.

"Who can attempt to describe the transport, the consolation my heart received when I again saw and embraced father, mother, and brothers. My dear sister Josephine was not there, for her duties detained her at Chieri, but she hastened as soon as possible to join our happy groupe. Restored to these five objects of my tenderest affection, I was—I am the most enviable of mortals. Then, for all these past sorrows and present happiness, for all the good or ill which fate may have in store for me, blessed be that Providence in whose hands men and events, with or without their will, are but wonderful instruments for the promotion of its all-wise and beneficent ends!"

So ends this pure strain of gentle and devotional feeling, leaving at its close an impression on the mind like that produced by soft and melancholy music. We were unwilling to interrupt the course of the narrative by any reflections of our own, and now we have lingered on it so long, that we have left ourselves no room for any, had they been called for. One observation, however, we must make, in the justice of which we think every one will concur, that a book like this could not have appeared at a more acceptable time than the present; that the spirit of religion, humanity, resignation, and Christian charity, which it breathes, and the simple, subdued, and natural tone in which these sentiments are imbodied, contrast most favourably with those hideous pictures of crime, those alternately voluptuous or loathsome exhibitions of vice, those physical horrors, that affected contempt for all generous sentiments, that fierce and relentless spirit of pride, hatred, and selfishness, which have of late contaminated our own literature, and still more conspicuously that of France. These "Prison Thoughts" of Pellico may teach us, that it is not necessary to heap together impossible miseries, in order to touch the feelings; nor "on horror's head horrors accumulate," in order to excite the dormant sympathies; nor to make the hero of the tale a ruffian, an atheist, or a misanthrope, in order to invest his character with dignity and originality; nor to hurry the reader through a series of violent and startling contrasts, in order to stimulate the edge of curiosity. They should teach us that it is on the simple, the natural, the gentler elements of feeling, not on the uncommon or the overstrained, that our sympathies must permanently repose; and that though novelty may for a time give a fleeting popularity to compositions inculcating the affectation of indifference, selfishness, and contempt for the ties which bind man to his Maker and his fellow men, those better feelings are too deeply engraved on the heart to be ever eradicated, or even long held in abeyance. The fate of this book, we are convinced, will prove, that when a writer has the manliness to avow the sincerity of his belief, the depth and stability of his attachment to his fellows, his confidence that, even in this world, full as it is of deceit and suffering, "virtue is no name, and happiness no dream,"—and does this too amidst every thing calculated to shake his faith, and deaden his feelings, he will find "fit audience," and that not few. And Signor Pellico may be assured that his cheering, elevated, and tranquil pictures of the human heart will survive for the instruction and consolation of others, when the hollow, glaring, and disturbed phantasmagoria of life to which we have alluded is deservedly forgotten.

From the Edinburgh Review.

MONTGOMERY'S MISSIONARY VOYAGES AND TRAVELS.*

THESE are very interesting volumes. Considered merely as a 'Journal of Voyages and Travels,' they are well worthy the attention of those whose imaginations are delighted with pictures of other lands; but they may fairly lay claim to a higher character. They relate some very remarkable phenomena in the history and condition of rude nations, and give a more striking view of the existing state of the Heathen world, and of its dawning day of civilization, science, and religion, than has been furnished from any other quarter.

The work is substantially the Report of a deputation, sent by the London Missionary Society to ascertain the state of their missions throughout the world. The members of it were the Reverend Daniel Tyerman, a clergyman, previously residing in the Isle of Wight, and Mr. George Bennet, a gentleman of Shef-

* Journal of Voyages and Travels by the Rev. Daniel Tyerman, and George Bennett, Esq. deputed from the London Missionary Society, to visit their various Stations in the South Sea Islands, China, India, &c. between the years 1821 and 1829. Compiled from the Original Documents by James Montgomery. 2 vols. 8vo. London: 1831.

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field. The constitution of this Society is peculiarly Catholic—it has no restrictions—it gives itself no distinctive name—it professes to combine all denominations of Christians in the great work of imparting Christianity to the Heathen world. These gentlemen, who appear to have carried the liberal spirit of their Society into all their dealings with the missionaries of other associations, were its voluntary and gratuitous agents. They left England in May, 1821; and the survivor (for Mr. Tyerman did not live to revisit his native land) returned in June, 1829. They were thus absent eight years, during which period they circumnavigated the globe, and examined the state of the missions in the South Sea Islands, the Islands of British India, the Mauritius, Madagascar, and South Africa.

The first volume, and several chapters of the second, consist of their observations in the Islands of the South Sea—a portion of the globe peculiarly interesting at present, as offering to our view some of the most remarkable moral improvements that the world has seen since the early diffusion of Christianity. At Tahiti, where they arrived and landed on the 25th of September, 1821, they were received by two missionaries, Messrs. Nott and Wilson. Pomare, the king, was absent when they arrived; but they heard many interesting particulars of this ruler,—in some respects as remarkably emancipated from the habits of savage life, as in others he was still their slave. We shall extract a few passages illustrative of his character, and progress in improvement.

——'Near a large shed there was a smaller dwelling, the walls of which were framed of slight bamboos fixed perpendicularly in the ground; and there was a door at each end. When the king is here, it is in this small place of retirement that Mr. Nott and he meet for the purpose of translating parts of the Scriptures; and here, from day to day, have they often been employed, in settling the text and copying out the completed portions, from morning till night. The king is remarkably fond of writing; he was the first who learned the art, and is, probably, the greatest proficient in it among all his countrymen; when he writes, he lies down on the floor, with a support for his chest, and a desk before him.'—I. 62.

'Mr. Nott, among other curiosities, showed us a manuscript copy of the translated Gospel of St. Luke, executed by King Pomare in a very neat, small hand. It was from this copy that the first edition of that Evangelist was printed. Mr. Nott stated that he had been greatly aided by Pomare in making that version; the king being better acquainted with the Tahitian language, and its capabilities, than most of his subjects. This is probably an unparalleled instance of a prince—and that no mean one, for he had the power of life and death, and his will was law in all cases throughout his dominions—devoting time and talents to the slow and painful labour of translating the Scriptures, and copying out the work for the press with his own hand, that he might be the means of bestowing them upon his people.'—I. 66.

Not content with being the greatest scholar and finest copyist among his subjects, Pomare was also their schoolmaster.

'He has sometimes twenty and more of his chiefs sitting around him, reading aloud by turns. Of these he has himself taught several to read, and he delights to improve others. He learned to read in the year 1802, and began to write about the same time. He may be said in a great measure to have taught himself both these accomplishments, which were never acquired by a South Sea Islander before. He engaged the missionaries to furnish him with lessons, consisting of syllables, words, sentences, and paragraphs, in gradation, upon slips of paper: these he took with him when travelling from place to place, and copied at his leisure, with unwearying diligence and application; thus reading and writing at the same time, and giving his instructers very little trouble.'—I. 79.

What a pity that such a man should be unable to resist the temptation of a glass of gin! Such, however, was the case. Pomare was sufficiently enlightened to perceive the bad consequences of indulging in ardent spirits.—He forbade their use, and had even the resolution to destroy all the stills in the island, and to prohibit the manufacture, though his subjects have ample materials both in the sugar-cane and the tea plant, and are well acquainted with the art of distilling; and yet, when temptation was thrown in his own way by foreign ships, he yielded to it in spite of his better judgment, and is said to have fallen a victim at last to intemperance. He was, nevertheless, a man of strong understanding. When he ultimately attained to a conviction of the truth and utility of the doctrines and improvements taught and recommended by the missionaries, his measures were decisive. A great part of the religion of these islands consisted in absurd restrictions on certain articles of food, which were considered sacred, and not allowed to be touched till presented to the idol. Among these were turtles. On a certain occasion, a turtle being caught, Pomare declared, to the horror of his attendants, that it should be dressed for him without the previous ceremony of offering a part to the god. When the banquet was prepared, no one but himself had the hardihood to taste of it. The chiefs sat looking at him, momentarily expecting to see divine vengeance overtake the sacrilegious prince. By this experiment Pomare was confirmed in his previous suspicions of the impotence of his native deities; and he immediately declared that he no longer believed in any but the God of the missionaries. He left all, however, at liberty to follow his example or not as they pleased; but the newly discovered truth spread rapidly among his subjects, and the ancient divinities were everywhere dethroned. Several curious anecdotes relative to this era are related by our travellers. Tati, one of Pomare's principal chiefs, described to Mr. Bennet his feelings at the time when he began to suspect that the former objects of terror were mere blocks of wood, whilst yet he could not divest himself

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altogether of the reverence he had been accustomed to pay them. Being desired by Pomare to chop some of the gods to pieces, he proceeded with a trembling hand, half expecting at the first blow to see the insulted spirit start up to avenge himself. On another occasion, some of the people being about to make a bonfire of Oro, the god of war, and his wooden attendants, they thought that it would be most prudent to commence by firing into the temple, and challenging the gods to come forth to battle. Emboldened by the silence of the blocks, they at length proceeded to burn them and their temples together.

The more we hear of the former condition of these islanders, the more wonderful appears the contrast presented by their improved state:—

'In their pagan state, like all uncivilized tribes, they were excessively revengeful, and would pursue or watch the object of their enmity from place to place, and from shore to shore, for many years, if an earlier opportunity occurred not to gratify their cruel rage. On such occasions, when they have at length slain their victim, the murderer has been known to pound the body to pulp with large stones, and then, spreading it to the sun till it was dried like leather, he would cut a hole in the middle, through which to thrust his head, and wear it as a tributa, the arms dangling down in front, and the legs behind, till it was worn out, and fell in pieces from his back.'—'A king of Tahiti has been known to take the living children of those whom he had slain in battle, make holes through their heads at the juncture of the neck, and passing a cord of cinet through the wounds, drag the little innocents, shrieking and struggling, along the beach, till they expired in agonies; the savage conqueror meanwhile remorselessly rejoicing in his trophies like a fiend incarnate.' (I. 77.)—'One of the monstrous practices of these islanders, before they embraced the gospel, was to bury their friends alive, when, from their infirmities, they became burdensome to the young and the vigorous. They would dig a hole in the sand on the sea-beach; then under pretence of taking their aged or sick relative to bathe, they would bear him on a litter to the spot, and tumble him into the grave which had been prepared, instantly heaping stones and earth upon him, and trampling the whole down with their feet, till whether they left him dead or alive was of little moment, as it was impossible for him to rise again. In other cases, the unnatural kindred would rush into the invalid's house at once, from opposite ends, and make their spears meet in his body. Then they would coolly share the spoil of his little property, and depart without any other reflection except that they had rid themselves of a nuisance, and perhaps gained a paltry article of dress or furniture as the price of blood.'—I. 328.

Infanticide was a common practice among them. This was touchingly referred to by one of the natives at a meeting, or conversation, at which Messrs. Bennet and Tyerman were present:—'A man, who was sitting among the 'rest upon the floor, suddenly cried out, in 'great agitation of spirit, "What shall I do? 'I have continually before my eyes the likenesses of my children whom I killed in their 'infancy when I was a heathen. Wherever I 'go they meet me; and I seem to see them as 'plainly as I did when I took them from my 'wife's arms, immediately after they were born, 'and destroyed them. I know not what to do!"'

With such pictures before us, it is truly delightful to learn 'that industry, civilization, and 'good morals, are entirely transforming their 'character, habits, pleasures and occupations.' (I. 302.) We hear now of their neat houses, their flourishing fields and gardens, their industry and ingenuity, and the generally pleasing aspect of all things. They seem wonderfully impressed themselves with the contrast; comparing their present with their former state, to peace after war—to an abundant fruit harvest after famine and drought—to refreshing sleep after days of toil and distress. They, however, have not yet lost the simplicity of their native character, and some of the anecdotes here recorded of them are highly amusing. The first nail ever seen in Tahiti was considered a treasure of rare value, and lent out by its possessor for hire, to make holes in the planks of canoes. Another lucky fellow got hold of a nail, and being of a provident disposition, he thought to gain more in the end by propagating the species of so valuable an exotic, than by lending it out. He accordingly planted the nail, and waited long for the blade and the fruit of his seed. This man was living when our travellers were in the islands, and had not, they say, heard the last of his sagacious speculation.

Not content with the advances they have themselves made in civilization and religion, these islanders have already begun to assist in spreading their knowledge among their less fortunate neighbours. We have an interesting account of their proceedings when an opportunity offered, by Captain Kent's ship, of sending some of their own number to instruct the inhabitants of the Marquesan islands, who are represented as the most ferocious savages in these seas. A day was fixed for holding a meeting, to choose two natives to carry the truths of Christianity to these savages. About 1200 persons were assembled on this occasion. After several short addresses by the Missionaries,

'Auna, a principal chief, formerly a leader among the Areois, and a priest of Hiro, the god of thieves, stood up in the midst of the meeting. His lofty stature and commanding presence, his countenance beaming with benignity and intelligence, filled every bosom with emotions of awe, delight, and expectation. He looked round with an air of unaccustomed anxiety and embarrassment, and at first—perhaps for the first time in his life—hesitated in the utterance of his sentiments on a public occasion. At length, with a noble modesty, he began, "*Mea maitai teie*—It is a good thing that some of us should go from Huahine to carry Christianity to those people who are yet in the same ignorance, wickedness,

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and misery, as we ourselves were but a few years ago. It is our duty, then, to take to the Marquesas that [*parau maitai nate atua*] good word of God which has been sent to us from [*Beretane*] Britain by the hands of Missionaries, and which has been made so great a blessing to us. I have, therefore, [*parau ita,*] a little speech to make to the meeting, which is this,—if I and my wife might be so favoured as to be sent on this errand to the heathen at the Marquesas—but perhaps we are not worthy—yet, if we could be thought suitable for this great and good work, both my wife and I would be very happy."

'When he had thus spoken, he sat down, with the most affecting humility waiting for the decision of the assembly. Hautia, the president, immediately rose, and said, "Auna is the man to go!" Others exclaimed, "Auna is the man!" A chief then stood up, and observed, that he also had a little speech on the subject, which was, that Auna was not only the man to go, because he could himself both teach many things, and set the example of all he taught, but because Auna was "a two-handed man:" he had a good wife, Auna Vahine, who would help her husband in every work, and would also teach the women to read and to pray, to clothe themselves decently, to make their own dresses, manage their families, and bring up their children in the right way. This being universally assented to, Auna and his wife were appointed, as it were, by acclamation.' —I. 353.

Another chief then offered himself in a similar manner, and was accepted. This took place on the 21st February, and on the 25th they sailed. The scheme formed in favour of the Marquesans was, however, altered by circumstances which occurred during the voyage; and a different field of labour proved the allotment of the native envoys. In consequence of contrary winds, the first land they made was one of the Sandwich Islands. The party landed at Hawaii, the same island formerly known under the name of Owyhee. We are here introduced to a state of society very different from any before described. The Sandwich Islands had been a frequent resort of European ships ever since the melancholy event which terminated the career of the great circumnavigator. It is singular, by-the-way, that the natives should afterwards have regarded Captain Cook as a divinity, and worshipped his skeleton in one of their temples. Doubtless this frequent intercourse with Europeans, and the influence of a Mr. Young, who, in 1822, had resided thirty-six years in the island, produced some effect on their minds; but we are not informed as to the immediate causes which led to the extraordinary step taken in 1819 by the young King Riho Riho, or more properly Tamehameha II. At a great feast given by him in memory of his father, he suddenly started up, rushed to the women's table, and began to eat with a fury and trepidation that showed he was doing violence to his feelings. To eat with his wives was as great a sacrilege as he could have committed; and all the people cried out with one voice, 'The tabu is broken! The eating tabu is broken!' This experiment loosened the keystone of the fabric of idolatry, and it fell at once. In a short period the whole nation abjured their gods; the temples were destroyed, and the images burnt. All this was accomplished before any missionary approached them. They had cast away their old religion, but as yet had substituted no other. At this very time the American missionaries were on their way to them. When, however, they did arrive, there appears to have been no particular readiness on the part of the natives to listen to their instructions. Indeed, from the account of our travellers, it appears that their escape from the superstitions of their ancestors amounted to no more than this, that he who formerly worshipped an idol, now worshipped *nothing*. Some improvement in morals, however, was even then perceptible, and has since much increased. The visit of our travellers proved an important occurrence for these Islands. 'It was 'proposed by one of the company to *tabu* our 'missionary companion, Mr. Ellis, and thus 'prevent him from returning to the southern 'islands. We told them that if they did so, 'they must also *tabu* Mr. Ellis's wife and chil-'dren, from whom he would not choose to be 'separated, nor they like to lose him. "Oh!" 'said they, "we will send a ship to Huahine, 'and fetch them hither."' (I. 381.) After much discussion and consideration, the plan thus proposed was adjusted. Mr. Ellis and the Tahitians were accordingly settled in Hawaii, with the consent of Riho Riho, and the cordial welcome of the American missionaries.

Various anecdotes are related of this ruler, whose dawning sense of the advantages offered to him and to his nation was grievously obscured by his habits of intoxication.

'June 20. On the last Sabbath, when we sent to inform the king that divine service was about to be held, at which we should be glad to see him present, his majesty returned for answer, that he was *pupuka*, that is, *bad*; being engaged in drinking rum, which he knew to be very wrong. To-day we learn that he has emerged from his long fit of drunkenness. He has, moreover, commanded all his five wives to learn to read and write.'—I. 468.

Shortly after, he began himself; and is described as assiduously preparing his lessons with his queens and attendants. Their example was eagerly followed. The journal says, under date of August 9th,—

'The eagerness for instruction is so great that all the little boys in the school are, daily, during their play-hours, in requisition as masters. Three chiefs, men of magnificent stature and lofty bearing, came early this morning to obtain a *kumu*, or teacher. They could engage none but a child, six years of age, lisping over its spelling-book. Finding, however, that he could tell his letters,

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and repeat his ba, be, bi, bo, bu, one of them caught him up by the arm, mounted the little fellow upon his own broad shoulder, and carried him off in triumph, exclaiming, "This shall be my kumu!" The lads, themselves, take great delight in reciting their simple lessons to the older folks, and helping their fathers and mothers to say their A, B, C.'—I. 474.

Our readers will scarcely recognise in the above-mentioned royal learner of the alphabet, the sovereign who was afterwards received as a guest by the King of England, and whose untimely death, together with that of his young Queen, took place in London in July, 1824.

Riho Riho's brother succeeded him in the sovereignty, which, however, he appears to share in some degree with his sister, who is described as a superior young woman, having been brought up under the care of the Missionaries, and now entirely accustomed to the habits of civilized life. In Mr. Stewart's Voyage to these Islands in 1830, there is a very interesting account of the brother and sister, and of their nation. His intimate acquaintance with the Islands, acquired during a former residence, enabled him to form an accurate judgment of the progress they had made; and he details the changes which everywhere met his observation with an eager interest and lively joy which we may suppose to have added somewhat, though unconsciously, to the vivid colouring of his descriptions. We shall extract one passage, which describes some of the *external* changes which he observed.

'The whole of the inside,' says he, speaking of the young King's palace, 'from the floor to the peak of the roof, a height of at least forty feet—is covered with a sort of wainscoting of a rich chestnut colour, made of the stems of a small mountain vine, tied horizontally together as closely as possible. It has the effect of being all in one piece, and imparts an air of richness to the room, not dissimilar to that of the tapestry and arras of more polished audience-chambers. The floor also is a novelty and an experiment here; consisting, in place of the ground strewn with rushes or grass, as a foundation for the mats, as was formerly the case, of a pavement of stone and mortar, spread with a cement of lime, having all the smoothness and hardness of marble. Upon this, beautifully variegated mats were spread, forming a carpet as delightful and appropriate to the climate as could have been selected. Large windows at either side, and the folding doors of glass at each end, are hung with draperies of crimson damask; besides which, and the mats on the floors, the furniture consists of handsome pier tables, and large mirrors; of a line of glass chandeliers suspended through the centre, with lustres and candelabra of bronze, affixed to the pillars lining the sides and ends of the apartment; and of portraits in oil of the late King and Queen, taken in London, placed at the upper end in rich frames.'—Stewart's *Voyage*.

Our travellers, on leaving the Sandwich Islands, intended to return direct to Huahine; but meeting with unfavourable weather, they were driven out of their course. Their readers will not fail to congratulate themselves on these untoward circumstances; for to them they are indebted for a very interesting account of the Island Rurutu. It presents a satisfactory example of the beneficial changes effected by Christianity and education.

'*Sep.* 30. At daybreak we plainly distinguished an island, about seven miles in length, of which we had caught an imperfect view yesterday evening. It reminded us so much of the lovely spots with which our eyes had been formerly familiarized in the South Pacific, that, after an absence of six months in the North, we felt as though we were coming home. A high central peak, with lower eminences sloping towards the shore, and intervening valleys, through which ran fertilizing streams, supplied, in part, from mountain-cascades—these, with the luxuriance of tropical vegetation, at once reminded us of Tahiti, Huahine, Raiatea, and others, and made us long to be acquainted with this younger sister, as she seemed, dwelling alone amidst the solitary sea, and at so great a distance from "the family circles," if so we may call the windward and the leeward groups. We did not yet know the name of this island, but stood into the bay before us, which forms the arc of a circle, receding about a mile from the open main, and three miles' span from point to point across. At the head of this bay we were surprised to see several neat-looking white houses, built in the English fashion, as used in the Christianized islands, and on an elevation a staff, with a white flag flying upon it, as a signal that we were descried and invited to land.

'Our boats were in such crazy condition that neither of them were fit to lower upon the water, and it was some time before a canoe of any kind came off to us from the shore. We began, therefore, to fear that we should neither obtain wood nor water; of both of which we were in such need that we had not enough of either left to dress the dinner of the day. Our joy was proportionately great when we perceived a man coming towards us, paddling himself in an exceedingly small vessel, which proved to be nothing more than a poi-dish, about seven feet long and thirty inches wide. In this platter he buffeted the waves and dashed through the spray upon the reef, which kept him employed, with one hand, continually, bailing out the water.'—I. 492.

This man told them that the name of the island was Rurutu, and that the king had sent him to inquire who the strangers were, and whither they were bound. He was delighted to find there were natives of Huahine on board, and paddled joyfully back with the good tidings. After a time the voyagers ventured to land:—

'Nearly the whole population were standing on the beach to receive us, which they did with affectionate joy, as though we had been friends and brethren returning home, after long absence, rather than strangers and visiters from a far coun-

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try. The king advanced to meet us. To him we were introduced by Mr. Ellis, who spoke the language, and well knew the history of his little kingdom. He is a young man, about eighteen years of age, very light-coloured, and of remarkably mild aspect and graceful demeanour. His consort also appears exceedingly amiable and modest. Their infant son may be compared with most European children in whiteness and delicacy of complexion. His majesty's name is Teuruarii; he was accompanied by a tall chief, called Auura, his friend and guardian, a dignified and agreeable personage. Two native teachers, from Raiatea, who had been sent hither eighteen months ago, were delighted to see and welcome Mr. Ellis, whom they knew.'—I. 494.

They proceeded to view the chapel, one part of which was peculiarly worthy of notice, as presenting, in the words of the narrative, 'a simple and signal trophy' of the beneficial change that had taken place.

'These were the spears, not indeed "beaten into pruning-hooks," but converted into staves to support the balustrade of the pulpit-staircase! for the people here have cast away their instruments of cruelty with their idols.'—I. 495.

'The principal village is situated at the head of the bay, consisting of the chapel afore-mentioned, and from sixty to seventy houses, scattered at pleasant distances among the trees. These are pretty oval structures, built on platforms of broad stones. The materials are timber and bamboos, very ingeniously put together, rounded at either end, having roofs which present the cove of a Gothic arched ceiling within. They are often fancifully ornamented, both externally and internally; the people of this little island being distinguished, above all others in these seas, for their taste and skill in finery of every kind, from the feathered helmets of their warriors to the carving on their canoes.'

The population, at the time of this visit, amounted only to 314, though, it is said, that a few years before it had exceeded six thousand; but the island was afflicted with pestilence, ague, and fever, which swept away multitudes annually. This pestilence was the cause of a series of events, which ultimately issued in their present improved condition. During the raging of the pestilence, Auura, the chief above-mentioned, was haunted by a desire which he could not repress, to leave his own isle, in quest of some other, where he might *hear of something good.* Accordingly, having prevailed on his wife and some others to accompany him, they set sail in a double canoe. After a voyage of several days they landed at Tubuai, an island about 100 miles distant from their own. Here they remained some time, and at length re-embarked to return to their own land; intending to persuade their countrymen to emigrate to this more healthy island. They were driven by a tempest out of their track; and for weeks were drifted about,—sometimes rowing in one direction, sometimes in another, and more often yielding entirely to the impulses of the waves and currents. When nearly exhausted, and without food or water, they were drifted towards the island of Raiatea. The natives instantly put off to their assistance; and they were received with all the kindness and hospitality which their destitute circumstances required. Their astonishment was excited by the novel order of things which they beheld. The mind of Auura seems to have been strongly impressed by the spectacle. The Raiateans immediately began to instruct their guests in the new arts which they themselves had acquired. So diligent was Auura, that in the short time he remained there, he learned to read and write. He was unwilling, however, to return to Rurutu, without the assistance of others more competent to instruct and civilize his countrymen than himself.

'The brig Hope, Captain Grimes, from London, touched at Raiatea on July the 3d. We mentioned to the Captain our wish to get these poor people to their own island: He, with a readiness which does him the highest credit, offered immediately to touch at their island, and to take our boat in tow, that we might have an opportunity, should our boat return from this, to us, unknown land, to open a communication with the natives. We sent for Auura, the chief, and his wife, who were highly delighted with the prospect of returning, but he raised an objection to going to his land of darkness, unless he had some one with him to instruct him and his people. We were rather at a loss how to act; however, we immediately called the deacons, informed them of the circumstance, and desired them to inquire who would volunteer their services to go as teachers to these poor people.'—I. 501.

Two natives immediately offered their services. 'They were,' say the Missionaries, 'the very two we should have chosen, though we could ill spare them.' Their names were Puna and Mahamene. The time pressed—the new Missionaries had but the night to prepare themselves, as the brig was to sail early in the morning. 'Every member of the church 'brought something as a testimonial of his af-'fection; one brought a razor, another a knife, 'another a roll of cloth, another a few nails; 'some one little thing and some another: we 'gave them all the elementary books we could 'spare, with a few copies of the Tahitian Gos-'pel of Matthew. Thus we equipped them 'for this interesting little mission as well as 'our circumstances would allow.'—I. 502.

Captain Grimes took a boat in tow, according to his promise, in order to bring back intelligence to Raiatea. In little more than a month the Raiateans had the pleasure of seeing their boat return laden with the discarded idols of Rurutu! It also brought letters to Messrs. Threlkeld and Williams from Auura, and from the native envoys.

'On the 8th July, a meeting of the chiefs and king was held, when Auura spoke thus: "Friends! this is my desire, and therefore am I come back to

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this land. This is my desire, let the Evil Spirit be this instant cast into the fire. Is it agreeable to you, king and chiefs?—shall we burn the Evil Spirit even now? shall we overthrow his kingdom! Let the government of these little lands become Jehovah's, and his alone, then my heart will rejoice through you. Behold! you thought I had been eaten up, in the depths of the sea, by the Evil Spirit; but, behold! I am not destroyed by him. Will it please you that we should all assemble together, at one place, and all eat together?"

'The king and chiefs answered thus: "It will entirely please us; we are glad because of your saying, burn the wild spirits in the fire."'

The king and chiefs having agreed to this proposal, and professed their readiness to listen to the new principles of Auura and his friends, he proceeded thus:—

'"I have one word more to say to you—These two men [the teachers] are chosen by the church at Raiatea. God caused the thought to grow in the hearts of the Missionaries, and, behold, they have sent them to teach us to read; because of their great love to us, these two are sent. The Raiateans think our land is a barbarous land; therefore do not ill use these men, but behave with the greatest kindness to them, and then it will be well."

'The king and chiefs answered—"It is quite agreeable to us."'—I. 507.

The next day they put the truth of Auura's statement to the test, by all eating together, and of sacred food. The priests predicted the death of any woman who should eat forbidden food, and it was agreed, that if this judgment should come to pass, they would adhere to the old system. The experiment being successful, they instantly proceeded to demolish the temples—a work which was effected that day. The results we have previously seen; and the latest accounts speak of the island of Rurutu as advancing in the course of civil and moral improvement.

We must pass over the remaining visits of our travellers in the South Sea Islands, though they are of the same interesting character. We must not, however, omit to notice the proceedings in the 'Parliament,' which was held in February, 1824, in the Windward Isles, for the purpose of settling a code of laws. The session of this Parliament lasted eight days.—The draught of a code had, at their express desire, been prepared by Mr. Nott. It consisted of about forty articles, and was now to be discussed. A short specimen of one of the debates is here given. It was on the question whether murder should be punished by death or banishment? After the principal chiefs had spoken,

'One of the *taata rii*, or little men, a commoner, or representative of a district, presented himself, and was listened to with as much attention as had been given to the lordly personages who preceded him. He said: "As no one else stands up, I will make my little speech, because several pleasant thoughts have been growing in my breast, and I wish you to hear them. Perhaps every thing good and necessary has been said already by the chiefs; yet, as we are not met to adopt this law or that law, because one great man or another recommends it, but as we, the *taata rii*, just the same as the chiefs, are to throw all our thoughts together, that out of the whole heap the meeting may make those to stand upright which are best, whencesoever they come—this is my thought. All that Pati said was good; but he did not mention that one reason for punishing (as a Missionary told us, when he was reading the law to us, in private) is, to make the offender good again if possible. Now, if we kill a murderer, how can we make him better? But if he be sent to a desolate island, where he is all solitary, and compelled to think for himself, it may please God to make the bad things in his heart to die, and good things to grow there. But, if we kill him, where will his soul go?"'

Our voyagers reached New Zealand on the 15th of July. Here they had a narrow escape. The savage natives were unwarily allowed to come on board in such numbers, that on some accidental provocation, they seized, and were preparing to murder and devour the crew; and it was only by the seasonable arrival of a chief named George, that they were rescued from the impending danger. This was the same chief who, about fifteen years before, had, with his followers, captured the ship Boyd, and murdered and devoured eighty-eight of her crew! Now it pleased him to act the deliverer, and he remained on board, in order to protect the ship during her continuance on that station.

They next sailed to New Holland, and we are here introduced again to a totally new state of society. The aborigines are a peculiarly degraded race, much inferior to their neighbours of New Zealand—having no settled abodes, no herds or flocks, no gardens or fields, but living on the spontaneous productions of the ground, and on such animals, birds, and insects as they can catch.

The visits of our voyagers to Java, Singapore, Canton, and Malacca, are replete with interesting matter; but we cannot afford space to enlarge upon them. We shall close this article with some notice of their account of Madagascar; part of which is extracted from a MS. journal of Mr. Hastie, at one time British Resident at the Court of Radama, the sovereign. Mr. Hastie was sent to Madagascar, to negotiate the abolition of the slave-trade; he afterwards remained with Radama as British Resident, gradually acquired his confidence, accompanied him in his journeys, and became one of his principal advisers. With such opportunities it is much to be regretted that Mr. Hastie has not given us a complete and detailed history of this remarkable person, and of the changes he effected in his kingdom. Radama faithfully executed the treaties into which he had entered with the British government, for the suppression of slave-trading. 'He every-

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'where,' says Mr. Hastie, 'denounced the slave 'trade most firmly, both in exports and imports, 'and punished either with death.' His power was absolute, and we have several instances of its cruel exercise, though at times his better feelings prevailed, and he could show a politic clemency. He was fully convinced of 'the 'benefits of British intercourse;'—'attributed 'all he knew to the lessons he had received 'from the British nation and government;' and was the constant patron of the Missionaries.—He made strict laws against theft and robbery; and on one occasion signally upheld them, by forcing a chief, his ally, to return to a hostile chieftain every article of plunder his people had taken. He abolished the trial by ordeal, and many other cruel and useless observances of superstition;—especially that of murdering all children born on certain unlucky days; and was rapidly proceeding in the career of improvement, when his death suddenly took place in July, 1828.

The deputation had been met on landing by a letter of welcome from Radama, who provided them also with the means of travelling into the interior; and caused them to be attended by a guard of native soldiers, and to be received everywhere as his own guests.—Their journey through the country was arduous; it being part of Radama's policy to make no roads. During this fatiguing journey, from which Mr. Tyerman, in particular, suffered severely, they were farther dispirited by the intelligence of the alarming illness of Radama, and the probability of a bloody revolution in case of his decease. On the 21st of July, they arrived at the capital, where they were courteously received by the command of Radama, who was, however, too ill to see them. A few days after he expired. And, on the 30th of July, Mr. Tyerman was seized with apoplexy, and in spite of all the remedies that could be used, died almost immediately. After this afflicting loss, Mr. Bennet was only anxious to leave Madagascar. He was not, however, allowed. During the period (from Sunday to Thursday) in which Radama's death was concealed, a violent political revolution was effected within the Palace: the heir presumptive, and many other persons of distinction, were killed; and finally, Ranavalano, one of the late King's wives, seated herself on the throne. Mr. Bennet made several applications to this Princess for permission to depart; but her only answer was, 'I am mistress of the day when you may 'leave Tananarivo, and when it is come, I will 'tell you.' We think Mr. B. is under some obligations to the arbitrary lady for giving him the opportunity of witnessing Radama's funeral, which proved to be an extraordinary display of barbaric pomp. It took place fifteen days after his death; during which interval, thousands of his subjects were employed in erecting a huge mound of earth, granite and wood, with a hollow crater at the top, in which the coffin was placed. The body meanwhile lay in state, in a palace called the Silver Palace, in which he died.

'This palace is named the Silver Palace, on account of its being ornamented, from the ground to the roof, by a profusion of large flat-headed silver nails, and plates of the same metal. The roof of this palace is so high that from the top of the wall to the ridge is as great a distance as from the foundation to the top of the wall supporting the roof.

'We found it covered from the roof to the ground with hangings of rich satins, velvets, silks, their native costly silk lambas, &c.; and all the vast roof was covered with the finest English scarlet broadcloth.

'In front of this palace had been erected a most splendid pavilion, surrounded by highly-decorated pillars, which were wrapped round with various coloured silks, satins, &c. The pavilion was ten feet square, raised on pillars, also richly ornamented. A platform of wood was thrown over upon the pillars; and above this platform hung, supported by one transverse pole, an immense canopy, or pall, of the richest gold brocade, with stripes of blue satin and scarlet cloth; the whole bordered by a broad gold lace, and finished by a deep gold fringe. All the arrangements were in good taste, and formed together a most brilliant spectacle.'—II. 555.

The next day was the interment.

'At the foot of the mound had been standing most of the day the large and massy *silver coffin*, destined to receive the royal corpse; this coffin was about eight feet long, three feet and a half deep, and the same in width; it was formed of silver plates, strongly riveted together with nails of the same metal, all made from Spanish dollars; *twelve thousand dollars* were employed in its construction. About six in the evening this coffin was, by the multitude, heaved up one of the steep sides of the mound to the top, and placed in the tomb or chamber. Immense quantities of treasure of various kinds were deposited in or about the coffin, belonging to his late Majesty, consisting especially of such things as during his life he most prized. *Ten thousand hard dollars* were laid in the silver coffin, for him to lie upon; and either inside, or chiefly outside, of the coffin, were placed or cast all his rich habiliments, especially military; there were eighty suits of very costly British uniforms, hats, and feathers; a golden helmet, gorgets, epaulettes, sashes, gold spurs, very valuable swords, daggers, spears (two of gold), beautiful pistols, muskets, fowling-pieces, watches, rings, brooches, and trinkets; his whole superb sideboard of silver plate, and large and splendid solid gold cup, with many others presented to him by the King of England:—great quantities of costly silks, satins, fine cloths, very valuable silk lambas of Madagascar, &c.

'We were fatigued and pained by the sight of such quantities of precious things consigned to a tomb. As ten of his fine favourite bulls had been slaughtered yesterday, so six of his finest horses were speared to-day, and lay in the court-yard near the tomb; and to-morrow six more are to be killed. When to all these extravagant ex-

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penses are added the 20,000 oxen, worth here five Spanish dollars each (which have been given to the people, and used by them for food during the preparation for, and at the funeral), the Missionaries conjecture that the expense of the funeral cannot be less than *sixty thousand pounds sterling.*'

Soon after this ceremony was concluded, Mr. Bennet was ordered to accompany a body of 700 soldiers to the coast, from whence he sailed to the Mauritius, and thereafter for the Cape. In that colony he remained four months. In March 1829, he embarked for England, and, as before observed, reached his native land in June; after having accomplished one of the most varied, interesting, and instructive expeditions of which we have any record.

From the Monthly Magazine.

THE ANONYMOUS LETTER.

To write an anonymous letter is ungentlemanly: of this there can be no doubt—nay more, it is mean—dastardly—skulking—depraved! But what could I do? Colonel Plinth was about to marry his cook——

To write an anonymous letter is degrading, to say the least: it would require the skill of a sophist to render it justifiable—perhaps; and yet when Colonel Plinth was going to marry his cook——

A vixen!—a perfect Saracen of a woman behind his back; and he a man of nice honour; who had gained golden laurels at Seringapatam—an aide-de-camp to Sir David Baird—my friend! The intelligence had come like a thunder-bolt.

To write an anonymous letter, except under the most imperative circumstances, is unquestionably atrocious. I felt that, even posited as I was,—with the most benevolent intentions,—conscience—*my* conscience, as a gentleman and an officer, would hesitate to approve of it. I paused—I determined to weigh the matter well; but the conviction fell upon me like an avalanche that not a moment was to be lost!—Colonel Plinth was on the eve of marrying his cook——

Rebecca Moggs! And he my brother-in-law—the widowed husband of my sainted sister—a K. C. B.—a wearer of four medals, two crosses, and the order of the golden fleece—a man who had received the thanks of parliament—the written approbation of my Lord Clive—two freedoms in gold boxes!—a man who, had he nobly fell on the ramparts of Tippoo's capital, would have been taken home in rum, and buried in St. Paul's.

His fragment—his living remains—(for he possessed only one organ of a sort—having lost a leg, an arm, an eye and a nostril)—had resolved on what I considered a sort of demi-post mortem match, with—what?

A blowsy, underhung menial, whose only merit consisted in cooking mulligatawny, and rubbing with a soft fat palm the wounded ankle of his partially efficient leg;—the illegitimate offspring of a Sepoy pioneer's trull;—a creature whom my lovely and accomplished sister had taken from the breast of her dead mother (the woman—a camp-follower—received an iron ball in her brain from one of Tippoo's guerilla troops in the jungle)—one whom Evadne had brought up, with maternal care, in her kitchen;—a scullion!—And such a one to be Colonel Plinth's wife—to take the place of Evadne! Good God!

To write an anonymous letter is rather revolting; much may be said against it; it is one's *dernier resort:* still it has its advantages—and why neglect them?—Had Colonel Plinth not been what he was—were he but a casual acquaintance or a mere friend—then indeed——

But he was my brother-in-law—my brother in arms—in a word Colonel Plinth.

Had he been a man who would listen to reason—who was open to conviction—to whom one might venture to speak—why really——

But he was hot as curry;—yet not deficient in sense; but dreadfully opinionated—techy—easily susceptible of feeling himself insulted—careful as to keeping his pistol-case in such a state as to be ready at a moment's notice—a being inflamed in body, soul, and complexion, by the spices and sun of the burning East.

To remonstrate with him would have been absurd; he would have cut me down with his crutch:—he had amassed three thousand a-year.

To write an anonymous letter was not exactly the sort of thing: but why see him rush into a match which would dishonour himself, and shed a sort of retrospective shame on my sainted sister?

The cook was far from immaculate. A native-servant, whom I discharged at Calcutta for repeatedly staying out all night—but why expose the weak side of humanity?—

And another young fellow of her acquaintance, whom I pardoned for having robbed me, on condition of his frankly confessing all his misdemeanours—

Besides, there was Larry the trumpeter—

And one or two more.

Under such circumstances—conscious of his infatuation, I ceased to waver: the end sanctified the means; and I wrote him an anonymous letter.

She, of course, would make a point of having children—and then where were my expectations?

Evadne had never been a mother: the Colonel was the only Plinth in the universe; and, posited as I was—Evadne being the link—I naturally had expectations.

To say nothing of being nine years my senior, he was a wreck—a fiery wreck, full of combustibles, burning gradually to the water's edge.

The sun of his happiness, would, as I felt, set for ever, the moment he married such a creature as Moggs—innately vulgar—repul-

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sive—double chinned—tumid—protuberant—Social festivity was every thing to Colonel Plinth: but who would dine with him, if his ci-devant cook were to carve?—Evadne's adopted; Larry the trumpeter's love! *I* couldn't.

Therefore under a sense of overwhelming duty to Colonel Plinth, I wrote him an anonymous letter.

Every precaution was taken: the hand was disguised—the paper such as I had never used; and, to crown all, I dropped the important document in a distant and very out-of-the way post-office.

Conscious of perfect security—animated by the cause I had espoused, I played away upon him, from my masked battery, with prodigious vehemence. Reserve was out of the question; in an anonymous letter, the writer, of course, speaks out: this is its great advantage. I took a rapid review of his achievements—I recalled the accomplished Evadne to his mind's eye—I contrasted her with his present intended:—Larry the trumpeter figured in, and the forcible expression as to Cæsar's wife was not forgotten. I rebuked—I argued—I ridiculed—I scorned:—I appealed to his pride—I mentioned his person. I bade him consult a *cheval* glass, and ask himself if the reflection were that of a would-be bridegroom. I told him how old he was—what the Indian army would think—in short, the letter carried upon the face of it the perfect conviction of a thirty-two pounder. Here and there I was literally ferocious.

I dined alone that day, and was taking my wine in the complacent consciousness of having done all in my power, when Colonel Plinth knocked. Of course I knew his knock: it was always violent; but on this occasion rather less so than usual. I felt flurried: as he ascended, my accurate ear detected a strange footstep on the stair. Hastily pouring out and gulping down a bumper, I contrived to rally before my friend entered.

Commonly his countenance was turbid—*billowy*—rufus—the red sea in a storm;—now it was stony—pale—implacable; he was evidently *white hot* with wrath. His eye—usually lurid as that of a Cyclops at the forge—was cold—clear—icy; his look froze me—I had seen him thus before—in the breach at Seringapatam.

His salute was charmingly courteous; he begged leave to introduce a friend—Baron Cahooz, a noble Swede in the Prussian service. Never before had I beheld such a martinet—where could Plinth have picked him up?

The Baron, in very good English, expressed his concern at making so valuable an acquaintance as that of Major Mocassin under such infelicitous circumstances. Colonel Plinth had been insulted: but as I had so long been his most valued friend—as we had fought and bled on the same fields—as those arms (his right and my left) which had been so often linked together, were mouldering, side by side, in the same grave—as I was his brother-in-law, Colonel Plinth would accept of the amplest possible apology:—with any other man than Major Mocassin, Colonel Plinth would have gone to extremities at once.

I was petrified during this speech; but at its conclusion some sort of an inquiry staggered from my lips.

Baron Cahooz did not understand.

I declared myself to be in the same predicament: would he be so good as to explain!

In reply, the Baron hinted that I must be conscious of having written Colonel Plinth a letter.

Fearing that Plinth's suspicions had been aroused, and that this was a *ruse* to trap me into a confession—remembering my precautions—and feeling sure that nothing could, by any possibility, be brought home to me, unless I turned traitor to myself—I denied the imputation point blank! Indeed what else could I do?

Colonel Plinth uttered an exclamation of bitter contempt, and hobbled towards the door.

Baron Cahooz handed me his card:—nothing further could be done:—he hoped the friend whom I might honour on the occasion would see him as early as possible, in order to expedite the necessary arrangements.

I made a last effort. Advancing towards the door, where Plinth stood, I begged to protest that I was mystified—that he must be labouring under a mistake.

"A mistake!" shouted he in that tremendous tone, which for a moment had once appalled the tiger-hearted Tippoo—"A mistake, Major Mocassin! There's no mistake, sirrah! Will you deny your own handwriting?"

So saying he threw the letter in my face and retired, followed by Cahooz—

In another moment the veil was torn asunder. Having never before attempted an anonymous letter, and acting under the influence of confirmed habit, I had concluded the fatal epistle without disguise, in my customary terms:—"*Yours, ever*, JOHN MOCASSIN!!"

NOTE.

The foregoing paper was drawn up and sent to his cousin in Kentucky by Major Mocassin, a few hours after Colonel Plinth and Baron Cahooz had quitted him. On the inside of the envelop appears the following:—"'Tis now midnight—Rear Admiral Jenkinson has settled every thing with the Baron, to their mutual satisfaction: we are to be on the ground by six in the morning. If I fall——"

After considerable research we have discovered two announcements in the public prints which form valuable appendages to Major Mocassin's document. The first extract is from a London journal published in 1819, the second from a Bath paper of two years later date.

No. I.

"Yesterday at his own residence in Wimpole St., by special license, Colonel Plinth.

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K.C.B. to Rebecca Louisa Moggs, a native of Masulipatam. The gallant Colonel went through the ceremony with his only remaining arm in a sling,—having a few hours before exchanged shots—both of which took effect—with Major Mocassin."

No. II.

"The busy tongue of fame reports that a gallant Major, who served with distinction, and lost an arm, under Sir David Baird in the East Indies, is about to lead to the altar the dashing relict and sole legatee of a brave and affluent brother officer who recently died at Cheltenham. A mutual attachment is supposed to have been long in existence; for the bridegroom elect fought a duel on the lady's account with her late husband, on the very morning of the marriage. Pecuniary motives may perhaps have influenced the fair one in giving her hand on that occasion to the gallant Major's more fortunate rival."

From the same.

HIEROGLYPHICAL EMBLEMS.

The public are informed by the daily prints, that a hatchment is placed on the front of the late Earl Dudley's mansion, in Park-lane. We hope to see the day when griffins and hobgoblins will be at a discount, when the worth and nobility of a family will be transmitted to posterity by some more pleasant symbol than a puppy dog's head or a bear's paw. The ignorance of our Yankee friends in this particular branch of aristocratical study, is quite refreshing.—A sprig of nobility, who resides at New York, wished to enlighten Jonathan, and therefore ordered from England the die of his own paternal crest, the emblem of a noble house—a mitre. From this die many mitres were cast, intended for the adornment of his harness, which was studded with the glittering insignia, and exposed by the proud tradesman to the delighted gaze of the New York *beau monde*. When the harness was sent home, the die was demanded by the owner; but the sadler begged the loan of it a few days, as he had received above thirty orders for sets of harness, with the same ornaments! At this profanation, of course, the sprig was horror-struck, and much to the surprise of the tradesman, gave an indignant refusal. It was rather singular for New York, that the reputation of its citizens should have been preserved, by aristocratic prejudice; for some future Mrs. Trollope would not have scrupled to have written them down as citizen-bishops, galloping about, heedless of their sacred duties.

From the same.

THE LOVE-CHILD.

The most distant recollection of my life is exceedingly vivid:—I was travelling for several days and nights in a huge vehicle, which I suspect to have been a road wagon. My mother was with me, and often wept most bitterly, without, so far as I could perceive, the least occasion, for we had plenty of straw and plenty of play-fellows. To me the circumstances in which we were placed seemed glorious: she, however thought differently. At last we quitted the wagon, and proceeded on foot across several fields, in which haymakers were at work; I began to grow tired; she took me in her arms, and I fell asleep. On awaking, I was in a small room, and my mother appeared to be quarrelling with two or three other persons, who called me "brat," and threatened to throw me out of doors. To appease them, much to my amazement, my mother said, with great earnestness, that I had taken off her ring while she was thinking of something else, and lost it among the straw in the wagon. This seemed so to increase the wrath of the others that I screamed with all my might, that I had done nothing of the sort. My mother now hastily wrapped me up in her cloak, and rushed out. I struggled to get my head at liberty, but she pressed me closer, and hurried on. Presently I heard voices of persons apparently in pursuit. Terrified to the utmost, fearful of their overtaking us, I gasped out, "Run, mother, run!" In a few moments I felt a sensation of falling—a heavy splash followed, and the roar of rushing waters was in my ears. I clung convulsively to my mother, and after a brief and painful dream and a long sound sleep, I suddenly awoke, and began to cry for water, my mouth, throat, and stomach being, as it seemed, lined with red hot iron. Somebody now got out of the bed in which I was lying; a bustle ensued, and presently the people with whom my mother had been quarrelling, one by one appeared, and ministered to my wants with the greatest tenderness and solicitude. After my thirst was a little quenched, I looked about for my mother —*but she was not there.*

By the foregoing facts the horizon of my memory is bounded. I recollect nothing with continuous distinctness of that part of my life which ensued, until I became eight or nine years old. Thenceforth events seem to have formed a perfect chain—and I can trace them link by link. A glance at the first will show that I had not been moving in a very enviable sphere of existence.

There was a field bounded on three sides by a copse, in which pheasants were most rigidly preserved, and nuts, crab-apples, and bitter sloes abounded: it, the copse, I can't conceive why, was called Cuckold's Harem. The Squire owned it; but the field which abutted on its boundary was the freehold of a morose farmer, who would not part with his inheritance—and immense offers had been made to him—for "love or money." He had about sixty acres of the best land in the parish, lying in the very heart of the Squire's immense estate, across which he had no less than seven distinct rights of way, and one of these ran right in front of

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the magnificent manor house. The Squire's name was Patch, the farmer's Belroy. Patch's grandfather had made an enormous fortune by robbing his employers, while acting as a slave agent on the Gold Coast: Belroy was probably a descendant of one of the Normans who had helped to beat Harold at the battle of Hastings. The only deed which he possessed as evidence of his title to the land he held, was a bit of parchment scarcely so big as the palm of his huge hand, bearing the same date as Magna Charta, and purporting to have been sealed by "John the King" in the presence of Maud, Cicely, and Egbert Baron of Burr. In very bad Latin it recited and confirmed a grant by William the Norman to Thibaut Belroy and his heirs of all the hundred of Palsover, including Squire Patch's property: how the original donation had been so clipped, that nothing but its nucleus remained in the tenure of the first donee's descendants, did not appear. But on this nucleus no human being set so high a value as its owner. Nothing could tempt him to part with it.

All this I ascertained subsequently to my first well-remembered encounter with him in the field that abutted on Cuckold's Harem.—We met on a little bridge, formed by a felled oak sawn in two, and flanked by rude posts and rails, that crossed a slow silent brook, which crept like a snake from the Squire's cover, along the side of the field, and formed a pool in the heart of Belroy's little freehold. At the first glimpse he laughed at me most heartily. I was attired in a tattered coat of the last century; it had been worn by his grandfather, the kneebands of whose respectable velvet breeches dangled at my ankles—while the broad lappels of his upper garment, bedecked with tarnished embroidery, was dragged in the mire at my rear.

"Here's an imp!" quoth he, adding, as he turned to a beautiful child of about my own age, who accompanied him, "don't come on the bridge, Agnes, for it's slippery. Why, how's this, my gentleman? What's the use of my setting up scarecrows to keep off the damned pheasants from my corn, if you—you little oosbert, make a business of robbing them? You must be punished for this." I began to blubber, and the little girl sobbed. "You must be punished for this," added he, after a short pause. "Stay here till I return—keep the pheasants off, and perhaps I may forgive you."

He then turned back, and walked away with his pretty little daughter, who several times looked over her shoulder, to see what I was about. I loitered on the bridge until they disappeared, and then, rather pleased than otherwise with my allotted punishment, I strutted about the field with official importance, and longed for some delinquent pheasant to alight within a stone's throw. Not a bird, however, ventured to appear for above two hours; when, weary with walking, I went up to the scarecrow, and leaned against the stick which supported it. In a few minutes a bird flew from the copse into the centre of the field, and, after flapping his wings, crowed as lustily as though he had been perched upon the topmost branch of an oak: two or three hen pheasants soon joined him, and perceiving that they fearlessly approached me, I refrained from throwing the capital pebble with which I had provided myself, until I could make tolerably sure of my aim. The golden opportunity soon arrived: I let fly, and hit the cock bird on the side of the head. He fell, and began to tumble about the furrows, flapping prodigiously, but not so as to alarm his companions; they were not aware of what I had done: while two of them gazed with curiosity at the phenomenon, the third bristled up and began to peck and spur at him most furiously. The moment I saw the success of my silent artillery, I went forward as speedily as my cumbrous habiliments would permit, to make sure of my spoil; but scarcely had I advanced a couple of yards when my career was arrested by a loud shout. The hen pheasants ran off into the preserve at the sound, and I, turning to that corner of the field from which it had proceeded, perceived Farmer Belroy advanding towards me with hasty strides. Suspecting, from his violent gestures, that I had committed some error, I started off in an opposite direction, but soon tumbled headlong. The next moment I felt myself in the clutch of my colossal enemy, and commenced a series of desperate manœuvres, the aim and intent of which was to writhe myself out of his grandfather's clothes. In this I should most probably have succeeded, had he not caught me up in a lump and hugged me to his breast, so that, my arms being pinioned, I was comparatively powerless. I say comparatively, for my legs being still at liberty, I drummed away upon his stomach with all my might, and fastening my teeth in his cheek, did all in my power to make them meet.

The farmer, however, almost instantly choked me off, and then holding me at arm's length, by the scruff of the neck, as the huntsman does a fox which he has rescued from his pack, he thus apostrophized me:—"Why thee'rt a stout, lad, a downright imp of Belzebub! listen to sense! I'd no thought of harming thee! Doant thee wriggle, or I'll tie thee foot to foot, and carry thee home, swung by the ankles athirt my stick, like a paunched rabbit. Listen to sense—wilt? Promise and I'll let thee down—promise, and there's an apple for thee—look, a red-streak!"

Half scared to death, I accepted the proffered token of peace, and he placed me on my legs. Observing me stare rather anxiously about, he asked gruffly what I was "glowering at?" I muttered something about the pheasant. "Drat the pheasant," he exclaimed; "luckily he's got his wits again, and crawled off; if you'd a year's more strength you'd ha' killed un, and then the Squire, if he'd heard of it—d'ye mind me? d'ye mind me, I say?—Tellee you mustn't kill 'em

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only keep 'em off, that's all. I were on the bridge all the time, and as it seems pretty clear a mopstick's nothing when they've scraped acquaintance wi' un, I'll hire you for the place—d'ye hear—at twopence a week! What d'ye say?"

I pulled down my forelock in token of acquiescence, and after he had given me orders to be in the field by daybreak the next morning, and charged me, with great solemnity, not to kill "any of the d——d varmin," he went off, leaving me to ruminate on my felicity. Twopence a week was an income far—far beyond the utmost limits of my ambition—it soared up to the importance of a revenue! Twopence a week was a boundless amount! I puzzled my small brains to think how the deuce I should contrive to expend it.

The next morning I was at my post before the night-birds had gone to roost. I sat down by the side of the ditch which fenced off the copse from the field, and having nothing better to do, I began to amuse myself by imitating the bark of a fox. Presently I saw the dim figure of a man glide noiselessly through a gap, and approach me; at the distance of about twenty yards he stopped, knelt down, and I heard the click of his trigger. To throw a somerset backwards, which lodged me safely in the mire of the ditch, was the work of a moment, and I had the good luck to escape with only two or three shots in the lower part of my right leg.

Although but little hurt, I screamed out "Murder" at the very top of my shrill pipe, and in a few seconds, three or four men appeared. One of them turned the glass of a dark-lantern upon me; while a second, throwing himself flat on the ground, so that his head and shoulders overhung the edge of the ditch, reached down and obtained such a clutch of my capacious apparel as enabled him to lift me up. While doing this he exclaimed, "Why the twoad comes out as light as a loose cork!"

"I'll be jiggered," said another, as I was thrown upon the bank, "if Ezra han't ashot the farmer's scarecrow!"

Peals of laughter ensued, and I found that I had fallen into the hands of squire Patch's detestable posse of game-keepers, who were evidently prowling for Blue Peter the poacher.

Ezra now came nearer, and in a quivering tone observed, "Scarecrow or no scarecrow, nobody can deny there were a fox barking; and as the squire don't hunt, 'twere my duty to kill un, if so be as I could. But then what d'ye make o' the cry of 'murder,'—'twere awful like,—doantee think so?"

A pause ensued, which was broken by a shriek from myself, occasioned by one of the party having poked me in the ribs with the muzzle of his gun. In spite of all the impediments I could offer, my diminutive carcass was now speedily "shelled." After having ascertained the trivial nature of my wounds, one of the keepers tied up my duds with a hazel and slung it across his fowling-piece, while Ezra tenderly wrapped me in his great coat and bore me off. In about half an hour we reached his cottage, at the door of which he took possession of my scarecrow costume, and after having stated that he should serve me up with the breakfast things at the squire's, he wished the other keepers a hurried "good by," and carried me into his kitchen.

His wife immediately hailed him from the room above. "Ezra!" said she, "what's the matter?"

"Nothing at all."

"I know there is—I can tell it by the burr o' thy voice. Is Peter shot at last—and by thy hand?—Oh! God! my poor brother!"

"No, no:—doantee, doantee howl so, missus—it's only a boy."

"Hast killed un dead, Ezra?"

The good woman now ran into the room. By the light of the wood fire, which the rush of air on opening the door had caused to burst into a pale blue flame, she saw that blood was dropping from the coat in which he carried his burden, and overwhelmed with agony, she threw herself upon his neck.

"Unhook your arms, Kitty," cried Ezra: "unhook, I say, or I shall let the boy fall squash upon the stones!—my knees do shake—unhook I say, Kit—d—n thee."

Down we fell, Ezra, Kit, and I, my dirty duds and his spruce fowling piece, in one sprawling group upon the hard flag floor.—Ezra was either stunned or had fainted, and his wife, speedily becoming conscious of the calamity, roused her faculties, and, forgetting every thing else, affectionately bestirred herself to recover him. I had already dropped from his grasp, and stood stark-naked upon the hearth. Willing to make myself useful, I plucked a green twig from the fire, and placed it in such a position that the pungent smoke floated freely into his nostrils. This restored him to sensation, and in a few minutes, as the old women say, "he came round."

His wife Kitty, a very pale care-worn looking woman, apparently about twenty-five years of age, after having brought down from the room above and tied her warm flannel petticoat about my neck,—my arms being allowed to protrude through the pocket holes,—with astonishing celerity produced "a pot of tea." While this was being discussed, Ezra, who was now "himself again," carefully picked the shots from my leg, and after his wife had washed my face and hands, and most rigidly applied the small-tooth comb to my head, to which she paid the compliment of saying that no young squire's could be cleaner, we went to bed together: they had no children, and I was delightfully cuddled between them.

When Ezra awoke me, my head was couched on his wife's bosom; her arms were wound about me; and she murmured, hugging me up to her heart as she spoke, "Not yet, Ezra! Truly, not yet!"

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Ezra, however, was not to be coaxed: we got up, and I was arrayed in the filthy bemired costume of the scarecrow. This, as Ezra said, was necessary, in order that the Squire might see the affair in its proper light; but he made no objection to my face being soaped, washed, and polished until it shone like a ripe pippin. After a hearty but hurried breakfast, I limped off by the side of Ezra towards Squire Patch's mansion.

He carried me part of the way, while he was secure from observation, but from the moment that we entered the house, Ezra seemed to have lost all regard for me: the jeers of the servants had their full influence, and I was treated by him as a little outlandish wild beast that he had caught in the woods. After having loitered for some time in the hall, we were ushered, by a spruce footman, who, with a mock heroic air, offered me snuff, into a magnificent library, where Squire Patch and his visiters were breakfasting. The peal of laughter with which I was greeted frightened me; I had never been in such polished society before; and, turning to Ezra, I hid my face beneath the skirt of his shooting-jacket. I was, however, speedily torn from my retreat, and fully developed for the amusement of the party. Indignant at such treatment, I had already meditated a bite at the silk breeches of a plump gentleman who sat at the lower end of the table, when, without announcement, Farmer Belroy strode into the room, and calmly took me under his protection, being, as he said, an appurtenance to his property; I was his scarecrow, and who the devil had dared to fire at me on *his* land?

Patch was quailed, Ezra flinched, the guests looked grave, and Belroy, taking me by the hand, led me out—declaring, as we retired, that he would not only be answerable for my appearance, but would also defend, to his last acre, any charge that might be brought against me. Without the slightest molestation I was allowed to be withdrawn; and Belroy led me off silently to the field: there he left me, saying, "Lad, bide here; do as I told thee, and fear nothing; for I'll be thy friend against keeper or squire, hog, dog, or devil, to my last tooth."

My first impulse was to go and look at the place where I had plumped into the ditch; a pheasant, most probably the one I had hit, was lying breast upwards in the black fud. I then proceeded to halloo joyfully round the field: and scarcely two hours had passed, when a basin full of bacon, brocoli, and potatoes, surmounted by a huge lump of brown bread, was brought to me by little Agnes. She had already dined upon roast fowl and ham, but took a fancy to my bacon. I told her all that had occurred to me in the morning, and by the time we had emptied the basin, Agnes and I were as familiar as though we had known each other a hundred years. After a brilliant game of bo-peep, in the rough uncultivated ground at the upper part of the field, I gallantly escorted her over the bridge, and she tripped off through the adjoining meadow. My tea was brought by a clumsy milk-maid, who gave me a clush on the jaw with her cold, soft, fat palm, and dubby sausage fingers, for innocently asking if her name was Molly.

The next day Agnes did not come; no, nor the next after that, and I began to be weary of my confinement. The dowdy duds of Farmer Belroy's grandfather became disgusting; I loathed them, and determined to resign. Accordingly, at nightfall, making another exchange with the mopstick, I went home, perfectly delighted, in my own scanty, coarse, buttonless and tattered suit. The prospect of twopence had ceased to be fascinating.

Determined to resume my former glorious, free, though by no means profitable avocations, on the following morning I reached the foot of Transom Torr, a long and steep hill about a mile off, in time for the stage-coach, which I and six or eight other equally ragged urchins usually attended during its slow progress up the steep, attempting by our feats of agility to amuse the passengers, from whom we were occasionally rewarded with some small donation. I could not only turn heels over head as well as the most active of my competitors, but had a knack of trotting on my hands with my legs aloft, which neither of them possessed. On this occasion my achievements attracted the favourable notice of a middle-aged passenger, who, when we had reached the *pinch* of the hill, alighted, and addressed me. "What's your name, my little man?" said he. I told him it was Tadpole. "What friends have you?" In reply, I enumerated my grandmother, Agnes, Belroy, and Blue Peter the poacher. "Ay! ay!" said he, "I thought you were going to the devil; here, here's sixpence for you; come across to Caddiscombe Fair next Monday, inquire for Lavolta's troop, and I'll see if we can't save you. If you should forget the name, you will see me with a long whip in my hand; and look, I've a blue wart under my left ear. On Monday, mind, at Caddiscombe."

I was bewildered—the sixpence lay glittering in my open hand, and while I stood gazing at my mysterious benefactor, who had now gone on, Seth Holloway, one of my companions, made a successful grab at the coin, and started off at full speed with his twin brother Bob, and one of his cousins, whose name I forget. My first impulse was to run after Lavolta. Hearing my frantic exclamations, he turned round before I had proceeded half a dozen yards, and perceiving at a glance the posture of affairs, he shouted loud enough for the delinquents to hear him, "Very well, young gentlemen." Then dropping his voice, he said to me, "After them, Tadpole; let me see you catch them; knock it out of the rascals, and a whole half crown shall be ready for you on Monday next at Caddiscombe. Halloo! my lad! no snivelling!"

Away I went, at my best pace, and after a chase of nearly three quarters of a mile, I be-

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gan to gain so rapidly on Seth, who was a fat, square, burly little blackguard, that seeing I should soon be up with him, he adopted the mean device of sending his brother on with the sixpence, while he and his cousin faced about, and prepared by force of fists to cover Bob's retreat. This, of course, could not be done without a fight, in which, however, I was so terribly thrashed, that when they withdrew, I had neither the heart nor strength even to dog them. After lying where they had left me, coiled up like a sleeping cur, at the foot of the mile-stone, for nearly an hour, bitterly bemoaning my lost opulence, I was picked up and perched, against my will, on the summit of the stone by Blue Peter. On my making two or three impotent hits at his face for disturbing me, to my deep indignation Blue Peter laughed.—He then stepped back a couple of paces, and in a more serious tone than it was his custom to assume, even on the most important occasions, he thus addressed me, "Of all the cantankerous, resolute, wilful young badgers I ever came athirt, thee'rt out-and-out the worst. Instead of a kind hand and a civil word, thy best friend can get nothing from thee less than a snap and a growl. But there—it's thy fury of a grandmother that's spoiled thee—so I suppose we must put up wi' thee—but I'd as soon live with a hedge-hog—mind me."

Blue Peter's serious tone touched me, and I began to whimper. "Well! come! don't be a fool," said the kind-hearted fellow, "but let's hear what it's all about, and see if we can't mend it."

As well as my sobs would permit, I told him of Lavolta's generosity, and Seth Holloway's turpitude. I even admitted that I had been licked, but added, that the first time I caught Seth or his cousin alone I'd prove pretty soon who was the best *man*. Blue Peter condoled with me, and after having stated that he had heard all about my hiring with Farmer Belroy, and its consequences, he most earnestly urged me to go at once to Cuckold's Harem field, and resume my vocation. In reply, I dwelt with emphasis on the consequent restriction of my freedom to a solitary area of four acres, totally destitute as I should be of all interest or amusement—being forbidden even to do any more than merely frighten the pheasants. Peter frankly admitted that so tyrannical an inhibition was altogether insufferable—human nature could not stand it; and when I mentioned to him the stern behest I had received on the subject, he observed that it was quite prudent for Farmer Belroy openly to discourage the destruction of the privileged birds which devoured one half of his crops, but that the more of them I could wing on the sly, the better he would be pleased. "Now," added Peter, "do you be off to your berth, lad—Belroy won't ha' missed you, for I saw him start for Caddiscombe market before the sun rose—bide patiently in the field all day—if the pheasants should come down, don't pelt 'em—keep quiet, and about dusk I'll look in, and show you some sport. As to the sixpence, don't fret about that: look ye, lad—here's a shilling; go to business, and at dusk it shall be thine—thee canst lick Seth and his cousin at thy leisure."

I began to feel that, notwithstanding my recent calamity, I was rapidly rising into importance. Blue Peter had talked of giving me a shilling, and Lavolta had estimated me at no less than half a crown! that is, if I could replevy my sixpence from Seth and his assistants. I had been unsuccessful to be sure, but that a bare possibility should be held out to me of compassing the possession of such a sum, made me feel big, and tempted by Peter's promise, I hurried off to my field. There I found little Agnes weeping most bitterly. She had brought my breakfast, but couldn't find me. In the innocence of her heart, she had imputed my secession from office to her non-attendance with my meals. She begged to explain, with winning simplicity, that her father, who rigidly prohibited her from holding any communication with his servants, had, on discovering the fact of her bringing me—his scarecrow—a dinner, locked her up for three days. She had, however, taken the opportunity of his first absence from home, to wheedle the servants—in short, she had succeeded in bringing me my breakfast.

I had lots to tell her, and the forenoon passed very pleasantly, for we blubbered in unison. About noon, the dairy-maid, whom I had ventured to call Molly, but whose real name it appeared was Dolly, arrived with my daily bacon and its accompaniments. She hurried little Agnes off, protesting that there would be barely time enough to get home and lock her up, before her father's return. Agnes, by accident, left her blue waist-ribbon: and having no better strong box in which to dispose of the valuable, I stuffed it into the deserted nest of a bush-magpie.

Soon after sunset, the tarred and broad-brimmed straw hat of my friend Blue Peter gleamed above the fence. In externals he was a perfect antithesis to a poacher. On the questionable authority of having performed a couple of voyages—one *to* and the other *from* New South Wales, *with an interval of seven years between them*, Blue Peter invariably wore the costume of a sailor. His trowsers were so loose, that he could with perfect impunity bestow a hare in each leg. On approaching the spot where I stood, he produced from beneath his jacket a small canvass bag: this, as I speedily found, contained a little half-bred cock, with a dull dun breast, belly, and back, a white tail and flight, copper-coloured hackles, and a brilliant rosette to match on each wing. His eye, beak, and legs were all intensely black. Blue Peter kept him constantly in complete fighting trim, but not with a view to the pit, for the bird was a craven. He might perhaps have been proof against natural spurs, but one touch of the steel settled him. If he did not

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kill his cock at the second or third stroke, he was sure to be beaten. Still he had frequently been entered in a main, on the ground of his wonderful agility and precision: if his antagonist, however game, happened to be clumsy, it was two to one that Blue Peter's bird gave him "cold pudding." Mousey—that was the little rascal's name—had killed oftener, and been beaten oftener, than any other ten birds in the county; still he looked as fresh, clean, and scathless as though he had passed his whole life at "a walk;" in fact, he had never received any punishment—always turning tail, as he did, at the first scratch he received. Of late he had become utterly useless in the pit; for experience had taught him wisdom, and he would not even face an enemy whose heels were armed. Still he was a merry, bustling, foppish, conceited little fellow, and suited Blue Peter's purposes much better than a bird of more sterling qualities, and less assassinating agility. He struck out like lightning, and the touch was usually as fatal.

The poacher, after having poised him, laterally, for a few moments on his palm, took him in both hands, and threw him gently on his clipped wings. The little Bobadil came to the ground brimful of pride, and assuming the most gallant attitude imaginable, instantly uttered —not that prolonged drawl, by which mere dunghills are distinguished—but three sharp, shrill, brief, and business-like notes of defiance to all within hearing. His challenge was directly answered by a cock pheasant in the copse. "Tuck, tucca-tuc; tuck, tuck, tuck!" responded Mousey, as though he were amazed at the presumption of the unseen champion, whom another crow brought boldly into the arena.

Blue Peter and I had already retired behind a tree. The pheasant, on alighting, commenced a crow, which he was not permitted to complete; for Mousey springing at him, while the gallant victim was in the act of enunciation, entered his head at one eye, and brought out the cold keen point of his steel spur at the other. Blue Peter immediately ran forward, twisted the sprawling, struggling pheasant's neck, and threw the carcass to his little assassin. Mousey, as soon as its convulsive struggles had ceased, leaped upon it, and crowed with rejoicing emphasis. At its second repetition, the appeal was answered, and presently another pheasant, as Blue Peter observed, "volunteered to do the agreeable." He was speedily murdered; but not before—to quote another observation of my friend, "he had fetched Mousey such a wipe on the conk, as made him look over his left wing, and begin to consider." The pheasant, however, fell from the force of his own blow, and while attempting to get back his leg from among his long wing feathers, through which it had passed, the little gladiator finished him.

We should have had more sport, had not something occurred in the copse, which induced Peter to pick up the pheasants, thrust them desperately with his foot into the heart of a blackberry bush, catch the cock, plunge him into the canvass bag, hurl the latter beneath the underwood which fringed the ditch, and prepare to make off. "There's a keeper in the offing," said he, "and take whatever course I may he can get me under his fore-foot: mind your eye, and don't stammer if questioned." As he was retreating, I ventured to mention my shilling; and he intimated by one gesture, not only that he had forgotten it, but that he felt perfectly conscious of its importance, and drawing the desideratum from his pocket, tossed it at my mouth; I caught it between my teeth, and in an instant, lodged it safely under my tongue.

The keeper did not think proper to intercept Blue Peter; but made directly towards me—it was Ezra. He looked with evident anxiety at my leg, and with the utmost sincerity expressed his satisfaction at perceiving that the punctures made by the shot were rapidly healing. His wife, he said, was spinning two pair of stockings for me—luxuries which latterly, during hard frosts, I had frequently invoked, but could not achieve. I was bare-footed; and it occurred to me, that the use of stockings would necessarily entail the purchase of shoes. This I mentioned to Ezra, and he promised to provide me with a pair; that is, if I would avoid bad company, and be ambitious. I didn't know what he meant. "Why here," said he, "I've just caught you hand-in-glove with that rascal Blue Peter, my brother-in-law:—a little chap of such promise to play scarecrow to a bit of a farmer too! It an't decent, mind me, in a lad that's cute. Why, t'other night I could have sworn 'twere a fox, or else, of course, I shouldn't ha' shot; and they do say, there yeant a beast in the field, from a bee to a bullock, that you can't mimic—birds included. I should like to hear you crow!" Ezra's manner was so open that it imposed upon me, and I obliged him. The challenge was immediately answered by little Mousey, from his bag beneath the bank. I had fallen into the snare.

Ezra soon brought Mousey to light. "I were sure o' this," said he, wringing the poor little cock's neck; "where has he put the pheasants?" Unconsciously I looked at the blackberry bush, and in a moment Ezra nosed the game. "Now," said he, "here's enough to transport thee, lad: but we be far from harsh: on the contrary, we'll try to save thee. Look up in the world,—cut your low acquaintance, and may be, I may be able to make you a dog-boy;—there's the livery you know—bright blue and silver lace."

At the mention of the livery my virtue dwindled to the admeasurement of a pin's point; I forgot Farmer Belroy, Blue Peter, nay, even little Agnes, and longed for my instalment. To be a dog-boy, an attendant on Squire Patch's pointers, was to attain a pre-eminence beyond which there was nothing to

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desire. I closed with Ezra at once; and he directed me to be in waiting near the stable yard by noon the following day.

Next morning I scorned breakfast, and sallied forth to Transom Torr for the purpose of crowing over my companions on the prospect of my approaching employment. This I thought would serve to wile away the lazy hours, until the period of my appointment with Ezra; but I was above joining in the tumble, and accompanied the coach as a dignified spectator up the hill. My shilling I had already converted into halfpence; and, on reaching the summit of the steep, where the stage horses were put into a briskish pace, I gathered a ragged regiment of urchins about me, and gave them a glorious scramble. What did *I* want with halfpence!—*I*, who was about to be a dog-boy, and wear Squire Patch's livery of blue and silver! Had Seth Holloway been present, I should scarcely have condescended to pitch into him. The pride of my little heart was aggravated to a crisis by the appearance of Squire Patch's equipage. It came flashing and glittering through the beech trees of one of the park drives, which emerged on the brow of the hill. At each side of the road there was a grand lodge—the Patch property spreading far away, as well to the right as to the left.

The carriage, drawn by four horses, the wheelers in reins, and the leaders driven by a postillion, dashed through the open gate on that side from which it approached, and crossing the road, by a masterly manœuvre, brought its broadside to bear full and close upon the opposite entrance. Two footmen leaped down to open the door, and Squire Patch with three or four of his visiters alighted, their object being to wind up an artificial mound which commanded a much more extensive prospect than the crest of the Torr could afford. They had scarcely disappeared, when, with a view of showing off to advantage before my companions, I had the audacity to approach the postillion. He was a lad attributed to the squire's valet, scarcely exceeding my own height, but two or three years older. He was known by the name of "Master James;" and by that honourable appellative did I address him. The little upstart would not deign to hear me—and the boys behind beginning to titter, I ventured to pull him by the spur, for I could reach no higher on account of his being mounted on a Yorkshire bay, at least sixteen, or perhaps sixteen hands and an inch high. Indignant at this, which he construed into an affront, the pampered puppy dexterously dropped his foot out of the stirrup, clung to the mane, and bringing his heel nearly to a level with my forehead, struck out with such vindictive energy, that, receiving his rowel full in my scalp, I fell prostrate—but not insensible—far from it—

The blow had simply the effect of rendering me so far stupid, that, in my indignation at the insult thus publicly inflicted, I forgot all idea of my promised preferment. Snatching up a stone which lay within my reach, I had no sooner regained a foot and a knee, than I *let go* at him. But my position, hurry, rage, and a slight swimming in the head, rendered the well-intentioned missive so far ineffective, that instead of touching him bang on the cheek-bone, it digressed so much as merely to shatter the nerves of his bridle hand. On this member, however, the infliction proved particularly keen. He screamed, dropped the reins, leaped off his horse, and before I could recover my senses and feet, to get into a defensive position, pitched into me, with an impetuosity; that, considering his superior strength, had I been perfectly prepared, I should have found it impossible to withstand. Besides he was armed with a short docker whip, nicely adapted to his powers, with which he paid away upon me most unmercifully. The lash seemed, intuitively, to discover every hole in my rags, and I writhed on the road in such perfect agony, as not merely to be utterly incapable of making any attempt at defence or escape, but to be wholly unconscious of mortification—that emotion of the mind being overwhelmed by my bodily suffering. A short docker, by the practised hand of an enraged postillion, even on the withers of a horse, is no trifle, but on spots of nakedness, revealed by the meagre apparel of a ragged child, it produces sheer torture—as I, at least, can bear witness.

The little wretch's rage and exertions soon exhausted him, and with a final inefficient slash at my face, which I had turned up to him most pitiably to entreat that he would be merciful, he tottered back to his saddle. Without what is termed a mounting-horse, he could not reach the stirrup with his toe: he therefore made an attempt to clamber up, but was foiled and fell. At that moment the full force of my disgrace rushed upon me like a torrent. All that I had endured seemed to fly to my heart—the remembrance of the last slash at my imploring face was magical—I started up, rushed upon him, twisted the whip from his tired grasp, and began to belabour him with the heavy brass-bound butt-end of it about the head with such ferocious force, that before the coachman, who had previously enjoyed the sport, could descend from the box to his relief, I had left him senseless and pale as the chalky road-dust on which he lay.

On perceiving the approach of Mr. Ongar—that was the coachman's name—I darted beneath the bellies of his leaders, and before he could get round to the off-side of them, I had reached, and intrenched myself behind a mound of stones, gathered together for the repair of the roads. From this, as he came on to the charge, whip in hand, and bursting with fury—for he disputed the valet's claim of ownership as to Master James—I peppered away at his large legs with prodigious effect. The skill possessed by a blackguard village boy in throwing stones is scarcely credible

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without ocular proof. I excelled in this low-life accomplishment: and the shins of Mr. Ongar speedily dyed his pale pink silk stockings of a dull wet carmine. He approached my defence, swearing, howling, shrieking, and dancing—he did not run, but lifted up his legs like a slow-paced horse afflicted with the stringhalt—displaying very high action, but little or no speed. When almost within reach of his whip, I brought him down, by a jagged two-ounce fragment of pure granite, which took effect about an inch and a half above his ankle. At that moment, Squire Patch and his party reappeared. In the triumph of puerile conquest, I hurled an effective half-pounder at the plate glass window of the carriage, and before the consequent crash subsided, beat a retreat.

Threading the coverts of the park, into which I found, at once, a practicable entrance, I hurried on with the speed of a hunted fox. My pursuers soon gained upon me however so fast, and I became so weak, that I thought fit to abandon my first intention of making for a distant badger's earth, into which I knew by experiment I could creep, and jumped helter skelter from the brow of a ridge into the little glen of briers and brambles beneath. I had very reasonable fears of my pursuers, for they were the lads among whom I had so recently scrambled my worldly possessions, hallooed on, as I clearly heard, by Squire Patch and his friends—from these I expected nothing less than some mysterious awful "terror of the law."

I switched through the raspers in my descent, with no other misfortune than a few scratches, and the loss of certain portions of my rags—alighting knee-deep in the black unctuous bottom of the broad brook, which glode, noiseless and invisible beneath the briers. Fearing that I might have left a bit of my parti-coloured apparel on the thorns, so visible as to reveal my retreat, I paddled with as little splashing as possible down the brook; but soon felt so completely overcome by fatigue, that I could not resist laying my head on a beautiful bit of moss, which, overhanging a small rocky ledge, fell in natural drapery down the bank. I had neither the strength or inclination to draw my legs out of the mud—my repose might therefore be termed amphibious.

I seemed to have but just closed my eyes—the voices of my rascally pursuers had scarcely died away—when I was aroused by the deep well-known notes of a brace of big frightful foreign hounds which the Squire usually kept chained, among other zoological curiosities, in his court-yard:—they were evidently on the track which I had taken from the brow of Transom Torr.

From the same.

THE FIRST ROMANCE.

Solyman, the emperor of the Turks, surnamed by his subjects Ranani, or Institutor of Rules, and by Christian historians, The Magnificent, ascended the throne in the year 1520. from which time, until the period of his death in 1566, he continued the terror of Europe. In execution of his avowed purpose to overturn the German empire, he opened a way into Hungary by the capture of Belgrade, totally defeated the army of the Hungarians (whose young King Lewis fell in the retreat), and subsequently took Buda, Pest, and other important places. After the death of Lewis, the Waywode of Transylvania, prevailed by intrigues with the Hungarian nobility, to get himself elected king; but his title was disputed by Ferdinand, Archduke of Austria, who claimed the crown in right of his wife Anne, sister to the late king, and putting himself at the head of an army in assertion of his rights, marched into lower Hungary, and invested Buda.

Among the feudatory chieftains whom the Archduke had summoned to his assistance, was Casimir, Margrave of Brandenburg, in whose ranks there served, as a private soldier, a native of Anspach, named Leopold, not less remarkable for his personal strength than for his dauntless intrepidity. Leopold distinguished himself during the siege of Buda, and when that place was taken in a desperate night assault, he was one of the first who escaladed the walls, and entered the city. Finding all further resistance useless, the mass of the Turkish garrison made their escape by one of the gates, but several detached parties, being intercepted in their retreat, hurried tumultuously about the streets. A band of these fugitives burst into the noble palace built by Matthias Corvinus, a former king of Hungary, and rushing into the chapel, clung to the altar, imagining, that no Christian soldier would violate so holy a sanctuary. In this, however, they were wofully mistaken. Leopold and some of his comrades followed close upon their heels, and without staying to expiate the desecration by any more lengthened process than that of kissing the cross hilts of their swords, assaulted the wretched Mussulmen, put them to death without compunction, rifled their persons, and then dispersed about the palace in search of other plunder.

Treasures of art and literature, which even the ignorant Turks had respected, were now doomed to be rifled and destroyed by still more ignorant Christians, if that name could be justly applied to the rude and infuriated soldiery, who were making havoc of every thing in the palace. It had been the pride of its builder to import from Italy for its decoration, not only the most precious statues, vases, and antiquities, but the rarest books and manuscripts for the formation of an extensive library. In the confusion of indiscriminate pillage, many of the former were overthrown and broken, but the ravagers had not yet made their way to the library, which was detached from the main building, and approached by a corridor. Along

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this, Leopold was the first to pass. It was terminated by a closed door, which, with the assistance of his sword he wrenched open, hoping that he had stumbled upon the treasury of the palace. Not less to his disappointment than surprise, he found himself in a spacious apartment stored from the floor to the ceiling with books and manuscripts, surmounted by busts, vases, and paterae. Lifting up his torch, he made a hasty survey of the library, which he was about to quit, as containing nothing of sufficient value to tempt his cupidity, when the light flashed upon the cover of a book richly decorated, emblazoned with gold, and fastened with clasps of the same costly metal. Our soldier could not read, nor would his scholarship have availed him in this instance, even had he received the rudiments of education, for the work was a Greek manuscript. Estimating its value by its costly exterior, he thrust it into his half armour, and hastened to the other rooms of the palace in search of further and more attractive plunder. How far he succeeded in this object we have no means of ascertaining, but it appears, that shortly after the capture of the city he sold his manuscript to Vincent Obsopæus, of Basle, who published it in 1534, and in his dedication to the senate of Nuremberg, briefly related the foregoing circumstances.

The work thus singularly rescued from destruction proved to be a romance, composed by Heliodorus, bishop of Tricca, in the fourth century, of whom Nicophorus relates, that a synod having given him his choice either to burn his "love story" or to renounce his bishoprick, the paternal regard of the offspring of his brain, prevailed so far over his sense of episcopal duty, that he chose rather to lose his mitre than to throw his romance into the fire. It bore the title of Αἰθιοπικα or the Ethiopics, and contained "the adventures and amours of Theogenes and Chariclea," by which latter title it is generally known to modern readers.

Many writers doubt the fact of Heliodorus having sacrificed his bishoprick rather than his book. Whether or not their suspicions be well founded, we may conclude that, at the decline of literature, when the Greek language fell into disuetude, and controversial theology superseded every other reading, the work in question was consigned to a long oblivion on the dusty shelves of some monastery, where it slept all through the dark ages, until, in the fifteenth century, it was rescued from oblivion by some agent of the Hungarian king, Matthias Corvinus, who, it is known, despatched emissaries both to Italy and Greece, for the purchase of curious manuscripts and rare works of art. In the library of its new proprietor at Buda, though doubtless known to the few literati who had access to that collection, and were masters of the Greek tongue, it might be still said to have been buried in a comparative obscurity. On the capture and pillage of the city and library in 1526, most of the other works were dispersed or destroyed; but the loves of Theogenes and Chariclea, snatched from the general doom, and given to the world in a variety of translations, were destined to enjoy a subsequent celebrity, which might well atone for their long previous oblivion.

Who would have thought that the volume thus casually preserved by a succession of lucky chances, should be the primary source of those innumerable and redundant streams that are fed by the romances and novels of modern literature? The mighty waters of the seven-mouthed Nile seem less disproportioned to the insignificant Abyssinian spring whence they proceed, than does our present wide world of fictitious narrative to the little Ethiopic volume of Heliodorus: yet from this must all our novels be deduced. Bishop Huet, a contemporary and admirer of the Scuderis, and too apt, perhaps, to judge after the models of that time, pronounces the work in question to be the most ancient monument that has reached us, of adventures, supposititious and yet probable, conceived artfully, and written in prose, for the amusement and instruction of the reader. A Latin translation, by Stanislaus Warszewicski, a Polish knight, was published at Basle in 1551; since which time, versions have been made in most of the modern languages.

Opening in a very striking and spirited manner, the incidents of the romance succeed one another with rapidity, and the interest of the first part is tolerably well sustained: but the second is somewhat tedious and wire-drawn. The unexpected meetings of the lovers after their separations, though by no means deficient in the marvellous, cease to excite or surprise us; and we feel far from dissatisfied when their long-desired nuptials terminate the work. Is it to be presumed that the romance of real life always ceases with marriage? Our novelists seem to think so—for the great majority have, in this respect, been imitators of Heliodorus.

In the Ethiopic romance there are observations that evince a considerable insight into human nature, generally viewed; but there is little attempt at that marked and faithful portraiture of individual character which constitutes the charm of modern fictitious narrative. As in the Arabian and other Oriental tales, the parties introduced are rather distinguished by their professions and stations in life, than by personal and peculiar traits. Heliodorus, and the other ancient tale writers, described with tolerable accuracy the different divisions of mankind; but they had no idea of isolating a member from his class:—they attempted not idiosyncracy. This is the great distinction between the ancient and the modern schools.

From internal evidence, it might be presumed that the Ethiopic romance was written not only before its author obtained the mitre, but even previously to his being converted to Christianity; for it is composed throughout in a Pagan spirit, though free from indelicacy, and often affecting a high moral tone. At the

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conclusion of his work, the writer informs us that he is a Phœnician, a native of the city of Emessa, and a descendant of the sun, as, indeed, his name implies, although it is a boast which a Christian would hardly make. Bayle, however, pertinently remarks, that this vaunt is by no means conclusive evidence of heathenism, since it might be merely adduced to establish the honourable antiquity of his family, just as St. Jerome makes St. Paul a descendant of Agamemnon; and Bishop Ignesius was proud to reckon Hercules among his ancestors. There must be something natural to men in this family pride, absurd as it may appear to philosophers, when we find saints and bishops referring with such complacency to their progenitors among the Pagan heroes and demigods, and thus obliquely admitting the heathen Polytheism, even while they claim to be the champions of Christianity.

Some writers assign a more ancient origin to romance than the age of Heliodorus, and refer to the Milesiacs of Aristides, a collection of short licentious tales, which found imitators among the Greeks and Romans, more especially in Apuleius and Lucian, who flourished in the second century. Their compositions, however, were rather tales and allegories, than romances.

Macrobius has allotted the Golden Ass, and all such rhapsodies, to the perusal of nurses; and the emperor Severus expressed great indignation that the senate should bestow the title of learned upon Claudius Albinus, who had only stuffed his head with idle tales taken out of Apuleius.

From the London Literary Gazette.

MR. RUSH IN ENGLAND.*

The effect of the reiterated attacks upon America by English writers, and the so frequent exhibition of the country in ridiculous points of view, is calculated to produce so much popular mischief, that we cannot help lamenting the occurrence, and deprecating the soreness which it produces on the other side of the Atlantic. We do not mean to say, that this soreness is wise or temperate; but, under all circumstances, it is natural; and it were well that the same cause did not so perpetually renew its excitement. The people of the United States could readily afford to laugh at the absurdity of their assailants. They might, with much show of reason, ask them, what nation existed wherein peculiarities did not abound, which appeared to be censurable or foolish to foreigners, who tried them by the test of their own familiar customs and inherent prejudices. They might farther inquire of the English traveller, if common sense ought to apply the standard of London society, and the extreme civilization of Europe, to new settlements in a new country, just reclaimed or reclaiming from the boundless dominion of Nature. If so, why not compare England with China? and, by the same mode of ratiocination, discover that the English people were mere brutes, the women they held up to admiration monsters, with feet beyond all measure, their food next in abomination to cannibalism, their institutions licentious, their presumption and self-conceit ludicrous, their persons filthy, and their souls in darkness? The grand error of human life is not simply that we cannot see ourselves as others see us; but that few can even try to see others as they see themselves. We are Epicureans in our own cases, Cynics to all else.

And this principle will account for much of the silly estimates which have been published respecting the American character, and for something of the bitterness with which they have been resented. The best and the best-informed of both hemispheres repudiate both; and we rejoice in being able to hold up Mr. Rush as a laudable example of the class which can observe faults at home and abroad without asperity, and hail the virtues which are common to every quarter and portion of the civilized world.

As this work has not yet reached us in an entire form, we can do no more than report upon its excellent spirit, and give a few specimens of its style and contents with the first hundred pages, reserving the remainder for a second notice. Mr. Rush sailed for England in the Franklin, rated seventy-four, but mounting ninety guns, in November, 1817, and arrived at Cowes after a gloomy voyage. This incident is finely told.

"The first gleams of light disclosed land. It was a long blue-looking ridge rising out of the water. A gun was fired, which brought a pilot. We learned, as he stepped on board, that the land before us was the Isle of Wight, and that we were near Cowes. All eyes were upon him as he passed along the deck. The first person that comes on ship-board after a voyage seems like a new link to human existence. When he took his station at the helm, I heard the commodore ask how the Needles bore? 'Ahead north,' he answered. 'Do you take the ship through them?' 'Ay.' 'Does the wind set right, and have you enough?' 'Ay.' This closed all dialogue, as far as I heard. He remained at his post, giving his laconic orders. In good time we approached the Needles—the spectacle was grand. Our officers gazed in admiration; the very men, who swarmed upon the deck, made a pause to look upon the giddy height. The most exact steering seemed necessary to save the ship from the sharp rocks that compress the waters into the narrow strait below. But she passed easily through. There is something imposing in entering England by this access. I afterwards entered at Dover, in a packet, from Calais; my eye fixed upon the

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* Narrative of a Residence at the Court of London. By Richard Rush, Esq., Envoy Extraordinary and Minister Plenipotentiary from the United States of America, from 1817 to 1825. 8vo. London, 1833. Bentley.

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sentinels as they slowly paced the heights. But those cliffs, bold as they are, and immortalized by Shakspeare, did not equal the passage through the Needles. There was a breathless curiosity also in the first approach, augmenting its intrinsic grandeur. In a little while we anchored off Cowes. If the Needles were a grand sight, the one now before us was full of beauty. Castles, cottages, villas, gardens, were scattered on all sides. When we left our own country, the leaves had fallen, and the grass lost its green; but now, although the season was more advanced, and we had got to a higher latitude, a general verdure was to be seen. This was doubtless the effect in part of exquisite cultivation, and in part of the natural moisture and mildness of the climate of this part of England. As we looked all round after so immediately emerging from the gloom of the ocean, it seemed like enchantment."

None of the officers had ever been in England; so that to them, as well as to the ambassador, every thing in the old country was perfectly new; and hear how the latter speaks of it:—

"It is a remark of Humboldt, that no language can express the emotion that a European naturalist feels when he touches for the first time American land. May not the remark be reversed by saying, that no language can express the emotion which almost every American feels when he first touches the shores of Europe? This feeling must have a special increase, if it be the case of a citizen of the United States going to England. Her fame is constantly before him. He hears of her statesmen, her orators, her scholars, her philosophers, her divines, her patriots. In the nursery he learns her ballads. Her poets train his imagination. Her language is his, with its whole intellectual riches, past, and for ever newly flowing—a tie, to use Burke's figure, light as air, and unseen; but stronger than links of iron. In spite of political differences, her glory allures him; in spite of hostile collision, he clings to her lineage. After Captain Decatur's capture of a British frigate, some one asked him if his forefathers were not French? 'No, I beg pardon,' he answered, 'they were English.' In that spirit would his countrymen generally answer. Walking the deck with two of our lieutenants, while sounding up the channel, 'Think,' said one of them, 'that we may be in the track of the Armada!' and they talked of the heroine queen at Tilbury. These are irrepressible feelings in an American. His native patriotism takes a higher tone from dwelling on the illustrious parent stock: places and incidents that Englishmen pass by fill his imagination. He sees the past in conjunction with the present. Three thousand miles, said Franklin, are as three thousand years. Intervention of space seems to kindle enthusiasm, like intervention of time. Is it not fit that two such nations should be friends? Let us hope so. It is the hope which every minister from the United States should carry with him to England. It is the hope in which every British minister of state should meet him. If, nevertheless, rivalry is in the nature of things, at least let it be on fair principles. Let it be generous, never paltry, never malignant."

Most cordially must every good subject, every patriot, every enlightened individual of either country, echo this rational and beneficial sentiment. A free monarchy and a free republic—the mother and child—allied for ever by the same language, seem to have bonds in common which nothing should dissever. Quarrels between them are, like family feuds, to be deplored—their accordance, like domestic harmony, to be cultivated and prized as a social good, conducive to the interest and the happiness of all.

Of London, we transcribe some of the author's first impressions:

"I am (he says) disappointed in the general exterior of the dwelling-houses. I had anticipated something better at the west end of the town; more symmetry; buildings more by themselves, denoting the residences of the richest people in the richest city in Europe. But I do not yet see these. I see haberdashers' shops, poulterers' shops, the leaden stalls of fishmongers, and the slaughtering-blocks of butchers, in the near vicinity of a nobleman's mansion and a king's palace. This may be necessary, or convenient, for the supplies of a capital too large to admit of one or more concentrated markets; but the imagination at a distance pictures something different. Perhaps it is to give a hint of English liberty: if so, I will be the last to find fault. Being the day before Christmas, there was more display in the shops than usual. I did not get back until candle-light. The whole scene began to be illuminated. Altogether, what a scene it was! the shops in the Strand and elsewhere, where every conceivable article lay before you; and all made in England, which struck me the more, coming from a country where few things are made, however foreign commerce may send them to us; then, the open squares and gardens; the parks with spacious walks; the palisades of iron, or enclosures of solid wall, wherever enclosures were requisite; the people; the countless number of equipages and fine horses; the gigantic draft-horses;—what an aspect the whole exhibited! what industry, what luxury, what infinite particulars, what an aggregate! The men were taller and straighter than the peasantry I had seen. The lineaments of a race descend like their language. The people I met constantly reminded me of those of my own country—I caught the same expression—often it glided by in complete identity—my ear took in accents to which it was native—but I knew no one. It was like coming to another planet, familiar with voices and faces, yet encircled by strangers."

And again, a week after—

"Went through Temple-bar into the city,

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in contradistinction to the West-end of London, always called Town. Passed along Fleet-street, Ludgate-hill, St. Paul's, Cheapside, the Poultry, Cornhill, and other streets, in the direction of the Tower. Saw the Bank, Royal Exchange, Lord Mayor's house, Guildhall, India-house, the Excise buildings. If I looked with any feeling of wonder on the throngs at the West-end, more cause is there for it here. The shops stand side by side for entire miles: the accumulation of things is amazing. It would seem impossible that there can be purchasers for them all, until you consider what multitudes there are to buy; then, you are disposed to ask, how the buyers can be supplied. In the middle of the streets, coal-wagons, and others as large, carts, trucks, vehicles of every sort, loaded in every way, are passed. They are in two close lines, reaching farther than the eye can see, going reverse ways: the horses come so near to the foot-pavement, which is crowded with people, that their hoofs, and the great wheels of the wagons, are only a few inches from them. In this manner the whole procession is in movement, with its complicated noise; it confounds the senses to be among it all. You would anticipate constant accidents; yet they seldom happen: the fear of the law preserves order; moreover, the universal sense of danger if order were violated, prevents its violation. I am assured that these streets present the same appearance every day in the year except Sundays, when solitude reigns. I must notice as before the dress of the people. A large proportion were of the working-classes; yet all were whole in their clothing; you could hardly see exceptions. All looked healthy; the more to be remarked in parts of the city where they live in perpetual crowds by day, and sleep in confined places. The Custom-house, and black forest of ships below London-bridge, I saw by a glimpse: that was enough to show that the Thames was choked up with vessels and boats of every description, much after the manner that I beheld Cheapside and Fleet-street to be choked with vehicles that move on land."

Mr. Rush's official duties brought him early into association with Lord Castlereagh, then our foreign secretary; with the other ministers, with all the other ambassadors, and with the Prince Regent and the court. To the merits of Lord Castlereagh he bears a very honourable testimony. He tells us—

"He (Lord C.) spoke of the prosperity of the United States, which he said he heard of with pleasure: remarking that the prosperity of one commercial nation contributed to that of others. His whole reception of me was very conciliatory. There was a simplicity in his manner, the best and most attractive characteristic of a first interview. It lasted about twenty minutes."

Again, in a few days, he visited him in St. James's-square.

"He received me with his former courtesy, renewing his obliging inquiries for the health of my family after our winter's voyage, with the expression of a hope that the fogs of London had not alarmed us. He informed me that he had been to Brighton, and delivered to the Prince Regent the copy of my letter of credence, and that the prince would receive me as soon as he came to town. In the mean time he had his royal highness's commands to say, that I must look upon myself as already, in effect, accredited. He proceeded to say, that if there were any subjects of business I desired to mention, he would hear me. He remarked, that it had been his habit to treat of business with the foreign ministers in frank conversations; a course that saved time, and was in other ways preferable, as a general one, to official notes. He intimated his wish to do the same with me. I replied, that nothing could be more agreeable to me than to be placed upon that footing with him. The way being opened for business, I entered upon it."

Of Lord Liverpool's administration generally he says—

"History will view his administration as one of renown to England. In the exertions of Europe against Napoleon from 1812 to 1815, the part which she acted by her arms and resources is before the world. Both were directed by this ministry, until the achievement at Waterloo closed the momentous struggle. It was there that the Duke of Wellington, after numerous victories in India, in Portugal, in Spain, that had earned for him the reiterated thanks of Parliament and applauses of the nation, ascended to the pinnacle of military glory."

Of the court attendances, we shall only mention that the affability of the Prince Regent is also described in gratifying terms.

Our preliminary remarks have pointed to the difference between liberal construction and captious fault-finding; and we have briefly shown our obligation to Mr. Rush for his indulgence in the former vein. Let us now demonstrate how easy it would have been for him to revel in the latter, and, with a very little ill-nature, to have exhibited some of our national features in a caricature and unestimable light. When the American plenipotentiary, after remaining on board of his ship in the roads two days, landed at Portsmouth, by some oversight the necessary orders had not come down from London for the passage of his baggage; and he states—

"When we reached the shore, *tide-waiters* advanced to take possession of my baggage. They were informed of my public character. This did not turn them from their purpose. The national ship from which I had debarked was in view; her colours flying. Still they alleged, that having received no orders to the contrary, they must inspect my baggage. I said to Commodore Stewart that, strictly, they were right, and directed my servant to deliver it. There was but little, the principal part

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having been left on board to await the permit of exemption. It might have been supposed that these guardians of the revenue would have satisfied their sense of duty by a merely formal examination of what was delivered so readily. Not so; carpet-bags were ransacked; the folds of linen opened, as if Brussels lace had been hidden in them; small portmanteaus peered into, as if contraband lurked in every corner. Nothing was overlooked. A few books brought for amusement on the voyage were taken possession of, and I had to go on without them. I should have been disposed to make complaint of this mock official fidelity and subaltern folly, but from an unwillingness to begin my public career with a complaint. And I remembered to have heard Mr. Adams say, that when the allied sovereigns visited England after the battle of Waterloo, their baggage was inspected at Dover, the order for exemption having, by an inadvertence, not been sent."

What a fine occasion for a common grumbling traveller to vent all his anger upon the stupidity, impertinence, &c. &c. &c. of the people who had so impeded his progress!—a regular John Bull would not have been reconciled to the affront during a courteous residence of six months; but Mr. Rush took it very calmly and coolly, like a wise man and a rational being. The same when the Portsmouth bell-ringers, to use the phraseology of these worthies, "did him;" which is good-humouredly described.

"Whilst seated round our parlour-fire in the evening, fatigued by the excitements we had gone through, and waiting the summons to dinner, we heard the bells. It was a fine chime, to which we all listened. My wife was especially fond of their music. Sometimes the sound grew faint, and then, from a turn in the wind, came back in peals. We knew not the cause. It passed in our thoughts that the same bells might have rung their hurras for the victories of Hawke and Nelson; 'May be,' said one of the party, 'for Sir Cloudesley Shovel's too.' Thus musing, an unexpected piece of intelligence found its way into our circle. We were given to understand that they were ringing on the occasion of my arrival; a compliment to my station to which I had not looked. We went in to our first dinner in England under a continuation of their peals. The cloth removed, we had a glass or two to our country and friends, after which we returned to our sitting-room. When all were reassembled there, I had an intimation that 'The royal bell-ringers were in waiting in the hall desirous of seeing me.' They did not ask admittance, I was told, but at my pleasure. I directed them to be shown in at once, beginning now to understand the spring to the compliment. Eight men, with coats reaching down to their heels, hereupon slowly entered. They ranged themselves one after another in a solemn line along the wall. Every thing being adjusted, the spokesman at their head broke silence with the following intelligible address. He said that they had come, 'with their due and customary respects, to wish me joy on my safe arrival in Old England as ambassador extraordinary from the United States, hoping to receive from me the *usual favour*, such as they had received from other ambassadors, for which they had their *book to show*.' Their book was a curiosity. It looked like a venerable heir-loom of office. There were in it the names of I know not how many ambassadors, ministers, and other functionaries, arriving from foreign parts, throughout the lapse of I know not how many ages, with the donations annexed to each. *Magna Charta* itself was not a more important document to the liberties of England, than this book to the royal bell-ringers of Portsmouth! I cheerfully gave to the good-humoured fraternity the gratuity which their efforts in their vocation appeared to have drawn from so many others under like circumstances. So, and with other incidents, passed my first day in England."

A similar imposition awaited his reception at court; and as it may be news to our readers, as to us, we copy the account:—

"Since my reception, I have had calls from servants of official persons for 'favours.' I became acquainted with the term at Portsmouth. They had no warrant from their masters, but came under ancient custom. There have also been to me fraternities more nearly allied to the Portsmouth bell-ringers; as the 'palace drums and fifes,' the 'royal waits and music;' and a third, the derivation of which I could not understand, and which no external signs that I saw bespoke—the 'king's marrowbones and cleavers.' Each presented me with a congratulatory address; each had their 'book to show.' They all have something to do with out-door arrangement when levees are held. These contributions upon the diplomatic stranger awakened, at first, my surprise. I afterwards heard what, perhaps, may serve as explanatory. Ambassadors, on leaving England, receive from the government a present of a thousand pounds, and ministers plenipotentiary five hundred. If, then, on their arrival, and afterwards, there are appeals to their bounty by those in menial and such-like situations about the government, the latter, it seems, pays back again! I do not hint that it does so in the light of an indemnification; but the customs harmonize. True, the minister plenipotentiary of the United States never takes the five hundred pounds, the constitution of his country forbidding it; but this is a point which, it may be presumed, he does not stop to expound to the servants of the foreign secretary, or the 'royal waits and music.' It would doubtless be to them a novel plea in bar for not putting his hand in his pocket! Whenever he pays for music, he must consider himself as having an equivalent in its 'silver sounds.'"

What materials are here for a querulous, discontented author! How he might cut up

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the country, the rascally tide-waiters, the vagabond bell-ringers, the imposing hangers-on near royalty itself! But Mr. Rush exercised the feelings of a gentleman; his intelligence enabled him to perceive that such idle tricks were not national foibles; he laughed at the anomalous absurdities, so different from any thing in his native land; but he did not abuse the whole country where he experienced their inconveniency and grossness.

From the London Literary Gazette.

SIR WALTER SCOTT, ON HIS VOYAGE TO NAPLES—*By Capt. Basil Hall.*

"In the summer of 1831, it became but too well known to the public that Sir Walter Scott had suffered greatly from more than one severe attack of illness; and towards the autumn of that year it was generally understood that his medical attendants in the north strongly recommended his going abroad. There occurred much difficulty, however, in arranging this matter. In the first place, Sir Walter himself, it appears, felt extremely unwilling to move from home. Perhaps he knew, quite as well as his doctors, that he had not long to live; and it is certain that he experienced a strong wish not to breathe his last away from his beloved Abbotsford—which, like one of his romantic novels, might be called the creation of his own hands!"*

"The physicians continued positively to declare, that Sir Walter must, by some means or other, be removed from Abbotsford, if he were to have the smallest chance of recovery. So long as he remained at home, it was clear to them, and to every one else, that his incessant literary exertions were only augmenting the alarming disease under which he was suffering."

The application to the Admiralty for a passage in a king's ship, was met, not only in the most liberal manner by Sir James Graham, whose official conduct on the occasion did him great honour; but his Majesty himself displayed a similar spirit, warmly taking almost a personal concern in the desired arrangements for the accommodation of his illustrious subject.

"Sir Walter (continues the narrative) from the first had been very averse to any application being made from him to government, so that he was much relieved by understanding that the whole affair was the spontaneous and hearty act of the highest authorities, the instant it was suggested to them that his health might be benefited by the proposed change of air. At bottom, it is probable that this diffidence on his part arose more from his secret reluctance to root himself up from his house and home, his dearly beloved black-letter library, his musty papers, and his cherished plantations, in which he took infinitely more delight than in all the society and scenery of the rest of the world besides. If, indeed, he would have consented to desist from overworking his mind, and could have been prevailed upon to agree for a time to pass his days in rambling about the rising woods of Abbotsford, every tree of which was planted by himself, it would have been the most cruel thing imaginable to have sought to move him from home. But in the fervour of his manly anxiety to fulfil his pecuniary engagements, he considered each hour mispent which did not directly contribute to the accomplishment of that noble end. At last, this eager desire to work himself out of debt seemed to have become a sort of fascination which he could not resist. One day, Dr. Abercrombie of Edinburgh (than whom none can more ably 'minister to the mind diseased) urged upon him the necessity of greater moderation in his mental labours: 'Sir Walter,' said the kind physician, 'you must not write so constantly; really, sir, you must not work.' 'I tell you what it is, doctor,' said the Author of Waverly,—'Molly, when she puts the kettle on, might just as well say, 'Kettle—kettle, don't boil.'"

In the issue Sir Walter left London to embark in the Barham frigate at Portsmouth for Malta.

"No particular adventures occurred on the way, except that at one of the stages, Guildford, I think, where a short halt was made, a blind horse, when turning suddenly into the stable-yard, pushed right against Sir Walter, threw him violently to the ground, and had well-nigh killed him on the spot! What a fate would this have been, had the Author of Waverly—perhaps the foremost man of all the world—been trodden to death by a decayed post-horse! And yet who shall say that, upon the whole, even such a catastrophe might not have proved a blessed exemption from much subsequent suffering and sorrow, at which the nations wept! The mysterious influences of disease strike at the mind not less surely, though often more slowly, than those which destroy the body. Of this fatal process he was himself probably aware, for when he related this incident to me next morning, though his account was touched with his wonted humour, I saw, or almost fancied I saw, in his tone and manner, a trace of regret that he had escaped a swifter destruction than that which, I verily believe, he even then fully knew was darkly overtaking him."

Captain Pigot, of the Barham, emulated the example of his king and the first lord of the admiralty, in doing every thing possible for the comfort of his interesting passenger; of whom, while he remained at Portsmouth, we have the following particulars:

"The evil—so he had viewed the necessity of leaving home—was now inevitable, and he

*This very day there is a most interesting public meeting, the object of which is to complete the plan auspiciously begun, to preserve this spot as a national monument in statu quo for ever. Taste, literature, feeling, gratitude, are all embarked in the cause: can we doubt its entire success?

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made up his mind to meet it; though I am persuaded he had not the slightest hope of deriving any benefit from the voyage. I one day heard him mention how curious it was that two of our greatest novelists had gone abroad only to die—Fielding and Smollett. And the same evening he asked me to step over to Mr. Harrison the bookseller's to get for him Fielding's Journal of a Voyage to Lisbon. 'That little book,' said he, 'the last he wrote, is one of the most entertaining and wittiest of all Fielding's productions, though written during a period of great pain and sickness. Indeed,' he continued, 'I hardly know any more amusing book of travels than Fielding has contrived to compose out of a subject apparently so scanty and threadbare as a voyage down the Thames, through the Downs to St. Helen's Roads, and then across the Bay of Biscay.' * * *

"Though Sir Walter walked but little, and with some difficulty, he appeared to have no objection to seeing company. The fountain accordingly overflowed all day long. Every mortal that could by any means get an introduction, and some even without, paid their respects; and during the last three days, when his spirits revived, he had something to say to every visiter. He declined seeing no one, and never showed any thing but the most cordial good-will, even to those who came professedly to see the show. One day, an old acquaintance of mine, a seaman of the name of Bailey, the admiral's messenger, after much humming and hawing and excuse-making, asked whether it were possible for him to get a sight of Sir Walter Scott, 'in order to hear him speak.' Nothing, I told him, was more easy; for when, as usual, he brought the letters from the post-office, he had only to send up word to say, that he wished to deliver them in person. Next morning, accordingly, the waiter said to me at the breakfast-table, 'Bailey, sir, says he must deliver Sir Walter's letters to himself, and that you told him so.' Sir Walter looked towards me and laughed; but when the honest fellow's wishes were explained, he desired him to be sent up, and, shaking hands with him, said, 'I hope you are satisfied now you have heard me speak.' 'I sent three men off yesterday, sir,' said Bailey, 'to enter for the Barham—all because you are going in her.' 'They'll, at all events, find a good ship and a good captain, that I am very sure of,' replied Sir Walter. 'That's something of a compliment, certainly,' he continued, when the door was shut; 'but I hold that the greatest honour yet which has been paid to my celebrity was by a fishmonger in London last week, who was applied to by the servant of the house in which I was living for some cod, I believe, for dinner; but it being rather late in the day, there was none left. On the servant's mentioning who it was wanted for, the fishmonger said that altered the matter, and that if a bit was to be had in London for love or money, it should be at my disposal. Accordingly, the man himself actually walked up with the fish all the way from Billingsgate to Sussex place, in the Regent's Park. Now if this is not substantial literary reputation, I know not what is!' Sir Walter's health was such that he could take but little exercise. He complained chiefly of weakness in his legs; but he managed generally once a day to walk for about half an hour on the ramparts between the platform and the south-east bastion, that on which the flag-staff is planted. He used generally to rise between six and seven, and then to come to the drawing-room, where he commenced writing his diary in a thick quarto book, bound in calf-skin. I took care always to be up and dressed before he left his room, ready to give him my arm, without which assistance he found it difficult at times to get along. I saw him once attempt to walk, without even his stick, from the breakfast-table to that on which his writing-desk stood; but he made poor work of it, and I heard him say, as he crept along, with more bitterness of tone than usually entered into his expressions, 'It is hard enough (or odd enough) that I should now be just beginning again, at sixty years of age, what I left off after my severe illness, at ten.' He said to me one morning, pointing to his MS. book, 'Do you keep a diary? I suppose, of course, you have kept one all your life?' I mentioned what my practice had been in that respect, and added something about the difficulty of writing any thing while engaged with the printer's devils. 'Ay! ay! that's true,' he ejaculated with a sigh—'too true: for I fear that a great part of my present illness has been brought on by too much working. Let me warn you, captain, it is a very dangerous thing to over-work.' He then began a conversation about his affairs; and upon my accidentally mentioning the name of his publisher, Mr. Robert Cadell of Edinburgh, he said, with another sigh, 'Ah! if I had been in our excellent friend Cadell's hands during all the course of my writing for the public, I should now undoubtedly have been worth a couple of hundred thousand pounds, instead of having to work myself to pieces to get out of debt.' I ventured to remark, that, but for the illness of which he spoke, it was perhaps all the better; for ever since the period of his difficulties, he had been influenced by a more generous and disinterested motive for exertion than any which a mere wish to make money could supply. 'Perhaps so,' he answered; 'no writer should ever make money his sole object, or even his chief object. Money-making is not the proper business of a man of letters. Yet, on the other hand, the professed money-making gentlemen (my creditors, I mean) must admit, that although I have been working in their line lately, it has been for their benefit, not my own. In fact, as I said before, I think I have overdone the thing, and may have brought on some of this illness by excess of mental exertion. Where it will all end, I know not. I am giving myself a chance, I understand, by making this journey;

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and one can die anywhere.' 'It occurs to me,' I observed, 'that people are apt to make too much fuss about the loss of fortune, which is one of the smallest of the great evils of life, and ought to be among the most tolerable.' 'Do you call it a small misfortune to be ruined in money matters?' he asked. 'It is not so painful, at all events, as the loss of friends.' 'I grant that,' he said. 'As the loss of character!' 'True again.' 'As the loss of health?' 'Ay, there you have me,' he muttered to himself, in a tone so melancholy that I wished I had not spoken. 'What is the loss of fortune to the loss of peace of mind?' I continued. 'In short,' said he, playfully, 'you will make it out that there is no harm in a man's being plunged over head and ears in a debt he cannot remove.' 'Much depends, I think, on how it was incurred, and what efforts are made to redeem it—at least, if the sufferer be right-minded man.' 'I hope it does,' he said cheerfully and firmly. * *

"It may be interesting to persons engaged in literary pursuits to mention, that several years before the period of which I am now speaking, when Sir Walter Scott dined with me in Edinburgh, I took an opportunity of asking him how many hours aday he could write for the press with effect. 'I reckon,' he answered, 'five hours and a half a-day as very good work for the mind, when it is engaged in original composition. I can very seldom reach six hours; and I suspect that what is written after five or six hours' hard mental labour is not worth much.' I asked him how he divided these hours. 'I try to get two or three of them before breakfast,' he said, 'and the remainder as soon after as may be, so as to leave the afternoon free to walk or ride, or read, or be idle.'

"But after he quitted the Court of Session, and was left completely free, I have reason to believe that his intense and chivalrous anxiety to disentangle himself from debts, which would have driven most other men to despair, led him greatly to exceed the judicious limits he formerly considered necessary, not only to his health, but, according to his own showing, to the good quality of his writings. I have even heard, that, latterly, with the same noble spirit, he sometimes actually worked for ten, twelve, and even fourteen hours aday, instead of five or six! And, from many expressions he let fall at Portsmouth, I am satisfied that he ascribed the demolition of his health mainly to this cause."

"During the last three days of his detention at Portsmouth by contrary winds, Sir Walter rallied or plucked up, as it is called, amazingly; looked and talked with cheerfulness, cracked his jokes, and told his old stories, with almost as much brilliancy as I ever remember to have witnessed before. He began about that time also to speak of the voyage with interest, and his eye sparkled as in old times, when he mentioned the probability of his visiting the pyramids of Egypt, and perhaps Athens and Constantinople. At such moments, and while he was sitting down, a stranger might have imagined there was nothing the matter with him; but when he rose, or attempted to rise, his weakness became distressingly manifest. One evening, after he had been chatting with the greatest vivacity, he expressed a wish to retire; but although I gave him my arm, and did all I could to assist him, it was not till the third attempt that he gained his feet. While endeavouring to rise, he muttered, 'This weakness increases on me, confound it!' And after a pause, he added, 'It is rather hard, that just at the moment—at the very first moment of my whole life, that I could call myself free to go any where or do any thing I pleased, I should be knocked up in this style, and prevented from even crossing the street, were the greatest curiosity in the world placed there.'

"Next morning, however, the 28th of October, when I was sitting in the drawing-room, about half-past six or seven o'clock, in he stepped stoutly enough; and waving his stick, he called me to give him my arm, as the morning was fine, that he might take a walk on the ramparts. On reaching the platform, he turned round and said,

"'Now show me the exact spot where Jack the painter was hanged.'

"I pointed out the locality, now occupied by a post or pilot-beacon on the inner part of Blockhouse Point, on which I remembered having seen Jack's bones hanging in chains more than nine-and-twenty years before, when I first went to sea as a wee middy. He seemed so familiar with all Jack the painter's exploits, and especially his setting fire to the dock-yard, that I asked if he had been reading about him lately. 'Not for these last thirty or forty years, certainly,' he answered.

"As we strolled along the ramparts, he looked often towards Spithead, and at last he stopped, and desired me to show him where the celebrated Royal William used to lie during the war.

"'Where did the Royal George go down!, he next asked.

"I pointed out to him the buoy; upon which, as if taxing his memory, he murmured, in a voice scarcely audible, a line or so of Cowper's verses on that melancholy catastrophe;—

"'His fingers held the pen, his sword'—

"'No!' said he, correcting himself, 'that won't do'—

> "'His sword was in its sheath—
> His fingers held the pen,
> When Kempenfelt went down
> With twice four hundred men.'

"He was in great glee during the whole of this walk, and told me five or six of his best stories, and all in his very best manner. Most of these, indeed, I had heard before; but their dress was new, and their points were as sharp as ever. One, however, he told about himself, which I had not heard till then, though I think it has since been published in one of the vo-

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lumes of the new edition of the Waverly Novels. At the age of two years, it seems, he was placed under the charge of a nursery-maid, and sent to his grand-uncle's in the country, for the benefit of his health, he being then in a very feeble and ricketty state. 'My ailments, however,' he went on to relate, 'were nearly being brought to a speedy conclusion, for my nurse, whose head appears to have been turned by some love craze or another, resolved to put me to death. In this view, she carried me to the moors, and having laid me on the heather, pulled out her scissors, and made the necessary preparations for cutting my throat.'

"'Well, sir,' said I, astonished at the cool manner in which he described the process, 'what deterred her?'

"'I believe,' replied he, 'that the infant smiled in her face, and she could not go on.'* *

"Sir Walter, most good-naturedly, allowed me one morning to make a set of Camera Lucida sketches of him standing, as he said, 'with all his imperfections on his feet.' My brother, Mr. James Hall, a young artist in London, having conceived the novel and bold idea of representing Sir Walter exactly as he appeared in company, without any of the contrivances by which other painters have studiously concealed the defect of his right foot, he begged me to secure some careful jottings with the camera for this purpose. I told Sir Walter the reason why I wished to sketch him, leg and all; at which he laughed repeatedly, and said his young friend's idea was not a bad one. While I was putting the apparatus in order, he said, to himself, 'I wonder what sort of a defect it was that old Æsop had?' I asked if his lameness had ever given him any inconvenience as a boy? 'No, scarcely any,' he replied; 'I used to climb up and down all the most difficult parts of the castle rock of Edinburgh with any boy at the school.' Upon another occasion I heard him say, 'An illness, when I was not above two years old, brought on this disagreeable lameness of mine,' touching his foot with his stick as he spoke; 'and I remember quite well, that there was an idea that I might be cured by having my whole body wrapped up in a raw sheep's skin. The unpleasant sensation caused by the contact of the skin, just taken from the animal's back and applied to my body, I shall never forget. I don't fancy it did me much good.'

When the request to embark was made: "He himself was soon ready; but the rest of the party, who had trunks to pack, and other dispositions to make, necessarily took longer time. Meanwhile the author of Waverly sat in the drawing-room in the highest spirits I ever remember to have seen him—chatting with every one who came in about his voyage, the beauty of the day, and the kindness of the King, the Admiralty, the admiral, the captain of his ship, and in short, he exclaimed, laughing, 'It is really quite ridiculous the fuss you are all making about one person.' Ever and anon, as any one came into the room to pick up things, he was sure to fire off some good humoured scold about the sin of tardiness, and the proverbial length of time it took to get ladies under-weigh, with their endless bonnets and bandboxes. No one of us escaped, indeed, male or female. But there ran through all his observations such an air of humour and drollery, mixed occasionally with a slight dash of caustic sarcasm, in the funny style of his own dear Antiquary that the resemblance was at times complete.

"After he had looked over the cabins intended for his accommodation, with which he expressed himself very much pleased, he came again on deck, and sat abaft the mizen-mast in conversation with his family till it was time to take leave, as a breeze had sprung up, and the ship was getting quickly under-weigh. I shall not soon forget the great man's last look, while he held his friends successively by the hand, as he sat on the deck of the frigate, and wished us good-by, one after another, in a tone which showed that he at least knew all hope was over!'

"During the week, when I was in attendance upon Sir Walter Scott at Portsmouth, I had frequent opportunities of speaking to him about his different novels, a subject upon which I was glad to find he had no objection to converse. I mentioned to him one day, that I considered myself very fortunate in having become the possessor of his original manuscript of the Antiquary. His observation was very remarkable. 'I am glad of that, for it is the one I like best myself, and if you will let me have it for a few minutes, I shall be glad to write a word or two upon it to that effect.'

"I told him it was in town, but that I should write off for it express, and hoped to receive it in time. Meanwhile, I asked him one or two questions about the Antiquary, and begged to know if it had cost much trouble in the composition.

"'None whatever,' was his reply; 'I wrote it "currente calamo" from beginning to end.'

"I asked him if he had ever actually witnessed or known of any scene resembling that of the baronet and his daughter going round the headland, and nearly being swept away by the tide coming in?

"'O no!' he said, rather impatiently, I thought, as if the whole were obviously imaginative.

"I next asked him if ever he had been present at such a scene as that in the hut of the fisherman, whose son is represented as lying dead in his coffin?

"'No,' he replied; 'not exactly as there described; not exactly in all respects. I have, however, been in cottages upon similar occasions.' * * *

"By the mail early next morning I received the precious MS., and having taken my station in the drawing-room, an hour before the usual time of Sir Walter's appearance, in order to secure the fulfilment of his promise, I waited

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impatiently till he came in. I was delighted to see him looking hearty and cheerful, as if he had passed a good night; and as soon as he had taken his station at the writing-desk, I placed the autograph manuscript of the Antiquary before him, and reminded him of his offer to state in it the reasons of his preference of that novel.

"He at once took the pen, and, in the course of somewhat less than an hour, wrote the two pages of which an exact fac-simile will be found at the close of this volume. When he had finished, I said,

"'You would add great value to this writing, Sir Walter, if you would be so kind as to put your name to it.' He instantly wrote his signature.

"'The date also,' I added, 'would give it still further value.'

"'True,' he replied; 'I had forgotten that.' And, resuming his pen, he wrote, 'Portsmouth, 27th October, 1831.'

"The following is a copy, word for word, of this very curious document, which possesses a high degree of interest, not only from its being the very last thing he wrote on the shores of England, but from its containing a pleasing glimpse of that matchless vigour of thought, linked with bewitching playfulness of humour, which, in the opinion of many people, distinguish the Antiquary above all his other works:

"'MY DEAR CAPTAIN HALL,

"'As the wind seems determinately inflexible, I cannot employ my spare time better than in making a remark or two on this novel, which, as you are kind enough to set an ideal value upon [it,] will perhaps be enhanced in that respect, by receiving any trifling explanations and particulars, [and by your learning] that among the numerous creatures of my imagination, the author has had a particular partiality for the Antiquary. It is one of the very few of my works of fiction which contains a portrait from life, and it is the likeness of a friend of my infancy, boyhood, and youth; a fact detected at the time by the acuteness of Mr. James Chambers, solicitor-at-law in London. This gentleman, remarkable for the integrity of his conduct in business, and the modesty of his charges, had been an old friend and correspondent of my father's in his more early and busy days; and he continued to take an interest in literary matters to the end of a life prolonged beyond the ordinary limits. He took, accordingly, some trouble to discover the author; and when he read the Antiquary, told my friend William Erskine, that he was now perfectly satisfied that Walter Scott, of whom personally he knew really nothing, was the author of these mysterious works of fiction; for that the character of Jonathan Oldbuck of Monkbarns was drawn from the late George Constable of Wallace Craigie of Dundee, who dined, when in Edinburgh, twice or thrice with my father every week, and used to speak of my sayings and doings as [those of] a clever boy. I was extremely surprised at this detection, for I thought I had taken the utmost care to destroy every trace of personal resemblance. I had no reason to suspect that any one in London could have recollected my friend, who had been long dead, and [who had] lived in strict retirement during the last years of his life. I took an opportunity to inquire after the general recollection which survived of my old friend, on an occasion when I chanced to be 'o'er the water,' as we say. His house was in ruins, his property feued for some commercial [purpose,] and I found him described less as a humourist—which was his real character—than as a miser and a misanthrope, qualities which merely tinged his character. I owed him much for the kindness with which he treated me. I remember particularly, when I resided for a time at Prestonpans with my aunt, Miss Janet Scott—one of those excellent persons who devote their ease and leisure to the care of some sick relation—George Constable chose to fix his residence [in the neighbourhood]—I have always thought from some sneaking kindness for my aunt, who, though not in the van of youth, had been a most beautiful woman. At least, we three walked together every day in the world, and the Antiquary was my familiar companion. He taught me to read and understand Shakspeare. He explained the field of battle of Prestonpans, of which he had witnessed the horrors from a safe distance. Many other books he read to us, and showed a great deal of dramatic humour. I have mentioned [this] in the recent, or author's edition [of the Waverley Novels,] but less particularly than I would wish you to know.

"'The sort of preference which I gave, and still give, this work, is from its connexion with the early scenes of my life. And here am I seeking health at the expense of travel, just as was the case with me in my tenth year. Well! I am not the first who has ended life as he began, and is bound to remember with gratitude those who have been willing to assist him in his voyage, whether in youth or age, amongst whom I must include old George Constable and yourself.

"'WALTER SCOTT.'

"'Portsmouth, 27th October, 1831.'"

From Fraser's Magazine.

PRINCE DE TALLEYRAND.

THERE is old Talleyrand reposing after the thousand-and-one rogueries of the day. He has just come home from the Traveller's; and his dreams, in all probability, relate to some feats of diplomacy, in which, perhaps, his slumbering fancy depicts to him Palmerston turned into a jackass, but by no means a golden one.

To write a sketch of Talleyrand in the compass of a page is a sheer impossibility. We

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have put him among our distinguished literary characters, merely on account of his various compositions *in re diplomatica*—being well aware, however, that he holds the book-making tribe by profession in well-deserved contempt. "Never write a book," said he to Prince Kofflosky; "if you do, we shall know all that your brains are worth for as many francs as your book will cost. No man of sense writes books—the emperor writes no book—[this was before the emperor went to St. Helena]—Socrates never wrote a book." To which Talleyrand added a name we decline introducing into any light discourse, even after the example of a bishop. When Kofflosky pressed him with the names of men acknowledged to be great in other niches of the Temple of Fame, who had yet written books, such as Julius Cæsar, Frederick the Great, &c., the Prince replied that the examples are rare, and that these books must have been written in order to lead people astray.

But if he has not been an author in the ordinary sense of the word, he has been every thing else. The accident of his having issued from the loins of a Perigord made him a gentleman, but for seventy long years he has been actively engaged in undoing that mistake of fortune. He has been an Abbé, a Bishop, a Constitutional Priest, a Clerk in an office, a Minister, a Keeper of a public-house in America, a Prince of the Empire, a Teacher, a Secretary, a Grand Chamberlain, an Ambassador, a Protocolist, a Catholic, an Atheist, a Royalist, a Jacobin, a Council of Five Hundred, a Senator, a Bonapartist, an Extrême Droit, a Centre Droit, a Centre Gauche, an Extrême Gauche, a Quandmême, a Doctrinaire, a Louis-Phillipist, a Juste-Milieu Man, a Wit, a Trimmer, a Rake, a Whist-player, a Rat of many tales, a—— whatever chance and his wife made him for the moment. "Thank God," said he, when he swore allegiance to Louis-Phillippe, "this is the *thirteenth* I have taken." We shall not insult him by saying that he is perfectly ready to swear allegiance to Henry V. to-morrow—for without our saying it, everybody will take it for granted.

His first friend was the Comte d'Artois.—While he was a plain abbé, the Comte wearied Louis XVI. with prayers to make his friend a bishop. Louis for a long time positively refused, alleging as his objection the rather negligent course of M. de Perigord's mode of life; but being farther solicited, promised to grant the request on condition that the abbé would go to the country, and do something ecclesiastical that would make people forget his *escapades* in Paris. Accordingly, Talleyrand left the city, and preached two or three fine sermons, and otherwise behaved himself so as to lay in a sufficient stock of merit. The Comte d'Artois obtained his prayer; and the abbé was turned into the Bishop d'Autun. This was his first rise in the world—mark the end! That comte is now the ex-King Charles X., and the Bishop of Autun is Prince Talleyrand—and he represents King Louis-Phillippe at the Court of St. James's.

All his actions have been consistent with this small touch of character. But what matter! Everybody knows that he is a rogue, but nobody thinks him a fool; and that after all, in the career in which Talleyrand has cut such a figure, is the only fatal blot. What consequence is it that he has committed a thousand perfidies, if it is found that he can be always of use at the moment when his services are required? He may have betrayed every government in France, one after another, for the last forty years; and it is morally certain that he is ready to give up that which at present prevails there at a moment's notice—but in the mean time he plays their cards to admiration. With what perfect contempt he looks down on the Whig Administration of England, and how in his private despatches he must chuckle over that unfortunate catspaw, whom he has nicknamed *Palmerston-pour-rire!*

The portrait is like the Prince in his recumbent attitude; and he is in the habit of concealing the defect in his foot (odd enough that Scott, Byron, and Talleyrand should be lame) in the manner represented in the print.

From the Examiner.

EXAMINATION OF THE ACCUSED.

It is the delight of lawyers to go on plodding in paths which reason has never visited, or having visited has deserted.—*Bentham.*

The practice which the Lord Mayor has adopted of examining prisoners is approved by all persons not bigoted to custom, or the dupes of maxims which lawyers have invented for the benefit of their craft. The wisdom of Solomon has never been the wisdom of our law. The idea of confronting and examining the parties fills them with horror—it is so short a cut to the truth. Sportsman's law and lawyer's law are precisely of the same nature; both are designed not for the seizure but the pursuit. The interest of the public is simply the detection of the culprit; the interest of the lawyer is to make that detection as roundabout and difficult as possible, for in unravelling the perplexity consists his craft. The hunter gives fair play, or law, as it is most appropriately called, to the fox, because it is not the capture of the fox that he desires or cares about, but solely the pleasure of the run; the lawyer demands fair play for the rogue, because it is not the detection that he desires or cares about, but solely the profit of the prosecution, and if the rogue escape he makes more business for the profession. The sportsman cries shame on him who shoots the hare squatting in her form; the lawyer cries shame on him who leads a prisoner into a betrayal of himself. What does the public want but the detection? What does the lawyers want but the pursuit, and to make the detection as difficult as possible? The discovery of the truth is the first business of justice

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and the law rejects the truth which a man states against himself, and what better evidence can be had? what evidence proceeding from such certain knowledge, what evidence so clear of the suspicion of malice or adverse prejudice? When you get it, it is by virtue of the subtlety of truth which will not be suppressed—which will out in spite of all artifices for concealment. But it is called *humane* not to allow the prisoner to convict himself—that this dogma should have been invented by lawyers, to whose interest it serves, in no degree surprises, but that it should have been received by the public, against whose interest it works, is an amazing instance of gullibility. The human rule which will not allow a villain to convict himself of villany, suffers the villain to go free and prey upon society. Is this humanity? Acquit erroneously, observes Bentham, a man guilty of crime, you sacrifice the property or the lives of all those whom destiny has marked out for victims to his future enterprises. Are the innocent to be thus exposed that the guilty may be preserved from the mortification of convicting themselves out of their own mouths? Never could this absurd dogma have obtained footing but for the undue severity of punishments, which creates sympathy with criminals, and disposes people to see, not without satisfaction, their chances of escape multiplied.

To Sir Peter Laurie, who has with equal sense and courage broken through the absurd custom, and adopted the natural method of procedure recommended by Bentham (in all probability without being aware of the authority for his deviation from the crooked way of law into the broad path of reason), very high praise is due. The city may reckon this example of its Magistracy among its truest honours.

IRON HOUSES.

The new process for smelting iron by raw coal and hot air blast, is producing a great change in the iron trade; and it is anticipated by good judges, that no long period will elapse before cast iron of the quality known as No. I. will be manufactured at the cost of about 40s. or 45s. the ton. When this takes place generally, it must inevitably produce an effect which will pervade almost every condition of society. Rich and poor will, by degrees, find themselves enclosed in iron cages; and fir joints, and slate roofs, will become things to be alluded to as betokening something venerable from antiquity. The introduction of iron into building operations will, no doubt, spread rapidly, as the price of cast iron falls; and, if unskilfully done at the outset, we may have a number of imperishable monuments of bad taste before our eyes wherever we go. It is, therefore, of importance that good examples should be given in time, and that architects should be prepared for the change, so as not to leave the matter to the caprice or taste of the workmen of the founderies.—*Loudon's Encyclopædia of Architecture.*

From Frazer's Magazine.

SUMMER AND WINTER EVENINGS.

By Shara.

SUMMER EVENING.

How bright, and yet how calm this eve!
Above, below, all seems to me
So lovely, that we might believe
'Twas nature's jubilee,—
For earth and sky, this glorious even,
Seem glowing with the hues of heaven.

How beautiful that vivid sky,
Lit by the parting sun's last rays!
We gaze till it appears more nigh—
And fancy, as we gaze,
That deep-blue sky a boundless sea,
Covered with vessels gloriously.

Yes! each dark cloud a barque appears,
Each whiter one the foam—
There one to distant countries steers,
While these sail quick towards home;
And all look most intensely bright,
Glowing in heaven's own glorious light.

Turn now towards earth, and even there
All, all is beauty and repose—
The perfume-breathing evening air
Is wafted o'er the rose;
While a thousand bright and glowing flowers
Are cooled with dew in these evening hours.

And hushed the skylark's merry song,
And silent all the humming bees:
The soft west wind, that sighs among
Those gently waving trees,
Seems to lament each parting ray,
Until the next return of day.

WINTER EVENING.

The bright and glowing summer's past;
'Tis winter, and in storm and rain
The day was darkened,—now at last
The sun appears again—
Just for a moment glads our sight,
And seen midst clouds seems doubly bright.

Again look upwards—once again
Behold the wintry sun has set;
None of these summer barques remain:
A nobler image yet
Strikes on the Christian gazer's mind,
And leaves all others far behind.

The sun, whose way through that expanse
Has been, since first his course began,
Through storms and clouds, seems to our glance
A fitting type of man;
For thus the Christian's narrow way
With clouds is darkened day by day.

Thus, as the sun in winter's gloom
Sinks more than ever bright,
The Christian's hopes his way illume,
And gild his path with light:
As the sun sets, the Christian dies,—
Both on a brighter, happier day to rise.

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From the New Monthly Magazine.

REPOSE OF THE HOLY FAMILY.

A SONNET. BY MRS. HEMANS.

Under a palm tree, by the green old Nile,
Lulled on his mother's breast the young child lies,
With dove-like breathings, and a tender smile
Brooding above the slumber of his eyes;
And through the silence of the burning skies,
Lo! the dread works of Egypt's buried kings,
Temple and pyramid, beyond him rise,
Regal and still, as everlasting things.
Vain pomps! from *Him*, with that pure flowery cheek,
Soft shadowed by his mother's bending head,
A new-born spirit, mighty and yet meek,
Through the whole world like vernal air shall spread;
And bid all earthly grandeurs cast the crown
Before the suffering and the lowly down.

From the same.

THE RISING OF THE DEAD.

BY MRS. HEMANS.

He that was dead, rose up and spoke—he spoke—
Was it of that majestic world unknown?
Those words, that first the bier's dread silence broke,
Came they with revelation in each tone?
Were the far cities of the nations gone,
The solemn halls of consciousness or sleep,
For Man uncurtained by that spirit lone,
Brought from their portal back across the deep?
—— Be hush'd, my soul! the veil of darkness lay
Still drawn:—thy Lord recalled the voice departed,
To spread His truth, to comfort His faint-hearted,
Not to unfold the mysteries of its way.
——Oh! take that lesson home in silent faith—
Put on submissive strength to *meet*, not *question* Death!

From Motherwell's Poems.

JEANNIE MORRISON.

I've wandered east, I've wandered west,
Through mony a weary way:
But never, never can forget
The luve o' life's young day!
The fire that's blawn on Beltane e'en,
May weel be black gin Yule;
But blacker fa' awaits the heart
Where first fond luve grows cule.

O dear, dear Jeannie Morrison,
The thochts o' bygane years
Still fling their shadows ower my path,
And blind my een wi' tears:
They blind my een wi' saut, saut tears,
And sair and sick I pine,
As memory idly summons up
The blithe blinks o' langsyne.

'Twas then we luvit ilk ither weel,
'Twas then we twa did part;
Sweet time—sad time! twa bairns at scule,
Twa bairns, and but ae heart!
'Twas then we sat on ae laigh bink,
To leir ilk ither lear;
And tones, and looks, and smiles were shed,
Remember'd evermair.

I wonder, Jeanie, aften yet,
When sitting on that bink,
Cheek touchin' cheek, loof lock'd in loof,
What our wee heads could think?
When baith bent doun ower ae braid page,
Wi' ae buik on our knee,
Thy lips were on thy lesson, but
My lesson was in thee.

Oh, mind ye how we hung our heads,
How cheeks brent red wi' shame,
Whene'er the scule-weans laughin said,
We cleek'd thegither hame?
And mind ye o' the Saturdays,
(The scule then skail't at noon,)
When we ran aff to speel the braes—
The broomy braes o' June?

My head rins round and round about,
My heart flows like a sea,
As ane by ane the thochts rush back
O' scule-time and o' thee.
Oh, mornin' life! oh, mornin' luve!
Oh lichtsome days and lang,
When hinnied hopes around our hearts
Like simmer blossoms sprang!

Oh mind ye, luve, how aft we left
The deavin' dinsome toun,
To wander by the green burnside,
And hear its water's croon!
The simmer leaves hung ower our heads,
The flowers burst round our feet,
And in the gloamin o' the wood,
The throssil whusslit sweet;

The throssil whusslit in the wood,
The burn sang to the trees,
And we with Nature's heart in tune,
Concerted harmonies;
And on the knowle abune the burn,
For hours thegither sat
In the silentness o' joy, till baith
Wi' very gladness grat.

Ay, ay, dear Jeannie Morrison,
Tears trinkled doun your cheek,
Like dew-beads on a rose, yet nane
Had ony power to speak!
That was a time, a blessed time,
When hearts were fresh and young,
When freely gush'd all feelings forth,
Unsyllabled—unsung!

I marvel, Jeannie Morrison,
Gin I hae been to thee
As closely twined wi' earliest thochts,
As ye hae been to me?
Oh! tell me gin their music fills
Thine ear as it does mine;
Oh! say gin e'er your heart grows grit
Wi' dreamings o' langsyne?

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I've wander'd east, I've wander'd west,
I've borne a weary lot;
But in my wand'rings, far or near,
Ye never were forgot.
The fount that first burst frae this heart,
Still travels on its way;
And channels deeper as it rins,
The luve o' life's young day.

O dear, dear Jeannie Morrison,
Since we were sindered young,
I've never seen your face, nor heard
The music o' your tongue;
But I could hug all wretchedness,
And happy could I die,
Did I but ken your heart still dream'd
O' bygane days and me!

MY HEID IS LIKE TO REND, WILLIE.

My heid is like to rend, Willie,
My heart is like to break—
I'm wearin' aff my feet, Willie,
I'm dyin' for your sake!
Oh lay your cheek to mine, Willie,
Your hand on my briest-bane—
Oh say yo'll think on me, Willie,
When I am deid and gane!

It's vain to comfort me, Willie,
Sair grief maun ha'e its will—
But let me rest upon your briest,
To sab and greet my fill.
Let me sit on your knee, Willie,
Let me shed by your hair,
And look into the face, Willie,
I never sall see mair!

I'm sittin' on your knee, Willie,
For the last time in my life—
A puir heart-broken thing, Willie,
A mither, yet nae wife.
Ay, press your hand upon my heart,
And press it mair and mair—
Or it will burst the silken twine,
Sae strang is its despair!

Oh wae's me for the hour, Willie,
When we thegither met—
Oh wae's me for the time, Willie,
That our first tryst was set!
Oh wae's me for the loanin' green
Where we were wont to gae—
And wae's me for the destinie,
That gart me luve thee sae!

Oh! dinna mind my words, Willie,
I downa seek to blame—
But oh! it's hard to live, Willie,
And dree a warld's shame!
Het tears are hailin' ower your cheek,
And hailin' ower your chin;
Why weep ye sae for worthlessness,
For sorrow and for sin?

I'm weary o' this warld, Willie,
And sick wi' a' I see—
I canna live as I ha'e lived,
Or be as I should be.

But fauld unto your heart, Willie,
The heart that still is thine—
And kiss ance mair the white, white cheek,
Ye said was red langsyne.

A stoun' gaes through my heid, Willie,
A sair stoun' through my heart—
Oh! haud me up, and let me kiss.
Thy brow ere we twa pairt.
Anither, and anither yet!—
How fast my life-strings break!—
Fareweel! fareweel! through yon kirk-yaird
Step lichtly for my sake!

The lav'rock in the lift, Willie,
That lifts far ower our heid,
Will sing the morn as merrilie
Abune the clay-cauld deid;
And this green turf we're sittin' on,
Wi' dew-draps shimmerin' sheen,
Will hap the heart that luvit thee
As warld has seldom seen.

But oh! remember me, Willie,
On land where'er ye be—
And oh! think on the leal, leal heart
That ne'er luvit ane but thee!
And oh! think on the cauld, cauld mools,
That filo my yellow hair—
That kiss the cheek, and kiss the chin,
Ye never sall kiss mair!

SEA SONG.—OLD ENGLAND FOR EVER.

TO THE AIR—"WHEN AT WAR WITH THE OCEAN."

By Mrs. Crawford, Author of "Young Ellen Lorraine."

When the white cliffs of Albion first burst on my sight,
My thoughts like the dove of the ark wing their flight
To the home, where Affection is watching for me,
To welcome me back to the isle of the free.
For genius and freedom, for beauty and worth,
Dear England's the *first* of the nations of earth;
We may wander o'er land, we may traverse the sea,
But Old England for ever! Old England for me!

O'er the blue waters bounding, when stars shed their light,
And I tread the lone deck at the dead hour of night,
Sweet visions beguile me,—in fancy I see
Our snug little cot, in the isle of the free.
There my father was born, and my boyhood was past,
And 'tis there, only there, I would anchor at last;
I have wander'd o'er land, I have traversed the sea,
But Old England for ever! Old England for me!

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NAPOLEON IN THE COUNCIL OF STATE.

"When the foreigner, who explores his way through the narrow corridors of the Hotel Mole, perceives at the further end of a dark room, a few individuals in embroidered coats, crowded together, pressing upon each other almost to suffocation—assembled perhaps to determine whether a *garde champêtre* shall be proceeded against,* or a ditch be cleansed—he naturally inquires whether this be the council of state once so celebrated throughout Europe, and whose immortal codes still govern many countries in no way connected with France.

"No! the present council of state is a sort of petty sessions, with no defined jurisdiction; a den of sinecurists—an institution without form or legality;—it is no longer that powerful body which, under Napoleon, prepared the imperial decrees, regulated the provinces, kept watch over the ministers, organized conquered countries, interpreted the law, and governed the empire.

"It was in the great hall of the Tuileries, next to the Chapel, that our laws were elaborated, and formed into those codes so magnificent in their conception, so simple in their arrangement, and of such rigorous precision,—codes which have outlived the splendour of the empire, and will be lasting as bronze. There was that powerful home administration established, by whose rusty wheels our little statesmen of the day still cling to save themselves from falling.

"The council of state was the seat of the government and the soul of the empire. Its auditors, under the name of Intendants, adapted the yoke to the necks of conquered nations. Its ministers of state, under the name of Presidents of Sections, controlled the acts of the cabinet. Its counsellors, under the title of government orators, discussed the laws in the senate and the legislative body. To its counsellors extraordinary, under the appellation of Directors General, were intrusted the administration of the customs, the crown lands, the general imposts, the bridges and causeways, the sinking fund, the woods and forests, and the treasury;—they laid taxes upon the provinces of Illyria, Holland, and Spain; established the French codes at Turin, Rome, Naples, and Hamburg, and raised *à la Française* principalities, dutchies, and kingdoms.

"In all great epochs, the genius which frames and commands, discovers, attracts, and fecundates the genius which serves and obeys. It seems as if, by a sort of sympathetic instinct, when they come in contact, the one merges into the other.

"The turbulent tribunes—they whose organs had been worn down by the turmoils of the revolution—yielded grumblingly to the attraction of the Emperor. Napoleon had dazzled them with his victories, and, as it were, absorbed them in his strength. The minds of all men, tired of the impotency of freedom, aspired only to relaxation in a repose of splendour and greatness. The council of state, in those grave meetings where the debates were not devoid of warmth, or the speeches of power, seemed a revival of the animated discussions in the republican tribune. There it was that, at the bidding of Napoleon, the most illustrious men of the revolution agreed to congregate.

"There shone Cambacérès, the most didactic of legislators, and the most able of presidents; Tronchet, the most eminent judge of our age; Merlin, the best jurisconsult in Europe; Treilhard, the most nervous logician of the council; Portalis, renowned for his eloquence, Ségur for the elegance of his mind, Zangiacorni for his cutting conciseness, Albert for his great learning, and Dudon for his administrative ability; Chauvelin sparkling with sallies of wit; Cuvier with his powerful mind and universal knowledge; Pasquier, so flowing in his eloquence; Boulay, so judicious; Béranger, so close in argument, so sarcastic, and so witty; Berlier, whose mind was so profound and fruitful; Degérando, so able in government, Andreossi in the art of engineering, and St. Cyr in military strategy; Regnault de Saint-Jean d'Augely, brilliant orator, consummate publicist, and indefatigable man of business; Bernadotte, now King of Sweden, and Jourdan, the conqueror at Fleurus.

"Scarcely had Napoleon, on his return from one of his great battles, taken off his spurs, ere a noise of muskets was heard outside the council chamber. Thrice would the drum roll; the doors would then fly open, and the Emperor rapidly enter, bow, and take his seat.

"I was then young, and I confess I could not without emotion behold that bald forehead, upon which seemed reflected from the ceiling the glory of Austerlitz, which the pencil of Gérard had painted so beautifully on the dome of the Hall of Council.

"I was present at the famous meeting of the council, after Napoleon's return from the battle of Hanau. Pale and thoughtful, and still suffering from the fatigue of travelling, the Emperor summoned us into his private closet. There, standing, and without any preparation, he sharply addressed M. Jaubert, governor of the Bank of France, who, he said, had imprudently and with too great precipitation extended his discounts. Napoleon then read the statutes of the Bank, whose mechanism he explained with wondrous precision and accuracy. It was a singular novelty to me, to hear a soldier discourse on the formation of banks, and the theory of discounts. M. Jaubert, a mild and timid man, stammered out some excuses which we did not hear. The door of the council chamber was then thrown open, each took his seat, and the business began.

* By the codes which govern France, even now, no public functionary can be prosecuted for any crime he may commit, unless an authorization from the council of state is first obtained.—*Ed.*

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"The emperor first made a long pause. It was easily seen that he was absorbed by the workings of his mind. In spite of himself, his head fell upon his bosom, and he instinctively cut with his penknife pens, papers, and table-cover. At length, starting as from a dream, he exclaimed:

"'The Bavarians! the Bavarians! I rode over them; I have killed Wrede.* Invasion is gaining ground, and there is not a moment to lose. Well, gentlemen! what do you intend to do? what have you to say to me?'

"'Sire,' replied Regnault de Saint-Jean d'Augely, 'you may rely upon the valour of the Dutch.'

"'The Dutch! do you really think I place any dependence upon them? It is not blood, but coloured water that runs in their veins.'

"'But addresses, Sire, are coming from all parts of the empire, and all the public bodies attest their fidelity and devotion to your Majesty.'

"'What are you saying, Monsieur Regnault? Do you think I don't know how such addresses are got up, and what they are worth? Do I give credence to them? I want men and money, and not fine sentences. You, gentlemen, are eminent citizens, fathers of families, and fathers of the state. It is, therefore, your place to command the public opinion by the eloquence of your exhortations; it is for you to prevent the shame and misery of an invasion, which threatens the empire.'

"But these words came too late. The empire was tottering to its very foundations, and when epochs are marked out by Providence, governments and people, in spite of their genius, must follow their destiny and sink into the tomb; for this is no more than the logical conclusion of their errors.

"If Napoleon perished so completely, it is because he constituted in himself his renown, his dynasty, and his empire. Who would not have bowed their heads before his superiority? and who did not feel, on approaching him, the charm of his all-powerful fascination? There was no servility in this obedience to him, because it was voluntary; it was irresistible, and amounted sometimes even to passion. You were never tired of looking upon that broad and pensive forehead, which enclosed the destiny of nations; but you could not encounter his irresistible eye, which searched into the secrets of your innermost soul. All other men—emperors, kings, generals, ministers—in his presence, appeared beings of an inferior and vulgar species. There was command in the very sound of his voice, and yet a sweetness, nay, a tenderness—a sort of Italian persuasiveness, which set your nerves vibrating. It was by this inconceivable mixture of grace and strength, of simplicity and splendour, of single-heartedness and superiority, of exquisite tact and abruptness, that he subjugated the most rebellious hearts, and overcame the most prejudiced. It may be truly said, that he conquered with the word as with the sword.

"In his genius there was oriental pomp combined with mathematic precision.

"His eloquence, which to him was not a studied accomplishment, but a means of command, could adapt itself to all times and circumstances. To the soldiers, men of the people, he spoke the language of the people, ever fond of amplification, of recollections, and of emotions. To the learned he spoke of science: and he corrected with the clerks, in the public offices, statistical tables loaded with figures. At the council he drew up laws with Treilhard, Merlin, Beranger, and Portalis.

"He was fond of exciting discussion among the counsellors. He stimulated them to argument, either because this was the image of his favourite science, war, or because he would elicit the sparks of truth from the concussion of debate. He himself sometimes skirmished with Treilhard, an obstinate and formidable dialectician, who stuck closely to his imperial antagonist. The emperor used to say that a victory over Treilhard cost him more trouble than winning a battle.

"His style of argumentation was quick, precipitate, and overpowering; without connexion or method, but natural, and full of genius. He threw forth clouds of flame and smoke. Although he had not studied law, he guessed it; and lawyers were wonder-struck at the depth of his reasoning, and the ingenious sagacity of his interpretations.

"Endowed by nature with an incredible power of attention, he could, without the least effort, pass from a discussion of civil and political jurisprudence, to the minute details of an equipment order for the navy, or a regulation for the army contractors for bread. Neither time nor matter could satiate the devouring activity of his genius. On leaving a council of ministers, he would proceed to the council of state, and attend afterwards the Committee of Public Works. Whilst the counsellors of state, tired and overcome, could not resist the powers of sleep, it seemed to him an excellent joke to prolong the sitting of the council till night. He felt neither hunger nor fatigue; his indomitable will seemed to govern his constitution as it did every thing else.

* He believed this to be the case.

SIR WALTER SCOTT ON CHIVALRY.

Extremes of every kind border on each other; and as the devotion of the Knights of Chivalry degenerated into superstition, the Platonic refinements and subtilties of amorous passion which they professed were sometimes compatible with very coarse and gross debauchery. * * * * * * The romance of *Tirant the White*, praised by Cervantes as a faithful picture of the knights and ladies of his age, seems to have been written in an actual brothel, and, contrasted with others, may lead us to sup-

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pect that their purity is that of romance, its profligacy that of reality. This license was greatly increased by the crusades, from which the survivors of these wild expeditions brought back the corrupted morals of the East to avenge the injuries they had inflicted on its inhabitants. * * * * * * Indeed, the gross license which was practised during the middle ages may be well estimated by the vulgar and obscene language that was currently used in tales and fictions addressed to the young and noble of both sexes. In the romance of the *Round Table*, as Ascham sternly states, little was to be learned but examples of homicide and adultery, although he had himself seen it admitted to the antichamber of princes, when it was held a crime but to be possessed of the word of God. In the romance of *Amadis de Gaul*, and many others, the heroines, without censure or imputation, confer on their lovers the rights of a husband, before the ceremony of the church gave them a title to the name. These are serious narrations, in which decorum, at least, is rarely violated; but the comic tales are of a grosser cast. The *Canterbury Tales* of Chaucer contain many narratives, of which not only the diction but the whole turn of the narrative is extremely gross. Yet it does not seem to have occurred to the author, a man of rank and fashion, that they were improper to be recited, either in the presence of the prioress and her votaries, or in that of the noble knight, who

> —— of his port was meek, as is a maid,
> And never yet no villany he said.

And he makes but a light apology for including the disasters of the *Miller of Trompington*, or of *Absalom the Gentle Clerk*, in the same series of narrations with the *Knight's Tale*. Many of Bandella's most profligate novels are expressly dedicated to females of rank and consideration; and, to conclude, the *Fabliaux*, published by Barbazan and Le Grand, are frequently as revolting, from their naked grossness, as interesting from the lively pictnres they present of life and manners. Yet these were the chosen literary pastimes of the fair and the gay during the times of chivalry, listened to, we cannot but suppose, with an interest considerably superior to that exhibited by the yawning audience who heard the theses attacked and supported in logical form and with metaphysical subtilty. Should the manners of the times appear inconsistent in these respects which we have noticed, we must remember that we are ourselves variable and inconsistent animals, and that, perhaps, the surest mode of introducing and encouraging any particular vice, is to rank the corresponding virtue at a pitch unnatural in itself, and beyond the ordinary attainment of humanity. The vows of celibacy introduced profligacy among the catholic clergy, as the high-flown and overstrained Platonism of the professors of chivalry favoured the increase of license and debauchery.—*From the Encyclopedia Britannia.*

GENIUS OF AN AUCTIONEER.

At the sale of paintings on the 10th instant, at Horncastle, the portrait of Archibald, Duke of Argyle, by Ramsay, was offered, and in answer to an inquiry how a small injury to the canvass had happened, the auctioneer related the following anecdote:—The portrait had been hung in a bedroom, which was on one occasion occupied by a female domestic; the girl, fancying that the Duke of Argyle eyed her too closely whilst she was dressing, became indignant, and seizing a poker aimed a blow with the intent of putting the Duke's eye out; the poker missed the eye, but perforated the canvass close to the face.—*Stamford News.*

From the Spectator.

Miss Martineau, punctual as the day, graces the first of the month with the History of the firm of Vanderput and Snoek, merchants of Amsterdam. The object of this month's Illustration is the History of a Bill of Exchange. The "exchange," that most mysterious of all mercantile processes, is expounded with Miss Martineau's usual clearness. Had Miss Martineau written nothing better than this, we should have been loud in its praise: as it is, we shall only say, that the History and the Illustration play well into each other's hands, and that neither throws the other into the shade, as occurs in some others of her very admirable works.

To the *Tales of the Covenanters*, by Robert Pollok, the author of the *Course of Time*, we turned with some expectations, founded on the reputation of its lamented author. The *Tales of the Covenanters* are in point of fact a volume of sermons, written in exposition of a view of religion which prevails in Scotland, but which we think required no aid from fiction, and will scarcely be thankful for illustration derived from such a source. Occasionally, however, the poet and the lover of nature shine through.

Memoirs of Dr. Priestley, the Centenary edition, is a reprint of the philosopher's most interesting little autobiography, as continued by his son Joseph Priestley, formerly of Philadelphia, now resident in England.

The American Criticisms on Mrs. Trollope's Domestic Manners of the Americans have been republished here, in a collected form. They are very little creditable to the style, ability, or good sense of our Transatlantic brethren. The Review answering to our *Quarterly* takes Mrs. Trollope as a representative of her countrymen; and, because she abuses or ridicules America, he tries to do the same for England,—and most clumsy is his attempt. He observes, that Cincinnati may be a very good place, though it has "no places like Almack's, of *easy lounge, unblushing lust, and fearless larceny.*" The *North American*, pretty much in the same spirit, does not jeer or sneer at England itself, but plays off

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the Anti-British and satirical portions of Prince Puckler Muskau against the allegations of the Trollope school upon Yankee-land. The wrath of these personages almost exalts the gossip of Mother Trollope and the washer-women of Cincinnati into importance.

We formerly mentioned that the *Poetry of Sir Walter Scott* was about to be published in twelve volumes, uniform with the Waverley Novels. The first is before us. The series commences with the *Ancient Ballads*, Sir Walter's earliest considerable publication in verse; and which, in point of fact, contained the germ of all he wrote subsequently. Until a late period, Sir Walter kept an interleaved copy of his *Border Minstrelsy*, and inserted such anecdotes and illustrations as occurred to him. From this copy the present edition is published. The editor, Mr. Lockhart, has added other notes, chiefly extracted from the private correspondence of Sir Walter, now in Mr. Lockhart's hands.

THE COLDNESS OF POLITICAL ECONOMY.

"It was only a year ago, that the House heard that thousands of the people of Ireland were obliged to go on the sea-shore, and pick up the sea-weed for food. Were those suffering beings, who could scarcely stand up in the attitude of human beings, to be driven to appeal to the cold calculations of political economy?"—*Mr. D. W. Harvey's Speech on Mr. Richards's proposal of Poor-Laws for Ireland.*

A defectin education occurring in the case of an ingenious and in other respects able man, in some circumstances becomes in the highest degree mischievous. If such persons would be ignorant and silent at the same time, there would be no harm done; but, unfortunately, conceit is too frequently the companion of partial ability; and envy also, of those who excel in the department they fail in, is too often found in the same society.

Mr. Harvey speaks with contempt of the "cold calculations of Political Economy," because this science will not fill the stomachs of a hungry population with a miraculous supply of loaves and fishes. Suppose a vessel at sea, tossed about the ocean without compass, or the means of making an observation; the navigators consequently ignorant where they were, or where to steer, with death by famine and shipwreck staring the unhappy crew in the face: what would be said of a passenger who should begin to sneer at the *cold calculations* of astronomy? True, lunar observations will not fill the belly or replenish the water-casks; but, in the first place, had these cold calculations been properly made, they would have prevented the occurrence of distress; and, secondly, they are the best means of obviating the recurrence or the continuation of the misfortune. The best thing for the moment, certainly, would be for a well-supplied ship to heave in sight, and administer to all their present wants; and this is, perhaps, all that an ignorant person would think of: were he also conceited, he might ridicule the coldness of science, that will not instantly clothe the naked or feed the hungry.

Why is Political Economy called *cold*? would it be any better if it were *hot*. The science of public wealth is yet but very imperfectly understood: the subject matter is vastly complicated; and the truth is, the calculations applied to it have not hitherto been *cold* enough.—*Spectator.*

IRISH ASSIGNMENT.

An Irish milkman was brought up to take the benefit of the Lord's Act. He was suspected of concealing his property, having given no schedule, though he was known at a not very distant period to have possessed some. He was asked by the counsel who opposed him, whether he had not some property, which he had omitted to insert in his schedule? "The devil a bit of property," says he, "have I at all at all." "Why, what's become of your furniture and your cows? Cows you were known to have, as you sold milk." "Yes, I had," says he; "but I have none now." "Why, what have you done with them?" "I have sign'd away every thing I had." "How have you assigned them?" "*I have made my will*, and given them all away." "*What, are you dead, man?*" said the judge. "No, please your honour," says Pat; "but I soon *will*, if you take away every thing I have to live on from me." He refused to make any assignment or schedule, and was remanded.

A CONSCIENTIOUS JUDGE.

After his death, the following anecdote was circulated of Mr. Justice Lawrence. A cause had been tried before him at York, in which he had summed up to the jury to find a verdict for the defendant, which they accordingly did. On further consideration, it appeared to him that he had mistaken the law. A verdict having been recorded against the plaintiff, he had no redress; but it was said that Mr. Justice Lawrence left him by his will a sum sufficient to indemnify him for his loss. This I give merely as a report, and give it willingly, as honourable to the memory of one of the most able, most independent, and most dignified of the judges who filled a judicial seat in my day.

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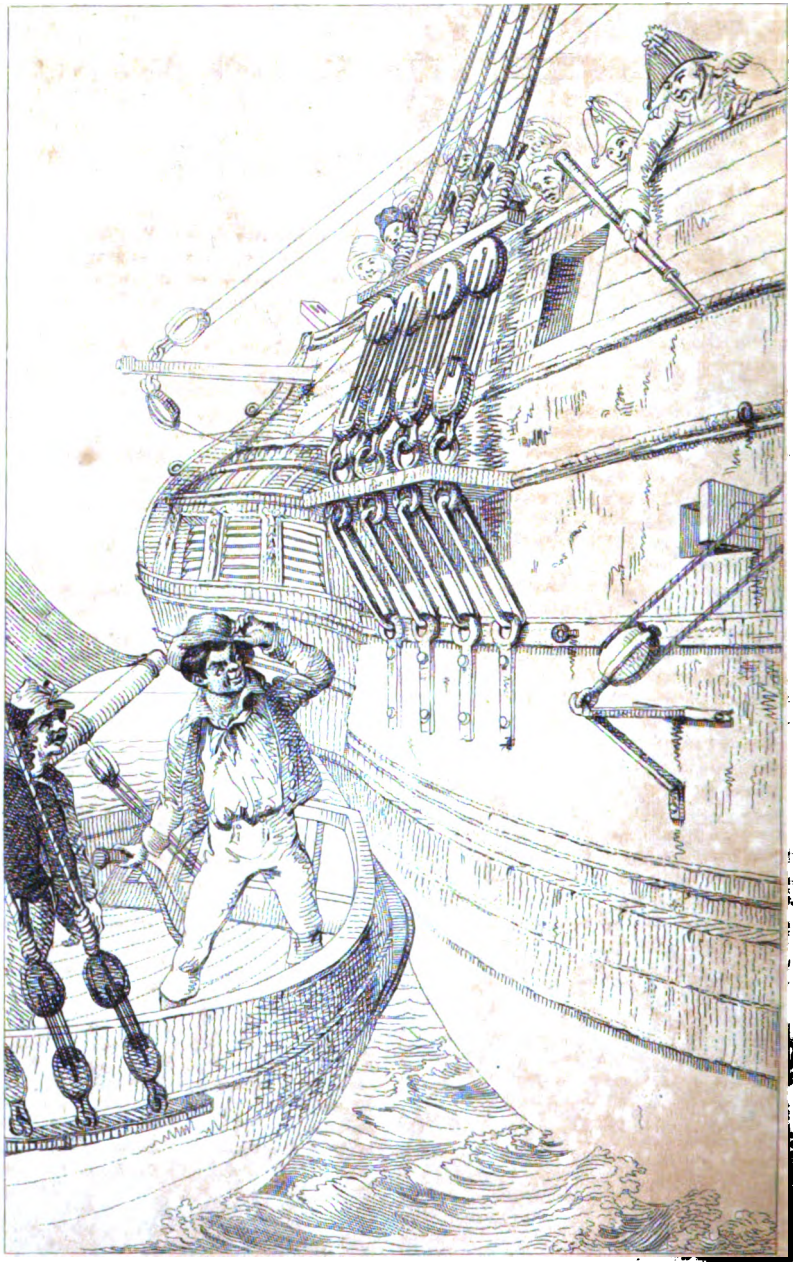

Captain dear when do you expect to be there ?—Where ? said the Captain "Ah you know yourself "

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MUSEUM

OF

FOREIGN LITERATURE, SCIENCE AND ART.

AUGUST, 1833.

From the Eclectic Review.

SIR JAMES MACKINTOSH.*

"SIR JAMES MACKINTOSH had proceeded to the 211th page of this third volume of his History of England, when literature and his country were deprived of him by his lamented death." A melancholy interest attaches to this portion of his unfinished labours; and we avail ourselves of the opportunity, to attempt, with the aid of two well written notices of his life and writings, now before us,† a brief memoir of a man who united in no ordinary degree the qualities, rarely associated, of the philosopher, the jurist, the forensic orator, and the man of letters.

The father of Sir James Mackintosh was a captain in the army, whose life was chiefly spent in foreign and garrison service. James, the eldest son, was born at Alldowrie, in the county of Inverness, on the 24th of October, 1765. For his early instruction and discipline, he was greatly indebted to the superintending care of an excellent grandmother, upon whom the charge of him chiefly devolved. He was afterwards placed at the school of Mr. Stalker, at Fortrose in Rosshire, where his talents were so far elicited as to encourage his friends to determine on sending him to college, with a view to his being qualified for some liberal profession. He was accordingly placed at King's College, Aberdeen, under Mr. Leslie, where he soon distinguished himself by his proficiency in Greek and mathematics; and it was there, when in his eighteenth year, that he first formed an acquaintance and close intimacy with that eminent friend of whom he had undertaken to be the biographer, when his own death prevented his paying that tribute to his memory. Mr. Hall was about a year and a half older than Sir James Mackintosh. Their tastes, at the commencement of their intercourse, were widely different; and upon some important topics of inquiry, there was little or no congeniality of sentiment between them. But the "*sub-stratum* of their minds seemed of the same cast;" and upon this, Sir James himself thought, their mutual friendship was founded. He became attached to Mr. Hall, he said, "because he could not help it." He was "fascinated by his brilliancy and acumen, in love with his cordiality and ardour, and awe-struck by the transparency of his conduct and the purity of his principles." We cannot refrain from forestalling our notice of Dr. Gregory's Memoir of Mr. Hall, by transcribing from it the following paragraph, describing the intimacy of these two distinguished class-mates.

"They read together; they sat together at lecture, if possible; they walked together. In their joint studies, they read much of Xenophon and Herodotus, and more of Plato; and so well was all this known, exciting admiration in some, in others envy, that it was not unusual, as they went along, for their class-fellows to point at them, and say, '*There go Plato and Herodotus.*" But the arena in which they met most frequently, was that of morals and metaphysics, furnishing topics of incessant disputation. After having sharpened their weapons by reading, they often repaired to the spacious sands upon the sea-shore, and still more frequently to the picturesque scenery on the banks of the Don, above the old town, to discuss with eagerness the various subjects to which their attention had been directed. There was scarcely an important position in Berkeley's Minute Philosopher, in Butler's Analogy, or in Edwards on the Will, over which they had not thus debated with the utmost intensity. Night after night, nay, month after month, for two sessions, they met only to study or to dispute; yet no unkindly feeling ensued. The process seemed rather, like blows in that of welding iron, to knit them closer together. Sir James said, that his companion, as well as himself, often contended for victory; yet never, so far as he could then judge, did either make a voluntary sacrifice of truth, or stoop to draw to

* *The History of England.* By the Right Hon. Sir James Mackintosh, L. L. D. M. P. Volume the Third. (Lardner's Cabinet Cyclopædia, Vol. xxxvii.) Feap. 8vo. pp. xlii. 368. London, 1832.

† The Annual Biography and Obituary. 1833. Vol. xvii. Art. X. North American Review. No. lxxvii. Art. *Sir James Mackintosh.* The writer of this last article was introduced to Sir James, when on a visit to London in 1817, and during that and some subsequent visits, enjoyed, he says, a good deal of his society.

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and fro the *serra λογομαχίας*, as is too often the case with ordinary controvertists. From these discussions, and from subsequent meditations upon them, Sir James learned more, as to principles, (such, at least, he assured me, was his deliberate conviction,) than from all the books he ever read. On the other hand, Mr. Hall through life reiterated his persuasion, that his friend possessed an intellect more analogous to that of Bacon, than any person of modern times; and that if he had devoted his powerful understanding to metaphysics, instead of law and politics, he would have thrown an unusual light upon that intricate but valuable region of inquiry. Such was the cordial, reciprocal testimony of these two distinguished men."—*Memoir of Robert Hall.* (Works, vol. vi. pp. 14, 15.)

From Aberdeen, Mackintosh repaired to Edinburgh, to complete his education, where he spent three years, attending the lectures of Dr. Cullen and Professor Black, preparatory to his taking up the degree of Doctor of Medicine. Medical studies, however, had but a small portion of his attention; they had few attractions for him; and we are surprised that he should ever thought of adopting, as a means of subsistence, a profession so little suited to his taste and habits of mind. Was it that the practice of law seemed to present still less scope for speculative and excursive inquiries, and that the science of law, in which he was so peculiarly fitted to excel, has hitherto been deemed an elegant study, rather than a branch of professional accomplishment? Mackintosh pursued the study of medicine, however, so far as to obtain, in 1787, his medical degree; on which occasion, he composed a Latin thesis, "On Muscular Action," afterwards published. On leaving the university, he repaired to the metropolis, ostensibly for the purpose of practising as a physician. If he had any serious intention of this nature, the step which he took, in engaging in political controversy, was the most likely to defeat his purpose. The great question of the day was the proposed Regency, in consequence of the first illness of George III. Mackintosh made his *début* as a political writer, by a pamphlet in support of the views of Fox; and his first essay shared the fate of the cause which he espoused. Foiled and disappointed, the young politician repaired to the continent, apparently with the view of renewing his professional studies. After spending a short time at Leyden, then the most celebrated medical school in Europe, he proceeded to Liege, where he was an eye-witness of the memorable contest between the Prince-Bishop and his subjects. His visit to the Continent must have been little more than a summer tour, since we find him, in this same year, again in London. About the same time, his father died, and bequeathed him a small landed property in Scotland. This may, perhaps, explain another circumstance; that, while as yet a physician without fees, and a writer without fame or influential friends, he ventured upon matrimony. In 1789, he married Miss Stuart, "a Scottish lady without beauty or fortune, but of great intelligence and most amiable character;"—the sister to Mr. Charles Stuart, the author of several dramatic pieces. In her, he found a partner of his heart, who appreciated his character, and "urged him on to overcome his almost constitutional indolence."

In the spring of 1791, Mackintosh started into notoriety, as the Author of "*Vindiciæ Gallicæ*, or a Defence of the French Revolution and its English admirers against the accusations of the Rt. Hon. Edmund Burke." This work, an octavo volume of 379 pages, he is said to have sold, before it was completely written, for a trifling sum; but the publisher liberally presented the author with triple the original price. At the end of four months, two editions had been sold, and a third appeared at the end of August, 1791. The powerful talent displayed in this performance, procured for its Author the acquaintance of Sheridan, Grey, Whitbread, Fox, and the Duke of Bedford. It afterwards led to his being introduced to Burke himself, who invited him to his seat at Beaconsfield; and the visit is said to have resulted in a very considerable modification of the political opinions avowed in that brilliant but immature performance. Time—the very events of the following year—must, even without any such aid from the corrective wisdom of the venerable political philosopher, have wrought some change upon Mackintosh, in common with every sanguine admirer of the French revolution. Yet, those who were the most disappointed by the issue, were not the least sagacious observers; and history rejects alike the generous illusions to which Mackintosh surrendered himself, and the more elaborate misrepresentations of his great anti-Gallican antagonist.*

Fully determined now to relinquish the medical profession, Mr. Mackintosh, in 1792, entered himself as a student of Lincoln's Inn; and in 1795, he was called to the bar; but he

* "Mackintosh," remarks the American Reviewer, "gives us the frothy effervescence of an immature mind which is still in a state of fermentation, while in Burke we have the pure, ripe, golden, glowing nectar." There is certainly more ripeness and body in Burke's performance, though it is scarcely less *heady*. We little expected, however, to meet with so unqualified a panegyric upon that beautiful political romance from a Republican writer. "Even now," adds the Reviewer, "although his (Burke's) practical conclusions have been confirmed by the event, and are generally acquiesced in, the public mind has no where—*no, not even in England—reached the elevation of his theory.* If it had, we should not witness the scenes that are now acting on the theatre of Europe!" This is strange language to come from a New-Englander; and we are really at a loss to know what is meant by Mr. Burke's political theory.

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does not appear to have obtained any considerable practice. In the year 1798, he projected, as a means of improving his income, the delivering a course of lectures on the Law of Nature and of Nations; and he applied to the Benchers of Lincoln's Inn, to be allowed the use of their hall for that purpose. It was not without difficulty that he succeeded in overcoming the objections which were raised on the ground of his supposed Jacobin principles. To disprove the calumny, he published his Introductory Lecture, which met with general admiration; and Mr. Pitt himself, who was a bencher of Lincoln's Inn, spoke of it as the most able and elegant discourse on the subject in any language. It is said to have been at the immediate recommendation of Lord Loughborough, the Chancellor, that permission was at length given to use the Hall; and Mackintosh delivered his course to a large and most respectable audience. The Introductory Lecture is generally considered as the most valuable and important of his printed works; and the whole course, if of any corresponding merit, would be a precious acquisition. But we can scarcely entertain the hope that he has left any thing more than imperfect memoranda. In these lectures, it is remarked by Mr. Campbell, "Mackintosh, with the eye of a true philosopher, laid bare the doctrines of Rousseau and Vattel, and of a host of their followers, who borrowed their conceptions of the law of nature from the savages of the forest or from the abodes of the brute creation." The errors which he combatted, have now, however, become so far obsolete, that, eminent as was the service rendered to science at the time, these Lectures would now, perhaps, be deprived of some portion of their interest.

Subsequently to the general election in 1802, Mr. Mackintosh was retained as counsel in several cases of contested elections, and acquitted himself with ability before committees of the House of Commons. The first occasion, however, on which he distinguished himself at the bar, was as counsel in defence of Peltier, the Editor of the Ambigu, who was prosecuted in Feb. 1803, for a libel against Bonaparte, then First Consul of France. Mr. Perceval, afterwards prime minister, as attorney general, conducted the prosecution, and was seconded by Mr. Abbot, afterwards Lord Tenterden. Against this array of talent and power, Mackintosh appeared as the single counsel for the defendant; and he delivered, on this occasion, an oration in defence of the liberty of the press, which has been pronounced one of the most finished specimens of modern eloquence. Lord Ellenborough declared it to be the most eloquent oration he had ever heard in Westminster Hall. A translation of it into French, by Mad. de Staël, was circulated throughout Europe. "We are not sure," remarks the writer in the North American Review, "that there is any single speech in the English language, which can fairly be compared with it."

The reputation which Mr. Mackintosh had previously acquired from his Lectures at Lincoln's Inn, had obtained for him the appointment of Professor of the Laws in the East India College at Hertford. His eloquent defence of Peltier procured him the offer of the Recordership of Bombay, which, after some hesitation, he accepted. With a large and increasing family and a slender and precarious income, he could scarcely decline a high judicial station which promised ample means and literary leisure, although at the cost of expatriation, and, as the event proved, of the loss of health. On this occasion, he received the honour of knighthood. He had previously lost his wife, and married, in 1798, a daughter of J. B. Allen, Esq., of Cressella, in Pembrokeshire, who, with several children, accompanied him on his voyage to the East.

"It is not very honourable to the discernment of the Government," remarks the American writer above referred to, "that they should have permitted the expatriation, for so many of the best years of his life, of one of the master spirits of the country, whose proper sphere of action was the centre of business at home; and it is much to be regretted that private considerations rendered it expedient for Sir James to consent to the proposal." Want of discernment, in this instance, cannot, however, be fairly imputed to the Government. The constitutional indolence which unfortunately adhered to him, and which rendered his life a course of splendid but desultory efforts, with long intervals of comparative inaction, his deficiency in the habits of business and in the practical knowledge of his profession, together with his singular improvidence, would probably have debarred him from filling that sphere of usefulness at home to which his great talents would otherwise infallibly have raised him. While he remained in India, Sir James discharged his official duties with distinguished zeal, ability, and philanthropy; and it was while there, that the subject of Criminal Jurisprudence became more especially an object of his attention. By his high intellectual and moral qualities, he contributed to elevate the standard of civilization in that remote colony. He founded a literary society at Bombay, as Sir William Jones had done at Calcutta; but he did not engage with similar ardour in the study of the oriental languages, his acquaintance with which was very limited. After a residence in India of between seven and eight years, he found his health seriously impaired by the effects of the climate; and in 1811, he returned to England with his fortune not much improved, and with a liver complaint which adhered to him for the rest of his life, and ultimately shortened his days. He obtained a retiring pension from the East India

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Company, of 1200*l.* a year; but habits of economy are not to be learned in India.

As soon as his shattered health would permit, Sir James was introduced into Parliament. In July, 1813, he entered the House of Commons as representative for the county of Nairn. In 1818, the influence of the Duke of Devonshire secured his return for Knaresborough, for which borough he was re-elected at the subsequent elections of 1820, 1826, 1830, and 1831. On all questions of foreign policy and international law, on the alien bill, on the liberty of the press, on religious toleration, on slavery, on the settlement of Greece, on Parliamentary Reform, and more especially upon the Reform of the Criminal Law, Sir James took a prominent part, and was always to be found on the side of freedom, justice, and humanity. On the questions connected with neutral lights, which grew out of the relations between Great Britain and the United States of America, he co-operated actively and ably with his friend Mr. Brougham in support of a liberal policy. After the close of the last American War, he took occasion, in one of his speeches in the House, to compliment the American Commissioners at Ghent, upon their "astonishing superiority" over their opponents; a circumstance which we find noticed with great complacency by our North American contemporary, who adds:—"In other speeches, and in his writings, he has often spoken in friendly and favourable terms of this country. This candid, perhaps partial disposition, in one whose opinion was authority, coming into contrast, as it did, with the meanness and illiberality of many of his contemporaries, had so much endeared the name of Sir James Mackintosh to our citizens, that he was generally styled in the newspapers, whenever he was mentioned, *the friend of America*. A report which was spread soon after the entrance into power of the present ministry, that he was coming out to reside amongst us as British Minister, was heard with much satisfaction; and there cannot be a doubt that his reception would have been of the most gratifying character." We can scarcely suppose that there was any foundation for the report, as the station would have been ill suited to Sir James, and the state of his health would scarcely have admitted of his encountering, without imminent risk, the trials of a long voyage and a new climate.

After the death of Sir Samuel Romilly, the advocacy of the revision of the Penal Code devolved more especially upon Sir James. He was Chairman of a Committee in the House of Commons on the subject of the Criminal Law in 1819; and in pursuance of its report, he introduced six bills in the course of May, 1820. Only three of these were, however, at the time, persisted in; and in the Commutation of Punishment bill, only four offences were suffered to be included in its provisions, out of the eleven for which it was proposed to commute the capital punishment; the other seven being expunged from the bill in the House of Lords. For some time, after the death of Tierney, Sir James was, we believe, regarded as a sort of chief of the Opposition party; but, although a most important auxiliary, he was deficient in many of the requisites demanded by the post of a political leader and tactician. His character as a parliamentary speaker, is thus pourtrayed in an article originally inserted in the New Monthly Magazine, and attributed to the pen of Mr. Lytton Bulwer.

"'Sir James Mackintosh never spoke on a subject without displaying, not only all that was peculiarly necessary to that subject, but all that a full mind, long gathering and congesting, has to pour forth upon any subject. The language, without being antithetic, was artificial and ornate. The action and voice were vehement, but not passionate; the tone and conception of the argument, of too lofty and philosophic a strain for those to whom, generally speaking, it was directed. It was impossible not to feel that the person addressing you was a profound thinker, delivering a laboured composition. Sir James Mackintosh's character as a speaker, then, was of that sort acquired in a thin House, where those who have stayed from their dinner, have stayed for the purpose of hearing what is said, and can, therefore, deliver up their attention undistractedly to any knowledge and ability, even if somewhat prolixly put forth, which elucidates the subject of discussion. We doubt if all great speeches of a legislative kind would not require such an audience, if they never travelled beyond the walls within which they were spoken. The passion, the action, the movement of oratory which animates and transports a large assembly, can never lose their effect when passion, action, movement, are in the orator's subject; when Philip is at the head of his Macedonians, or Catiline at the gates of Rome. The emotions of fear, revenge, horror, are emotions that all classes and descriptions of men, however lofty or low their intellect, may feel:—here, then, is the orator's proper field. But again; there are subjects such as many, if not most, of those discussed in our House of Commons, the higher bearings of which are intelligible only to a certain order of understandings. The reasoning proper for these is not understood, and cannot therefore be sympathised with, by the mass. In order not to be insipid to the few, it is almost necessary to be dull to the many. If our Houses of Legislature sat with closed doors, they would be the most improper assemblies for the discussion of legislative questions that we can possibly conceive. They would have completely the tone of their own clique. No one would dare or wish to soar above the common-places which find a ready echoing cheer: all would indulge in that vapid violence against persons, which the spirit of party is rarely wanting to applaud. But as it is, the man of superior mind, standing upon his own strength, knows and feels that he is not speaking to the lolling, lounging, indolently listening individuals stretched on the bench-

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es around him: he feels and knows that he is speaking to, and will obtain the sympathy of, all the great and enlightened spirits of Europe; and this bears and buoys him up amidst any coldness, impatience, or indifference, in his immediate audience. When we perused the magnificent orations of Mr. Burke, which transported us in our cabinet, and were told that his rising was the dinner bell in the House of Commons; when we heard that some of Mr. Brougham's almost gigantic discourses were delivered amidst coughs and impatience; and when, returning from our travels, where we had heard of nothing but the genius and eloquence of Sir James Mackintosh, we encountered him ourselves in the House of Commons; —on all these occasions we were sensible, not that Mr. Burke's, Mr. Brougham's, Sir James Mackintosh's eloquence was less, but that it was addressed to another audience than that to which it was apparently delivered. Intended for the House of Commons only, the style would have been absurdly faulty: intended for the public, it was august and correct. There are two different modes of obtaining a parliamentary reputation: a man may rise in the country by what is said of him in the House of Commons, or he may rise in the House of Commons by what is thought or said of him in the country. Some debaters have the faculty, by varying their style and their subjects, of alternately addressing both those without and within their walls, with effect and success. Mr. Fox, Mr. Pitt, Mr. Sheridan, Mr. Canning were, and Lord Brougham is of this number. Mr. Burke and Sir James Mackintosh spoke to the reason and the imagination, rather than to the passions; and this, together with some faults of voice and manner, rendered these great orators (for great orators they were) more powerful in the printed reports, than in the actual delivery of their speeches. We ourselves heard Sir James Mackintosh's great, almost wonderful, speech upon Reform. We shall never forget the extensive range of ideas, the energetic grasp of thought, the sublime and soaring strain of legislative philosophy, with which he charmed and transported us; but it was not so with the House in general. His Scotch accent, his unceasing and laboured vehemence of voice and gesture, the refined and speculative elevation of his views, and the vast heaps of hoarded knowledge he somewhat prolixly produced, displeased the taste and wearied the attention of men who were far more anxious to be amused and excited, than to be instructed or convinced. We see him now! his bald and singularly formed head working to and fro, as if to collect, and then shake out his ideas; his arm violently vibrating, and his body thrown forward by sudden quirks and starts, which, ungraceful as they were, seemed rather premeditated than inspired. This is not the picture which Demosthenes would have drawn of a perfect orator; and it contains some defects that we wonder more care had not been applied to remedy.'"* pp. 119—21.

Sir James was elected, in 1822, Lord Rector of the University of Glasgow, and again in 1828. On the 1st of December, 1830, he was appointed one of the Commissioners for the affairs of India. If our recollection does not deceive us, he held, for a short time, another public office at an intermediate period, which he resigned in consequence of some political changes. Had the state of his health permitted, it is believed that he would have formed a member of the present Administration, or have been promoted to some important and lucrative post. In that case, his American friend remarks, "after having been nailed for much of his life to the north wall of Opposition, and suffered a good deal from pecuniary embarrassments, he would have found the evening of his days gilded and cheered with the southern sun of power and fortune." It is not the fact, however, as this Writer imagines, that he was unpensioned and neglected, with no other temporal reward for his labours, than "a great but dowerless fame." Our admiration of his splendid endowments must not blind us to the lesson which may be derived from the history of his career. The homely virtues of steady industry and prudence, "the secrets of fortune," would have enabled him to secure at least an honourable competency; and while we may respect him for despising wealth, we cannot but regret that his improvidence interfered with his comfort, as much as his desultory habits did with his usefulness. The evening of his life was overcast also, we understand, by trials of a domestic character. We rejoice to be assured by Dr. Gregory, in his Life of Hall, that latterly, if a sadder, Sir James became a wiser man in "the *most essential* respects;" and that having always been the friend of Virtue, he became, towards the close of his days, more than he had been, the disciple of Religion.

Sir James's health had been for some time rapidly declining; and we were painfully struck, on meeting him at the anniversary of the Anti-Slavery Society in 1831, with the

* With this able critique, the reader may be pleased to compare the estimate furnished by the American Reviewer, who describes his own impressions. "His eloquence was of a dignified, manly, and imposing character. His manner was not particularly graceful, and he had a slight Scotch accent; but his language was flowing, copious, energetic, and elegant, and, above all, carried with it to the minds of his hearers, the rich gifts of profound and original thought. The delightful combination of philosophy and taste was exhibited by Mackintosh in higher perfection than it had been by any parliamentary orator since the time of Burke; not excepting even Canning, who yet exemplified it in a very remarkable degree. The eloquence of Sir James was far more finished than that of Brougham; although the latter, from his superior activity and industry, possessed a greater share of political influence, and has finally made a much more brilliant fortune in the world." For a spirited, and, upon the whole, correct portrait of Sir James, as a writer, a speaker, and a converser, we may refer also to a clever volume, "The Spirit of the Age." (8vo. 1825.)

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unequivocal indications of premature age. The illness which immediately led to his death was, however, the effect of accident. About the beginning of March, 1832, while at dinner, a small particle of bone in a portion of the breast of a boiled chicken, which he was attempting to swallow, stuck in his throat; and it was not till after two days that the obstruction was removed by an emetic.

"The effects of the accident completely unsettled his general health. He afterwards laboured under increasing debility and occasional attacks of severe pains in his head, shoulders, and limbs. A few days before death, the pains suddenly ceased. Febrile symptoms set in, and the head became affected. Although this change was met, and in a great measure subdued, by the treatment prescribed by his medical attendants, the consequent debility was too great for his constitution to resist, already oppressed by the weight of sixty-six years. Sir James Mackintosh anticipated the near approach of his dissolution with the greatest firmness, and with the most perfect resignation to the Divine will; retaining, nearly to the last, the command of the powerful mental faculties which distinguished him through an arduous life. His decease took place on the 30th of May, 1832, at his house in Langham Place. He was buried on the 4th of June, at Hampstead. Among the carriages in the procession were those of the Lord Chancellor, the Dukes of Bedford and Devonshire, the Marquis of Lansdowne, the Earl of Carlisle, Lords Holland and Dover, Right Hon. C. Grant, Sir Robert Inglis, Bart. M. P., &c." pp. 125—6.

Many years ago, (it is even said, early in life,) Sir James had projected a great historical work on the affairs of England since the Revolution of 1688, for which he collected materials with much assiduity; but, after his return to Europe, his parliamentary duties conspired with the feeble state of his health, to prevent his making much progress in the execution of his design. The work of which the volume before us contains a valuable fragment, may be regarded as "an expansion of the prefatory matter intended for his greater history." The entire work was to have extended to eight volumes of the Cyclopædia; and he is stated to have left "various manuscripts and memoranda relating to English history," which have been purchased by the proprietors, and "will be used as occasion shall require in the progress of the work." Among these is "a view of English affairs at the time of the Revolution," which promises to be peculiarly valuable. We know not to whom the delicate task of continuing the history has been intrusted; but we should strongly recommend, that that portion of the history towards which Sir James's manuscripts will be found to supply no available materials, should be despatched with all convenient brevity, for two obvious reasons; first, because the work, as originally planned, is on a scale too large in proportion for the Cyclopædia itself, and secondly, because, if that scale is adhered to, Sir James's composition will form too small a proportion of this History. Perhaps another reason might be drawn from the character of that portion which he lived to execute: though richly instructive, it presents by no means a model for advantageous invitation by any inferior hand. The learned Author was better qualified to be a commentator upon history, than an historian. His comments and elucidations are admirable, and throw a strong light upon conspicuous points; but he does not excel in either graphic delineation or compressed and perspicuous narrative. His distinguished friend, Mr. Hall, is stated to have expressed in conversation, the opinion that, in attempting history, Mackintosh had mistaken the proper line of his powers. The conversation alluded to, which took place in 1819 and 1823, has been preserved by the Rev. Robert Balmer, of Berwick upon Tweed, and is printed in the VIth volume of Mr. Hall's Works, just published. We shall transcribe the whole of what relates to the subject of the present sketch.

"'I know no man,' Mr. Hall said repeatedly and emphatically, 'equal to Sir James in talents. The powers of his mind are admirably balanced. He is defective only in imagination.—He has imagination too; but, with him, imagination is an acquisition, rather than a faculty. He has, however, plenty of embellishment at command; for his memory retains every thing. His mind is a spacious repository, hung round with beautiful images; and when he wants one, he has nothing to do but to reach up his hand to a peg, and take it down. But his images were not manufactured in his mind; they were imported.' *B.* 'If it be so defective in imagination, he must be incompetent to describe scenes and delineate characters vividly and graphically; and I should apprehend, therefore, he will not succeed in writing history.' *H.* 'Sir, I do not expect him to produce an eloquent or interesting history. He has, I fear, mistaken his province. His genius is best adapted for metaphysical speculation. But, had he chosen moral philosophy, he would probably have surpassed every living writer.' *B.* 'I admired exceedingly some of his philosophical papers in the Edinburgh Review; his articles, for instance, on Mde. de Staël's Germany, and on Dugald Stewart's Preliminary Dissertation; but there seemed to me a heaviness about them; and I do think that Mr. Jeffrey could expound a metaphysical theory with more vivacity and effect.' *H.* 'With more vivacity, perhaps, but not with equal judgment or acuteness. He would not go so deep, Sir. I am persuaded that if Sir James Mackintosh had enjoyed leisure, and had exerted himself, he would have completely outdone Jeffrey and Stewart, and all the metaphysical writers of our times.'"

Mr. Hall's remarks upon Sir James's qualifications for historical writing, were made in anticipation of his great work, which was

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destined never to appear, and had no reference to the task which he was induced to undertake for Dr. Lardner's Cyclopædia. In these volumes, he was obliged to have more immediately in view the amusement of popular readers; but his style is by no means adapted to a popular work. It is rich, but often crowded with thought; obscure, not through any defect of perspicuity in the diction, but from the complexity arising from the number of accessory ideas *interlaced* with the primary one in the sentence or paragraph. The narrative is encumbered with the philosophy, like a silver stream half concealed by the rich vegetation it has nourished. He presents to us not the mere facts, but the reasons of the facts, never being satisfied without tracing the event to the cause; and thus, if not the most graphic of narrators, his work, as far as it goes, is the most instructive of historical manuals. Our readers will probably prefer to any further observations of our own upon this subject, the following critique upon the first two volumes, from the pen of Mr. Campbell, the Poet.

"'There is something, at the first view, unpleasant in conceiving a man like Mackintosh, with a mind whose deep speculations would require a good long life-time for ordinary men to study, sitting down to write a book for men *of little leisure;* but on closer examination of the subject, it will occur, that we scarcely recognise profound thinkers by a surer test, than that they save the bulk of men from the pain of elaborate thought. They simplify truth at a glance. Locke, Bacon, and Montesquieu afford abundant examples. That Mackintosh has done this in a certain and very considerable degree, in his Manual of English History, I do honestly believe; nor would I wish that the world had lost that Manual upon any terms, unless, perhaps, on the condition that he had finished his larger history. I pretend not, indeed, to come armed at all points, by that fresh and full research which the subject would require, to defend those two volumes against every objection which criticism, both oral and written, has brought against them. During their preparation, he had grown a veteran in fame; and, from the exaggerating tendency of the popular mind, he had to satisfy absurd anticipations. Among familiar facts, he was expected to introduce novelty,—among the 'lying chronicles,' he was expected to establish harmonious testimony,—and over ages of events, from Boadicea to Bacon, he was to expound every thing at once palpably to the school-boy, and profoundly to the philosopher. My own opinion, if it may be heard amidst the myriad buzz of criticism, is, that he has wonderfully solved the difficulty of making history at once amusing to the fancy, elevating to the understanding, and interesting to the heart. I scarcely know two volumes from which, considering their depth of thought, the simplest mind will be apt to carry off more instruction, nor from which the most instructed minds, if I may judge of such a mental class, would be likely, considering the manual and popular objects of the work, to carry off more sound and pleasant impressions.—*Ann. Biog.* p. i. 22—24

From the volume before us, we shall extract a few paragraphs, as specimens of the philosophical spirit, the enlightened sentiment, and the copious information which characterize the history.

"The acts by which the ecclesiastical revolution was accomplished, occupied the whole session of parliament, which continued from January to May.—Some documents purporting to be the speeches of the minority in parliament in these important debates are preserved. But they are considered as spurious or doubtful by the ecclesiastical historians of both parties. Those ascribed to Archbishop Heath, Bishop Scott, and Feckenham, abbot of Westminster, are summaries of the controversy on the Catholic side, and are not properly within the province of the civil historian. The speech of Lord Montague is more ingenious and seasonable; objecting to the severe penalties, and urging the ordinary arguments from the antiquity and universality of the Catholic Church, only as presumptions of the uncertainty of Protestantism, and as aggravations of the injustice of severely punishing adherents to a faith maintained for so many ages by their fathers.

"The true hinge of the dispute was not touched by either party. The question was, whether the legislature had a right to alter the established and endowed religion, on condition of respecting the estates for life vested by law in certain ecclesiastics. The Protestants as well as the Catholics converted the debate into a theological discussion, because they justified their measures by the truth of their own religious opinions. No one then saw, that the legislature could not, without usurping authority over conscience, consider religion otherwise than as it affected the outward interests of society; which alone were entrusted to their care, and submitted to their rule. Every other view of the subject, however, arising from a wish to exalt religion, must in truth tend to degrade and enslave her.

"Of the only two important deviations in the new Book of Common Prayer from the liturgy of Edward VI., the first, consisting in the omission of a prayer to be delivered from the 'tyranny of the Bishop of Rome and all his detestable enormities,' manifested a conciliatory temper towards the Roman Church; and the second, instead of the Zwinglian language, which spoke of the sacrament as being only a remembrance of the death of Christ, substituted words indicating some sort of real presence of a body, though not affirming the presence to be corporeal; coinciding with the phraseology of Calvin, which, if any meaning can be ascribed to the terms, might, it should seem, be used by Catholics, not indeed as adequately conveying their doctrine, but as containing nothing inconsistent with it.

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"When Cecil and Bacon had finally succeeded in overcoming his (Parker's) scruples, the consecration was delayed for some time, in order to take such precautions as might best secure its validity from being impugned. The

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Church of England then adopted, and has not yet renounced, the inconsistent and absurd opinion, that the Church of Rome, though idolatrous, is the only channel through which all lawful power, of ordaining priests, of consecrating bishops, or validly performing any religious rite, flowed from Christ, through a succession of prelates, down to the latest age of the world. The ministers, therefore, first endeavoured to obtain the concurrence of the Catholic bishops in the consecration; which those prelates, who must have considered such an act as a profanation, conscientiously refused. They were at length obliged to issue a new commission for consecrating Parker, directed to Kitchen of Llandaff, to Ball, an Irish bishop, to Barlow, Scory, and Coverdale, deprived in the reign of Mary, and to two suffragans. Whoever considers it important at present to examine this list, will perceive the perplexities in which the English Church was involved by a zeal to preserve unbroken the chain of Episcopal succession. On account of this frivolous advantage, that church was led to prefer the common enemy of all reformation to those Protestant communions which had boldly snapped asunder that brittle chain: a striking example of the evil that sometimes arises from the inconsistent respect paid by reformers to ancient establishments.

"Parker, who had been elected on the 1st of August, was finally consecrated on the 17th of December. Four new bishops were consecrated three days after the primate; whose preferment, as they had been exiles for religion in the time of Mary, was a strong and irrevocable pledge of the queen's early determination to stand or fall with the reformed faith. This politic, as well as generous elevation of faithful adherents and patient sufferers, did not prevent the wise ministers from a general choice which none of their antagonists ventured to impugn. For some time, many of the Roman Catholics, unskilled in theological disputes, continued to frequent their parish churches, regardless of the differences which were to steep Europe in blood.

"This uninquiring conformity appears not immediately to have yielded to the condemnation of it pronounced by the divines at Trent. The Anglican reformation was completed by the publication of the articles of religion, exhibiting the creed of that establishment, which, upon the whole, deserves commendation, in the only points where the authors could exercise any discretion; for treating the ancient church with considerable approaches to decency, and for preferring quiet, piety, and benevolence, to precision and consistency: not pressing those doctrines to their utmost logical consequences, which, by such a mode of inference, lead only to hatred, to blood, and often to a corruption of moral principle.

"A translation of the Scripture was published by authority, which, after passing through several emendations, became, in the succeeding reign, the basis of our present version. This was the work of translators not deeply versed in the opinions, languages, manners, and institutions of the ancient world, who were born before the existence of eastern learning in Europe, and whose education was completed before the mines of criticism had been opened, either as applied to the events of history, or to the reading, interpretation, and genuineness of ancient writings. On these accounts, as well as on account of the complete superannuation of some parts of its vocabulary, it undoubtedly requires revision and emendation. Such a task, however, should only be entrusted to hands skilful and tender, in the case of a translation which, to say nothing of the connexion of its phraseology with the religious sensibilities of a people, forms the richest storehouse of the native beauties of our ancient tongue; and by frequent yet reverential perusal has, more than any other cause, contributed to the permanency of our language, and thereby to the unity of our literature. In waving the higher considerations of various kinds which render caution, in such a case, indispensable, it is hard to overvalue the literary importance of daily infusions from the 'well of English undefiled' into our familiar converse. Nor should it be forgotten, if ever the revision be undertaken, that we derive an advantage, not to be hazarded for tasteless novelties, from a perfect model of a translation of works of the most remote antiquity, into that somewhat antique English, venerable without being obscure, which alone can faithfully represent their spirit and genius." pp. 12—18.

In addition to this history, its lamented Author contributed to Dr. Lardner's Biographical Series, a life of Sir Thomas More, given in vol. XXI., containing "Lives of eminent British Statesmen." In that volume, Sir James has finely discriminated the respective provinces of the historian and the biographer; and he has almost led us to think, that he would have found the more scope, and the more congenial field of inquiry, in the latter department of literature.

Besides these works and those already enumerated, including his contributions to the Edinburgh Review, the only work which he published is, the "General View of the Progress of Ethical Philosophy," which forms the second preliminary dissertation prefixed to the seventh edition of the Encyclopædia Britannica. Of this acute and masterly production, some account will be found in our Number for October, 1831. We then noticed, with regret, the flaw of error which, though not very obvious, runs like a vein through the beautiful formation of the Author's philosophy. In the article in the North American Review, already referred to, which comprises a critique upon the Dissertation, some deficiencies of another kind are pointed out. The most remarkable is the absence of any notice of the ethical theories of the modern Germans: the French writers are also passed over almost without notice; and the work, besides being incomplete, bears throughout the marks of hasty preparation. Yet, adds the Writer,

'Notwithstanding these deficiencies, it will be read with deep interest by students of moral science, and by all who take an interest in the

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higher departments of intellectual research, or enjoy the beauties of elegant language applied to the illustration of "divine philosophy." It gives us, on an important branch of the most important of the sciences, the reflections of one of the few master minds that are fitted by original capacity and patient study to probe it to the bottom. It is highly interesting, whether we agree with him or not, to know the opinions of such a man, upon the character of the principal ethical writers, and upon the leading principles of the science. These opinions are exhibited with every advantage of language and manner. It is difficult to imagine how the union of power, dignity, and grace, which may be supposed to constitute a finished style, can be carried further than it is in the writings of Sir James Mackintosh. The moral tone is also of the purest and most agreeable kind. The work breathes throughout, a temperate enthusiasm in the cause of humanity, and a spirit of perfect toleration for opposite opinions, even of an exceptionable cast . . . He enlarges with an overflowing fulness of heart, we may say, even to exaggeration, upon the merits of contemporaries. Under the influence of this generous and amiable impulse, he has probably over-rated the deserts of Bentham, Brown, and Stewart. But how much more noble is an error of this kind, than the petty jealousy which can see nothing in living excellence of any kind, but an object of attack; as the wasp approaches the fairest fruits, only for the purpose of piercing them to the core! It is indeed refreshing and delightful, to find one of the most powerful minds of the age, uniting the best feelings with the highest gifts of intellect, and exemplifying in his own person the moral graces which he undertakes to teach."

We transcribe with pleasure this encomium, honourable both to its subject and to the writer, and substantially just. A slight abatement, perhaps, from the unqualified commendation of Sir James's style might be made in respect to an occasional want of perspicuity and finished accuracy. Nor should we agree with the Reviewer, in ranking among the excellencies of an ethical writer, the "toleration of exceptionable *opinions*," which is, assuredly, no proof of benevolence, whatever candour and charity may be due to the intentions and persons of those who differ from us on "vital questions." The distinction, one might think, is obvious enough; yet, how repeatedly are laxity of opinion or latitudinarianism of creed, and kindness of heart confounded!*

Although Sir James possessed so great aptitude for literary composition, the intellectual exercise in which he most delighted, and in which his fine powers and varied acquisitions were exhibited with most satisfaction to himself and most gratification to others, was, conversation. "The companion of all the most distinguished men of his own time, Sheridan, Parr, Burke, Romilly; as intimately acquainted with all the great men of antiquity; with a mind replete with ancient lore and modern anecdote; equally ready on all subjects, philosophy, history, politics, personal narrative; eloquent without pomposity, learned without pedantry, gay, and even witty, without affectation; there never was a man possessed of more advantages for colloquial intercourse. Of these fascinating displays of his moral qualities and intellectual powers, few traces we fear, survive, except in the recollections of his friends; but some of his remarks, taken down at the time (in 1817), have been preserved by his American visiter, who was much struck with the copiousness, elegance, originality, and point of his conversation. As the journal in which they appear, is probably seen by few of our readers, we shall make room for the whole, without any apprehension that they will complain of the length to which it will extend this article.

"'Shakspeare, Milton, Locke, and Newton, are four names beyond competition superior to any that the continent can put against them.—It was a proof of singular and very graceful modesty in Gray, that, after bestowing upon Shakspeare a high eulogium in the Progress of Poetry, he did not, when proceeding to the character of Milton, rashly decide upon their relative merit. Every half-read critic affirms at once, according to his peculiar taste or the caprice of the moment, that one or the other is the superior poet; but when Gray comes to Milton he only says,—

"'*Nor second* he that rode sublime
Upon the seraph wings of extacy.'"

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* We cannot refrain from observing, that the article from which we have cited this panegyric on Sir James Mackintosh, contains one of the most flagrant instances that we have ever met with, of that spurious tolerance which levels all creeds, places the essence of virtue in the intellect, and enthrones mind upon the ruins of every religious principle. The frigid, cheerless *if*, with which the following sentence opens, borrowed from a pagan historian, and worthy of the negative creed of a disciple of Priestley, is a fit introduction to the impiety with which it closes, and to the prostitution of language which would seem to make a blind, sinful, erring man 'the image of the invisible God.' '*If* there be,—as we all believe and hope,—another and a better world, where the wise and good repose together from the troubles of this, we cannot doubt that Mackintosh is now among its favoured tenants,—enjoying the communion of the high and gifted minds whom he always so much loved and admired, the Platos, the Stewarts, the Burkes, the Ciceros,—and dwelling in the nearer presence of that sublime Spirit, whose ineffable glories he has so eloquently though faintly shadowed forth in so many splendid passages of his writings.' It is but too evident, that 'to be with Christ, forms no element of this Writer's joyful anticipations of the heavenly society. Alas! that, in the City of the Pilgrims, such sentiments as these should pass for the eloquence of piety. The '*Si quis piorum manibus locus,—si, ut sapientibus placet, non cum corpore exstinguuntur magnæ animæ*'—of the classic Roman, affects us not more by its beauty, than by its approximation to Christian sentiment. In the American writer the case is reversed: we are startled at the approximation to heathenism.

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"'Dryden he assigns to an inferior class:

"'Behold where Dryden's less presumptuous car
Wide o'er the field of glory bear
Two coursers of inferior race,'" &c.

"The writer observed, that the German critics call Dryden a man walking upon stilts in a marsh.—*Sir James:*—Depend upon it, they do not understand the language.—Shakspeare's great superiority over other writers consists in his deep knowledge of human nature. Châteaubriand says of him, '*Il a souvent des mots terribles.*' It has been thought by some, that those observations upon human nature which appear so profound and remarkable, may, after all, lie nearest to the surface, and be taken up most naturally by the early writers in every language; but we do not find them in Homer. Homer is the finest ballad-writer in any language. The flow and fulness of his style is beautiful; but he has nothing of the deep, piercing observation of Shakespeare.'

"The writer mentioned that he had been at St. Paul's, and spoke of the statues of Johnson, Sir William Jones, and others that he had seen there. *Sir James:*—'It is a noble edifice, to be sure, and we have some great men there; but it would be too much to expect that the glory of the second temple should equal that of the first. One country is not sufficient for two such repositories as Westminster Abbey.—Boswell's Life of Johnson has given a wrong impression of him in some respects. When we see four large volumes written upon a man's conversation, through a period of forty years, and his remarks alone set down, of all those made at the time, we naturally take the idea that Johnson was the central point of society for all that period. The truth is, he never was in good society; at least in those circles where men of letters mix with the fashionable world. His brutal, intolerant manners excluded him from it, of course. He met good society, to be sure, at the Literary Club and at Sir Joshua Reynolds's.—Gibbon was asked why he did not talk more in the presence of Dr. Johnson. 'Sir,' replied the historian, taking a pinch of snuff, 'I have no pretensions to the ability of contending with Dr. Johnson in brutality and insolence.'"

"'Sir William Jones was not a man of first-rate talent;—he had great facility of acquisition, but not a mind of the highest order. Reason and imagination are the two great intellectual faculties, and he was certainly not pre-eminent in either. His poetry is indifferent, and his other writings are agreeable, but not profound. He was, however, a most amiable and excellent man.

"Speaking of the poets of the day, Sir James observed:—'I very much doubt whether Scott will survive long. Hitherto, nothing has stood the test of time, but laboured and finished verse; and of this, Scott has none. If I were to say which of the poets of the day is most likely to be read hereafter, I should give my opinion in favour of some of Campbell's poems. Scott, however, has a wonderful fertility and vivacity.' It may be proper to add, that the allusion is here exclusively to the poetry of Scott. The Waverley novels were not generally attributed to him at the time when the remark was made.'

"'Rogers's Pleasures of Memory has one good line,—

'The only pleasures we can call our own.'

It is remarkable that this poem is very popular. A new edition of it is printed every year. It brings the Author in about 200*l.* per annum, and yet its principal merit is its finished, perfect versification, which one would think the people could hardly enjoy. The subject, however, recommends itself very much to all classes of readers."

"The writer commended highly the language of Sir William Scott's opinions. *Sir James:*—'There is a little too much elegance for judicial *dicta*, and a little unfairness in always attempting to found the judgment upon the circumstances of the case, perhaps slight ones, rather than general principles. Sir William is one of the most entertaining men to be met with in society. His style is by no means so pure and classical as that of Blackstone, which is one of the finest models in the English language. Middleton and he are the two best, in their way, of the writers of their period. Middleton's Free Inquiry is an instance of great prudence and moderation in drawing conclusions respecting particular facts from general principles. His premises would have carried him much further than he has gone. There are many fine passages in his Life of Cicero.'

"Sir James said, that he had received from Mr. Wortman a collection of specimens of American eloquence, and that Mr. Wortman had given it as his opinion that the faculty of eloquence was more general in America than in England, though some individual Englishmen might perhaps possess it in a higher degree. The writer remarked, that he thought our best orators but little inferior to the best orators of the present day in England; and mentioned Mr. Otis, Mr. Randolph, and Mr. Pinkney. *Sir James:*—'I have not seen any of Mr. Otis's speeches. I have read some of Randolph's, but the effect must depend very much on the manner. There is a good deal of vulgar finery. Malice there is, too, but that would be excusable, provided it were in good taste.'—

"'Mr. Adams's Defence of the Constitution is not a first-rate work. He lays too much stress upon the examples of small and insignificant States, and looks too much at the external form of governments, which is, in general, a very indifferent criterion of their character. His fundamental principle of securing government, by a balance of power between two houses and an executive, does not strike me as very just or important. It is a mere puerility to suppose that three branches, and no more nor less, are essential to political salvation. In this country, where there are nominally three branches, the real sovereignty resides in the House of Commons. Two branches are no doubt expedient, as far as they induce deliberation and mature judgment on the measures proposed.' "The writer mentioned Mr. Adams's opinion, (as expressed in a letter to Dr. Price,) that the French Revolution failed because the legislative body consisted of one branch, and not two. *Sir James:*—

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'That circumstance may have precipitated matters a little, but the degraded situation of the *Tiers Etat* was the principal cause of the failure. The entire separation in society between the *noblesse* and the professions, destroyed the respectability of the latter, and deprived them in a great degree of popular confidence. In England, eminent and successful professional men rise to an equality in importance and rank with the first nobles, take by much the larger share in the government, and bring with them to it the confidence of the people. This will forever prevent any popular revolution in the country.—The Federalist is a well written work.—

"'The remarkable private morality of the New England States, is worth attention, especially when taken in connexion with the very moral character of the poorer people in Scotland, Holland, and Switzerland. It is rather singular that all these countries, which are more moral than any others, are precisely those in which Calvinism is predominant.' The writer mentioned, that Boston and Cambridge had in a great measure abandoned Calvinism. *Sir James*:—'I am rather surprised at that; but the same thing has happened in other places similarly situated. Boston, Geneva, and Edinburgh might once have been considered as the three high places of Calvinism, and the enemy is now, it seems, in full possession of them all. The fact appears to be a consequence of the principle of reaction, which operates as universally in the moral as in the physical world.—Jonathan Edwards was a man of great merit. His Treatise on the Will is a most profound and acute disquisition. The English Calvinists have produced nothing to be put in competition with it. He was one of the greatest men who have owned the authority of Calvin, and there have been a great many. Calvin himself had a very strong and acute mind.—Sir Henry Vane was one of the most profound minds that ever existed; not inferior, perhaps, to Bacon. Milton has a fine sonnet addressed to him,—

"Vane, young in years, in sage experience old."

His works, which are theological, are extremely rare, and display astonishing powers. They are remarkable as containing the first direct assertion of the liberty of conscience. He was put to death in a most perfidious manner. I am proud, as a friend of liberty, and as an Englishman, of the men that resisted the tyranny of Charles I. Even when they went to excess, and put to death the king, they did it in a much more decorous manner than their imitators in France. Thomson says of them, with great justice, in his florid way,—

"First at thy call, her age of men effulged," &c.

'Eloquence is the power of gaining your purpose by words. All the laboured definitions of it to be found in the different rhetorical works amount in substance to this. It does not, therefore, require or admit, the strained and false ornaments that are taken for it by some. I hate these artificial flowers without fragrance or fitness. Nobody ever succeeded in this way but Burke. Fox used to say: "I cannot bear this thing in any body but Burke, and he cannot help it. It is his natural manner."—Sir Francis Burdett is one of the best of our speakers, take him altogether, voice, figure and manner. His voice is the best that can be imagined. As to his matter, he certainly speaks above his mind. He is not a man of very superior talents, though respectable.—Plunkett, if he had come earlier into parliament, so as to have learned the trade, would probably have excelled all our orators. He and counsellor Phillips (or O'Garnish, as he is nicknamed here,) are at the opposite points of the scale. O'Garnish's style is pitiful to the last degree. He ought by common consent to be driven from the bar.—Mr. Wilberforce's voice is beautiful; his manner mild and perfectly natural. He has no artificial ornament; but an easy, natural image occasionally springs up in his mind that pleases very much.—Cicero's orations are a good deal in the flowery, artificial manner, though the best specimens in their way. We tire in reading them. Cicero, though a much greater man than Demosthenes, take him altogether, was inferior to him as an orator. To be second orator the world has produced, is, however, praise enough. Pascal was a prodigy. His *Pensées* are wonderfully profound and acute. Though predicated on his peculiar way of thinking, they are not on that account to be condemned. I dislike the illiberality of some of my liberal friends, who will not allow any merit to any thing that does not agree with their own point of view. Making allowance for Pascal's way of looking at things and expressing himself, his ideas are prodigiously deep and correct.—Most of the apparent absurdities in theology and metaphysics are important truths, exaggerated and disfigured by an incorrect manner of understanding or expressing them; as, for instance, the doctrines of transubstantiation and of total depravity.—Jacob Bryant was a miserable writer, though, for particular purposes, it was thought expedient at one time to sustain his reputation. He was guilty of a gross absurdity in attempting such a work as his principal one, without any oriental learning, which he did not even profess. Yet Sir William Jones called him the principal writer of his time. This opinion quite takes away the value of Sir William's critical judgment.'"

The American booksellers have announced for publication, a selection from the works of this highly gifted man; and a hope is expressed, in which every reader will cordially participate, that measures will be immediately taken in this country, "for collecting the whole of his works, acknowledged or anonymous, with such of his manuscripts as are in a state for publication, and as large an amount of his correspondence as can be produced." We want, to use Sir James's own expression, no "huge narrative of a 'life' in which there were few events,—a sort of literary funeral, which he justly stigmatised as 'a tasteless parade,'—but a well edited collection of his writings and remains, with a prefatory memoir and such notes as may be requisite. We know not whether a work of this description is in preparation: it is due alike to the public

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and to the memory of the Author; and the pen of Mr. Jeffrey or Mr. Macaulay could surely be commanded for this tribute of private friendship and public veneration, "*Non quia intercedendum putem imaginibus, qua marmore, aut ære fingunter: sed ut vultûs hominum, ita simulacra vultus imbecilla ac mortalia sunt, forma mentis æterna.*"

From the Annual Biography and Obituary.

THE REV. GEORGE CRABBE, LL. B.

Rector of Trowbridge, in Wiltshire; and of Croxton Keryel, in Leicestershire.

Few men of Mr. Crabbe's fame were so little known personally in the literary world:—of simple and studious habits, he confined himself to the retirement of his rectory, to the unambitious fulfilment of his duties, and to the education of his family. He formed a sort of connecting link between the literature of the last century, and that of the present day. With the exception of the venerable Lord Stowell, he was the last surviving celebrated man mentioned by Boswell in connexion with Johnson.

Of much the greater and more important portion of Mr. Crabbe's life, a memoir, which was published in the New Monthly Magazine in 1816, and which bears evident marks of being an autobiography, gives the following interesting account.

"The subject of this sketch was born on the 24th of Dec. 1754, at Aldborough, in Suffolk, where his father and grandfather were officers of his Majesty's Customs.

"At an early age he was placed by his father in a school in his native county, probably with no other view than that of his acquiring such a knowledge of arithmetic and accounts as would fit him for the paternal employment; but when his prospects in a certain degree brightened, Mr. Crabbe removed his son to a seminary where the classics were taught, with a design of giving him that moderate portion of the learned languages which might qualify him for the profession of physic, in the capacity of surgeon and apothecary. To this business he was in due time apprenticed, and looked forward in life to the labours and rewards (things by no means proportionate) of that arduous profession.

"But in this view he was—not, perhaps, disappointed, though certainly prevented. The family of his father was not small; his abilities to establish his children in life were limited; and the young man found, on arriving at that period when he was called upon to think for himself, that there were at least two impediments in his way, neither of which he had the power, and one of them, probably, not the inclination, to remove. He saw that he had not the means of establishing himself in a situation profitable or respectable; and after some contention with himself, and the circumstances around him, he judged that it would be most conducive to his happiness to relinquish a profession in which he had no rational hopes of succeeding, even though his expectations in any other way were (if somewhat more exhilarating) not more to be depended upon. What that other impediment to his succeeding in his intended profession was, may be readily conjectured from the bias and inclination of his mind, which at a very early period wandered into the fairy land of imagination, and rendered him unfit for a contention with the difficulties of life, and the habits of severe application in a profession where his prospects were so clouded and precarious.

"Mr. Crabbe, the father, was a mathematician, and in the course of his studies he became acquainted with, and purchased, the periodical works of Mr. Benjamin Martin, a man well known in his day, and remembered at this time by those then engaged in similar pursuits. Mr. Crabbe, having much respect for the scientific part of the publication, and not much for the poetical, separated the different parts, which were paged with that view; and collecting the more favoured portions, mathematics and natural philosophy, in decent binding, he sewed the poetry in paper, and left it to the chance perusal of his children, if the eye of any of them should be attracted by the view of words placed in parallel lines of about the same length. The eye of the youth, or rather the child, was so directed; and he read, scarcely knowing what, pleased with the recurrence of similar sounds, and with his ability of retaining a vast number of unmeaning verses in his memory. These he afterwards copied; and when at school it became a part of his amusement: when his memory failed, he supplied the defect by his invention, and thus at a very early period of his life became a versifier; a poet, it is presumed, he was not vain enough at that time to imagine he could be.

"To guess what number of idle verses a boy thus initiated could compose is impossible. He wrote upon every occasion, and without occasion; and like greater men, and, indeed, like almost every young versifier, he planned tragedies and epic poems, and began to think of succeeding in the highest line of composition, before he had made one good and commendable effort in the lowest.

"But this period of boyhood, and insensibility to the cares and duties of man, does not continue long; the time came when Mr. Crabbe was told and believed that he had more important concerns to engage him; and, therefore, for some years, though he occasionally found time to write some lines upon *Mira's Birthday* and *Silvia's Lapdog*, though he composed enigmas and solved rebuses, he had some degree of forbearance, and did not

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believe that the knowledge of diseases, and the science of anatomy and physiology, were to be acquired by the perusal of Pope's Homer, a Dictionary of Rhymes, and a Treatise on the Art of Poetry.

"In this period of his life, had his prospects been such as would have given him rational and substantial grounds of hope that he might succeed in his profession, his views and connexions would probably have induced him to determine seriously to devote himself to his more immediate and certain duties: but he wanted courage to meet the difficulties that lay in his way; he saw impediments insuperable in his idea before him, and he probably did not find in himself that perseverance and fortitude which his situation required. Nor can we suppose that the influence of the prevailing inclination was long dormant in him. He had, with youthful indiscretion, written for magazines and publications of that kind, wherein *Damons* and *Delias* begin the correspondence that does not always end there, and where diffidence is nursed till it becomes presumption. There was then a *Lady's Magazine*, published by Mr. Wheble, in which our young candidate wrote for the prize on the subject of Hope, and he had the misfortune to gain it; by which he became entitled to we know not how many magazines, and in consequence of which he felt himself more elevated above the young men, his companions, who made no verses, than it is to be hoped he has done at any time since, when he has been able to compare and judge with a more moderate degree of self-approbation.

"About the end of the year 1778, Mr. Crabbe, after as full and perfect a survey of the good and evil before him, as his prejudices, inclinations and little knowledge of the world enabled him to take, finally resolved to abandon his profession: his health was not robust, his spirits were not equal; and assistance he could expect none, and he was not so sanguine as to believe he could do without it. With the best verses he could write, and with very little more, he quitted the place of his birth; not without the most serious apprehensions of the consequences of such a step,—apprehensions which were conquered, and barely conquered, by the more certain evil of the prospect before him, should he remain where he then was.

"When our young author (for such he was soon to become, if he had not yet entitled himself to the appellation) thus fled from a gloomy prospect to one as uncertain, he had not heard of a youthful adventurer, whose fate it is probable would in some degree have affected his spirits, if it had not caused an alteration in his purpose. Of Chatterton, his extraordinary abilities, his enterprising spirit, his writing in periodical publications, his daring project, and melancholy fate, he had yet learned nothing: otherwise it may be supposed that a warning of such a kind would have had no small influence upon a mind rather vexed with the present, than expecting much from the future; and not sufficiently happy and at ease, to draw consolations from vanity, and much less from a comparison in which vanity would have found no trifling mortification.

"Thus relinquishing every hope of fixing in his profession, Mr. Crabbe repaired to the metropolis, and resided in lodgings with a family in the city: for reasons which he might not himself be able to assign, he was afraid of going to the west end of the town. He was placed, it is true, near to some friends, of whose kindness he was assured; and was probably loth to lose that domestic and cheerful society, which he doubly felt in a world of strangers.

"In this lodging Mr. Crabbe passed something more than one year, during which his chief study was to improve in versification, to read all such books as he could command, and to take as full and particular a view of mankind as his time and his finances enabled him to do. We believe that he particularly acknowledges his obligation to Mr. Bonnycastle, the present Master of the Military Academy at Woolwich, for many hours of consolation, amusement, and instruction. They met in an evening, after the studies and labours of the day, to commence other studies of a more light and agreeable kind; and then it was that Mr. Crabbe experienced the inestimable relief which one mind may administer to another. After many months' intercourse, they parted, as their different pursuits and duties called them.

"Mr Crabbe, we believe, at this time offered some poem for publication; but he was not encouraged by the reception which his MS. experienced from those who are said to be not the worst judges of literary composition: he was, indeed, assured by a bookseller, who afterwards published for him, that he must not suppose that the refusal to purchase proceeded from a want of merit in the poem. Such, however, was his inference, and that thought had the effect which it ought; he took more pains, and tried new subjects. In one respect he was unfortunate. While preparing a more favourable piece for the inspection of a gentleman, whom he had then in view, he hazarded the publication of an anonymous performance, and had the satisfaction of hearing in due time, that something (not much, indeed that something was much) would arise from it; but while he gathered encouragement, and looked forward to more than mere encouragement, from this essay, the holder of his little prize, the publisher, failed, and his hope of profit was as transitory as the fame of his nameless production.*

* We believe that this anonymous performance was "The Candidate; a poetical epistle to the Authors of the Monthly Review," which was printed

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"Our author, for now he must be classed with those adventurous men, either from his little experience or his observations, conceived the idea that his attempts would be hopeless while he continued to be unknown; and he grew modest enough to believe that, instead of being made known by his works, he must be first known, to have them introduced; and he began to turn his view to the aid of some friend, celebrated himself, and therefore able to give him an introduction to the notice of the public: or if he did not so far mistake as to believe that any name can give lasting reputation to an undeserving work, yet he was fully persuaded, that it must be some very meritorious and extraordinary performance, such as he had not the vanity to suppose himself capable of producing, that would become popular without the introductory *probat* of some well known and distinguished character. Thus thinking, and having now his first serious attempt nearly completed, afraid of venturing without a guide, doubtful whom to select, knowing many by reputation, none personally, he fixed, impelled by some propitious influence, in some happy moment, upon Edmund Burke, one of the first of Englishmen; and in the capacity and energy of his mind one of the greatest of human beings."*

"To Mr. Burke, the young man, with timidity indeed, but with the strong and buoyant expectation of inexperience, submitted a large quantity of miscellaneous composition, on a variety of subjects, which he was soon taught to appreciate at their proper value: yet such was the feeling and tenderness of his judge, that in the very act of condemnation, something was found for praise. Mr. Crabbe had sometimes the satisfaction of hearing, when the verses were bad, that the thoughts deserved better; and if he had the common faults of inexperienced writers, he had frequently the merit of thinking for himself. Among those compositions, were poems of somewhat a superior kind.—'The Library' and 'The Village:' these were selected by Mr. Burke; and with the benefit of his judgment, and the comfort of his encouraging and exhilarating predictions, Mr. Crabbe was desired to learn the duty of sitting in judgment upon his best efforts, and without mercy rejecting the rest. When all was done that his abilities permitted, and when Mr. Burke had patiently waited the progress of improvement in the man whom he conceived to be capable of it, he himself took 'The Library' to Mr. Dodsley, then of Pall Mall, and gave many lines the advantage of his own reading and comments. Mr. Dodsley listened with all the respect due to the reader of the verses, and all the apparent desire to be pleased that could be wished by the writer; and he was as obliging in his reply as, in the very nature of things, a bookseller can be supposed to be towards a young candidate for poetical reputation:—'He had declined the venturing upon any thing himself: there was no judging of the probability of the success. The taste of the town was exceedingly capricious and uncertain. He paid the greatest respect to Mr. Burke's opinion that the verses were good, and he did in part think so himself: but he declined the hazard of publication; yet would do all he could for Mr.

in quarto in 1780. It was strictly a call upon the attention, not an appeal from the verdict, of the Monthly Reviewers; and it was favourably noticed by them in their vol. lxiii. p. 226.

* Mr. Prior, in his "Life of Burke," thus describes this interesting occurrence:—

"It was about this period (1781) that the kindly feelings of Mr. Burke were appealed to by a young and friendless literary adventurer, subsequently an eminent poet, whose name on the present occasion it is unnecessary to mention, who, buoyed up with the praises his verses had received in the country, and the hope of bettering his fortune by them in London, had adventured on the journey thither, with scarcely a friend or even acquaintance who could be useful to him, and with no more than *three* pounds in his pocket. This trifle being soon expended, the deepest distress awaited him. Of all hopes from literature he was speedily disabused: there was no imposing name to recommend his little volume, and an attempt to bring it out himself only involved him more deeply in difficulties. The printer, it appeared, had deceived him, and the press was at a stand from the want of that potent stimulus to action which puts so much of the world in motion.

"Hearing, however, or knowing something of an opulent peer, then in London, who had a summer residence in his native county, he proposed to dedicate to him this little volume, and the offer was accepted; but on requesting a very small sum of money to enable him to usher it into the world, received no answer to his application. His situation became now most painful; he was not merely in want, but in debt; he had applied to his friends in the country, but they could render him no assistance. His poverty had become obvious, he said, to the persons with whom he resided, and no further indulgence could be expected from them: he had given a bill for part of his debt, which if not paid within the following week, he was threatened with a prison; he had not a friend in the world to whom he could apply; despair, he added, awaited him whichever way he turned.

"In this extremity of destitution, Providence directed him to venture on an application to Mr. Burke. He had not the slightest knowledge of that gentleman other than common fame bestowed—no introduction but his own letter stating these circumstances—no recommendation but his distress; but, in the words he used in the letter, '*hearing that he was a good man, and presuming to think him a great one,*' he applied to him, and, as it proved, with a degree of success far beyond any possible expectations he could form. Mr. Burke, with scanty means himself, and unbribed by a dedication, did that which the opulent peer declined to do with it; but this was not all; for he gave the young poet his friendship, criticism, and advice, sent some part of his family round to friends to collect subscriptions for his work, introduced him to some of the first men in the country, and very speedily became the means of pushing him on to fame and fortune."

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Crabbe, and take care that his poem should have all the benefit he could give it.'

"The worthy man was mindful of his engagement: he became even solicitous for the success of the work; and no doubt its speedy circulation was in some degree caused by his exertions. This he did; and he did more;—though by no means insensible of the value of money, he gave to the author his profits as a publisher and vender of the pamphlet; and Mr. Crabbe had seized every occasion which has offered to make acknowledgment for such disinterested conduct, at a period when it was more particularly acceptable and beneficial. The success of 'The Library' gave some reputation to the author, and was the occasion of his second poem, 'The Village,' which was corrected, and a considerable portion of it written, in the house of his excellent friend, whose own activity and energy of mind would not permit a young man under his protection to cease from labour, and whose judgment directed that labour to its most useful attainments.

"The exertions of this excellent friend in favour of a young writer were not confined to one mode of affording assistance. Mr. Crabbe was encouraged to lay open his views, past and present; to display whatever reading and acquirements he possessed; to explain the causes of his disappointments, and the cloudiness of his prospects; in short, he concealed nothing from a friend so able to guide inexperience, and so willing to pardon inadvertency. He was invited to Beaconsfield, to the seat of his protector, and was there placed in a convenient apartment, supplied with books for his information and amusement, and made a member of a family whom it was honour as well as pleasure to become in any degree associated with. If Mr. Crabbe, noticed by such a man, and received into such a family, should have given way to some emotions of vanity, and should have supposed there must have been merit on one part, as well as benevolence on the other, he has no slight plea to offer for his frailty, especially as we conceive it may be added, that his vanity never at any time extinguished any portion of his gratitude; and that it has ever been his delight to think, as well as his pride to speak, of Mr. Burke as his father, guide, and friend; nor did that gentleman ever disallow the name to which his conduct gave sanction and propriety.

"While Mr. Crabbe was at Beaconsfield, he had the happiness of seeing and of becoming known to the Right Hon. Charles James Fox; who, though for some years afterwards he was disappointed in his expectations of the young man's progress as a writer, yet never withdrew the kindness, nor in fact that partiality, which he had before shown. At the seat of a most respectable friend in the eastern part of Suffolk, Mr. Crabbe had the good fortune of seeing Mr. Fox, and there drew from him a promise of reading and giving his opinion of any poetical attempts which might be submitted to his perusal. By the concurrence of many impediments, and chiefly by Mr. Crabbe's own want of diligence, Mr. Fox received no such attempts till the last year of his life.* Some he did see: and however he might have been disappointed in the failure of his higher expectations, his good nature selected some portions of the manuscripts submitted to his judgment, which he conceived merited his approbation; and, infirm as he then was, he would not withhold an opinion which he had reason to be assured would give the greatest satisfaction.

"But we return to our author while yet in his younger days, and unfixed in his situation. His paternally minded friend, being first satisfied with respect to his opinions and wishes, coincided with his own views, and approved of his design of becoming a candidate for holy orders. It is not necessary in this place to relate his fears, his difficulties, the unremitted efforts of his friends, or the event of their recommendation. Mr. Crabbe was ordained a deacon by the Bishop of Norwich, in the year 1781; and priest by the same prelate, in the following year.

"Mr. Crabbe, immediately after his ordination, became curate to the Reverend James Bennett, vicar of Aldborough, the place of his birth; and continued a few months in that situation: but it was not intended that the efforts of his friends should rest there.

"Through the personal influence of Mr. Burke, our author had the honour of being introduced to the late Duke of Rutland; and his Grace, willing to prove his regard to such recommendation, was pleased to invite Mr. Crabbe to his seat, Belvoir Castle, to retain him there as his domestic chaplain, and to show him, by repeated acts of his favour, what was expected from his gratitude and improvement.

"As our author had not the benefit of a university education, it became necessary that he should take the only certain means in his power to obtain a Degree; and, in obedience to the desire of his patron, his name was en-

* "The Parish Register" was submitted to Mr. Fox, and in part read to him during his last illness. "Whatever he approved (says Mr. Crabbe in his preface), the reader will readily believe I have carefully retained; the parts he disliked are totally expunged; and others are substituted, which I hope resemble those more conformable to the taste of so admirable a judge. Nor can I deny myself the melancholy satisfaction of adding that this poem, and more especially the story of Phœbe Dawson, with some parts of the second book, were the last compositions of their kind that engaged and amused the capacious, the candid, the benevolent mind of this great man. The above information I owe to the favour of the Right Hon. Lord Holland; nor this only; but to his Lordship I am indebted for some excellent remarks upon the other parts of my MS."

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tered at Trinity College, Cambridge, where, in conformity with the statute, it was continued two years; after which time a degree in that college was offered to his acceptance, of which he would gladly have availed himself, had not circumstances unforeseen, and events of much importance to him, changed his purposes, and made an application to the late Archbishop of Canterbury for a Degree at Lambeth, a more immediate object. This his Grace was pleased to grant; and Mr. Crabbe became, in virtue of it, Bachelor of Laws, which gave one qualification for holding the benefices which have been and those which now are in his possession.

"Among the many benefits conferred by Mr. Burke upon our author, was that of an introduction to Sir Joshua Reynolds, at whose hospitable mansion he first beheld, and was made known to, Dr. Johnson; and from this knowledge, late as it was in the Doctor's life, he had the good fortune of reaping all the advantages which could be expected by him. He had frequently the pleasure of seeing that good and wise man; and he obtained his opinion of a poem afterwards published under the title of 'The Village,' which certainly was a gratification to his pride, though it did not prove, so much as it ought to have been, a stimulus to his endeavours.*

"But we must once more return to an earlier period in our author's life. In the same year when he became known to Mr. Burke, he had the good fortune to be introduced to the Lord Chancellor Thurlow, from whom he received, at various times, very flattering attention, as well as more substantial and lasting proofs of favour. By his Lordship's presentation, Mr. Crabbe became possessed of the rectory of Frome St. Quintin with Evershop, in the county of Dorset, which he held about six years, when, in conformity with the wishes of her Grace the Duchess of Rutland, his Lordship presented him to the rectories of Muston and West Allington, in the diocese of Lincoln, which he held during many years.

"Previous to this event, Mr. Crabbe had, by the direction of the Duke of Rutland, taken a curacy at Stathorn, a village near to Belvoir Castle, where he purposed to reside till his Grace should determine respecting his more permanent situation. In this place he continued with his family, for he was now married and a father, till the news arrived, so distressing as well as so important to him and to many, of his Grace's decease, in Ireland, where he had been Lord Lieutenant from the year 1784 to 1787.

"Mr. Crabbe had now ample leisure for his poetical improvements and pursuits: he was himself young, and his children infants. (But with some men leisure is not an excitement to industry.) Mr. Crabbe satisfied himself with few and abortive attempts. Perhaps the deaths of his friends were not without their effect: he felt the loss of them, and could not feel their disappointment in him. New engagements, situations, and duties, engaged his attention, his faculties, and his inclinations: most of the great men whom he had the honour of calling his friends, were lost to him and to their country; and those who remained were distant, and their opinions and encouragements reached him not in the villages where his fortune had allotted him a temporary residence. He removed, with his family, after the decease of the Duke of Rutland, into Suffolk, and continued there; taking upon him the duties of the rectory of Swefling, in that county, then and at this time in possession of the Rev. Richard Turner, minister of Great Yarmouth, in the same diocese, with whom it has ever been Mr. Crabbe's pride and satisfaction to have lived, as he still does, on terms of friendship, and in the mutual interchange of good offices.

"After an interval of more than twenty years, Mr. Crabbe returned to his duties and parsonage in Leicestershire; and prepared those poems for the press, of which Mr. Fox had given his more favourable opinion. These were returned to their author by the kindness of Lord Holland, after the decease of his uncle; and his Lordship was pleased to permit the work then in hand to be dedicated to him; in this respect, as in others, imitating the condescension and obliging spirit of that great man.

"Why our author should so long abstain from any call or claim upon public favour, it is not our business to inquire; but it is most probable that the subject itself, viz. Village Manners, described under the three parts of a parish register—Baptisms, Marriages, and Burials—and the further opportunities which he had of viewing these in the different places wherein he resided, gave the hope of success in this attempt. He must have acquired some knowledge of men and their manners; and if from disuse his facility of versification was somewhat abated, his powers of discrimination, and his accuracy in describing, were proportionably augmented.

"Of the poems published in 1807, the general opinion was not unfavourable, and Mr. Crabbe had reason to be well satisfied, as it is understood he felt himself, with the verdict of more critical judges. In what degree critics of this description may unite in fixing the reputation of an author, or whether they

* Speaking of "The Village,"—"Its sentiments," says Boswell, in his "Life of Dr. Johnson," "as to the false notions of rustic happiness and rustic virtue, were quite congenial with his own (Dr. Johnson's); and he took the trouble not only to suggest light corrections and variations, but to furnish some lines which he thought would give the writer's meaning better than in the words of the manuscript." —— Dr. Johnson wrote a letter to Sir Joshua Reynolds, on returning the poem, "which," he observes, "I read with great delight: it is original, vigorous, and elegant."

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do in fact determine this, we pretend not to judge; it may be that every work finally succeeds according to its merit; but it is assuredly a fact, that the immediate success of writers, and especially writers on subjects of taste, and those addressed to the imagination, is caused, in a great measure, by the favourable sentence of critics who stand foremost in the public estimation, and in these Mr. Crabbe certainly found no cold or injurious opinions. What they wrote, it is hoped they wrote justly; it is certain they wrote favourably.

"Thus encouraged, Mr. Crabbe proceeded to compose a still greater number of verses on kindred subjects, which arose in his view of a sea-port, and amid scenes which were engraven on his memory from the time when he first began to observe, or at least to retain whatever he might remark.

"Neither the picture of a populous borough, nor that of a noisy port, had been described; they had certainly not been made the subject of a poem; and this might likewise be observed of the manners of the different classes of the inhabitants. The novelty of the work, therefore, the author probably conceived, might be some compensation for the coarseness of the materials, and the accuracy of the likenesses might in some degree atone for their humble situations. This has been decided, and the author was satisfied with the decision; at least, he gave a further proof in a third publication, 'Tales in Verse,' in which he introduced characters principally from the middle classes of life, and incidents such as were likely to befall them. Three years have elapsed since this work was given to the public, and we cannot therefore judge from that time, whether Mr. Crabbe means once more to try the constancy of his partial readers; though it has been mentioned to us that, without meaning to pledge himself for their appearance, he has informed his friends that he has a view of sparing his family the trouble of examining his papers, and of deciding for himself, whether the subject which at present offers, and the verses it has already occasioned, are worth the trouble of correction, and will at length become such as may be presented to the view of the public, without causing in him greater apprehensions for their fate, than he has felt for that of their predecessors; and this, we suppose, is the way which the modesty of an author takes, when he means to inform us that he intends to publish again.

"When Mr. Crabbe was writing 'The Borough,' his second publication (at least the second fruits of his riper years), he was resident on his benefice of Muston, and had once more the happiness of seeing the noble family at Belvoir Castle, by whom he had been so highly favoured in the former part of his life. He now petitioned for the honour of dedicating the poem he was writing to his Grace of Rutland, who granted his request, and was pleased to receive into his notice the chaplain of the late Duke, although he had for many years, in the earlier part of his life, been a stranger to the country. Her Grace the Duchess Dowager was likewise pleased to remember him, and to allow him to express his sense of her goodness by dedicating his last works, his 'Tales,' to her Grace. These were honours to which he looked, and rewards which his respect for the family might have some claim to; but his Grace did not confine himself to these proofs of his favour; he presented Mr. Crabbe to the rectory of Trowbridge, in the diocese of Salisbury, and with it to a smaller benefice in that of Lincoln, which the indulgence of the Bishop enabled him to hold. To the former Mr. Crabbe was instituted early in the year 1813; and has from that time resided in a parsonage, made convenient and enlarged by the efforts of the Rev. Gilbert Beresford, who preceded him in the rectory.

"If there be any thing in the life of Mr. Crabbe which calls for particular attention from a general and indifferent reader, it must be, as he has himself frequently remarked, that ready kindness, the continued benevolence and liberality of these friends, upon whom he had no other claim than that with which his need of their favour supplied him. Grateful he might be, and, as we know not any proof to the contrary, we may admit that he was; but his gratitude was not manifested by any pains that he took, or at least by any progress that he made, in those pursuits which it is probable his friends expected from him. During many years he gave no proof of his exertions; and when at length he ventured to publish his 'Parish Register' and other poems, there is reason to believe that he was actuated by a more common and less generous motive than that of gratifying the expectations of his friends, in giving proof of his obedience to their commands. Yet for this he may not be entirely without excuse. That he wrote sometimes may be presumed; and if he succeeded not to his own mind, he was right in not intruding his unsuccessful attempts on the notice of the public; and if we add to this, though this of itself is sufficient, the increase of his duties and engagements as a father of a family and the minister of a parish, he is perhaps rather justified in his long silence, than in his breaking it at last; for it does not always happen that a man has so good a reason for publishing his manuscripts as he has for keeping them in his private possession.

"Our author, besides the poems mentioned above, wrote a sermon on the death of his patron, the Duke of Rutland, which he preached at the chapel at Belvoir Castle. This her Grace the Duchess caused to be printed; a task which Mr. Dodsley took upon himself; though at that time he had retired from the

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fatigues of his profession, and confined his attention to works in which he was more particularly interested.

"Of the poems published by Mr. Crabbe (we speak of those of his late years, including the 'Library,' and 'Village,') one has reached a fourth, and the other two each a sixth impression. The author has, therefore, no reason to complain of their reception; and whether he makes any further attempt or not, he may draw some consolation from what he has done, and may indulge the hope that his verses will be read when he is no more solicitous for any future success, or, what should be the same thing, when he is no longer grateful for past indulgence."

The only subsequent poetical publication by Mr. Crabbe, consisted of two volumes, entitled "Tales of the Hall," which appeared in 1819. It is said that Mr. Murray has for some time had another poem in his hands, but has not hitherto, in the present state of the public taste, ventured to proceed with a volume of verse, even by so popular an author.

Mr. Crabbe's only prose publication (besides the "Funeral Sermon on Charles Duke of Rutland," already mentioned) was "An Essay on the Natural History of the Vale of Belvoir," written for the "History of Leicestershire" by Mr. Nichols, who says, under the parish of Muston, that "Mr. Crabbe's communications in the progress of this laborious work are such as to entitle him to my warmest and most grateful acknowledgments."

The characteristics of Mr. Crabbe's style of poetry are originality of thought, truth, depth and pathos of description, with much of the happy diction and polished versification of Goldsmith. There runs, however, but too generally through his works, a tone, the peculiar character of which appears to us to be justly described in the following passages, which we extract from a memoir of Mr. Crabbe in the Athenæum:

"The rustic population of the land are neither so wretched nor so depraved as the reverend bard describes them; there is no want of worth and talent among the poor; and, though we acknowledge that sin abounds, and that the manners of many are shameless, we hold it to be bad taste in the Muse to close the right eye on all the virtues, and open the left on all the wretchedness of the peasantry, and, pitching her voice to a tone sarcastic and dolorous, sing of the cureless sores and feculence of the land. There is, no doubt, something wrong in the internal construction of that poet who considers that every man with a ragged coat, and every woman with uncombed locks, is fallen and reprobate, and who, dipping his brush in the lake of darkness, paints merry Old England as a vagrant and a strumpet. If we, however, dislike the foundation on which this distinguished poet raised the superstructure of his verse, and condemn the principles on which he wrote as unnatural, we cannot for the soul of us be insensible to the matchless skill and rough ready vigour of his dark delineations. In inanimate nature he sternly refuses to avail himself of the advantages which his subject presents, of waving woods, pebbly shores, purling streams, and flowery fields: he takes a cast of nature homely, forbidding, and barren, and compels us to like it by the force of his colour, and by the stern fidelity of his outline: while in living nature he seems resolutely to have proscribed all things mentally or externally lovely, that he might indulge in the dry, hard detail of whatsoever we dislike to contemplate, and triumph over our prejudices and feelings by the resistless vigour of his language and sentiments, and the terrific fidelity of his representations."

* * * * * *

"It must not be inferred from what we have said, that Crabbe never deviates into the paths of peace, and happiness, and virtue: he indulges us with many beautiful snatches of that nature; yet they are generally as brief as they are brilliant, and may be compared to a few stars in a tempestuous night, which only aggravate the general gloom."

The sentiments of the late Mr. Gifford, as expressed in the Quarterly Review, are similar.

"In common life," he observes, "every man instinctively acquires the habit of diverting his attention from unpleasing objects, and fixing it on those that are more agreeable: and all that we ask is, that this practical rule should be adopted in poetry. The face of nature under its daily and periodical varieties, the honest gaiety of rustic mirth, the flow of health and spirits which is inspired by the country, the delights which it brings to every sense—such are the pleasing topics which strike the most superficial observer. But a closer inspection will give us more sacred gratifications. Wherever the relations of civilized society exist, particularly where a high standard of morals, however imperfectly acted upon, is yet publicly recognised, a ground-work is laid for the exercise of all the charities, social and domestic. In the midst of profligacy and corruption, some trace of these charities still lingers: there is some spot which shelters domestic happiness —some undiscovered cleft in which the seeds of the best affections have been cherished, and are bearing fruit in silence. Poverty, however blighting in general, has graces which are peculiarly its own; the highest order of virtues can be developed only in a state of habitual suffering."

Lest it should be supposed, however, that we entertain the slightest disposition to depreciate the genius of Mr. Crabbe, or to represent him other than as a man of profound observation, and a poet of very rare excellence, we will conclude our quotations of opinion

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with a passage from the pen of Mr. Croker, which appears in his edition of "Boswell's Johnson."

"The publications of Mr. Crabbe have placed him high in the roll of British poets; though his having taken a view of life too minute, too humiliating, too painful, and too just, may have deprived his works of so extensive, or at least so brilliant, a popularity as some of his contemporaries have attained. He generally deals with the 'short and simple annals of the poor;' but he exhibits them with such a deep knowledge of human nature—with such general ease and simplicity, and such accurate force of expression, whether grave, gay, or pathetical—as (in the writer's humble judgment) no poet, except Shakspeare, has excelled."

But whatever may be thought of the poet, it is universally acknowledged that Mr. Crabbe was one of the mildest and most amiable of men. Of his kindness of nature, as well as of his continued possession of his powers, the following letter, which he wrote in answer to an application in behalf of Mr. Leigh Hunt, and which may be considered as one of the last efforts of the hand which traced "The Parish Register," and "The Borough," gives ample proof.

"Trowbridge, 24 Jan. 1832.

"Sir,—It would ill become one who has been so much indebted to the kindness of his friends as I have been, to disregard the application which you are so good as to make in behalf of Mr. Leigh Hunt. My influence indeed is small, residing, as I do, in a place wherein little except cloth is made, and little except newspapers read; yet there are a more liberal class of readers, though I am afraid they are not among the wealthy portion of our inhabitants. I consider that I am doing myself honour by uniting, for the purpose you mention, with those persons whose titles and names are annexed to the printed paper intended for general circulation.

"I am, Sir, respectfully, &c

"George Crabbe.

"To John Foster, Esq.
"Burton-street, Burton-crescent, London."

The following extract of a letter from a former parishioner of Mr. Crabbe's, which appeared in the Athenæum, conveys a very pleasing impression of Mr. Crabbe's character, and states some interesting circumstances attendant upon his decease:—

"Crabbe came to Trowbridge some eighteen years ago; at first he was but lightly looked upon by the Dissenters, a numerous body there: but when they became acquainted with his worth of heart, and vigour of mind, and his unwearied kindness to the poor of all persuasions, he grew a great favourite, and was warmly welcomed to all missionary meetings, Bible societies, and other associations for the benefit of the labouring classes. He mixed but little with the gentry around him; the houses to which he chiefly resorted as a friend, was to that of Mr. Waldron, his colleague in the magistracy, and that of Mr. Norris Clarke, an eminent clothier; with every one else he was friendly, but not intimate. He was fond of the exercise of long walks; and as he studied geology, he seldom went out without a hammer in his pocket, which he applied to all kinds of curious stones. He was sometimes in danger during these examinations; for he would stop readily in the middle of the public road, to pry into the merits of a fractured stone, and did not always hear the warnings of drivers of coaches and carts. On one occasion, he went with his son John to Avoncliffe, about four miles from Trowbridge, tied the horse to a crag, ascended to the quarry, and commenced hammering away. In turning over a stone, however, it escaped from his hands, rolled down the declivity with such a noise as frightened the horse, and made it run away and smash the gig. He looked after it for a little while, and when he saw it stopped, he smiled and said, 'Well, it might have been worse.' His income amounted to about eight hundred a year, but he was a mild man in the matter of tithes; when told of many defaulters, his usual reply was, 'Let it be—probably they cannot afford to pay so well as I can afford to want it—let it be.' His charitable nature was so well known that he was regularly visited by mendicants of all grades; he listened to their long stories of wants and woes with some impatience, and when they persevered, he would say, 'God save you all, I can do no more for you,' and so shut the door. But the wily wanderers did not on this depart; they knew the nature of the man; he soon sallied out in search of them; and they generally got a more liberal present on the way from his house, than at the door. He has even been known to search obscure lodging-houses in Trowbridge, to relieve the sufferers whom misfortunes had driven to beggary. He was, of course, often imposed upon by fictitious tales of woe, which, when he discovered, he merely said, 'God forgive them; I do.' He was most punctual in all his engagements, and felt much annoyed on being detained in the church waiting for funerals. He once waited a whole hour for one beyond the time appointed, and then went home to dinner; but just as he sat down, the burial train appeared: he rose in no pleasant mood; on which his son said, 'Father, allow me to bury the corpse.'—'Well, do so, John,' he answered; 'you are a milder man than your father.'

"Crabbe was particularly anxious about the education of the humbler classes, and gave much of his time to its furtherance. In his latter days, the Sunday School was his favourite place of resort, and there he was commonly to be found in the evenings between seven and eight, listening to the children; 'I

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love them much,' he once observed; 'and now old age has made me a fit companion for them.' He was a great favourite with the scholars; on their leaving school, he gave them a Bible a-piece, and admonished them respecting their future conduct. His health was usually good, though he sometimes suffered from the Tic Douloureux. His sermons were short, but pointed, and to the purpose; but his voice latterly had failed, and he was imperfectly heard. Not long ago, he met a poor old woman in the street, whom he had for some time missed from the church, and asked her if she had been ill. 'Lord bless you, Sir, no,' was the answer; 'but it's of no use going to your church, for I can't hear you.' 'Very well, my good old friend,' said the pastor, 'you do right in going where you can hear,' and he slipped half a crown into her hand, and went away. He had prepared a selection of his Sermons for the press, as well as a new volume of poems, but he delayed their publication, saying, 'They will do better when I am dead.' He was only one week ill; on the night before he died, he said to a maid-servant who had lived long with him, 'Now, in the morning, when I am dead, go you to bed, and let others do what must be done—but while I am living stay you beside me.' He died at seven o'clock on the morning of the 8th of February, 1832."

The principal shops in Trowbridge were half closed as soon as the melancholy event became generally known. Mr. Crabbe's remains were deposited in a vault at the south-east corner of the chancel in Trowbridge Church. The principal inhabitants in the town joined in the funeral procession.

At a meeting of the Council of the Royal Society of Literature, on the 14th of April, 1828, the two royal golden medals, of the value of fifty guineas each, given annually to individuals distinguished by the production of works eminent in literature, were adjudged to Mr. Crabbe, as the head of an original school of composition.

From the Monthly Magazine.

NAUSCOPIE.

The Art of Discovering the Approach of Vessels when one hundred Leagues and upwards distant.

*Letter from Marat to Mr. Daly.**

You know, my dear friend, that much of my time has lately been taken up in preparing my work upon Light, Fire, &c. for the press: it is, however, nearly completed; you may, therefore, expect to hear very regularly from me in future. Mr. Bottineau, whom I mentioned to you in my last letter, has experienced here every kind of disappointment. If he be able to raise sufficient money, he purposes visiting London very shortly, where he is likely to meet with more success; for you gentlemen of the British isles will, I am convinced, patronize the discovery which my friend has made. I, who have made a study of optics, meteors, &c., am, I must confess, somewhat sceptical respecting the science which he terms *Nauscopie*, or the art of discovering vessels and lands at a considerable distance; but the concurring testimony of hundreds of persons, the certificates he has obtained from officers of high rank,—all tend to show that there must be truth in his statement; and although he may have been neglected in France, I hope, for the honour of science, that a fair trial will be given him in your country, and that he will not be treated as a visionary. Certain it is, that if his art should prove to be true, incalculable advantages will be derived from it. I have seen an officer who resided during six years in the Isle of France, and he assures me that the whole population will corroborate the averments made by Mr. Bottineau: but let the latter gentleman speak for himself; the following is his statement:—"As early as the year 1762, holding then an inferior situation in the King's navy, it appeared to me that a vessel approaching land must produce a certain effect upon the atmosphere, and cause the approach to be discovered by a practised eye even before the vessel itself was visible. After making many observations, I thought I could discover a particular appearance before the vessel came in

* The contents of this letter and the accompanying certificates are so extraordinary and startling, that we deem it expedient to reprint the substance of a note prefixed to the translation of another letter from Marat to Daly, published in the May number of this Magazine for the past year, by the gentleman in possession of copies taken by himself from the original autographs. He was a *detenu*, and in the year 1806 resided on his parole at Brussels. It being at that period a fashion among French ladies to collect autographs, Madame Guilleminot, sister-in-law to the general of that name, applied to a sister of Napoleon, with whom she was intimate, for a few signatures of celebrated men. The princess mentioned the request to Cambaceres, Chancellor of the Empire, by whose direction an immense package of letters from the state paper office was forwarded to Madame Guilleminot. From these the gentleman before mentioned was employed to make a selection, receiving at the same time permission to copy, for his own use, such as he might think fit. He transcribed several hundreds, and among them those which are translated in the present number on the subject of Nauscopie. The presence of such documents in the state paper office is partially, perhaps, to be attributed to the recklessness of the Bureau Noir of the police, but chiefly to the frequent seizures of the papers of individuals during the Revolution. Many of the letters forwarded to Madame de Guilleminot had not passed through the post-office; they were original draughts, defaced by erasures and interlineations. Our ensuing numbers will be enriched with a selection from among the most interesting of the mass.

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sight: sometimes I was right, but more frequently wrong; so that at the time I gave up all thoughts of success. In 1764 I was appointed to a situation in the Isle of France: while there, having much leisure time, I again betook myself to my favourite observations. Here the advantages I possessed were much greater than before. First, the clear sky and pure atmosphere, at certain periods of the day, were favourable to my studies, and as fewer vessels came to the island, I was less liable to error than was the case off the coast of France, where vessels are continually passing, some of which may never arrive in sight, although the indications I allude to may have been witnessed by me. I had not been more than six months upon the island when I became confident that my discovery was certain, and all that was requisite was to acquire more experience, and then *Nauscopie* would become a real science. As the officers in the island led an idle life, they were frequently on the shore looking through their glasses to discover when a vessel was arriving from Europe. I frequently laid wagers that a vessel was arriving one, two, and even three days before she was actually in sight, and as I was very seldom wrong, I gained a considerable sum of money. The officers attributed my success to a peculiar power of vision I possessed; but then again, they were quite puzzled on reflecting that although they used glasses, I never employed any. In 1780, I wrote to the Minister of Marine, Mareschal de Castries, announcing my discovery. In his answer, he instructed the Governor of the island to enter my *announcements* of arrivals in a private register for two years at least. On the 15th May, 1782, my observations commenced. On the 16th May I announced to the Governor that three vessels were near the island. Orders were immediately given to the *vigies*;* their glasses were turned to the direction I had pointed out. Their declaration was—'No vessel in sight.' On the 17th the *vigies* informed the Governor that a ship had just appeared above the horizon. On the 18th a second came in sight, and on the 20th a third was visible to the naked eye. Viscount de Souillac sent for me on the last day, and made me an offer of 10,000 livres, and a pension of 1,200 livres a-year, on the part of government, if I would disclose my secret; but not conceiving the remuneration sufficient, I declined accepting the offer. Viscount de Souillac, some months after, wrote to M. de Castries: he stated, that I had made the surprising discovery of a new art,—that of being able to observe the arrival of vessels 100, 150, and even 200 leagues distant; that for more than fifteen years I had regularly predicted the arrival of vessels, sometimes three or four days before they could be seen with a glass; that the register kept by order of the Minister showed that I had almost always been right in my predictions; and that even when I had announced the approach of a vessel which did not actually arrive, it was proved beyond a doubt, that the vessel or vessels in question were foreign ones that had come within two or three days' sail of the island, and had proceeded to their destination without touching at the Isle of France. Upon one occasion he asserted that a fleet of eleven vessels were approaching the island; the announcement caused great alarm, as we anticipated an attack from the English. A sloop of war was instantly despatched to look out; but before she returned, Mr. Bottineau came to the Governor, and informed him that the signs in the atmosphere had disappeared, and that the fleet had taken a different direction. Some time after this a vessel arrived here from the East Indies, and reported that she had seen a fleet of eleven vessels sailing towards Fort St. William. In fine, that from the year 1778 till 1782, he had announced the arrival of 575 vessels, many of them four days before they became visible. The letter terminated thus—'However incredible this discovery may appear, myself and a great many officers, naval and military, must bear testimony to the *announcements* made by Mr. Bottineau. We cannot treat him as an impostor, or as a visionary. We have had ocular demonstration for so many years, and in no instance has any vessel reached the island, the approach of which he had not predicted; those which did approach, but did not touch the island, were in most cases proved to be foreign vessels.' A short time after this letter had been despatched—(this letter, I am certain, reached the office of Mr. de Castries, but, I am also certain, was never perused by him)—I determined to return to my native country, and accordingly took my passage on board one of His Majesty's vessels, commanded by Captain Dufour. I felt somewhat anxious to ascertain whether the effect produced on the atmosphere, when a vessel approaches, would be somewhat similar, as regards the approach of one vessel towards another, and to my great delight, I perceived it to be the same, although less powerful; but my eyes had now become so practised, that not once, during the voyage, did I make a mistake. I announced to Captain Dufour the approach of twenty-seven vessels, while proceeding to our destination: but what afforded me more heartfelt satisfaction than my previous observations, namely, certain appearances in the skies when a vessel approaches land, the observer being on shore—or similar appearances when one vessel approaches another; yet, in my opinion, to be able to discover land from a vessel by the same phenomenon, long before it is in sight, is, if possible, of infinitely greater advantage to navigation. Upon one occasion I told Captain

* Officers whose duty it is to look out for vessels approaching the island.

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Dufour, that we were not more than thirty leagues from some land. This he denied to be possible: however, upon looking attentively to his reckoning, he was compelled to acknowledge that he was in error, and immediately altered his course. I discovered land three times during the voyage; once at the distance of 150 leagues. On the 18th June, 1784, I landed at L'Orient, and instantly proceeded to Paris. My applications to the Minister to obtain an audience, were not attended to; and the only answer I obtained from the Officer of Marine was, that my memorial was under consideration. Abbé Fontenay, the Editor of the *Mercure de France*, having heard of my *pretended* discovery, without even asking to see my certificates, signed by the Governor of the Isle of France, and all the officers in garrison there, thought proper to turn my discovery into ridicule, and affirmed that it was not 'ships at sea, but castles in the air,' I had found out. In this state does the affair remain; and all I can add is, that should vexation and disappointment terminate my existence before I can explain my discovery, the world will probably be deprived, for some time, of an art that would have done honour to the 18th century."

Such, my dear friend, is the account Mr. Bottineau has given me; he has also explained the phenomenon which, he assures me, in order to understand perfectly, only requires being on the sea shore for a few hours, and that in less than a week I should understand his art as well as himself. As my poor friend looks very ill, I am afraid he will not be able to visit England, the only resource, he says, that is left to him. Mr. Moore, who has been studying medicine here for some time, leaves Paris this evening for London, and will take charge of this letter. I have not time to explain to you the phenomenon perceived in the atmosphere when a vessel approaches land, &c., but I will give you all the explanation in my power in my next letter, and very possibly it may enable you, who have so many opportunities of visiting the coast, to ascertain whether the art of *Nauscopie* be one of those sublime discoveries that do honour to the genius of man. For myself, if I could conveniently visit the sea shore, I would certainly make more than one trial. When I have sent you the explanation you will be able to judge for yourself—and do not act as the Abbé Fontenay, for one of your poets has said wisely, that "There are more things in heaven and earth than are dreamt of in our philosophy." Adieu.

MARAT.

NAUSCOPIE FURTHER ILLUSTRATED.

WITH A MEMOIR OF BOTTINEAU, BY M. JOUY.

In looking over the large collection of papers in his possession, the gentleman who contributed those on Nauscopie in our last Number, has found a continuation of Bottineau's statement. The paper, however, concludes so abruptly, that we cannot but consider it as incomplete. Fragment as it is, we feel assured that our readers will thank us for laying it before them; we therefore do so at once, hoping, at the same time, that our contributor will be fortunate enough to discover what is apparently deficient. By the agency of a friend, he has obtained some account of Bottineau's life, by M. E. Jouy of the French Academy, who was personally acquainted with him, and bears witness to the correctness of the statements made by Marat to Mr. Daly. By this Memoir, which we subjoin, it appears, however, that Marat was wrong in announcing Bottineau's death—the disappointed discoverer of this extraordinary science having been alive in 1810.

BOTTINEAU'S FRAGMENT.

THE discovery of a nebulous satellite, the *travelling companion* of the ship, and preceding it several days, was undoubtedly of vast importance, even had it not extended further; but at the same time, I conceived that it would be of much greater advantage if I succeeded in acquiring *data* respecting the distance of vessels, their number, &c.—that this would be the means of creating a new science, of immense benefit to every nation, and that would confer everlasting honour on the country which gave me birth.

I consequently began to occupy myself in calculating distances, and by paying great attention to the modifications of the phenomena (according to the proximity of the vessels) I was enabled to graduate distances with exactness, and compose a scale of progressions. In consequence of the success I obtained in these calculations, the governor and officers of the Isle of France witnessed with surprise with what precision I predicted the arrival of vessels.

The very moment I discovered that a vessel at sea was always accompanied by a *mass of vapours* that preceded it, it was no difficult matter for me to conceive that several vessels being together, the mass must necessarily be increased and modified in a different manner. This circumstance infallibly occurs; each vessel produces the same phenomenon; the phenomena collect, without mixing with each other. From these individual pictures (tableaux particuliers) a general picture is composed, exhibiting the features (traits) appertaining to each vessel. There is scarcely a seaman who has not frequently observed this particular state of the horizon; but it has always been attributed to the whimsical freaks of nature, the necessary effect of capricious winds, and the lightness of the clouds (à le regarder comme un jeu bizarre, effet nécessaire des vents et la légéreté des nuages) without ever suspecting that there could be the slightest connexion between these appearances (revolutions) in the atmosphere and floating substances at a distance.

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The knowledge I have acquired respecting the number of vessels has not yet extended so far as to form a calculation with mathematical precision. Thus far I have been able to extend the science:—

I can distinguish with *infallibility* when there is *only one vessel*, and I never can by any means announce the approach of several vessels when there is only one at sea. I am too well acquainted with the meteor to apprehend making any mistake on that head.

When there are several vessels at a short distance from each other, I can form a conjecture, from the bulk and *shape* of the meteor, of what number they consist. I cannot absolutely state the number, because their characteristic features (traits), although separate, nevertheless, in consequence of their being multiplied, cause a confusion which has hitherto baffled my calculations. But if I am mistaken as to the precise number, I cannot be mistaken as to the *mass;* and whenever I announce *several* vessels, it is absolutely certain that there are *several*.

The announcements I made to the governor of the Isle of France, in the month of August, 1782, exhibit a striking proof of this distinction:—

On the 21st I announced *some* vessels; on the 22d, at noon, I declared *several* vessels; on the 23d I announced *many*, that is to say, a fleet.

Whence arose this variation? Because at first, only nine or ten vessels had come within the sphere of my observation (étoient entrés dans ma circonférence); but on the 22d and 23d, other vessels had appeared in the same situation (dans les mêmes eaux); then this assemblage that showed itself successively announced to me the presence of a fleet; and such was in reality the fact.

That absolute precision, however, which I do not pretend to have yet attained, is far from being impossible; it even appears the natural consequence of the principle which I have pointed out. As there is no vessel that does not carry its satellite along with it, and as each vessel supplies its *contingent* to the general mass, all that is required is to examine with extreme attention the *features* appertaining to each vessel, in order to calculate the number with precision.

The same reason which manifests to the land the approach of a vessel, exhibits also to vessels the approach of other vessels, at distances more or less remote, according to the state of the weather. Before my voyage from the Isle of France to Brest, I had formed no certain opinions respecting this conformity, in consequence of not knowing whether the proximity of a vessel produced upon another vessel the same effect as the proximity of the land, but experience has convinced me that the effects are similar. During my voyage I obtained incontestable proofs of the fact, which were registered in the log-book.

Whenever the indication was manifested, it never led me into error. Twenty-seven appearances of the meteor announced to me the approach of twenty-seven vessels; and during the voyage we fell in with twenty-seven, and each time the *meteor* indicated precisely the period of approach, the distance and comparative number. The captain and crew of the vessel can bear testimony as to this fact.

These predictions, which excited the admiration of my fellow-travellers, and raised their curiosity to the highest pitch, were perfectly natural and simple. Had a million of vessels presented themselves in succession, the meteor *must* have been renewed a million of times. There is nothing more surprising in this fact, than that lightning should precede thunder, that smoke should announce fire, or that clouds of dust should rise before an army in its march. Whenever a cause exists, an effect must naturally ensue. It is a consequence of these incontestable truths, that another very important fact belongs to my discovery, namely, the discovery of land when at a great distance from it.

If it be true, that a person on the sea-coast may be informed of the approach of a vessel at a considerable distance, in consequence of a change in the atmosphere, it is not less certain, that persons on board a vessel are informed in a similar manner of the approach to land, by witnessing a similar appearance. The same meteor (flambeau) which exhibits to the land the approach of a vessel, shows also to the vessel the approach to land.

I conjectured that this reciprocal effect must exist before I undertook my last voyage; and experience, by confirming the hypothesis, caused me no surprise. But I could not withhold expressing to my companions the feelings of admiration I experienced, on reflecting upon this magnificent operation of nature, and on the wonderful revolution it must occasion in the art of navigation.

It is a well known fact that the most experienced seamen having but imperfect data upon which they can calculate, the precise distance from a given shore is not unfrequently estimated by conjecture. Hence it happens that the captain is frequently at a loss, in what direction to steer, and the consequences of his ignorance cannot, of course, be calculated. If the phenomena of which I am speaking be attended to, if persons intended for the sea service would make a study of the art of Nauscopie, every danger of the kind would be obviated. Even when the most violent winds prevail, during the darkest night, these precious signs which nature has placed in the heavens for the protection of the traveller remain visible.

In the midst of the frightful solitude of the deep, a protecting hand holds out the *safety lights* to the wanderer, and gives him the power of affording or receiving assistance. The friendly shore from which the bold deni-

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zen has strayed is pointed out to him by the meteor which seems to invite him back to his native land.

M. JOUY'S MEMOIR OF BOTTINEAU.

Etienne Bottineau was born at Chatouceaux, in Lower Anjou, situated on the banks of the Loire. At a very early age he went to Nantes, and being delighted with the appearance of the port and shipping, he came to the resolution of entering into the sea service. At fifteen he went on board a trading vessel in an inferior capacity, and afterwards entered the navy at Brest; subsequently he was in the service of the East India Company. In 1764 he held a situation in the Isle of France in the engineer department. It was about this period that he found out a certain method of discovering land, on the approach of vessels at a distance of 250 leagues, in combining the effects produced by the latter upon the atmosphere, or on the sea. Mr. Bottineau states that the discovery, of which he gave an account in 1770, caused him to undergo every kind of persecution, and through the malice of his enemies he was treated as a slave and sent to Madagascar during the war of 1778. On his return to the Isle of France he continued his experiments, and with such success, that, upon several occasions, the government, in consequence of his announcing the arrival of convoys, frequently sent out vessels to meet them. In 1785 he proceeded to Paris, in order to communicate his discovery to the Minister of Marine, and solicit a remuneration. The certificates of the governor, and of the officers in the island, fully prove the advantage to be derived from this important discovery, and assert in strong terms, that every confidence may be placed in his statements; that, indeed, his predictions have invariably been correct. Notwithstanding the honourable testimonials and recommendatory letters which Mr. Bottineau presented to the minister, he met with a very cool reception from Marshal de Castries, and this indifference shown to a man possessed of so wonderful a secret can only be ascribed to the fact of Mr. Bottineau having written a *memoir*, in which he vituperated the conduct of the authorities of the Isle of France. The inhabitants of this island, whom I have had frequent opportunities of consulting respecting Mr. Bottineau, state, that he is still living (1810); that he continues to complain of the injustice of mankind, and bitterly regrets the loss sustained to the world by the neglect he has experienced. He has already communicated enough, he says, to enable some more fortunate individual to derive that benefit from his discovery which he ought to have received. The inhabitants of the Isle of France, with whom I conversed upon the subject, do not entertain the slightest doubt about the discovery. This poor man is truly to be pitied. During my residence at Colombo, in Ceylon, Mr. Bottineau predicted the arrival of a vessel, and the vessel appeared in sight at the time he had mentioned. I was a witness to this fact.

From the Monthly Magazine.

PALMERSTON POLICY.

FUTURE generations will view with mingled wonder and contempt, the deplorable spectacle of our foreign policy—a policy that will ultimately entail on the country, a war as ruinous as the one we waged to roll back the tide of the French revolution.

There is scarcely a question that has been started of late, as to our foreign relations, that is not either pending, or has been decided against us. It is true, that we have sometimes raised our voice in favour of trampled freedom; but what has it availed us? The despots of the Continent have proceeded in their work of extermination, regardless of our feeble cry. Yet, when, in November last, a clamour was raised by the conservative party against our armed intervention in Belgium, the partisans of ministers confidently maintained, that the line of policy pursued by the government, in conjunction with our French allies, would level every difficulty, solve every question, and disperse every vestige of uncertainty. "The imposing attitude we have assumed," was their cry, "will be the surest guarantee of a lasting peace." In what way these brilliant promises have been realised, we shall just examine.

The Belgian flag floats, it is true, upon the battered walls of the citadel of Antwerp; the forced halt imposed upon Prussia, upon the very frontier of that kingdom, was, we allow, a masterly stroke of diplomacy;—but what other result has been obtained? The navigation of the Scheldt, the real European question, is as far from its solution as ever. The conference of London is dissolved, dead, and buried, beneath the ponderous heap of its own protocols. The cruise of the combined squadrons in the North Sea, and the second act of the comedy, "the blockade of Holland," are suspended until the season of the year shall admit of more effective operations. In the mean time, William of Nassau, more obstinate than ever, and with good reason too, since it has so admirably succeeded, pursues a system of calculated inertia, and a war of Custom Houses, the most profitable by far he could wage. However, driven to his last entrenchments, the faithful ally of the crafty Nicholas, has just thought of another subterfuge—that of an appeal from his own obstinacy, to that of the States General, and of removing to their shoulders the weight of a responsibility that begins to be severely felt by his people. The delays of a deliberative assembly will wonderfully serve this new temporising strategy of King William, who, it is

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now evident, has been playing, and with triumphant success, the game of the Imperial autocrat. In Spain, where, as in every other despotic government, Liberalism, emanating from the Sovereign, is but a fortuitous accident, transient in operation, the young Queen has lost the ephemeral power of which she made so noble a use, and is now but nominally regent. That two days reign of liberal ideas, astonished at germinating even for an instant, upon the absolute soil of Spain—is over. The *cadavre* of the absolute king, dead for liberty, lives yet for despotism, like those deceased sovereigns, whose deaths are carefully concealed, and whose coffins still reign for the profit of a few favourites. Even thus does the Camarilla of Aranjuez, turn to its own advantage the long agony of Ferdinand, and dictates to him a posthumous re-action. With the ministry that has just risen upon Spain, like a star of evil augury, all hopes of seeing revered the ancient franchises of the nation, and the convocation of the Cortes, have vanished. The re-action has commenced —the voice of our ambassador has been derided; and in such a Court, who can say where the re-action will end?

In Portugal, which Napoleon considered as a colony of England, we are now hated both by Liberals and Absolutists, and with much reason too; for in whatever way the struggle now pending may be decided, the result will be equally disastrous to that ill-fated country, and she may with justice lay her ruin at the door of Great Britain—that in turn has encouraged and deceived; supported and abandoned both parties at present struggling for mastery upon her soil.

In Germany, our ascendency is completely eclipsed. As if the Germanic liberties were not sufficiently curtailed by the decrees of the Diet, they are now proceeding in detail, to the work of mutilation, not daring, by some remains of respect for human opinion, to annihilate them at a single blow. They are taking them one by one. Wirtemburg and Hesse* have been the first victims, the turn of Bavaria and others will come next.

There now remains the East, which, not without design, we have reserved for the last place,—that East, pregnant with events threatening the future independence of every state in Europe. If any thing were wanting to prove the decline of our European influence, it would certainly be the powerless effect of our intervention in the affairs of that section of the East, which our tardy policy has rendered a complete "embroglio." The Russian fleet rides at anchor beneath the walls of the Seraglio, and the influence of that power triumphs in the Divan. Where is the fleet that should have given weight to the remonstrances of our minister—the display of energy that should have brought the Sultan to have thrown himself into the arms of the ally who formerly saved him in his hour of need—instead of clinging to that one, who, after having dictated the peace of Adrianople, comes to dearly sell his treacherous support?

Such are the results of our foreign policy—the *paix à tout prix* system. The despots of the Continent could scarcely have gained more by open war than they have done during the most profound peace. We are hated from one end of the Spanish Peninsula to the other,—derided in Holland—reproached in Belgium—invoked in vain in Germany—almost forgotten in Italy—despised in Turkey —treated with open contumely in Russia, and suspected even in France. Great Britain, once the lever of the world, has become the laughing stock of Europe. If Lord Palmerston be a vain man, we envy him not his feelings—he is no match for the admixture of Greek ductility, and Scythian energy of the Russian diplomatists. The wily Pozzo di Borgo and the foxhunting Matucewitz, have played him as skilful anglers do a trout. In his person—the Foreign Minister of England, whose voice should have swayed all Europe, has dwindled into a mere automaton, moved at the will and pleasure of Nicholas Paulovitch, Czar of all the Russias.

Months ago we foretold that the struggle between the Sultan and the Pacha of Egypt would become an European question of the first magnitude. Months ago we foresaw the field it would open to Russia for the consummation of her ambitious projects upon Turkey. But our foreign minister has been dazzled by an "ignis fatuus," amid the marshes of Holland. He has been pursuing a political phantom, while Russia has been actively and successively undermining our influence in every quarter of the globe. She is at this moment carrying on an active diplomatic correspondence with the Sheic tribes on the north-western frontier of our Indian empire. She has stirred up Persia to make demands upon our Indian governments, that will, in all probability, end in a war. Her agents are every where. They may be found in the highest walks of English society, and amid the phrenzied peasantry of Ireland—sowing the seeds of disunion and discord, reconnoitring our vulnerable points, and unfolding the hidden sources of our greatness. While her influence reigns triumphant in the Divan, while her fleet rides at anchor in the Bosphorus, and while her battalions are advancing, by forced marches, towards the Balkan, *our* ships have been lying inactive in the Tagus, or cruising, in the dead of winter, in the North Sea. We

* The position of the Electoral Colleges in these two States is precisely similar to that of the French Electors, after the famous proclamation of Charles X. But, notwithstanding all the fine things that were declaimed last year, at the Crown and Anchor Tavern, upon the public spirit of the Germans, we are convinced that the only thing that will drive them to extremities, is an ordonnance against the *pipe*.

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have been protocolling in the West, while, in the East, Ibrahim Pacha has traversed the desert that separates Egypt from Syria, and advanced from the foot of Mount Taurus to the shores of the Egean, by one of the most extraordinary marches in modern times, the very inverse of that of Alexander the Great. The East, following his victorious steps, has paid back the visit she received from Ancient Greece, twenty centuries ago;—and *now as then*, civilization is on the side of the conqueror. Our foreign department has remained lamentably in the dark on every point connected with this extraordinary man,—the regenerator of Ancient Egypt, the renovator of the empire of the Caliphs, the modern Aroun al Raschid. It is evident that the Egyptian people are rapidly advancing. But who has opened this career to them? Who has the first planted in the barbarous soil of the East the seeds of European civilization? Who has overcome fanaticism? Who has rendered, at last, these regions safe for Europeans? Who has created so many new productions? The Arab, who, a few years ago, scarcely possessed the art of constructing a frail bark, now launches on the ocean a stately first-rate. The Egyptian armies—have they not astonished all Europe by their courage and severe discipline? And yet all this is the work of one man!—of Mehemet Ali! Lord Palmerston appears to forget that he is at the head of 130,000 disciplined soldiers; master of a fleet of several ships of the line and heavy frigates, admirably manned and disciplined; that under his rule the commerce of Egypt has increased a hundred fold. He has been only looked upon as a rebel Pacha, whose head—the price of his temerity—would probably soon adorn the gates of the Seraglio at Constantinople.

When Mehemet Ali raised the standard of revolt, he had no alternative left him. He was too wily a politician not to penetrate the designs of Russia, not to see that the men who surrounded the Sultan were in the pay of that power, and that the death firman issued by Mahmoud was the work of the crafty Nicholas, who marked, with a foreboding eye, the barrier which the civilization of Egypt would oppose to the consummation of his darling policy. The vice-king of Egypt was the firmest pillar of the Ottoman Porte. His gold, his soldiers, his ships, have been lavished on the defence of this tottering empire, but the return for so many sacrifices, has been the blackest ingratitude. The griefs of Mehemet Ali against the governors of St. Jean d'Acre, were notorious. The Porte might have made an example of this Pacha, who had formerly raised against her the standard of revolt; but, with her usual crooked policy, she declared in his favour, and Mehemet Ali was branded as a rebel. This policy rendered war inevitable, but neither anathemas nor prescriptions could terrify the Viceroy, whose course was founded on justice. The war once commenced, it was no longer in his power to arrest its devastating fury. The population along his whole line of march eagerly flocked to his standard, and Ibrahim Pacha, advanced to the very centre of Anatolia, hailed as a liberator! If the course of events had been allowed their free operation, we verily believe that, before the expiration of a month, the majority of the Osmanlis would have rallied round the Egyptian army—have carried in their arms its victorious general into Constantinople itself, and seated Ibrahim upon the throne of Mahomet, by the most sacred of all rights, the will of the people.

But it did not suit the policy of Russia to allow the Divan of Constantinople to be replaced by a young and regenerative government. What benefit, in fact, would this northern power have derived from the dispersion of the Janizaries, if those who remained of that order were to be formed into regular and disciplined corps? The constitutional bravery of the Osmanlis, their warlike habits, would have been the means of future salvation to the empire. Russia viewed with jealousy the birth of an European military system of organization in Turkey, that she felt conscious would prove a barrier to her invasions. Her projects are evident to the most superficial observer—for more than a century her policy has never varied. Ever since the treaty of Adrianople, she has looked upon Turkey as a prey that cannot escape the talons of her Eagle; and when the Imperial Autocrat ordered his fleet to sail from Sevastopol for the Bosphorus, *it was his own property that he felt he was going to protect, and not that of the Sultan.*

The other powers of Europe are alarmed, and justly so, at the appearance of the Muscovite flag before the walls of old Istambol, and have loudly demanded their departure. But while they have sought to repel the perfidious intervention of Russia, they have thought proper themselves to interfere between Ibrahim, who has the whole nation in his favour, and the Sultan Mahmoud, who has nothing left but his divan and his court. Mahmoud has arrived at that pitch when he can no longer reign but under the patronage of Russia. His navy exists but in name; his army is without chiefs, dispersed, demoralized, and without one principle of reorganization in its ranks. Surrounded by ignorant and corrupted counsellors—deprived of the advice of a single man of honesty or talent—exposed to the deadly hatred of his people—troubled by unceasing revolts—exhausted by the tributes to which he is subject, Mahmoud has not a chance in his favour. His remains of power, nay, even his life, are now at the mercy of a popular tumult—from which it would be difficult to guarantee either of or the other.

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Whatever, therefore, may be the good-will of these powers, it is utterly beyond their means to save *both* the Sultan and the empire —that time has gone by. It was in 1829, before the passage of the Balkan by the Russian army, that their intervention might have preserved Turkey. The treaty of Adrianople marked the term of Mahmoud's power, for since that period it has been but nominal.

The fatal error of not intervening in 1829, we admit cannot be laid at the door of the present ministers, for they were not then in power; but what we accuse them of is, not redeeming this oversight of our diplomacy, when a favourable opportunity presented itself. In fact the true policy of the great powers of Europe, is now to support the Pacha of Egypt—a policy, we admit, not of choice but of necessity. Ought France to allow the Russians, these constant enemies of her glory and her liberty, to establish themselves at Constantinople? Ought she suffer to be compromised, the future prospects of her Algerine colony, by allowing to be forcibly torn up those seeds of civilization in Egypt, and at a moment when the glorious career of re-civilizing the northern shores of Africa is before her? Again—Can Austria see without fear and apprehension, the Russian battalions upon her eastern frontier? What compensation, and what guarantee can she hope from pursuing *a l'outrance*, her defensive policy? And lastly—Is it the interest of Great Britain, that Russia should seize a position so threatening to her Indian empire—two seas, locked like two basins, upon which, she might, in perfect security, form and exercise a navy that may one day wrest from her the trident of the seas? What, to pursue our questions still further, would then become of that European balance of power, which the British, French, and Austrian cabinets are so desirous of maintaining—and of that kingdom of Greece, which, with so much difficulty has been engendered by their diplomacy, in spite of the autocrat's machinations? Is it not the interest of these three powers, that the culminating position of Constantinople should be really and effectually guarded, and prevented from becoming the capital of a Muscovite appanage?

These are questions that are solved as soon as they are clearly enounced. But in interfering in the affairs of Turkey, in arresting the career of Ibrahim, these three powers have arrested the march of that regeneration that alone could save the Ottoman empire, and erect upon the shores of the Bosphorus a barrier against Russian invasion. Whether they succeed or not in obliging the squadron of Nicholas to quit the harbour of Constantinople, they must make up their minds, if they persist in their policy towards the Viceroy of Egypt, to see him sooner or later fix himself upon the throne of the Sultan. A mere pretext will suffice, and when the favourable moment for acting shall have arrived, he will laugh to scorn the diplomacy—aye, and the armaments too of combined Europe. Once master of the Ottoman capital, who could drive him from it?

A prompt regeneration can alone save Turkey. But to the Sultan Mahmoud such a regeneration is impossible; and to maintain this Prince any longer upon the throne, would only be to hasten the dissolution of the empire. The future prospects of the Osmanlis are centered in the person of Ibrahim Pacha, and the cause of Egypt appears to us to be that of the whole nation.

In opposition to these views, it may be asserted that Mehemet Ali is a vassal of the Sultan's, and to support him would be consecrating a revolutionary principle. But is it in the 19th century that this obsolete feudal question is to be revived? Besides, it supposes protection on one side. But latterly it is Egypt that has protected the Porte, and it would be eminently absurd that national force should pay tribute to national weakness. It is utterly futile to talk about a revolted vassal, of political engagements, and so forth:—the force of things is equally imperative upon governments as upon individuals, and by obliging Mehemet Ali to recall his army and to evacuate Syria and Anatolia, these three powers would not by that means guarantee for six months longer the reign of Mahmoud. As to the armed intervention of Russia—France and England ought not to have allowed it under any pretext; and if a war with that power were inevitable, they ought not to have waited to decide upon it till she was mistress of Constantinople.

The policy pursued by the ministers of England and of France has been such, that had they been in the pay of Russia, they could not more effectually have served that power. On the one hand they proposed to the Russian Admiral to return to Sevastopol, and guarantee the integrity of the Porte, while on the other, they imperiously order the Egyptian to evacuate Syria, and threaten him, in case of refusal, to enforce the mandate, bidding him content himself, as the only indemnity for so many victories, with the simple investiture of the Pachalic of Acre! Mehemet Ali must naturally have been furious at these conditions, since he had concluded, with the envoy of the Porte, Halil Pacha, a treaty that offered him many other advantages and guarantees: the Divan consented, in fact, to cede the four Pachalics of Syria. The answer the Viceroy gave to this *sommation*, for such it was, twenty-four hours being allowed for a categorical answer, was noble and firm:—"I have hitherto lived with honour; if necessary, I will die as I have lived. What you propose to me I cannot accept."

Thus Mehemet Ali has formally refused to

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adhere to the conditions proposed to him—and from the tergiversations of policy that we have witnessed, we may conjecture that it is the intention of our government to wait until one of the two parties have seized the initiative, ere they decide on what course to pursue in this grave conjuncture.

The present posture of affairs may be given in a very few words:—

1st. The formal intention of Ibrahim Pacha, to push as far as possible the advantages he has gained.

2dly. The firm resolution of Russia, of maintaining her armed intervention, and of occupying Constantinople under the pretext of protecting the Sultan.

3dly. The absolute nullity of the Cabinets of France and England, in the affairs of the east.

What direction affairs may ultimately take, so complicated is the aspect they have assumed, we declare our inability to predict. At the eleventh hour our squadron has been ordered to the Bosphorus; but all may be over before it reaches the seat of action, otherwise the simple alternative, offered to the Russian Admiral, of sheering off, or of seeing the British Jack flying at his mizen peak, would solve at least that difficulty. But the probability is, that Ibrahim will make a dash at Constantinople before the Russian auxiliary force arrives. The moral effect of his presence on the population of the capital, who cordially detest the "dogs of Moscow," might produce a general rising, and the Russian squadron have some difficulty "*de se tirer d'affaire.*"

On the other hand—supposing affairs to take another direction—that Russia, awed by the hostile attitude of England and France, halts her advancing columns? What if the Egyptian should not prove equally tractable? Mehemet Ali, it is true, is too profound a politician to brave the vengeance of the great powers of Europe; but both father and son are flushed with conquest, have shown themselves to be men of head and execution, and are surrounded by daring spirits of the old imperial French army, who can appreciate the advantages of his position. His power is in the very heart of Anatolia, amid a population devoted to his cause, and whose fanaticism still preserves a character of great energy. Should he prove obstinate, it is not an army of twenty, or even thirty thousand Christians that would drive him from his position. This contingency would moreover entail upon the two powers the protectorate of the Ottoman Porte—a measure, leaving the enormous expense it would entail on them out of the question, which we suspect would ultimately embroil the protecting powers themselves.

In this delicate conjuncture, the true policy of France and this country is to guarantee the possession of Syria to Mehemet Ali, otherwise, they will be only labouring to the profit of Russia; for the power of the Sultan is absolutely null there, and it is not by the conventions of European diplomacy that it will be restored. In fact, no peace can be lasting, that is not based upon the independence of Egypt, with the territorial arrondissement we have alluded to:—without this *sine qua non*, hostilities would recommence ere the expiration of a twelvemonth, and instead of erecting an imposing barrier against the ambitious designs of Nicholas, the very few obstacles that remain to oppose their completion would most effectually be levelled.

"*Dans trente ans*," said Napoleon, on the ocean rock of his exile, "*dans trente ans, l'Europe sera ou republique ou Cosaque.*" In 1830, only ten years after these prophetic words were uttered, the Russian standards floated on the walls of Warsaw, and before the close of 1833, if our present besotted and drivelling policy be persisted in, they will soar on the towers of the Seraglio at Constantinople—and then who will say that the completion of the prophecy, after such a course of events, is beyond the range of human probability? But however this may be, one thing at least is evident, that Napoleon was better acquainted with the grasping policy, and ambitious designs of the Russian cabinet, than our present foreign minister, Lord Viscount Palmerston.

From the Monthly Magazine.

WOOD ENGRAVING.

A SLIGHT glance at the nature, rise, and progress of the art in our own times, and the ability of its more eminent professors, will not perhaps, after what we have said, prove unacceptable. An engraving on wood differs very materially from one on copper or steel; in the latter, all the lines which appear in the impression are sunk; in the former they are raised, or rather the original surface is cut away, so as to leave them standing above the bulk of the block. To print from a copper or steel plate, the entire face of the metal is covered with ink; this is carefully wiped from the surface, but left in the lines, from which it is transferred to damp soft paper, so as to produce a perfect impression, by passing the plate and paper together, under a roller, clothed with blankets. A wood cut is printed on directly the reverse principle, and in this consists its intrinsic value, because it can be worked with type. All the lines instead of being sunk, constitute the surface of the block; those parts which are intended to be white, are cut away, so that when the lines are armed with ink, the impression is taken without wiping; thus the double and difficult operation is saved. In a metal plate the lines are channels, in a wood cut ridges. The copper or steel plate engraver has to transfer his original, frequently on a decreased scale, to the material on which he works: from a wood

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engraver this is not expected, the drawing being made *on the wood* for him by the artist employed to design the subject. So that in an impression from wood, we have the original touches of the draughtsman, while those on copper or steel, are translated into the language of his own art, by the engraver.

Bewick may, without question, be pronounced the father of modern wood-engraving. He was decidedly a genius. After having practised for some years, in a provincial town, as a cutter of common metal ornaments, doors'-plates, &c. &c.—without education, without, apparently, either hint, assistance, or encouragement from any one—by his own individual energy, perseverance, and extraordinary talent, he revived, or rather created an art, which he carried so far towards all the perfection of which it is capable, that with numerous pupils and competitors, he died the other day with few if any equals, and certainly no superior, in force, truth, and effect, as a delineator of nature. In brilliancy and elaborate execution, the men of the present day have excelled him; but for this superiority they are as much indebted to the skill of their principal designer, and the recent astonishing improvements in printing, as to their own professional dexterity and taste. Unlike our present artists, Bewick made his own drawings; and to these the highest possible degree of praise must in justice be attributed. His birds possess a truth of texture, form, and expression,—an individuality of character, which has never been surpassed. His tail-pieces, occasionally, display scenes of the most disgusting grossness; but such of them —and these constitute the majority—as are unpolluted by his prevailing vice, are among the finest homely pictorial morals, that have ever been conferred on human nature by the powers of art. In grace and imagination he was particularly deficient—his forte consisted in appreciating, and depicting with miraculous truth the poetry of matter-of-fact. When we consider the difficulties he had to encounter in acquiring his new art, and the tremendous obstacles which he must have overcome in the printing of his cuts, we cannot but look upon his works with feelings of wonder and admiration.

While Bewick was rapidly advancing in the formation of a little school of wood cutters at Newcastle, a kindred spirit arose in the metropolis. This was the elder Branston. Brought up to nearly the same occupation as Bewick, without any instruction in the art, he began by copying some of the latter's most simple cuts, and long before the close of his comparatively brief but brilliant career, became one of the northern prodigy's most formidable rivals—excelling him in some points, though falling short of him in others. John Thompson, the elder Branston's apprentice, who we believe began wood-engraving, shortly after, or perhaps about the same time as his highly gifted master, is now, and has for some time past, been at the very summit of his art.

The elder Branston and Thompson gradually established a school of wood-engraving in the metropolis; and, assisted by the taste and talent of Thurston the designer, advanced their art far towards its present state of excellence. Clennell, and Nesbitt, a northern man, a pupil of Bewick, the present patriarch of the profession, contributed largely by their skill to its elevation and popularity; wood-cuts, on account of their vigour and economy, but especially from their capacity of being worked in juxta-position with type, became in considerable request, and wood-engravers increased. Thurston drew his thousands, and Craig, an inferior but most prolific artist, his tens of thousands of designs.—Stothard produced a set of most beautiful illustrations (capitally cut by Clennell) to Rogers' Pleasures of Memory; and wood-engraving not only proudly lifted its head among the existing arts, but gave birth to a new one —that of wood-cut printing. This soon proved of the most vital assistance to its parent, and they now go hand-in-hand together. The skill of the artist is in vain exercised without equal talent and finished execution be displayed by the printer—indeed, to such a point does this principle extend, that a beautiful wood-cut, unless worked by an accomplished printer, will give worse impressions than had it been engraved coarsely and clumsily. Bensley, Maurce, and Wittingham, were among the earliest artists in wood-cut printing, and to the latter gentleman in particular our present engravers are very materially indebted, having, by his great improvements in the mode of taking off impressions, largely extended the range and application of their art.

To William Harvey, however, the present school is, if possible, under still deeper obligations. A pupil of Bewick, a wood-engraver of the most consummate skill, after having astonished the town by his colossal print of Dentatus, he devoted himself with the most indomitable zeal to the study and practice of painting. In spite of difficulties that would have disheartened, and vanquishing obstacles that would have defied almost any other man —by intense and persevering study—an absorbing devotion to one great object—aided by a brilliant imagination—exquisite taste—facility of execution—and that indefinable feeling and perception of the beautiful—without which no man can become a great artist, he attained the enviable privilege of being justified in saying—"And I, too, am a painter!" Profoundly versed in the principles and practice of his art—with a vividness of conception that has never been surpassed—and with a perfect knowledge of wood-engraving, of which his predecessor had not the advantage, Harvey succeeded to the throne that had be-

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come vacant by the death of Thurston. This event constituted a new era in wood-engraving; meagre vignettes were followed by rich pictures, displaying magnificent composition —vigour in the detail of character—powerful simplicity in depicting the subject—truth of expression—breadth—colour—air—all that could be desired. His designs are heaped with graceful forms—his figures are moving illustrations of the line of beauty, which flows perpetually in all his groupes: his compositions are full of life—sometimes crowded —apparently from prodigality of his fancy. But amid the wildest revelry of imagination, the same sound principles which have been the objects of study to the greatest painters of ancient or modern times are constantly displayed. His *learning* not only accompanies but ministers to his fancy. His wit and invention seem to be boundless. Is an illustration required? His mind soars with eagle velocity over all the regions of fiction and fact, and invariably seems to pounce upon the most apt and appropriate subject.

With such a designer, the engravers on wood in a mass, though individually unknown and unappreciated, rose with astonishing rapidity. Printing kept pace with them;—partly through the exertions of Harvey himself, who personally superintended the working of his "Henderson on Wines," and partly too by the practical skill and experiments at press of the elder Branston and his talented eldest son Robert, now of the firm of Vizetelly, Branston, and Co. Meanwhile Whittingham was making gigantic strides as a fine printer, and the wood engravers received, from time to time, valuable additions to their little corps. Samuel Williams, a self-taught artist, who had commenced wood-engraving, by copying some paltry cock-robin cuts, while a printer's apprentice at Colchester, pushed forward into the foremost ranks, and displayed considerable talent as a designer: his brother Thomas followed close in his rear; the pupils of Branston soared up to individual distinction; Jackson, an elève of Bewick, came to town; and the veteran Nesbitt, after a long retirement, returned to the practice of his profession. George and Robert Cruikshank, especially the former, added by their designs to the popularity of the art; then came Seymour; and after him Meadows—fruitful in fancy, and most felicitous in the delineation of graceful cupids and graceless blackguards, pre-eminent in portrait, and pretty considerable in all things—besides a few designers of minor powers, and a multitude of mere copyists and fac-simile transcribers. Other engravers now started up—Bonner, John Wright, and Frederick Branston, pupils of the father of the latter; Smith, an emanation from Jackson; Landells, a pupil of Bewick, and others of inferior fame.

From the Monthly Magazine.

VICTOR DUCANGE.

HAVING already directed the attention of our readers to that portion of literary fiction of our Gallic neighbours, appropriately distinguished by the epithet "convulsive;" we at present propose noticing another species, altogether different in character and execution, which is known by the name of the "vaudevilliste," from the resemblance in style and spirit, to the charming little pieces produced at the Theatre du Vaudeville. This rich and amusing class of productions, light and sketchy, yet philosophical and humorously illustrative of living manners, with its brilliancy, brevity, and epigrammatic point, forms an agreeable contrast, and a pleasant set off against the wild vagaries and exaggerated horrors of the Convulsives: nor are its airiness, sprightliness, and humourous levity, its only charms; for, frequently, under the sparkling garb of liveliness, it conveys sound practical lessons of political wisdom, and powerfully exposes some of the abuses and absurdities flowing from institutions of the "good old times."

Victor Ducange is one of this school. The same exquisite address in seizing on the ridiculous and absurd in things and men—the same easy elegance of expression, playfulness and vivacity of imagination, and piquancy of observation, which have rendered his dramatic works so successful, are eminently conspicuous in his novels. His profound knowledge of human nature is as apparent, as the easy gaiety of his style is amusing; his skill in the development of characters, and in tracing the gradual changes and modifications effected by new circumstances, bringing with them new motives and new ideas, is particularly striking and natural.

Great differences exist between an English and a French novel of the present day: while the one appeals to the vitiated taste of an aristocracy-loving set, by minute details of the fictitious distinctions which surround the higher classes, their dinners, routs, equipages, tracasserie, and scandal, the other recognises no artificial distinctions, but applies itself entirely to the moral world—to measures, not men—to things and not to theories—and to the accurate delineation of living manners in every department and grade in society. If nobility be occasionally introduced, it is only to afford an opportunity of exposing the absurdity of its pretensions to a privileged ascendancy, derived from old institutions, which in the present state of society, are incompatible with the happiness of the mass of mankind. In this particular, Ducange may be taken as a fair representative of the sentiments of his countrymen, of the moral revolution and widely diffused republicanism of opinion, of which, none but those who have resided for some time upon the continent, can form any idea. That respect and deference which was

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formerly the attendant on exalted stations and great names is now transferred to intelligence, developed in well directed industry; and a successful stock broker at Paris, or the proprietor of a flourishing manufactory in the provinces, eclipses in public esteem, a score of the vielle noblesse.

Jean Phol (the principal personage in a tale, by Victor Ducange, of which we purpose *giving* an abstract *raisonné*, as a specimen of the *Vaudevillistes*) is a paper manufacturer, and his probity, superior intelligence and usefulness, are happily contrasted with the idleness, intrigue, and insignificant pretensions of a Marquis of the *ancien regime*. Git-au-Diable, the Baronial Castle of the latter, overlooks a little settlement of industrious Huguenots in the distant village of Ghyl au Bois, and a rapid sketch of its vicissitudes of proprietorship, until it reaches the Marquis, lays open the miseries and injustice resulting from the feudal system under every succeeding reign. From the crusading barons, it passes into the hands of the monks, from them it is transferred to the Huguenots, and then by the revocation of the edict of Nantes, it is seized as a forfeiture to the crown: at length Louis XV. bestows it on a poor but noble Limousin gentleman, who is inveigled into a marriage with a young beauty of his seraglio in the Parc au Cerfs. The count discovers his dishonour at the moment his young bride is dying in childbirth, breaks the sword that could not be his avenger, sends his commission and title-deeds to the Minister in disdain, and quits France for ever.

After this overt act of rebellion, the house of Kerneseck, which traced its origin to the remotest antiquity, became possessors of the castle and domain of Git-au-Diable, and from them it descended in a right line to Timothy, Marquis of Kerneseck. His brothers, Martin and Gregory, having previously been disposed of, by being thrust, the first into the navy, and the second into a monastery, his two sisters take the veil in the convent of St. Affrique, where the eldest dies in the odour of sanctity from the consequences of a wonderful fast. Every thing seems prosperous, when as ill luck would have it, the revolution breaks out, and the Marquis is induced by circumstances to mount his horse and set off to join the Austrians at Coblentz.

Meantime the property of the emigrants is confiscated—the convents are closed, the nuns are flying in every direction, and a deputation of Sans Culottes from the Jacobins, seal up the gates of Git-au-Diable, and write on the little church adjoining—

"THE FRENCH PEOPLE RECOGNISE THE SUPREME BEING AND THE IMMORTALITY OF THE SOUL."

"The Marquis Timothy did not return with the Austrians, but continued his route to Poland, where he found the festivities very agreeable. Martin the sailor, went out with the expedition of Rochambeau, to America; Gregory the Monk abjured his faith at the bar of the Convention, married a Carmelite nun, and enlisted as a dragoon in the revolutionary army, while Andoche the nun (the younger sister) fled with her confessor into Piedmont. The Castle of Git-au-Diable was by the revolutionary hammer, knocked down to the sturdy paper manufacturer, Jean Phol, who converted it into a factory. All the resources of art were put into requisition: the idle population of the neighbouring village found employment, and the whole country became enriched by the industry of Jean Phol. Meantime the Emigré Marquis was teaching his pure French to some dozen heavy Germans in Silesia. Among the pupils who attended his lectures, from charity, was a fair young pastry-cook, whom the Marquis reasoned himself into espousing, by the following soliloquy:—

"'Illustrious descendant of the victors of Tolbiac, you are no longer any thing more than a poor devil, as beggarly, thin, and contemptible as your great-grandfather, when he beheld the demolition of his last tower at Patavy; he, for the love of religion, and you for the honour of the monarchy, lost your weathercocks, your rights of seignory, your blazoned shields, and what is worse, your stamped crowns. France is a republic; the throne is to let; the aristocracy are wandering beggars, and Europe is getting whipped. This is no time for being proud. Will you let your noble race perish with you when Providence gives you, in its mysterious wisdom, a means of support in an adorable pastry-cook? Calculate, my dear Marquis, with the prudence of Ulysses, not with the pride of Agamemnon. To be sure you set out to make war, and it may not be so noble to make pies; but what is there that misfortune and fidelity do not ennoble? Well then, marry the pastry-cook:—primo, because she has as much cash as a baron's daughter; secundo, because you have not a sous, and that it is disagreeable to trudge the streets when it rains or hails, and for a miserable salary to be at the beck of sundry varlets, who call you Monsieur, while treating you like a lacquey; tertio, and it is the best and strongest reason, because a hungry stomach has no ears, and a fasting Marquis must dine.'

"Upon this, Timothy, Marquis of Kerneseck, pirouetted upon the toe of his left foot, with a grace and elasticity quite French, and wiping the dust from his shoes with his Rouen handkerchief, pulling down his sleeves, adjusting his collar, and presenting his right hand forward, like Vestris, he hastened to declare his tender passion to Julia, at the moment she was engaged in taking tarts from the oven."

Julia, of course, was delighted at being made a Marchioness, and the Marquis on his part, was well fed and happy, selling his patties with his sword by his side, and glorying in being the inventor of pies *à la Marquise*; when lo! one fine morning, he reads the intelligence of the peace of Amiens, and of the permission granted to the Emigrés to return and recover whatever portion of their property had escaped the revolutionary hammer. Ac-

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cordingly, he sets off for his Castle of Git-au-Diable, with his spouse and daughter. On the road he falls in with his brother Gregory, in the capacity of a carter, his sister Andoche, in that of cook in a tavern; and on reaching Moulines the party is joined by Martin, who had been made a captain in the navy by Napoleon. The sagacity of the latter discovers that, owing to an informality in the sale of the domain of Git-au-Diable, a small farm might still be recovered; and his interest with the government having secured this, the good people of Ghyl au Bois are surprised by the sudden appearance of the long absent family, in a wretched cart, which they mistook for the equipage of Polichinello.

Curiosity was the only feeling that the illustrious descendant of Clovis excited in his quondam vassals. The Curé alone, though a stranger to the Marquis of Kerneseck, received him with demonstrations of joy.

"By instinct—by some inexplicable power of homogeneity—some secret instruction of natural alliance, and natural succour, a parson and a lord sympathize in all places, times, and circumstances. An innate sentiment teaches them that they participate in the same essence—that they are sprung from the same principle, and that they are uterine brothers, twin-born of the great feudal mother, and nourished with sacred milk. Lords without parsons—parsons without lords, is a greater anomaly than partridge without lemons. Hence it was that tears of joy rolled down the cheeks of the good Curé of St. Medard, and that the sight of the ci-devant lord produced upon his senses an effect analogous to that which the first beam of returning light, after six long months of darkness, produces upon the sorrowing eyes of the inhabitants of the Polar Circle.'

While the Curé is entertaining them, news of their arrival is brought to Jean Phol, who hastens to invite them to the chateau, where he proves to them, logically, that he is in their debt to the amount of some thirty thousand francs, being the principal and accumulated interest of a sum left by one of the predecessors of the Marquis, in the hands of his grandfather, and which he was bound by oath to restore. By this act of generosity on the part of Jean Phol, the Marquis and his family are established in their farm adjoining the chateau. A complete harmony ensues between marquisses, merchants, emigrants, Huguenots, and priests, all living like true republicans, and calling each other citizens. This ease and prosperity affords leisure to the Marquis to meditate over his favourite projects. He still dreams of recovering his chateau, and of restoring the Bourbons. Time passes away in the manufacture of intrigues; and, at length, the sailing of the expedition of Pichegru and Georges, promises a certainty of the assassination of the First Consul. The Marquis sets off for Paris, after pressing the hand of the Curé, and humming to himself, with a triumphant air, "I shall have my castle." He reaches Paris in time to witness the arrest of the conspirators: he is petrified with horror, but had he known that the police were equally well acquainted with all his movements and designs, as with those of the sufferers, he would have had much greater reason for alarm.

"There was at that time a minister more dexterous and cunning than all the conspirators that ever did or will exist; for this minister had himself a share in every conspiracy: he formed them at first, for he was faithful like the Marquis, and then he disclosed them, when they were not succeeding to his wishes. This was profound sagacity and superfine diplomacy. Now this minister said to the Consul, 'We have got a Marquis of the finest species, who conspires and trifles—who will kiss your hand and betray you. He is quite a model, a type—let us catch him. He would be a treasure in a palace; he would show the direction of the wind better than fifty weathercocks, and would not cost so much as an ambassador.' The Consul was amused with the suggestion; he laughed at it—he should rather have been shocked. The next day the Marquis was summoned before the minister. The day following he was presented to the Consul, who said to him, while he tried to suppress his laughter—'You are a Marquis. I am glad of it. You have served the King; I esteem fidelity. You will attend my levee. Call at the Treasury.' The Marquis flew thither. On the day following the Marquis strutted through Paris as proud as a peacock, discoursing in the coffee-houses and the Palais Royal in this strain:—'Sirs, the Republic needs a master. France demands an Emperor, and Buonaparte is the man of destiny.' In fact, eight months afterwards Buonaparte was an Emperor; the Marquis was a Chamberlain; Mr. Vincent Jean Phol posted to Paris with the view of obtaining through the influence of the Chamberlain Marquis, the title of *Imperial* for his factory; and Madame Jean Phol said to Julie, 'My dearest friend, you see how much time has done towards drawing closer certain distances, and in dissipating obstacles and prejudices. Our fortune is still much greater than yours; but the Marquis is at Court; he may be exalted by favours; his protection may be of use to my husband; and my Gustavus will certainly be rich enough to seek rather an alliance which will connect him with the *grande monde*, and the honours of the Court, than an increase of fortune, which would add nothing to happiness.'"

Between Gustavus, the son of Jean Phol, and the gentle and delicate Isaurine, daughter of the Marquis, a tender attachment had subsisted from childhood, and time had ripened it into a more decided passion. But the catechising and reiterated religious lecturings of the bigotted Andoche, the ex-nun, had so wrought upon the mind of the sensitive little girl, that her partiality for Gustavus caused a perpetual struggle within her bosom, as she was taught to believe that she would certainly

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be damned if she married a heretic. Meantime events proceed, and the fate of Isaurine is from day to day depending on a conspiracy, or a coalition, on peace or war, on a defeat or victory, on an imperial whim or a telegraphic despatch, and a thousand cunning devices of the Cabinets of London, Berlin, and Vienna, as her union with Gustavus must be determined by these various occurrences. The Empire had displaced the Republic. Buonaparte sat upon a throne, surrounded by a newly created nobility. The Marquis was in favour; he obtained places for his family; he became rich; he communicated with the Cabinets of London, Berlin, and Vienna; legitimate treasons grew dearer by coming from better sources, and English, Austrian, and Russian pensions went on increasing. Jean Phol too had almost kept pace with him in preferment: from Imperial manufacturer and Government contractor he had been created a Baron of the Empire, and shortly after a member of the Council. The influence which these changed positions of both parties exercise over the destinies of Gustavus and Isaurine, and the new ideas and speculations they give rise to, are happily shown in their letters. The Marquis, for instance, seeing that Jean Phol was ennobled, no matter how; that he was in possession of a castle and eighty thousand a year; and that the continental system of blockade confiscated conspiracies as well as merchandise, writes to the Marchioness in this style:—

"Madame. Continue to pursue your present course; hasten on the marriage. My fidelity, the sacred cause, and the important interests of the unfortunate monarchy, require this further sacrifice; the more so as it will restore, indirectly it is true, but better so than not at all, my castle of Git-au-Diable, to which I adhere from principle and fidelity, for this you know is my immutable device. So lose not a moment; hasten on the marriage: the Empire is up—Legitimacy is down—St. Cloud is very brilliant, and the conspiracy has proved smoke since the crowning at Notre Dame. Not that we do not know how to estimate these matters. His legitimacy is but so much whipped cream: but he makes barons; this is monarchical, a good beginning, and for want of better—meantime—even though—marry my daughter—she may become a Duchess, and this will be a point gained."

So much for the Marquis; now for the matrimonial epistle of Jean Phol, the Baron and legislator:—

"My dearest spouse. Our love, our marriage, and above all, Heaven, have given us but one son, and nature has endowed him with virtue, sense, and talents. The success which accompanies me, the fortune which awaits him, and the happy dispositions of his character, presage for him a brilliant career. Let us not be too hasty in deciding his destiny—in bounding his career—in checking his progress. An imprudent marriage influences a whole life. Immense destinies are awaiting France: the fortune of the crowned Hero may be more strongly reflected on us hereafter than at present; and why may not our Gustavus, rich by my titles, my office, my fortune, and his expectations, raise his ambition above the daughter of an insignificant Marquis, without an estate, lowly connected, and without firmness at Court? Do not precipitate matters. Victory is on the point of carrying our eagles beyond the Neva. Russia has declared war against us. We shall have a throne more to dispose of. Let us await the issue of this great event."

Meantime the French army had entered the capital of the north; and from the Imperial towers of the palace of Peter the Great an ordinance arrives at Paris, upon the Emperor's favourite system of fusion, which comprehends within its scope the respective scions of the houses of the Marquis of Kerneseck and the Baron Jean Phol. Accordingly Fouché, who was as well skilled in matrimonial diplomacy as in other state intrigues, acquaints the parties with the wishes of the Emperor, and all the preliminaries being adjusted, the marriage is on the point of taking place, when, besides the serious obstacle of the bride's being almost driven to distraction by the fatal power of her Capuchin aunt, Andoche, in working on her religious scruples, the Marquis interdicts the union, as a rumour prevails that the Emperor is frozen to death in Russia, and that the Bourbons are on their way to Paris.

Buonaparte, however, returns to the Thuilleries; and the Marquis flies thither to swear that France was still faithful to him: he meets Jean Phol, and they give each other the cut direct. France has to produce another army to supply the place of that which has perished; Gustavus sets out with the newly enrolled corps; and after a series of hard fighting, is left for dead upon the field of Leipsic. The capture of Paris follows close upon this event. The Marquis was right. Jean Phol was wrong. The former retains his chamberlain's key; the latter, after voting for the dethronement of the man of destiny, writes over his establishment "Royal Manufactory."

Gustavus, who was supposed to have perished, is preserved almost miraculously; and after enduring many calamities, returns just at the moment when his bride has ceased to exist. The account of his death, maliciously imparted to her by the furious zealot Andoche, had so far aggravated the malady to which she had long been a victim, that she had sunk under it; and her lover performs the last duty of depositing her in the tomb.

We are sensible that, in this short sketch, we have but faintly delineated the spirit that runs through and animates the work of Victor Ducange. To convey a just and accurate idea of the vehemence and address with which

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his satire is brought to bear on the Feudalism and Jesuitism, against which the whole force of his attack is levelled, would require much wider bounds than those to which we are necessarily restricted.

From the same.

CHATEAU DE COURCY.

In that part of Picardy, situated between Saint Quentin and Soissons, about four leagues from the latter city, in the middle of a magnificent valley, and upon a mountain of no very great elevation, but which commands a prospect at once varied and picturesque, the traveller beholds a small town, entirely surrounded by walls, flanked by strong towers, the aspect of which insensibly leads back the mind to the middle ages. The approaches to this town are steep and rugged. Four dark and ponderous gates, between enormous towers, pierced with loop-holes, impart to it a formidable appearance; somewhat softened, however, by the romantic charm of the ivy that festoons the exterior walls. On the south side, upon the same mountain, there are seen four towers, of prodigious thickness, connected by high ramparts, forming an irregular square; from the centre of which arises another tower, beautiful from its strength and the elegance of its proportions, which commands the town and an immense extent of country. Within these walls, there formerly existed a chateau, the name of which has been rendered famous by the illustrious race to which it belonged.

Built by Enguerrand de Coucy the Great, one of the most eminent French Barons of the twelfth century, this chateau was, for 300 years, the cradle of the Raouls, and the Enguerrands de Coucy. The last of the race, Enguerrand the 7th, united, in his own person, all the glory of his ancestors—an archduke of Austria, Earl of Bedford, in England, count of Soissons, and connected with the highest offices at the court of France; held up as a model of bravery and loyalty, courted by all the kings of Europe, and particularly by Edward the Third of England, who gave him his daughter in marriage. Endowed with a thousand rare and brilliant qualities—handsome in person, cultivated in mind—this Sire de Coucy died of the wounds he received in the crusade against Bajazet, on the disastrous day of Nicopolis. It is worthy of remark, that, in the first crusade, led by Godefroy de Bouillon, a Sire de Coucy greatly distinguished himself; and that, in every subsequent one, a hero of this name died upon the field of honour; in short, that the last of the de Courcys sealed, with his blood, the last of these pious wars. There were no more crusades, or Sires de Coucy, after the battle of Nicopolis.

Now-a-days, the gates of this noble castle are no longer guarded by numerous men at arms. The formidable outworks that defended its approaches, the ponderous draw-bridge that fell at the sound of the stranger's horn, claiming hospitality—all are now in ruins, or have disappeared. In the place of the gallant knights, and their martial train, who made the lofty hall resound with the echo of their armed heels, the traveller sees but a few inhabitants, in a state of the most abject wretchedness: at those gothic windows, from which, so many times, the beauteous Châtelaine threw, with her white hand, to her lover, setting out for the burning plains of Syria, the bracelet, the "*gage d'amour*," if you now perceive a human creature, it will be some hideous old beggar-woman, who has dug for herself an asylum amid the ruins; and who holds out her dishevelled hand, into which the wanderer must deposit an offering, to escape her maledictions. There, where the Châtelain de Coucy sighed his tender complaints and his love for the Dame de Farel, you will hear but the croakings of the raven, or the shrill cry of the owls, those ill-omened minstrels, whom the noise of your footsteps frighten to their gloomy retreats. Seek no more for traces of those lofty halls, of those immense apartments, which the almost regal magnificence of the Sires de Coucy, had embellished with feudal splendour; for ruins, and nothing but ruins, covered with ivy, wild roses, and parasite plants, are all that you will find. A single edifice, among this chaotic mass still remains to attest its former magnificence. The strong tower, that incomparable pile, rears proudly to the heavens a lofty front, assailed in vain for centuries by the tempest, whitened with age, but still majestic; three of its sides were rent by an earthquake 200 years ago, but its walls, twenty-two feet thick, and its solid foundations, will yet survive more than one generation.

Like all other feudal manors, the chateau de Coucy has its legends. One terrible catastrophe, known to every one, and which has inspired more than one poet and romancer, is connected with this spot, by the name of its hero. We allude to the ill-fated loves of the Châtelain de Coucy and the Dame de la Farel. Who has not felt horror-struck on reading this frightful drama? Who has not been deeply affected, in dwelling upon the maddening grief of the unfortunate mistress of the brave Châtelain, when her barbarous husband informs her, that the dish she had found so delicious, was the heart of her lover. This adventure has, for ages past, continued to be related at Coucy; but distorted by fables, that do more honour to the imagination than to the erudition of the inhabitants. Some will show, with the best faith in the world, the dungeon in which the lady was confined; others, with equal assurance, point

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set the very stone upon which the cook prepared the horrible repast. The worthy Picardians quite overlook the circumstance that the chateau de Farel, the scene of the tragedy, is twelve leagues from de Courcy, near St. Quentin. "*Et voila bien comme on ecrit l'histoire!*"

But all the legends of de Courcy are not so sombre. We shall give one, the details of which are full of "*bizzarreri.*" It is related, that in the year 1120, Enguerrand, the second Sire de Courcy, was one day informed that a lion was ravaging the environs of his castle. How a lion found its way into Picardy, is a point that we shall not stop to examine; but this lion devoured cattle, and sometimes men, and spread terror through the country. In such a conjuncture, could Enguerrand hesitate what course to pursue? Without any other companion than a peasant, who undertook to show him the lion's den, armed only with his sword and shield, he set out. About two leagues distant from de Courcy, in a wild and desolate spot, in the middle of a thick forest, the peasant showed Enguerrand the lion, at the moment that he was almost upon him. "Oh, oh," said le Sire de Courcy, "*Tu me l'as de près montré!*" and, attacking courageously the animal, soon slew him, and shortly after, on the very spot, says the Chronicle, in conjunction with Saint Norbert, founded the abbey of *Premontré;* an appellation he gave to it in memory of the words, "*Tu me l'as de près montré.*"

At a later period, a figure of a lion was placed upon a stone pedestal, supported by three other lions, before the entrance of the strong tower. A singular ceremony was established, and kept up till the revolution of 1789; and which some old people, still living, recollect to have witnessed. Three times a year—at Christmas, Easter, and the Pentecost, the prior of Nogent, a rich convent of the Benedictine order, founded by the Sires de Courcy, would arrive at the castle, in the garb of a labourer, with a whip in his hand, and a sack of corn behind him, mounted on a cart-horse, to the ears and tail of which were attached numerous small cakes. In this singular guise, the abbé rode three times round the lion, clacking his whip; he then dismounted, did homage to the lion, and distributed the cakes to the spectators. All this was performed in the presence of the Sire de Courcy and the officers of his household. If there was only wanting a nail in the equipment of the horse; or if he was guilty of the slightest *incongruity* during the ceremony, he was immediately confiscated for the benefit of the officers. The spectators used to relate, that nothing could be more ridiculous, than the anxious care with which the servant of the abbé watched all the movements of his master, and the eagerness with which he sought to make it keep down its tail, in order to avoid the rigorous clause, whenever it manifested an unbecoming disposition; a singular ceremony, that has broadly the stamp of the national gaiety of France.

After having exchanged masters, at least, twenty times, since the extinction of the house that founded it, the chateau de Courcy became, at the first revolution, national property—"*une proprieté communale.*" Some years ago, the Duke of Orleans, whose immense forests are situated in this neighbourhood, expressed a desire to possess the old chateau. Long negotiations were entered into between the prince and the commune, but the parties could not agree upon the price. The commune, which had refused the offer of the Duke of Orleans, yielded to that of the King of the French, who promised to convert the old chateau into a hunting lodge for the princes, his sons. Thus, the new *Civil List* became, for the trifling sum of 6000 francs, possessed of an immense chateau, the "*materiel*" of which is, at least, worth 200,000, independent of its historical value, which is above all price.

There is in the history of these old walls, recollections, upon which their actual possessor, Louis-Philippe, may deeply meditate. During the minority of Saint Louis, when Queen Blanche, of Castille, the mother of the young king, governed the kingdom as regent, a conspiracy, in which some of the most powerful nobles were engaged, was laid for the purpose of dethroning the king. The league gained strength; and at an assembly of the conspirators, it was proposed to offer the crown to a man, who, by his consanguinity to the king, his great riches, and his private worth, appeared worthy of wearing it. This man, dazzled for a moment by the splendour of so brilliant an offer, allowed himself to be seduced by the proud desire of becoming the head of the most powerful monarchy in the world. He yielded to their solicitations, ordered a magnificently jewelled crown to be made for himself, and tried it on in his chateau, surrounded by his officers. But, suddenly blushing at his presumptuous pride, and horror-struck at his treason, he cast away the guilty signs of his usurped power, solicited, and obtained the king's pardon, and died one of the firmest pillars of the throne. This individual was named Enguerrand, the third Sire de Courcy; and it was he who built the chateau that now belongs to the King of the French.

In 1818, the Duchess of Berri visited the chateau de Courcy; the poor still recollect "*La bonne Duchesse.*" She was accompanied by the Duc d'Orleans. In 1833, the Blanche de Castille of the present age, is a prisoner in the citadel of Blaye, and the Seigneur de Courcy has enriched his brows with the regal diadem of "*la jeune France.*"

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From the Eclectic Review.

HISTORY OF THE REFORMED RELIGION IN FRANCE.*

THERE are many links which tend to preserve a degree of connexion between the departments of knowledge apparently at the greatest remove from each other. The successful application of the human faculties in one path, is something done toward their more effective exercise in others. The circumstances which give existence to a Chaucer, or a Petrarch, may be expected to prepare the way for a Michel Angelo, or a Raffael; and the state of things which ministers to the growth of such spirits, will hardly fail to call forth a Columbus, a Galileo, or a Bacon. The man who excels in any one liberal pursuit, will generally imbibe a sympathy with more, and must impart the aid of that sympathy, more or less, to his fellows. Mental power is constrained to venerate its like, and must contribute to produce it, though the objects to which it is applied in its different possessors, may have little in common.

But, if this reflective influence belong, in some degree, to all the matters of human culture, it must be more especially observable in such as are less abstract in their character, and most of all in religion, which connects itself more readily with the mass, and takes the strongest hold on all the springs of action. If the renovation of one science, therefore, be the certain prelude to a similar process elsewhere, the renovation of Christianity must be the precursor to a similar change in regard to every path of human improvement.

What it would have been reasonable, in this respect, to anticipate, has become history. The collateral benefits of the Protestant Reformation may be estimated in some degree from the present condition of the states by which its claims have been rejected. The rod of the oppressor, by which the nations had been so long afflicted, was much too powerful to admit of being broken by any force short of that which religion could supply. It required the hopes and fears of the future, to undo the thraldom of the present. But, these mighty influences once brought into action, the effect was wide, and deep, and permanent. The state of Italy, Portugal, and Spain, improved or checked, as even they have been, by their juxta-position with Protestant communities, may suggest some notion of what must have continued to be the condition of Europe, apart from the agency of that momentous revolution which armed the aristocracy and the people, the prince and the peasant, in defence of a common liberty. That great change consisted mainly, in what mainly distinguished it from all other changes—the elevation of the people; and served, necessarily, to humanize the spirit of all secular government, and to give more equality and fairness to the working of the social system. In common with every great event, it had its incidental evils; but it had also its incidental good. While it conferred on some states their first independent existence, it raised others much above their former level. At the same time, it placed all the European powers in such new relations to each other, that a sort of national confederation sprang up, such as at once put an end to those tendencies toward a degrading universal monarchy, which had been long at work. The struggle between the Old and the New, forced the framework of European society into the semblance of two grand republics, and rendered the maxims of a more liberal policy imperative, as the means of self-preservation.

The light shed by the Reformation on all the objects which come within the circle of our knowledge, is apparent in every page of history, from the age of Luther to our own. On this point, however, we shall allow a writer to speak, who will not be suspected of a disposition to overrate the good effects of the Christian religion. "The middle of the sixteenth century," says D'Alembert, "saw a rapid change in the religion and the system of a great part of Europe. The new doctrines of the reformers, supported on the one hand, and opposed on the other, with that warmth which the interests of God, well or ill understood, can alone inspire, equally compelled their partisans and their adversaries to seek instruction. The emulation excited by this great motive, multiplied knowledge of every kind; and the light produced in the bosom of error and trouble, spread itself to those objects also which seemed most foreign to those disputes." (*Elemens de Philosophie*, 1.) To this it might with fairness have been added, that these effects of reformed Christianity were naturally followed by a kind of reaction in its favour; so that it has derived the means of its still advancing purification, from that general emulation which no strength inferior to its own could have produced.

Could the extent of the change which was to result from the labours of the Reformers have been foreseen, there were facts which seemed to point towards France as a country that would be affected by the new order of things, almost beyond any other. The very fickleness of the Gallic character,—a charge chronicled against them since the days of Cæsar,—seemed to favour this conclusion: and still more their long boasted stand against the despotic pretensions of the papacy, and in behalf of, what they were pleased to call, "the liberties of the Gallican Church." But these circumstances, and others of the same description, were to be counteracted; and after a struggle, hardly less determined or pro-

* History of the Reformed Religion in France. By the Rev. Edward Smedley, M. A., late Fellow of Sidney Sussex College, Cambridge. Vol. I. (Theological Library, Vol. III.) pp. 399. London, 1832.

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tracted than was maintained in our own country, the French people were to find themselves thrown upon the mercies of a pure despotism, and had to choose between embracing a Christianity as corrupt, upon the whole, as any thing existing in the age before Luther, or an abandonment of religious faith altogether. It is well known, that the Author of the "Decline and Fall," recommended Dr. Robertson to give the story of the French Protestants a place among his works. But if it be true, as Mr. Hallam has somewhere said, that history is "the sworn slave of *success*," it was not with such a theme that even the genius of Robertson could have made any great impression. It is, indeed, a remarkable fact in the history of the French people, that, as a nation, they should always appear as though incapable of choosing a middle course. The extremes of despotism or anarchy, of the worst religion or no religion, are the connexions in which history is generally presenting them;—the minority, capable of wiser and better things, being always borne down by an overwhelming majority, impelled as by the force of intoxication.

We would hope, however, that the time past may be sufficient for our neighbours to have wrought thus extravagantly. As to the volume before us, though relating, as we have intimated, to a theme which, both in its progress and its end, draws somewhat too largely on our painful sympathies, we can readily bear our testimony to the care, the candour, and the general ability with which it is executed. It must be admitted, that its subject furnishes some of the most valuable lessons to be derived from modern history; and to most of these the Author is capable of doing ample justice. The work, if completed as begun, will be the most interesting and valuable, on the subject, with which we are acquainted. The present volume commences with the first appearance of the Reformed Doctrine in France, and conducts the reader through all the perils to which it was exposed, down to the eve of the memorable St. Bartholomew. The persons occurring most frequently in the narrative are, Francis I., Henry II., Francis II., Charles IX., Catharine de Medicis, the Duke of Guise, Admiral Coligny, the King of Navarre, the Prince of Condé, the Cardinal Lorraine, de l'Hôpital, Calvin, Beza, and some other names less familiar to general readers, but fitted to awaken an equal, and, in some instances, a stronger interest. Mr. Smedley has made a skilful use of his materials; and has prudently consulted the taste of some of his readers, by the introduction of seasonable and illustrative anecdotes. The first chapter describes a theatrical performance in the palace of Francis I.; showing that the parties who were in the practice of committing the unhappy Lutherans to the flames with studied barbarity, could convert the excitement occasioned by their doctrine into a source of amusement.

"In 1524, the king himself did not refuse to smile at a light interlude, represented in one of the saloons of his own palace, the plot of which, as it has been handed down to us, could scarcely be agreeable to any very zealous Romanist. In this Tragedy, as it is strangely termed, when the curtain draws up, the Pope appeared seated on a lofty throne, crowned with his tiara, and encircled with a throng of cardinals, bishops, and mendicant friars. In the middle of the hall was a huge pile of charcoal smouldering and scarcely betraying any sign of the flame that lurked beneath, till it was approached by a venerable gray-haired man imitating the features of Reuchlin. At first he appeared as if alarmed at the unexpected sight of the large and brilliant company of ecclesiastics; but speedily recovering himself, he addressed them on church abuses, and the necessity of reform; and then approaching the embers, he roused them with his staff, and revealed the glowing charcoal underneath. As Reuchlin withdrew, Erasmus entered, and was immediately recognised by the cardinals, with whom he seemed on terms of old acquaintance. In his speech on the diseased condition of the Church, he did not probe the wound to its core, but soothed and mitigated its virulence by mild and lenitive applications, not declaring himself avowedly a foe to either party, deprecating any sudden change in matters of so deep a moment, and strenuously recommending time as the most able physician. When he sat down behind the cardinals, they paid him distinguished attention, evidently dreading his opposition no less than they coveted his support. Next appeared a true counterpart of the Talus of Spencer, a man all iron, both in soul and body. He was intended for Hutten, and bursting out into a furious declamation, he taxed the conclave, which he set at nought, as the authors of all corruption in religion, and openly denounced the Pope as Antichrist, the ravager and destroyer of Christendom. Seizing a pair of bellows, he hurried to the embers, and blew them violently into a flame, so fierce as to terrify the Holy College. While, however, he was still blowing and fuming, he fell down dead on the spot, and the cardinals, suppressing all marks either of joy or grief, carried him away without any funeral service. Lastly entered one in motley, whose monkish garb declared him to be Luther. Like a second Isaac, he bore a pile of logs upon his shoulder, and cried out, 'I will make this little fire shine through the whole world, so that Christ, who has well nigh perished by your devices, shall be restored to life in spite of you!' Then, tossing the logs upon the charcoal, he kindled them into a blaze, which illuminated the whole chamber, and seemed to shine to the very uttermost ends of the earth. Thereat the monster of a monk broke hastily away, and the Pope and cardinals, quaking with fear, thronged together in close deliberation. Then the Pope, with many tears, demanded assistance and advice in a short and piteous speech. When he had concluded, up rose one of the

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mendicants, a round big-bellied and sleek-headed little brother, who proffered ready aid to the Pontiff. The holy father's diploma, heretofore, he said, had constituted the members of his order defenders of the true faith, and inquisitors into heretical pravity. If St. Peter would a second time rely upon them, and place all the burden on their shoulders, they would pledge themselves to carry the matter through to his entire satisfaction. The cardinals hailed this proposal with acclamations, and urged upon his Holiness, that those men who had dealt so well with John Huss, at Constance, were, of all other, the most fit agents whom he could select for the present dangerous crisis. Brethren, said the Pope, addressing the mendicants, if indeed you will repeat your great work as at Constance, boundless are the rewards that you may expect. Your four-fold order shall no longer wear rags, but be richly dressed, ride on horses and in litters, throw purple robes on their shoulders, carry mitres on their brows, and be fed, moreover, with the fattest bishopricks. Go and prosper; stay our falling dominion, and, for the safety of us all, first extinguish this fire, kindled the Lord knows how. The friars at the word hurried to the flames, and pouring on them a vast quantity of neat wine, raised them at once to so fearful a height, that the whole conclave was stupefied, and the mendicants themselves fled with terror.

"When the cardinals had recovered a little, they addressed a supplication to the Pope. 'Most Holy Father, to thee is given authority both in heaven and on earth; quench the fire with thy malediction, that it may not overpower us. We know that there is not any element in the creation which must not subside by thy word. Heaven and earth obey thee; at thy bidding, even purgatory absolves or retains the souls of the departed. Wherefore, by thy saintly office, attack this fire with sound anathemas, lest we become a by-word and a reproach.' 'Cursed be he,' was the Pope's apostrophe in consequence, to the fire, 'who lighted thee! Darkness overcome thee, night surround thee, that thou mayest no longer burn. May he who piled thee with fuel be stricken with the sores of Egypt, incurable, in his lower bowels. May God strike him with darkness and blindness, and madness, so that he may fumble in noon day, even as a blind man fumbles in the night.' When the hapless Pope discovered that the fire was insensible to his curses, and that he was powerless against the elements, he expired in a paroxysm of rage; and at the sight, the whole assembly broke up, convulsed with laughter." pp. 13–17.

This characteristic scene is taken from a document attached to the second volume of the *Historia Reformationis*, by Gerdesius;—an author, we may observe, whose valuable labours have not been sufficiently attended to by our writers on ecclesiastical affairs. Dr. M'Crie has shown the use that may be made of his researches; and we are pleased to see Mr. Smedley following his example. In the original, the more racy and amusing points in the above description are given in italics, which add much to its force, though hardly comporting with the gravity of history. The following account of heroic suffering in the cause of truth, derived from the testimony of the great Erasmus, is truly interesting. It relates to a period before any reformed church existed in France.

"Louis Berquin, a gentleman of Picardy, employed in the honourable office of King's Advocate, had been convicted some time back of having translated into French certain writings of Luther; and as he obstinately declined to retract his adherence to the obnoxious doctrines, he would even then have been led to the stake, but for the intercession of powerful friends. Arrested a second time, about the season of the disturbance at Meaux, it seemed as if he must encounter certain destruction. Nevertheless, so energetic were the representations offered in his behalf by Queen Margaret, of Navarre, to her brother, Francis I., at that moment prisoner at Madrid, that the king exercised from his distant confinement the length of arm for which royalty is proverbial, and commanded a suspension of the process. It was not, however, till the return of the monarch from confinement, and even then with a sullen and reluctant obedience, that the parliament allowed Berquin to be discharged from the Conciergerie. When Francis sent the provost of Paris to demand his release, and in case of refusal to force the gates of his dungeon, the magistrate was denied all positive answer, and coldly informed that he might execute his commission. A few years later, when the king was closely occupied by the troubles of Italy and the ambitious schemes projected in the League of Cambrai, he forgot or abandoned his former client, and the long protracted and persevering vengeance of the parliament was then fully gratified.

"Of the charges upon which Berquin was condemned, few particulars have reached us; for Erasmus, from whom we derive a minute account of his behaviour at the stake, professes his own unacquaintance with them, and on one point alone declares his confidence—that, whatever might be his imputed errors, Berquin was convinced in his heart that he maintained the truth. The victim was above forty years of age; so pure and blameless in his life, that scandal had never rested on his name; towards his friends, he exhibited singular gentleness of affection, towards the poor and needy, unbounded charity. To the external ordinances of the church he paid all due observance, attending regularly to days of fasting or of festival, to mass and sermons, and to whatever else might contribute to edification. Free from guile, liberal in disposition, upright in principles, he never inflicted or provoked injury, neither was there any thing in his whole life unbecoming of true Christian piety. His friends were probably mistaken, when they declared him to be most alien from the doctrines of Luther; they were right, doubtless, when they added, that his chief crime was the ingenuous avowal of dislike to certain troublesome divines and monks, not less savage than stupid. Some of the heterodox propositions noted in one of his publications were, that the Scriptures ought to

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be read to the people at large in the vernacular tongue; a remonstrance against the invocation of the Virgin Mary, often substituted in sermons in lieu of that of the Holy Ghost; a denial that she was the fountain of all grace; and a wish that certain expressions, which, in the Vesper service, contrary to the unvarying tenor of Scripture, designated her as our life and hope, should be restricted to the Son, to whom they properly appertained.

"The process against Berquin was submitted to the decision of twelve judges, who, as the day of sentence approached, committed him to prison, an evil omen of their intended severity. He was condemned in the first instance, after public abjuration of his heresy and the burning of his books by the executioner, to be bored through the tongue, and committed to perpetual imprisonment. Astonished at a sentence thus harsh and unmerited, he spoke of an appeal to the king and to the Pope; and his persecutors, indignant at the menace, informed him, that as he declined their original award, they would effectually prevent his power of appeal by condemning him at once to the flames. Six hundred armed men surrounded the Place de Grêve on the day of his execution. A by-stander close to the stake, when Berquin approached it, perceived in him no change of countenance, no gesture betraying agitation. 'You would have said,' are the strong words employed, 'that he was meditating in his library upon his studies, or in the church upon his God.' Not even when the executioner read in a hoarse voice his accusation and sentence, did he show one symptom of diminished fortitude. When ordered to dismount from the cart, he descended cheerfully without a moment's delay. His bearing, however, by no means indicated that stony want of feeling which brutal hardihood sometimes generates in atrocious criminals, but was rather the effect of a tranquil spirit at peace with God and with itself. The few words which he attempted to utter to the people, were rendered wholly inaudible by the shouts of the soldiery instructed to drown his last speech, if he should attempt to make one; and so effectually had the representations of the priests steeled the hearts of the ignorant spectators, that when he was strangled at the stake, (the only mercy accorded to him,) not a single 'Jesu' was heard from the populace, ready as they always were to bestow such aspirations on murderers and parricides. 'Thus much,' says the bearer of that 'great injured name,' from whom we have borrowed the above narrative, who never failed in wisdom to detect folly and iniquity, or in honesty to visit them with the ridicule which he thought their best corrective; 'Thus much have I to relate to you concerning Berquin; if he died with a sound conscience, as I verily hope he did die, tell me in return whose end could be happier.'"—Erasmus *Epist.* CLX. pp. 18—21.

The effect of such proceedings was not the extinction of the reformed doctrine. The martyrdom of Berquin took place in 1529. In 1555, the first Protestant church in France was formed. Only four years later, a national synod of such churches was convened; and in 1562, they are said to have counted not fewer than 2140 congregations. So great were their numbers in Paris, that between 30,000 and 40,000 persons had assembled on the same spot for service. Many also of the nobility, and of the court, were either openly or secretly with them. Did our limits permit, we could willingly trace the varying condition of these confessors and martyrs to the point at which the present volume closes; but a few remarks on the evidence that the massacre on the eve of St. Bartholomew was preconcerted, must conclude the present article.

Our readers will remember, that, a few years ago, a spirited controversy on this point was carried on between Dr. Lingard and Dr. Allen. The former maintained, on the authority of certain statements made by the Duke of Anjou while in Poland, before his accession to the throne as Henry III., that the massacre had resulted from the failure of an attempt contrived by the queen-mother and the duke, without the knowledge of the king, to assassinate the admiral Coligny; that it was not until the failure of this attempt, that any thought was entertained of destroying both the admiral and his adherents, but that, partly by insinuations, and partly by threats, a mandate to that effect was obtained from the monarch. Thus, the intent to kill is restricted to one victim, and all that followed is made to be the effect of accident, panic, and the moment. But Dr. Allen has shown, on the testimony of Cardinal D'Ossat, that an arrangement embracing the most ample 'vengeance' on the Huguenot party, had been long formed, and conducted with the most consummate artifice, on the part of the king and others. The reason, however, of our adverting to this matter at present, is to observe, that, since the controversy between Dr. Allen and Dr. Lingard, a volume has appeared in Paris, entitled "*Monumens Inedits de l'Histoire de France: 1. Correspondence de Charles IX. et de Mandelot, Gouverneur de Lyon, pendant l'année* 1572. *2. Lettres des Seize au Roi d'Espagne, Phillippe II.*" This work exposes the falsehood of Dr. Lingard's account, in a manner which must put an end to all further discussion relating to it. From the letters of the king, and of the queen-mother, contained in this volume, and from the answer to them, it appears that, some days before the attempt on the life of the admiral, and nearly a fortnight before the massacre, expedients were adopted to prevent the flight of the unhappy victims, whose sacrifice was to prove an occasion of so much joy to the veteran cut-throat then filling the chair of St. Peter.* We regret

* The question of premeditation is also examined at length in the 3d Vol. of Sir James Mackintosh's History of England, (Lardner's Cyclop. XXXVII.) by his Continuator. Viscount Chateaubriand has made a feeble attempt to disprove

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that Mr. Smedley does not appear to be acquainted with the publication we have noticed; and as his next volume will commence with an account of the proceedings in Paris on the night of the 23d of August, 1572, we strongly recommend it to his careful perusal.

From the Spectator.

FAULKNER'S VISIT TO GERMANY.

Two volumes remarkable for their good sense and the absence of pretension. The information respecting the condition of the German people, as far as Sir ARTHUR FAULKNER's wanderings took him, and of German institutions, as far as they could be seen through the eyes,—for the author is ignorant of German,—are, to their extent, extremely valuable, and prove how much we want a truly good book, worthy of Madame DE STAEL's title of "Germany." His communications on the subject of education in Germany, if not altogether new, can never be repeated too often: for the Germans present examples to us in this respect, that, if followed, would change the face of this country, and dispense with a vast many acts of Parliament and much police. The author's own observations on the necessity of combining moral with intellectual education, are extremely well worth attention. In this, he considers, lies all the error of the late Mr. BROUGHAM's (as he calls him) plan of spreading education among the poor; and it constitutes the mischief (for such he deems it) of the BELL and LANCASTER systems.

"The Lancaster plan is not adopted in any of the German schools, though it is not unknown. They are deemed essentially defective, by risking the loss of that first of all objects, without which no object, or worse than none, is supposed to be attained at all—the care of the morals, manners, and disposition. The wholesale rapidity of the Lancaster operation resembles in their notion a kind of machinery, and, as happens with machinery, too often sacrifices the quality of the article to the quantity of production. Besides, say they, if you increase the mental ability while moral duties are unprovided for, you create a most dangerous power, ready at any time to be converted to the worst purposes. With the view of attending to their intellectual and moral idiosyncrasies, the classes are respectively broken into small sections, which allows the superintendent to observe the least impropriety at a glance, when it is checked on the instant, while good humour and diligence are promoted by every possible encouragement.

"The Pestalozzi system is in very general adoption. The children are made to exercise their reason upon every thing they do not clearly comprehend; and care is taken not to force a progress beyond their capacity. Thus understanding every thing as they go along, they take delight in their task. The Lancaster plan is admitted to be the best fitted to turn out the greatest number of readers and writers in a given time; but, securing none of the weightier ends of education, it puts, they think, a lever into the hands of the people, which is dangerous in proportion as they have not been directed how to use it.

"To avoid the abuses of emulation among the children, which is apt to run into envy and bad feeling, the school prize is made not to consist in selfish triumph over a rival, but in a victory over knowledge. The joy to be inspired is not that of outstripping a competitor, but exclusively in the pleasure of the pursuit. Lessons so carefully learned and grounded at the most docile season of life, and during so many years, it may be presumed, do not lose their influence when required to be put in practice in the business of the world. The tone of morals is raised to a high pitch, and any sinking below it rendered next to impossible, or if it occurred, sure to be visited with universal discountenance or contempt. Here, then, we have a full explanation of the superiority of the Germans in point of civil subordination. While all classes are so well instructed, wanton oppression becomes as improbable in the ruler as tame submission or unprovoked revolt in the subject; making good the words of Plato, who laid it down as a rule, that 'a sound moral institution would render the office of a judge as much a sinecure as a good system of bodily training that of the physician.'

"Corporal punishments at the German schools are extremely rare. The aim is to call into play all the generous affections, and the whole power of a well-directed emulation, carefully inspiring a proper sense of self-respect. Chastisement is for the same end made to work upon their *shame*, never through their *fears*. When punishment in any other form is resorted to, it is merely solitary confinement.

"Every proper attention is paid to the state of the children's health. When ill, they have gratuitous attendance at their own houses. They are all well and warmly clothed, the pecuniary means for so doing being in a great measure derived from the proceeds of the industry of the female part of the establishment, which, together with the donations of private individuals in aid of contributions raised from the public, when put together, accumulate a fund that nearly covers all the expenses of the institution; and when any debt remains unsatisfied, it is borne by the Government.

"That no time shall be unprofitably squandered, there is but one fortnight of vacation in

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the premeditation, on the authority of the secret despatches of Salviati, the papal Nuncio, discovered in the Vatican. From these he made copies and extracts, which he communicated to the late Sir James Mackintosh; and they are given in the Appendix to this volume. The whole evidence of the Nuncio, however, consists of bare and brief assertion, without a syllable of direct or circumstantial proof; and it is shown, that Salviati actually refutes himself. Besides which, he was not in the confidence of Charles and Catherine, who communicated with the Pope, not through the Nuncio, but through their ambassador Ferralz, or a special envoy.

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the whole year; and this is taken up in repairs of the building and in cleansing and white-washing the class-rooms.

"Government appoints commissioners for the election of the director and masters of the Freischule, and when the choice is fixed upon it must have the final approbation of his Majesty. The salary of a teacher is annually from two hundred to eight hundred dollars.

"Such then, in brief, is here the German plan of popular education, which I believe is, with small modification, prevalent over the whole country that goes by the name of Germany. Fichte, the celebrated metaphysician, was used to say, that 'he looked to its effects for nothing short of the regeneration of the nation.'"

There is no doubt, that where such a system as is here described can be carried into effect, it is preferable to another which simply looks to a provision of reading and writing. But where all cannot be done, surely a part has its value. How can any creature be worse for learning to read and write? But how the learners of reading and writing may improve themselves and be more useful to others, is pretty evident. The neglect of proper and profitable occupations for the sake of indulging in the idle reading of subscription libraries, is mentioned as one of the drawbacks on education, or rather as a reason against it. But resorting to a scheme in order to avoid regular labour, is as old as the hills; the form only varies with the times. It has been different in all ages: it has taken the shape of dancing, "lovering," gossiping, story-telling, meeting-going, gin-drinking: perhaps novel-reading is as little corrupting as ghost-storying or ballad-singing. The change is only in the fashion of the thing,—made a little more offensive by assimilating the habits of the kitchen and drawing-room; which, as all good housewives know, whether in millinery or literature, is a most odious and abominable feature of modern manners.

No doubt, the German system of education is best, wherein both morals and intellect are trained. In our plans, *that* has been attempted which seemed practicable: but it is not true that intellectual instruction alone is attained on the Bell and Lancaster plan. Is there no moral training in the application necessary for procuring such learning as is taught? none in teaching another, with temper and quietness, that which you know yourself; or in guarding strictly the peace and the industry of the little busy community, in the capacity of monitors? There is a great deal of morals here, and might be more.

We are not among those, however, who are satisfied with the present state of national education in this country. The manner in which it has been neglected, or but fractionally effected, exhibits one among many instances of legislative blindness. A system of national education extending over all the country,—which would make it compulsory, and not merely compulsory, but degrading to be omitted, that every child should pass through a course of moral and intellectual instruction (religious instruction being also provided for according to sect),—would as Fichte said of the German system, soon regenerate the land: it would be more efficient than all the police that was ever established—than all the magistrates, the Courts of Assize, the hulks, the Colonies, the drops; it would be well worth exchanging for the Pension List; it would supersede much of the Civil List; and if the standing army were to be disbanded to-morrow, to provide the necessary income, *we* at least should not be found among the mourners. The moral and intellectual education of the universal people is so essential, that nothing can show more plainly than its neglect, that this and other countries have been governed not for the welfare of the country itself, but for the profit and advantage of such as were born or could scramble to the helm. The country has been amused with acts of Parliament, volume upon volume, shelf upon shelf; and they have been heaped up before the public eye in order to keep from them the sight of their true interest.

We have only referred to the graver part of Sir A. B. Faulkner's work: it contains, however, as much of the amusing as of the instructive. His tour lies chiefly on the Rhine, in Holland and the Netherlands; and is composed mainly of several attempts to reach Italy with his invalid wife. He never arrived; but was obliged to sojourn in Bonn, in Brussels, and other parts adjacent; and these volumes are the result of his combined memoranda. They are not well written; but still, indicative of a well-intentioned and well-informed man.

They are dedicated to the Duke of Sussex, in a merited tone of panegyric. "Kings and brothers of kings have become," he says, "the strenuous abettors of that liberty which was once the dread of the Throne and the despair of the subject." The Duke has been an encourager of liberal opinions, and a promoter of liberal measures, which he has defended "through evil report and good report;" and in these moments of success and even triumph, his honest and steady faith ought not to pass without its popular reward. His temptations to desert the cause of the People have been manifold: his trials, those that are considered hard, very hard, by persons similarly situated; and yet, in the most unflinching and uncompromising manner, he has adhered from youth to age the warm friend of the mass of his countrymen.

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From the Literary Gazette.

LIVES OF ILLUSTRIOUS AND DISTINGUISHED SCOTSMEN.*

One of those great and laborious works which may be emphatically called national—a vast storehouse, where the thoughts and actions of the past are garnered up for the instruction of the future. We know no man so competent to this onerous task as Mr. Chambers. As the *Dumfries Courier* well observes, "If ever Scotland could boast of an author whom she might call exclusively her own, it is Robert Chambers." His researches and his exertions have been entirely devoted to his native country. To the most enthusiastic perseverance he has united the most minute investigation; and never was man of his period of life more thoroughly conversant with a subject, than he is with the annals of Scotland. Lucid, impartial, and in general (*i. e.* barring a considerable sprinkling of Scotticisms) correctly written, the present volume is invaluable; and the work, when completed, will be an extraordinary monument of the information and industry of an individual. Of such a performance no extracts can give a just idea; but we have made a miscellaneous gleaning of pleasant anecdote. The following account of Dr. Adam's youth is a true picture of the life led by many a Scotch scholar.

"He lodged in a small room at Restalrig, in the north-eastern suburbs; and for this accommodation he paid fourpence a-week. All his meals, except dinner, uniformly consisted of oat-meal made into porridge, together with small beer, of which he only allowed himself half a bottle at a time. When he wished to dine, he purchased a penny loaf at the nearest baker's shop; and, if the day was fair, he would despatch his meal in a walk to the Meadows or Hope Park, which is adjoining to the southern part of the city; but if the weather was foul, he had recourse to some long and lonely stair, which he would climb, eating his dinner at every step. By this means all expense for cookery was avoided, and he wasted neither coal nor candles, for, when he was chill, he used to run till his blood began to glow; and his evening studies were always prosecuted under the roof of some one or other of his companions."

That of Dr. Walter Anderson is a curious instance of the passion for writing.

"He is a remarkable specimen of that class of authors, who, without the least power of entertaining or instructing their fellow-creatures, yet persist in writing and publishing books, which nobody ever reads, and still, like the man crazed by the lottery, expect that the next, and the next, and the next will be attended with success. Perhaps Anderson's *cacoethes scribendi* received its first impulse from the following ludicrous circumstance. His parish comprehending the house of Ninewells, he was often entertained there, in company with the brother of the proprietor—the celebrated David Hume. The conversation having turned one day on the successes of Mr. Hume as an author, Anderson said, 'Mr. David, I daresay other people might write books too; but you clever fellows have taken up all the good subjects. When I look about me, I cannot find one unoccupied.' Hume, who liked a joke upon an unsuspecting clergyman, said, 'What would you think, Mr. Anderson, of a history of Crœsus, king of Lydia?—that has never yet been written.' Mr. Anderson was delighted with the idea, and, in short, 'upon that hint he *wrote*.' In 1755 was published, 'The History of Crœsus, king of Lydia, in four parts; containing observations on the ancient notion of destiny, or dreams, on the origin and credit of the oracles, and the principles upon which their oracles were defended against any attack.' What is perhaps the best part of the jest, the work was honoured with a serio-burlesque notice in the *Edinburgh Review*, then just started by Hume, Smith, Carlyle, and other wits—the article being written, we have no doubt, by the very man who incited the unhappy author to his task. * * *

"One of the last attempts of Dr. Anderson was a pamphlet against the principles of the French revolution. This being not only written in his usual heavy style, but adverse to the popular sentiments, met with so little sale, that it could scarcely be said to have been ever published. However, the doctor was not discouraged; adopting rather the maxim, '*contra audentior ito*,' he wrote a ponderous addition or appendix to the work, which he brought with him to Edinburgh, in order to put it to the press. Calling first on his friend Principal Robertson, he related the whole design, which, as might be expected, elicited the mirthful surprise of the venerable historian. 'Really,' said Dr. Robertson, 'this is the maddest of all your schemes—what! a small pamphlet is found heavy, and you propose to lighten it by making it ten times heavier! Never was such madness heard of!' 'Why, why,' answered Dr. Anderson, 'did you never see a kite raised by boys?' 'I have,' answered the Principal. 'Then, you must have remarked that, when you try to raise the kite by itself, there is no getting it up; but only add a long string of papers to its tail, and up it goes like a laverock!' The reverend principal was completely overcome by this argument, which scarcely left him breath to reply, so heartily did he laugh at the ingenuity of the resolute author. However, we believe, he eventually dissuaded Dr. Anderson from his design."

Stratford Jubilee.—"One of the most remarkable masks upon this occasion was James Boswell, Esq., in the dress of an armed Corsican chief. He entered the amphitheatre about twelve o'clock. He wore a short, dark-

* Lives of Illustrious and Distinguished Scotsmen, from the earliest period to the present time, arranged in alphabetical order, and forming a complete Scottish Biographical Dictionary. By Robert Chambers, author of the "Picture of Scotland," &c. &c. Embellished with splendid and authentic Portraits. Vol. I. 8vo. pp. 558. Glasgow and Edinburgh, 1832, Blackie and Son; Dublin, Curry and Co.; London, Simkin and Co.

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coloured coat of coarse cloth, scarlet waistcoat and breeches, and black spatterdashes; his cap or bonnet was of black cloth; on the front of it was embroidered, in gold letters, *Viva la Liberta;* and on one side of it was a handsome blue feather and cockade; so that it had an elegant, as well as a warlike appearance. On the breast of his coat was sewed a Moor's head, the crest of Corsica, surrounded with branches of laurel. He had also a cartridge-pouch, into which was stuck a stiletto, and on his left side a pistol was hung upon the belt of his cartridge-pouch. He had a fusee hung across his shoulder, wore no powder in his hair, but had it plaited at full length, with a knot of blue ribands at the end of it. He had, by way of staff, a very curious vine, all of one piece, with a bird finely carved upon it, emblematical of the sweet Bard of Avon. He wore no mask, saying, that it was not proper for a gallant Corsican. So soon as he came into the room he drew universal attention. The novelty of the Corsican dress, its becoming appearance, and the character of that brave nation, concurred to distinguish the armed Corsican chief. He was first accosted by Mrs. Garrick, with whom he had a good deal of conversation. Mr. Boswell danced both a minuet and a country dance with a very pretty Irish lady, Mrs. Sheldon, wife of captain Sheldon of the 38th regiment of foot, who was dressed in a genteel domino, and before she danced, threw off her mask."

Beautiful antithesis in a lyric of Boswell's son, Sir Alexander Boswell.

"The auld will speak, the young maun hear.
Be canty, but be gude and leal;
Your ain ills aye hae heart to bear,
Anither's aye hae heart to feel."

Work of Mr. Zachary Boyd.—"He dedicates the second volume to the Electress Palatine, daughter of James VI., and adds a short piece, which he styles her 'Lamentations for the death of her son, who was drowned while crossing in a ferry-boat to Amsterdam. The extravagant grief which he describes in this little work is highly amusing. It strikes him that the electress must have conceived a violent antipathy to water, in consequence of the mode of her son's death, and he therefore makes her conclude her lamentations in the following strain: 'O cursed waters! O waters of Marah, full bitter are ye to me! O element, which of all others shall be most detestable to my soule, I shall never wash mine hands with thee, but I shall remember what thou hast done to my best-beloved sonne, the darling of my soul! I shall for ever be a friend to the fire, which is thy greatest foe. Away, rivers! away, seas! Let me see you no more. If yee were sensible creatures, my dear brother Charles, prince of the European Seas, should scourge you with his royal ships, with his thundering cannons he should pierce you to the bottom. O seas of sorrowes, O fearful floods, O tumbling tempests, O wilfull waves, O swelling surges, O wicked waters, O doubtful deeps, O fearfest pooles, O botchful butcher-boates, was there no mercy among you for such an hopeful prince? O that I could refraine from tears, and that because they are salt like yourselves!' &c."

Anecdote of Cromwell.—"Cromwell, having crossed the Tweed with an army, overthrew the Scottish forces at Dunbar, September 3, 1650; and gained possession of the southern portion of the country. Glasgow was, of course, exposed to a visit from this unscrupulous adversary. 'Cromwell,' says Baillie, 'with the whole body of his army, comes peaceably to Glasgow. The magistrates and ministers all fled away; I got to the isle of Cumray, with my Lady Montgomery, but left all my family and goods to Cromwell's courtesy, which indeed was great, for he took such measures with the soldiers, that they did less displeasure at Glasgow than if they had been at London, though Mr. Zachary Boyd railed on them all to their very face in the high church.' This was on the 13th of October; and we learn from a manuscript note upon the preacher's own Bible, that the chapter which he expounded on this occasion was the eighth of the book of Daniel. In this is detailed the vision of the ram with two horns, which is at first powerful, but at length overcome and trampled down by a he-goat; being an allegory of the destruction of the kings of Media and Persia by Alexander of Macedon. It is evident that Mr. Zachary endeavoured to extend the parable to existing circumstances, and of course made out Cromwell to be the he-goat. The preacher further chose for a text the following passage in the Psalms. 'But I as a deaf man heard not; and I was as a dumb man that openeth not his mouth. Thus I was as a man that heareth not, and in whose mouth there are no reproofs. For in thee, O Lord, do I hope: thou wilt hear, O Lord my God.' Ps. xxxviii. 13, 14, 15. This sermon was probably by no means faithful to its text, for certainly Mr. Zachary was not the man to keep a mouth clear of reproofs when he saw occasion for blame. The exposition, at least, was so full of bitter allusions to the sectarian general, that one of his officers is reported to have whispered into his ear for permission to 'pistol the scoundrel.' Cromwell had more humanity and good sense than to accede to such a request. 'No, no,' said he, 'we will manage him in another way.' He asked Mr. Zachary to dine with him, and gained his respect by the fervour of the devotions in which he spent the evening. It is said that they did not finish their mutual exercise till three in the morning."

We would instance a touching life of the blind poet Blacklock, and one of the traveller Bruce; that of Burns, a quotation from Heron, we dislike both as regards style and feeling; it quite verifies our old belief, that where there is much harshness there is little justice. The memoir of Clapperton is a delightful specimen of biography; and as a whole, we must pronounce this work to be an honour to Scotland, and still more to its author.

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From the Royal Lady's Magazine.

THE MURDERER'S PARDON.

THE winter of affliction, the hot sun of Iberia, and fatigues of many a field of chivalry, had robbed six-and-twenty summers of their gladsome beauty, giving to the warrior Pilgrim an appearance matured and sedate. Tall and finely proportioned, his mien was dignified and graceful, while his features, regular and handsome, were touched with an expression of melancholy. His blue eyes indicated a more northern race than his dark sun-burnt skin, dark moustaches and Spanish costume. In the front of his broad-flapped, upwards-turned hat, he wore an escalop-shell, which showed that he had been on a pilgrimage to the shrine of San Jago de Compostello. He rode an Andalusian jennet, black as jet, excepting a white star in the centre of the forehead, and a white ring above the hoof of the near hind-leg. At some distance behind him rode, on an English horse, his Biscayan valet, leading a Spanish mule, loaded with the baggage and arms of the Pilgrim.

Guilt—deep and fearful crimes—but in their enormity wholly unpremeditated, had banished him a voluntary exile from his native land. In the unthinking, impassioned rashness of youth he had felicitated himself in the success of a midnight fraud; but when the morning dawned, and the terrible truth became known to his victim, reason from that hapless fair one fled, and his own avenging brother fell beneath his unwilling sword.

With what deep anguish had he fled from that scene of horror! How profound had been his remorse, how truly penitent the following years of his life.

As he now traversed the border of Hampshire, and he recognised objects familiar to him in the guileless days of youth; the pleasure they would have excited was changed into agony, as they reminded him with all the vividness of actual presence, of that one most fatal era of his existence.

The turrets, clustered chimneys, high roofs, notched gables, and bay windows of a mansion were seen, for a moment, through an opening of the trees; and more continually, from its elevated site, the ivy-clad tower of a church, the main body of which was concealed by some majestic limes; the sun was sinking behind the distant woods, and darted a parting gleam on that battlemented tower. The golden light faded away, and a purple haze every moment deepened into a more sombre gloom; that golden gleam was like one moment of life—that gloom the years that follow—the dark obscurity which rapidly o'erspreads the scene—the grave!

The Pilgrim groaned from deep and bitter agony of soul.

A turn in the road, and abruptly swelling banks, now shut out from the traveller's view these distant objects of deeply painful interest, who now rode on buried in thought.

At length he was roused from his reverie by the loud baying of dogs, and looking in the direction from whence the sounds came, he observed, at a furlong's distance, a cluster of buildings, corn and hay-stacks, a pond, a fine ash, an aged, almost leafless oak, and some stunted pollards. A deeply-rutted lane, between a thorn hedge, with a dappled green ditch on the right hand, and a wall of loose stones on the left, led to this rural homestead. Desirous of a shelter for the night, he turned up the lane and soon reached the gate of the farm-yard. The house was one of those long, rambling, high-roofed, thatched buildings, which in the sixteenth century, and long subsequent, was the abode of the substantial English yeoman; in connexion with which was, and running off in capricious irregularity, other buildings of various forms and dimensions, from the granary to the cow-house and pig-sty, and beyond these a cluster of corn and hay stacks of sufficient magnitude to prove the rural wealth of the owner.

As the traveller approached, the large mastiffs, chained in the yard, growled, and the unrestrained curs and terriers ran to meet him, yelping and barking incessantly. The yeoman himself, with two or three children, and a farm servant, stood in the yard, gazing on the approaching stranger in silent wonder; but he was courteous and bland in his manners, and when he craved shelter for himself and servant for the night, the farmer dropped his fears of freebooters, and opened his gate with a frank and kindly welcome. The mule was unloaded, and the farmer's lads taking the charge of the cattle, Diego gladly followed his master into the house.

When the stranger had finished a homely repast and was seated on a high-backed settle to the right of the fire, and his host on one opposite, while in a corner, still nearer the capacious chimney, up which ascended the blue smoke from the blazing wood fire, sat the aged mother of the yeoman, knitting, with indefatigable industry a large stocking of blue worsted. The goodwife was still bustling about, and two comely wenches were putting the house in order; while leaning against a long and high dresser, were three or four youths, whose sleek and rosy faces and vacant expression of countenance, were strongly contrasted with the swarthy and shrewd visage of the Biscayan valet, who stood a little distant from where his master sat. The younger children were seated on stools or on the floor, amusing themselves with a kitten, but occasionally stealing a look of fearful inquiry at the travellers.

The stranger sat some time musing; his eyes fixed on the crackling and blazing billets, which fitfully lighted the more prominent objects in the irregularly-built chamber,

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while it left others in impervious gloom. At length he addressed some observations to his host on matters likely to be interesting to him, and, in the course of a somewhat desultory conversation, let fall that he had himself recently arrived from Spain, and not being pressed for time on his journey to London, would like to tarry a few days at the farm if agreeable to his host. After sundry deprecatory apologies for the lowliness of the abode and fare for a gentleman of the stranger's supposed rank, his proposition was agreed to. This point being arranged, the stranger again spoke of the surrounding country, and at last mentioned the ivy-clad tower of the church he had seen in the distance with the castellated mansion beyond it.

"I never like to look at either," said the farmer, "and am glad that that is not our parish church."

"Why?" said the stranger, and the next moment seemed to regret that he had asked the question.

"Because you see, sir, I loved the old knight," said the farmer, "he was a good friend to me when a friend was most needed."

The stranger shaded his eyes from the fire, but did not speak.

"I hear," resumed the farmer, "that the heirs-at-law are claiming the estate, as though Master Charles were really dead."

"And so he is," said the goodwife, stopping in the middle of the kitchen. "It was out of nature that a ship could ever cross the sea with such a fiend on board—the blessed Virgin forgive me!"

"Hold thy peace, Bridget, hold thy peace!" said the farmer, "thou knowest not what thou sayest."

"Not know!" said Bridget, coming forward, "then I should like to know who should know if I don't. Was not my poor sister—Heaven rest her soul! sworn gossip to Alice Mayfield, the still woman at the hall, and did not Alice tell the whole rights of the story to my poor sister, and did not Kitty tell them all to me?—not know indeed!"

"Ay, ay, you heard enough I doubt not," said the farmer; "but I don't believe all I hear."

"Then you ought to be ashamed of yourself for doubting honest folks," said Bridget; "but I suppose you won't say the poor dear young lady did not go stark staring mad!"

The stranger groaned.

"And that incarnate fiend, Master Charles, did not slay his brother?" continued Bridget; but looking at the stranger instead of at her husband, and as she thus plunged into the very middle of the tragical story, the various members of the family silently closed around.

"There was some sad mistake," said the farmer.

"Mistake!" cried his wife. "What were they mistaken who found Master Edward run through the body with his own brother's sword? Were they mistaken who watched the poor crazed lady? Was the old father mistaken when he followed his son and her to the grave, and was laid down in it himself, within three short months of that serpent Charles having done all these horrors?"

The stranger abruptly rose and walked from the cottage.

The wife looked at her husband, and the husband at his wife.

"Thou art always talking about what thou knowest nothing of," said the farmer.

"If I had I should not have been heeded," said the dame significantly, "and I will make no bed to-night for nobody knows who—"

"Wisht, goody," said the farmer.

"I beg pardon, young man," said the wife to the Biscayan. "Who is your master?"

"Non Inglesi, senora," replied the Spaniard, bowing.

"I never heard the name before," said the goodwife. "What do you say is your master's name?"

"Non Inglesi, senora," was the reply, and none other could she obtain from the honest Biscayan.

"I believe he can't speak English," said the goodwife to her husband, "which is a proof that he is no better than his master, and so I think the sooner we send them both packing the better."

The stranger re-entered the cottage, his face in spite of a southern sun was pallid, his eyes heavy, and the expression of his countenance full of melancholy. The farmer filled a horn with nut-brown ale, and presented it with a kindly manner to his guest, who declined not the well-meant offer; but the goodwife had certain vague suspicions and imaginings, to satisfy which she would not let the subject drop.

"So as I was saying, sir," and she addressed herself directly to the stranger; "when poor Mistress Amelia died—"

The stranger again raised his hand to his forehead. "The broken-hearted old knight had her name put on the coffin as the lawful wife of his poor murdered son—what do you think of that, sir?"

"Think!" said the stranger, turning his head, and looking so wildly in her face that the goodwife started two paces back. "Think! why in that was the madness of the whole!"

"The blessed Virgin protect us!" ejaculated the goodwife, "why they were not all mad."

The stranger recovering himself resumed his former position.

"Do you think, sir, Master Charles knew they were married?" said the goodwife, after a pause, with the feminine tact at cross-examining, for which some members of the legal long robe so greatly pique themselves.

"If he had he would indeed have been the fiend you have styled him," said the stranger.

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"Then as he was a friend of yours, sir," said the goodwife, "I suppose you don't think there was any harm in his going under cover of the night, and passing himself as his brother, because he did not know the poor orphan adopted by his father was that brother's lawful wife?"

"Woman! why speak you thus?" said the stranger, sternly. "I would retire to rest."

"To rest!" muttered his excited hostess. "Can you rest?"

The stranger rose, but recovering his self-possession, he resumed his seat, and seemed to forget the presence of the person who had so greatly excited him. He spoke to his frank and single minded host, of cattle, corn, and pastures; leaving his hostess to bustle about, muttering and glancing at him eyes of suspicion and of dread. But her heart was not unkind, and forgetting her threat, she went and prepared her best bed for the stranger, and when she again approached the kitchen fire, she absolutely started on beholding her youngest and favourite child, a boy, between three and four years of age, standing on the stranger's knees and laughing and playing with his moustaches.

"Come to me, Willy," said the mother, with a voice and manner as though her beloved were in the hands of the evil one.

But the child heeded her not. She took hold of his right arm. "Come to me, lammy," she said, coaxingly.

"No, I won't," said the child, "I'll stop and sleep with gentleman—naughty mammy not make bed for nobody."

The goodwife coloured, and looked for a moment in the now mildly smiling and handsome face of the stranger—so beautiful, he could not be bad!—and he had won the heart of her child!—it was impossible! These are chords to a woman's heart, which, if touched, are yours—no matter what else you be.

From this moment all allusion to the tragical events of bygone years were carefully avoided, and the stranger during some days sojourned at the farm in uninterrupted quiet. His chief gratification appeared to be in penetrating the depths of the forest, in which he would wander for many hours apparently absorbed in thought, so much so that when his path was occasionally crossed by a countryman he seemed unconscious of the respectful salutation with which he would be greeted.

Frequently had he approached that deserted mansion, and that ivy-clad tower, and field of sepulture, but he had not once entered their immediate precincts. He had indeed listened to the garrulous chroniclings of the aged sexton, who, with bonnet in hand, had invited him to enter and see the tombs, and even the hall of which he had the charge; and when those offers were declined, he seemed desirous of piquing the stranger's curiosity by relating many wondrous events of past generations; but none of which were so truly appalling as the fatal one which has been already dimly sketched. To this sad tale, with all its various colouring, the stranger listened with constrained composure, but offered neither interruption nor comment; but when, after a short silence, the sexton said,

"Master Charles was a fine, generous, spirited youth. I can even yet scarcely believe him capable of such fearful deeds—if he be alive what a sorrowful heart he must have!—poor fellow!—his good father prayed God to forgive him."

The stranger breathed with difficulty.

"God forgive him!" said the sexton.

"God forgive him!" murmured the stranger, and drawing his hat over his brow, and touching, in doing so, the escalop of San Jago de Compostello, he turned slowly away, and was soon lost in the deepening shades of the forest.

A fine autumnal day was closing in, and the stranger, buried in thought, was still wandering in the forest. For some time the clash of swords, and brief ejaculations of human voices, close at hand, were wholly unheeded, so completely was the agency of the external senses in abeyance to the profound operations of all-absorbing mind, when a piercing shriek rent the gates of the temple, and he started completely awakened to surrounding circumstances. He had penetrated the very depths of the forest, in which huge oaks throwing their gnarled and fantastic arms around, gave with their sacred foliages, a wild horror to the scene. He beheld, leaning against a massive tree, a young and beautiful female overwhelmed with terror, and gazing on a cavalier of most noble presence, who was manfully contesting with his couteau du chasse, against the combined assaults of two powerful and visored men, armed with long cut-and-thrust swords.

The stranger could not doubt a single instant on which side he should array himself, and drawing his highly-tempered steel of far-famed Toledo, sprung forward to the succour of the cavalier. Although thus placed, in point of numbers, on an equality, the ruffians did not give up the contest, but seemed to rely on their gigantic frames as superior to the more slight and elegant proportions of the two cavaliers. But in this they soon found their error, and their blood began to flow from some severe wounds, ere, uttering a mutual signal-cry, they suddenly started off in opposite directions, and in an instant disappeared.

"Thou hast done well," said the cavalier to his deliverer.

The stranger drew himself up, looked at his late ally, and then, without noticing his words, approached the lady they had rescued.

Her heart seemed too full for utterance; at length she happily burst into a flood of tears.

"By holy Paul," said the cavalier, approaching, "thou hast done me good service,

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which shall not be forgotten.—Ods fish! what a scrape I was in with those big-boned knaves—gramercy, an' you had not come, I should have had enow on my hands:—pretty demoiselle, what in the fiend's name brought you into the midst of this forest with two masked ruffians for practical lovers?"

The lady sobbed but could not speak.

"Is she a stranger to you, sir?" inquired their rescuer.

"Never saw her in my life before," replied the cavalier. "Lost myself in hunting, and stumbled on those ruffians in time to stop, ere too late, the foul assault:—she's beautiful, i' faith, but I like not tears—they spoil the eyes:—cheer ye, cheer ye, lady, we'll have aid anon." And so saying, he raised a silver bugle to his lips, and sounded a call that awoke a score echoes in the forest. These no sooner died away, than other horns were heard, and, by and by, a crashing through the trees, and trampling of horses, and yet a little while and hunters gaily apparelled came, by ones, twos, and threes, galloping to the spot, who all, as they arrived, doffed their plumed bonnets to the cavalier.

"Ods fish! my gallants," he said, with impatient gesture, "I owe you marvellous thanks! I should have been as dead as Richard but for this brave fellow!"

"My liege," said one, throwing himself from his horse, and bending his knee to the young King Harry the Eighth, "we have been this hour traversing the forest in all directions searching for your grace."

"I like not such hooded hawks," said the king. "But as to you, Stanley—and the rest, mark me—I will grant this brave gentleman a boon, when to ye I may say nay." So turning to the traveller, he said, "Soho! brave pilgrim from San Jago, what boon thou askest, were it the brightest jewel of my crown, on a king's royal word it shall be granted."

The stranger bent his left knee, and said, looking in the king's face, "My liege, it is the brightest jewel in your crown I claim."

"Ha!" exclaimed the king.

"'Tis mercy!" said the kneeling pilgrim.

"So won, so pledged, so asked," replied the monarch, "thou hast it were thou traitor to our crown and life."

"From such iniquity God shield me," said the pilgrim. "Mine is a private crime of deepest die!"

"I grieve to hear such acknowledgment of guilt from one of such noble bearing," said Henry; but my royal word is plighted, and the great seal shall confirm thy pardon. God, not man, must now be thy judge!"

"My future life shall speak my gratitude," said the pilgrim; "and my penitence deprecate the wrathful judgment of God."

"Arise, and tell me who thou art," said the monarch.

"Charles Brandon," replied the pilgrim, standing erect.

"Ha! Charles Brandon!" exclaimed the king, and all the courtiers looked with increased curiosity at the pilgrim. "I have heard the tragedy of thy house—beshrew me but thy cunning feint had a doleful end—but thou shalt tell me the tale thyself. Gad so! thou art marked for adventures!—here is our fair rescued demoiselle who hath gotten half-a-dozen knights to console her, while we are wasting time on prerogative. Fair lady, we shall mount you on a gently-pacing palfrey, and escort you to your home, if so it pleases you."

The rescued lady was with all care escorted to her home, and from the hour of that meeting with the king, the deep grief of the pilgrim began to soften, and then arose the bright star of Charles Brandon's splendid fortune.

From the Spectator.

MATHEWS'S COMIC ANNUAL.

THE manner of telling a droll story, of describing an odd incident, and depicting a humorous character, constitutes more than half the fun. MATHEWS, therefore, is sure to amuse; for whatever his matter may be, his manner is always effective. Nevertheless, his success in entertaining his audience must depend, in some degree, upon the wit and originality of his author. Not all his piquancy and vivacity can sufficiently enliven a dull subject. MATHEWS, in bringing out his *budget* of fun this year, has to contend against some little amount of *dead-weight*, and the patience of his audience was too much *tazed* on the first night; but prompt *retrenchment* will remove the slight pressure, and give due effect to his *ways and means* of affording them amusement.

The introduction of this his fourteenth annual "At Home," is felicitously couched in Parliamentary phrase; and being very neat and pointed, told effectively. Every *sentence* elicited a burst of laughter; although, as he observed, he could now boast of having *transported* hundreds for fourteen years. The veteran *Recorder* of the follies of the day looks as hale and hearty as ever. His vigour and animal spirits seem unabated. His style, always finished, has become thoroughly mellowed by time and experience. Though he limps in his gait, he does not come halting off: and if this were the last entertainment—as we devoutly hope it is not—it would by no means be a lame and impotent conclusion. The curve of his leg, and the "downward drag austere" of his mouth, are merely idiosyncracies. If his voice be less flexible, or have lost an upper note or so, its lower tones are still good, for he retains his ventriloquial powers.

MATHEWS, though sometimes at a disadvantage in not being his own author, makes

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up for it by being his own artist. His portraits, be they heads, kit-cats, or full-lengths, be they sketches or finished pictures, are done to the life: they are literally *speaking* likenesses. In this entertainment, he hits off the manner and imitates the voice and brogue of Ireland's great Agitator, so vividly as to bring him in idea before you; his physiognomy even partakes of the resemblance. Perhaps the action is too much caricatured, and the matter is too absurd. MATHEWS's portraits of real persons are like H. B.'s sketches; his fancy portraits are more in the spirit of GEORGE CRUIKSHANK's caricature etchings. We wish he would introduce more individual resemblances, and give us living portraits of celebrated persons. His manner is so gentlemanly, that even the parties themselves, if men of sense, would not take offence, any more than public men who are caricatured by H. B., whose delineation of an individual indeed, is regarded as an enviable distinction by some, and is smiled at by all. We beg to suggest to our dramatic limner, to give us a series of animated portraits of some of our most remarkable public characters. Graphic artists can only delineate the face and person; he can give us voice and manner as well: in neither case need the individual be held up to ridicule.

Of the originals in the present entertainment, Mrs. Digby Jones, the Malaprop spouse of a dilettante, is the best and most amusing. Messrs. Honey and Verjuice we have seen before, under different names. Of the scenes, those introducing Mr. Josephus Jollyfat, a gastronomic astronomer, lecturing his child upon the sun and fixed stars, and his cook upon a fillet of veal and Norfolk dumplings at the same time; Mr. Rigmarole, the dramatist, in the act of composing a melo-drama, and dis-composed by the knocking of duns, the squalling of children and cats, the squeaking of penny trumpets, and the hammer of a tinman; and Mr. Tortoise, the deliberate peruser of the newspaper from date to imprint, were more elaborate than laughter-moving. The "spoken" portion of the songs was the most successful; though the chaunt of "Modern Innovations," and the lyric portion of "the General Election," were very good. The dialogues in the song of "The Mansion-house," descriptive of the scenes and characters of the Justice-room; and the vocal and dramatic imitations of the several varieties of "Street Melodists," French, Swiss, Irish, and Scotch, were very characteristic.

The Monopolylogue, called *The Coach Wheel Off*, was not so lively as usual. Sam Sparks, the village blacksmith, a blazing character, was the best of the group. The entertainment on the whole was quite successful; and, like a fire-work, it will go off better when its materials are compressed.

From the Spectator.

THE GREAT THEATRES.

THE Theatrical Monopoly is breaking up of itself. The two huge overgrown houses, which have long been tottering to their fall, are now tumbling in upon the heads of their lessees. Covent Garden is to be closed to-day. LAPORTE finds it a less ruinous loss to pay the rent of 45*l.* nightly and shut up his theatre, than to keep it open and continue to employ his company at a nightly expense of 200*l.* or 250*l.*; and this too at a time when KNOWLES's successful play is bringing numerous audiences every night. There must be some radical defect in the system which produces such results, as a loss of fifteen or twenty thousand pounds (as some say) to one manager in the course of one season, and five-and-twenty thousand to another in two or three. The fact is, that it is a disease of excess. The monopoly has gorged itself into a plethora, that has turned into dropsy. The houses are too large; the rent is too high; the performers are too numerous; their salaries are in many cases too great; the performances are too long; they are got up in too costly a manner; and the prices of admission are too much. The management is conducted on a bad system. The principle of division of labour is unknown in theatres. The goodness, cheapness, and facility of enjoying theatrical entertainment, do not keep pace with the progress of economy and the wants of the public, and the increase in the number of social enjoyments. If people can be amused at a better and cheaper rate at home, with books, music, and conversation, they will not pay to be indifferently entertained at a show-shop. "Good and cheap" must now be the motto of every caterer for the public, from the manager of a theatre to the Chancellor of the Exchequer. Each of the great theatres has several imperfect companies to pay; and on no one night do they employ half their force. Unite the two establishments, and an efficient company for Tragedy, Comedy, Opera, Ballet, &c., may be formed; and the single theatre may have a double attraction, at about half the cost.

But in the mean time, what is to become of the actors? Three hundred persons are in an instant thrown out of bread, with the families dependent upon them. If the manager is ruined by keeping open the theatre, it is quite clear the actors cannot keep it open. It is said that LAPORTE offered them half salaries, which they refused. Better lose part than all, we should think. Many of the actors might be well content with one third; but these are precisely those who will have all or none, and whom the sudden loss of salary will less affect. The multitude are less able to make such a sacrifice, and perhaps more willing, dreading the destitution that must otherwise ensue.

At the same time, we hardly think the manager is justified in proceeding in this summary manner. Is his engagement all on one side? He can compel actors to fulfil their engagements to him; have they no claim upon him? LAPORTE, it is said, contemplates reopening the theatre with a French company and PAGANINI. This should not be. We hope the Lord Chamberlain will not suffer it.

It is said that the discarded company have applied for the Chamberlain's license for the Olympic. We doubt not it will be granted. But that theatre will not hold money enough to pay the principal actors their present high salaries. Let each be paid only what his talent is worth, and the speculation may succeed. We should like to see KNOWLES and ELLEN TREE on a smaller stage.

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From Blackwood's Magazine.

EDMUND BURKE.

The death of George II., in 1760, closed one of the most successful reigns of England. At home, the popularity of the Stewarts, first broken down on the field of battle, had been extinguished on the scaffold; abroad, the continental hostilities, often threatening the overthrow of British influence, had closed in a series of encounters which gave the last honours to the British military name. The capture of Calcutta by Clive, in 1757, had laid the foundations of an empire in India. The successes of Amherst and Johnson at Crown-Point and Niagara, followed by the capture of Quebec in 1759, had completed the conquest of Canada, and laid, in a country almost boundless, the foundations of a western empire. To complete the picture of triumph, the victory of Hawke in Quiberon Bay, had destroyed the chief fleet of France within sight of her own shore. In the midst of all those prospects of national prosperity, the old King suddenly died, at the age of seventy-seven, after a reign of thirty-three years. The King's character had been fitted for the time. He was a firm, temperate, and sincere man, steady to the possession of his power, but unambitious of its increase; not forgetting his natural ties to the place of his birth, but honest to the obligations of his throne—attached to Hanover, but proud of England. History has now passed sentence upon him, and it will not be reversed by time. "On whatever side," says a narrator of his reign, "we look upon the character of George II., we shall find ample matter for just and unsuspected praise. None of his predecessors enjoyed longer felicity. His subjects were still improving under him in commerce and arts; and his own economy set a prudent example to the nation, which, however, they did not follow. He was in temper sudden and violent; but this, though it influenced his private conduct, made no change in his public, which was generally guided by reason. He was plain and direct in his intentions, true to his word, steady in his favour and protection to his public servants, not parting with his Ministers till compelled by the force of faction." If to this we add, that, through his whole life, he appeared to live for the cultivation rather of useful public virtues than of splendid ones, we shall have a character which might well and worthily sustain the functions of British royalty. He might not attract popular admiration, nor be a pillow for personal friendship to repose on. He might be neither an Alfred nor a Charles II. But he might, and did, conduct manfully, with integrity, and in the spirit of the Constitution, a constitutional empire. The great Minister of his latter day was Lord Chatham—a splendid innovation on the routine of ministry. A new political star, which had shot down to give new energy to the state, and throw sudden brightness over the decaying system of the Newcastle Administration. Chatham was the Premier on the accession of George III.; but his power was not of a nature to last. His personal haughtiness had grown by success until it alienated his friends, and, finally, estranged his sovereign. A division in the Cabinet on the question of a Spanish war, showed him that his dictatorship was at an end, and arrogantly, to be less than the embodied ministry, he threw up the seals. His successor, Lord Bute, was overthrown in his turn by three causes, each of which at other times would have led the way to fortune—the favour of his King, the favouritism of the King's mother, and his being a Scotsman. The rapid succession of ministerial changes which, subsequently, for some years left England with but the name of a government, had the disastrous effect of teaching the people to look with scorn upon ministerial ambition. When public men trafficked alternately with the necessities of the King and the passions of the people, the nation soon learned to consider office as a trade. All revolutions are tests of character; but a perpetual revolution, in the shape of official changes, the hourly rise and fall of public men, the violent professions of this day contrasted with the violent abjurations of the next, the lofty pledges followed by the abject compliances, the claims of the reigning ministers to confidence mingled with the complaints of the fallen Ministers of treachery, rapidly turned the people into judges of all public men, erected a tribunal of state offences in every street, and summoning the multitude to a jurisdiction to which their reason was incompetent, left Government at the mercy of their prejudices. The general result was, to degrade all public servants in the national eye; but the immediate was, to shake the supremacy of the great families in the government of the country. Chatham himself had been an intruder on the proud aristocracy of the Cabinet. But wherever his banner waved, victory must have sat upon it; his extraordinary powers were not made to be repulsed by their frigid forms. He could not enter by the gate, but he boldly scaled the walls, and made himself master of the citadel. The King, whom he could not conciliate, he kept in awe; and the Ministry, whom he could not coerce, he held in obedience by the popular voice, which followed all his enterprises. But in his fall he completely drew down with him the veil which had hitherto covered the ministerial weakness of the great families. They struggled long to regain their ancient right to dispose of the Cabinet; but the struggle constantly became more unsuccessful; until the still greater son of that great man who had first broke in upon their privilege of possession, finished the contest, by throwing open government to men of all ranks, and making public ability the ground of official distinction.

Yet no maxim is more unquestionable, than that all change in the old principles of a country is hazardous. Nothing could seem more pregnant with good than the dismissal of antiquated feebleness for young vigour; nothing more suited to infuse a new wisdom in the national councils

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than the extinction of those obsolete prejudices, which found their protection only in wealth, and referred for political virtue only to the rolls of the Heralds' College; nothing more just, natural, or congenial to the improving intelligence of the empire, than that some of that vast harvest of ability and knowledge, which was hourly growing up with the growing influence of the middle orders, should be gathered for the public use; that the hourly opening mine of public genius should be worked for the benefit of the high concerns of empire.

All would have been fortunate if the operation could have stopped here. But the almost immediate result of abolishing this patent of the great families was to create a new and singularly hazardous influence in the State. The high aristocrats, stiff with the privileges of generations, suddenly assumed the flexibility of popular canvass. The populace in their turn hailed their new allies, and rejoiced in their familiarity with the Peerage. The extremes of society met. The old Court suit, with all its royal embroidery, was thrown off for the costume of the club and the coffeehouse; the contest for power was adjourned from the Cabinet to the streets; and the men who would have frowned down, with hereditary haughtiness, the slightest approach of the order immediately below themselves, however graced by learning and genius, sprang down at once to the lowest grade, and bound themselves to the populace by a bond which will never be dissolved, but in their own ruin. On this overthrow of the ancient patentees of power, Burke was led to write his famous pamphlet, entitled "Thoughts on the Cause of the Present Discontents." The public clamours which assailed Lord North's Ministry, had grown at this period (1770) to a height which threatened dangerous tumult. Burke, the friend and follower of Lord Rockingham, and involved in his exclusion, naturally imputed a large share of the clamour to the loss of his ministerial councils. But it is the characteristic and the value of his writings, that the particular topic always expands into the general instruction, and that even out of the barrenness of an eulogy on Lord Rockingham, he could raise maxims for the wisdom of mankind. He thus describes the origin of the aristocratic *caste* in statesmanship:

"At the Revolution, the Crown, deprived, for the ends of the Revolution itself, of many prerogatives, was found too weak to struggle against all the difficulties which pressed on so new and unsettled a Government. The Court was obliged to delegate a part of its powers to men of such interest as could support, and of such fidelity as would adhere to, its establishment. This connexion, necessary at first, continued long after convenient, and properly conducted, might indeed, in all situations, be an useful instrument of Government. At the same time, through the intervention of men of popular weight and character, the people possessed a security for their just proportion of importance in the State."

Having accounted for the rise of the aristocracy to power, he accounts for their fall. In this statement, his pencil is dipt in Rockingham colours: but those colours were pure, and the outline is admirably true. He tells us, that when the Court felt itself beginning to grow strong, it began also to feel the irksomeness of dependence on its Ministers, and resolved to deal with more complying Cabinets. "The greatest weight of popular opinion and party connexion was then with the Duke of Newcastle and Mr. Pitt. Neither of these held his importance by the *new tenure* of the Court; they were not, therefore, thought to be so proper as others for the services which were required by that tenure. It happened, very favourably for the *new system*, that under a forced coalition there rankled an incurable alienation and disgust between the parties which composed the administration. Mr. Pitt was first attacked. Not satisfied with removing him from power, they endeavoured by various artifices to ruin his character. The other party seemed rather pleased to get rid of so oppressive a support, not perceiving that their own fall was prepared by his, and involved in it. Many other reasons prevented them from daring to look their true situation in the face. * * * * * * The power of Mr. Pitt was vast and merited, but it was in a great degree personal, and therefore transient. The power of the great aristocratic families was rooted in the country. With a good deal less of popularity, they possessed a far more natural and fixed influence. Long possession of government, vast property, obligations of favours given and received, connexion of office, ties of blood, of alliance, of friendship, the name of Whig, dear to the majority of the people, the zeal, early begun and steadily continued, to the royal family, all these together formed a body of power in the nation."

Inconsistency is the favourite topic of the libellers of Burke. But the language which he held in this pamphlet is the language which he breathed from his expiring tongue; sacred honour for established institutions, hatred of worthless change, just respect for the natural influence of rank, birth, and property. The change was not in the writer, but in the men. The French Revolution was the boundary-line between the aristocrat of his first day and his last, the gulf which whoever passed left his former robes on the edge, and came out naked. He as powerfully asserts the superior claim of the first class of the nation to govern the State in 1770, as he asserted it in the full fury and tempest of 1793.

"One of the principal topics," he observes, "of the *new school*, is a terror of the growth of an aristocratic power, prejudicial to the rights of the Crown, and the balance of the Constitution. It is true, that the peers have a great influence in the kingdom, and in every part of the public concerns. While they are men of property, it is impossible to prevent it, except by such means as must prevent all property from its natural operation—an event not easily to be compassed, while property

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is power; nor by any means to be wished, while the least notion exists of the method by which the spirit of liberty acts, and of the means by which it is preserved. If any particular Peers, by their uniform, upright, constitutional conduct, by their public and their private virtues, have acquired an influence in the country, the people on whose favour that influence depends, will never be duped into an opinion that such greatness in a Peer is the despotism of an aristocracy, when they know and feel it to be the pledge of their own importance.

"I am no friend to aristocracy, *in the sense*, at least, in which that word is usually understood. If it were not a bad habit to moot cases on the supposed ruin of the Constitution, I should be free to declare, that, if it must perish, I should rather, by far, see it resolved into any other form, than lost in that austere and insolent domination. But whatever my dislikes are, my fears are not from that quarter."

It is clear, that in this passage, the writer alludes to an aristocracy assuming the sole functions of Government—not an English, but a Venetian aristocracy—an oligarchy at once shielding itself from responsibility by its numbers, and overawing the people by its dark and sullen violence. The power to which he alludes as the object of dread, is that of a faction behind the throne. It is equally clear, that even Burke's wisdom mistook the true hazard of the Constitution, that in contemplating the power of an intriguing Court, he overlooked the tyranny of an irresponsible populace; that in guarding the Constitutional tree from the southern, sickly breezes of Court patronage, he forgot the hurricane that would shatter and root it out of the ground. But even his sagacity may be forgiven for being unable to anticipate the horrors of revolutionary rage. It is to the honour of his humanity that he was yet to learn the depths of the popular heart, when convulsed and laid open by the sense of uncontrollable power; the terrible deposits of the revolutionary volcano, when once shaken and kindled into flame.

It is also to be remembered, that during this entire discussion, the question is not of Whigs or Tories, according to their latter qualities. In Burke's early day, the Whigs were but another name for the landed interest, for the great body of family and fortune of the country; the habitual Ministers of the Crown, and claiming to be all but the hereditary governors of the empire; but little connected with any inferior class of the State, and scarcely recognising the existence of the populace; holding the highest doctrines on the subject of allegiance, priestly authority and national subordination; and no more dreaming of an appeal to the multitude for the support of their measures, than they would have dreamt of allaying them with their blood; a genuine English aristocracy, doubtless bearing somewhat of the qualifications produced by time upon all things human, perhaps too proud to be easily accessible to the public feelings, too fully satisfied with their ancient possession of prosperity to think, that while all went well with the Peerage, the nation could suffer any serious evil; and too fond of the silk and ermine of their state to be prepared to cast them off, and grapple with those new public difficulties which new times were bringing on, and which demanded the whole unembarrassed muscle and activity of the man. Still, in that class, there was a great safeguard for the crown and the people; a nobleness more of mind than even of rank; an embodying of grave manliness, and generous and pure principle, derived from an early superiority to the motives and habits which the common exigencies of things sometimes impose on men struggling through the obscurer ways of life; a patrician dignity, which spread from the manners to the mind, and if it did not give full security against the assumption of a power beyond their right, yet prevented all the meaner abuses of the functions of government, all personal and petty tyranny, all the baser tamperings with popular corruption, and all the ignoble jealousy, livid rancour, and bloodthirsty persecution of power suddenly consigned to the hands of the multitude.

In adverting to the remedies proposed for the renovation of the state, he touches upon the two grand expedients, which are now received with such cheers, Triennial Parliaments, and the exclusion of every man holding office, from Parliament. His language on those heating topics, shows how maturely he had formed his earliest political impressions.

"If I wrote merely to please the popular palate, it would indeed be as little troublesome to me as to another, to extol those remedies so famous in speculation; but to which their greatest admirers have never attempted seriously to resort in practice. I confess, then, I have no sort of reliance upon either a Triennial Parliament, or a Place Bill. With regard to the former, perhaps it might rather serve to counteract than to promote the ends that are promoted by it. To say nothing of the horrible disorders among the people attending frequent elections, I should be fearful of committing, every three years, the independent gentlemen of the country in a contest with the treasury. It is easy to see which of the parties would be ruined first. Whoever has taken a careful view of public proceedings, so as to ground his speculations on his experience, must have observed how prodigiously greater the power of Ministry is in the first and last session of a Parliament, than it is in the intermediate periods, when members sit a little firm in their seats. The evil complained of, if it exists in the present state of things, would hardly be removed by a triennial Parliament; for, unless the influence of Government in elections can be *entirely taken away*, the more frequently they return, the more they will harrass private independence; the more generally will men be compelled to fly to the settled, systematic influence of Government, and to the resources of a boundless civil list.

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Certainly something may be done, and ought to be done, towards lessening that influence in elections. * * * * *. But *nothing* can so perfectly remove the evil, as not to render such contentions, too frequently repeated, utterly ruinous, first to independence of fortune, and then to independence of spirit. With great truth, I may aver, that I never remember to have talked on this subject with any man much conversant with public business, who considered short Parliaments as a real improvement of the Constitution."

He next examines the merits of a Place Bill, a measure which unquestionably will be one of the favourite proposals, at the first convenient season, of that extravagant and angry faction, which, making its way into public influence, through the late changes of Government, and following the new Ministry in their march over the ruins of the rival administration, are now turning knife in hand, upon that Ministry, and summoning the populace to a general assault of the last bulwarks of the Constitution.

"The next remedy," says he, "is a Place Bill. The same principle guides in both; I mean, that is entertained by many, of the infallibility of laws and regulations in the cure of public distempers. Without being as unreasonably doubtful, as many are unwisely confident, I will only say, that this also is a matter very well worthy of serious and mature reflection. It is not easy to foresee, what the effect would be, of disconnecting with Parliament the greater part of those who hold civil employments, and of such mighty and important bodies as the military and naval establishments. It were better, perhaps, that they should have a corrupt interest in the forms of the Constitution, than that they should *have none at all*. This is a question altogether different from the disqualification of a particular description of revenue officers from seats in Parliament, or, perhaps, of all the lower sorts of them from votes in elections. In the former case, only the few are affected; in the latter, only the inconsiderable. But a great official, a great professional, a great military and naval interest, all necessarily comprehending many people of the first weight, ability, wealth, and spirit, has been gradually formed in the kingdom. Those new interests *must* be let into a share of representation; else possibly they may be inclined to destroy those institutions of which they are not permitted to partake. * * * * * It is no inconsiderable part of wisdom, to know how much of an evil ought to be tolerated; lest by attempting a degree of purity impracticable in degenerate times and manners, instead of cutting off the subsisting ill practices, new corruptions might be produced, for the concealment and security of the old. It were better, undoubtedly, that no influence at all should affect the mind of a member of Parliament. But, of all modes of influence, in my opinion, a place under the Government is the least disgraceful to the man who holds it, and by far the most safe to the country. I would not shut out that sort of influence which is open and visible, which is connected with the dignity and the service of the state: when it is not in my power to prevent the influence of contracts, of subscriptions, of direct bribery, and of those innumerable methods of clandestine corruption, which are abundantly in the hands of the Court, and which will be applied, so long as the means of corruption, and the disposition to be corrupted, have existence among us. Our Constitution stands on a nice equipoise, with steep precipices and deep waters upon all sides of it. In removing it from a dangerous leaning towards one side, there may be a risk of oversetting it on the other. Every project of a material change in a government so complicated as ours, combined at the same time with external circumstances still more complicated, is a *matter full of difficulties*, in which a considerate man will not be too ready to decide, a prudent man too ready to undertake, or an honest man too ready to promise."

The rashness of the Ministry had at length involved them in general quarrel—quarrel with America, quarrel with foreign powers, and quarrel at home. Wilkes, the printers who published the debates in parliament, and the Mayor and Aldermen who were imprisoned for resisting the authority of the House of Commons, were the civil antagonists. In every conflict with them, the Ministry were worsted. Burke took a vigorous share in those perpetual debates, and he made continual progress in the public admiration. His speaking was a style totally new to the House and the nation. But two eminent orators had appeared in Parliament for a century. Bolingbroke, rich, dexterous, and fluent, the prince of rhetoricians: Chatham, condensed, pointed, and brilliant, irregular in his conceptions, and unequal in his efforts; but when he put forth his strength, striking with prodigious power, the weight, directness, and fire of a thunderbolt. But, like the thunderbolt, his eloquence was generated by the storm, and fit only for the storm. Burke's larger scholarship and finer philosophy produced an eloquence not less fluent than the one, or less vivid than the other; but still more cheering, magnificent, and fruitful of noble thoughts and generous purposes. When he spoke, he seemed to be speaking, not for the time, but for the benefit of centuries to come; less for the triumph of his party, than for the wellbeing of the human race. All his speeches are profound wisdom administering to daily practice. The House, perpetually astonished by the opulent variety of his knowledge, by his sudden illustrations, gathered from every art and science, by the living splendours which he caught from every region of human research, and flashed upon the subject of debate, were yet more astonished by the practical tendency of the finest efforts of his imagination. The broadest expansion of his wings was never suffered to whirl him beyond the visible diurnal sphere. His simplest purpose was kept steadily in view. He

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might luxuriate and sport his powers in the realm of brilliant abstraction for a time, but his eye never wandered; he struck down instantly upon the point—and at once dazzled, delighted, and convinced. It had been said that, under Walpole's Ministry, the debates were worthy only of a club of Dutch burgomasters; Burke brought back the spirit, which should never have departed from an assembly of freemen. He gave the debates at once Attic elegance, and Attic vigour. Other times and other men followed. Violent faction disturbed the tastes of national debate. The fierceness of civil struggle, and the terrors of a war which threatened to overwhelm the empire, at length indisposed men to oratory. Pitt and Fox became the arbiters of the House. The simplicity of their style was more congenial to the severe and trying time, than the lavish grandeur and poetic magnificence of Burke. But his triumph has returned. The speeches of the great Minister and his great rival have gone down with them to the tomb. Burke's have assumed only a loftier character in the estimation of all men since his death. They are the study of every mind that thirsts to drink pure political wisdom from one of its highest human sources. Their spring has not sunk into the grave; fed by nature and genius, it will be fresh, clear, and healthful, until the last ages of the national mind.

The fall of the Rockingham Ministry had displaced Burke; it had done more. With his delicacy of taking office, under the slightest presumption of a change of principle, it had nearly disqualified him from public service. But in this interval he possessed all the substantial gratifications of life. His seat in Parliament gave him the opportunity of exertion suitable to his studies. In general society, he was one of the leaders of all that was intellectual. His almost boundless information, his well-regulated wit, and his fine and peculiar mastery of all that was graceful or vigorous in the English language, gave him a superiority in conversation, which was rendered still more pleasing by the uniform kindness, simplicity, and good-humour of his manners. In his domestic life he was fortunate. His wife was an estimable woman, strongly attached to him, and proud of his fame. His two brothers were amiable and intelligent men, united with him in close friendship, and whom he hoped yet to advance to fortune. He had purchased with his paternal property, and by a sum raised on mortgage, which Lord Rockingham advanced, Gregories, a house with some land, in the neighbourhood of Beaconsfield. There he *farmed*, read, and wrote. In London, from which his house was but twenty-four miles distant, he mingled with the highest circles of active life, enjoyed all the concentrated animation and ability of the accomplished and opulent; and in Parliament continually indulged his genius, and enlarged his fame by an oratory, which, in its peculiar spirit, has never found a superior.

It has been remarked as a characteristic of all eminent minds, that whatever pursuit they adopt, they adopt it with peculiar vigour. Burke, at all times attached to a country life, was a farmer in the intervals of his labours as a statesman, and he gave himself up to his crops with a diligence that would have done honour to a man who had never strayed beyond the farm-yard. In one of his letters to an Irish friend, about 1771, he thus mentions his success at the plough-tail:—"We have had the most rainy and stormy season that has been known. 'I have got my wheat into the ground better than some others; that is, about four-and-twenty acres. I purposed having about ten more; but considering the season, this is tolerable." He then proceeds to a detail of his exploits in the production of bacon; inquires to what weight hogs are capable of being fed in Ireland, and anticipates victory in giving the weight of his own; discusses the market-prices of things, and explains a new project of sowing peas, which is to save a fallow, and of course make a handsome return to the projector, &c. But he soon returned to more congenial occupations, and was seen in Parliament, standing forth the champion of common sense and the institutions of the State. His love of political quiet, his adherence to established order, and his prophetic fears of the change that might be wrought upon the spirit of the constitution, by rashly tampering even with any of its externals, were not the late prejudices of his political life, but the original principles of his moral understanding. On a petition, so early as 1772, from 250 Clergy of the Establishment against subscription to the Articles, he resisted the opinion of nearly the whole of his friends, and spoke directly against the point of petition. "I can comprehend," was the substance of his speech, "how men may decline entering a church where they are to be bound by a declaration of their opinions. Well, then, let them not enter it. But if it is important that a church should have any settled opinions at all—and who shall deny this?—it is surely important that those opinions should be distinctly declared, and not less important that the ministers and teachers of that church should be faithful transmitters of its tenets, otherwise the church may be paying an enemy, and the people may be listening to a renegade. But while the petitioners profess *to belong to the Establishment*, and *profit by it*, no hardship can be implied in requiring some common bond of agreement, such as the subscription to the Thirty-nine Articles, for the fidelity, the union, and the obedience of its members."

But every trait that private life developed in this admirable mind, bore the same stamp of habitual value for the common sense of human nature. His principle was a considerate respect for the customs of general life, and a persuasion that Time, their founder, was a wiser guide than Innovation, their overthrower. Burke's humanity had encumbered him with Barry, afterwards the well-known and eccentric painter. He had sent him to take the range of the Italian schools, and

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from 1765 to 1770 supported him nearly at his sole expense. Barry was the most impracticable of men. He possessed some vigour of conception in his art, but unfortunately prepared himself for perpetual failure by a perpetual miscalculation of his powers. He revenged his failure with the public, by contempt for the public taste, and cheered his arrogance, on the very verge of ruin, by pronouncing that the success of his contemporaries was the result of intrigue. His vanity and stubbornness at length totally alienated him from the good offices of his profession; his determined neglect of appearances, and intentional roughness of manner, repelled all higher patronage; and gradually exiling himself from the society in which his talents might have given him a place, and abandoning the opportunities of the profession by which he was to live, he shrank into wolfish solitude. He still lingered out some bitter years; furious at being taken at his word; furious at being suffered to relinquish the world, which he affected to despise; and furious at the professional neglect which he professed to value as the stamp of his superiority. Burke's generous friendship adhered to him to the last, supplying his wants, though often exposed to slights, and through good report and evil report, sheltering the remnants of his fame. Barry died at last, worn out by a perpetual struggle against the calamities which he summoned for his own undoing, crushed by the weight of evils which he had pulled down upon his own head. He had lived in projects, and in projects he died; leaving no memorial of his powers, but the frescoes on the walls of the Society of Arts, a fatal proof of the extravagance that mingled with his most fortunate conceptions; dreaming of unattainable triumphs, and longing but for *another year* to throw all living excellence into eclipse, and sit down by the side of Michael Angelo.

Burke corresponded with this unfortunate man, while he was making the tour of the Italian galleries; and his letters were admirable models alternately of criticism and conduct.

In one of these he says, "With regard to your studies, you know, my dear Barry, my opinion. I do not choose to lecture you to death; but, to say all I can in a few words, it will not do for a man qualified like you, to be a connoisseur and a sketcher. You must be an *artist;* and this you cannot be, but by drawing with the last degree of noble correctness. Until you can *draw beauty*, with the *last degree of truth* and *precision*, you will not consider yourself possessed of that faculty. This power will not hinder you from passing to the 'great style' when you please, if your character should, as I imagine it will, lead you to that style in preference to the other. But on man can draw perfectly, who cannot draw *beauty*. My dear Barry, I repeat it again and again, leave off sketching. Whatever you do, *finish it.*"

He next attempts to warn this unmanageable painter, of the *idle* habit of attempting every thing at once.

"At Rome, you are, I suppose, ever still so much agitated by the profusion of fine things on every side of you, that you have hardly had time to sit down to methodical and regular study. When you do, you will certainly select the *best parts* of the best things, and attach yourself to them wholly. Permit me, once more to wish you, in the beginning, at least, to contract the circle of your studies. The extent and rapidity of your mind carries you to too great a diversity of things, and to the completion of a whole before you are quite master of the parts in a degree equal to the dignity of your ideas. This disposition arises from a generous impatience, which is a fault almost characteristic of great genius. But it is a fault nevertheless."

He still insists with the zeal of a friend, and the feelings of a true judge of the art, upon the necessity of first acquiring perfection in drawing. Barry, had, doubtless, in his vague style, talked of composing all kinds of subjects. To temper this vanity of the idler, Burke gives him the advice which would have formed the artist. "I confess, I am not much desirous of your composing many pieces, for some time at least; composition I do not value near so highly as in general. I know none who attempt, who thus do not succeed tolerably in that part. But that exquisite, masterly drawing, which is the glory of the great school where you are, has fallen to the lot of very few, perhaps to none of the present age, in its highest perfection. If I were to indulge a conjecture, I should attribute all that is called greatness of style and manner of drawing to this exact knowledge of the parts of the human body, of anatomy and perspective. For, by knowing exactly and habitually, without the labour of particular and occasional thinking, what was to be done in every figure they designed, they naturally attained a freedom and spirit of outline; because they could be daring without being absurd. Whereas ignorance, if it be cautious, is poor and timid; if bold, it is only blindly presumptuous. This minute and thorough knowledge of anatomy, and practical as well as theoretical perspective, by which I mean to include foreshortening, is all the effect of labour and use in particular studies, and not in general compositions."

Barry, it appears, had fallen into the habit of charging the ill success of his art on the contrivances of the picture-dealers, an old and a sufficiently childish topic with all artists who are destined to obscurity. Burke, with his usual calmness of view, pointed out the weakness of this perpetual tirade.

"You have given a strong, and I fancy, a very faithful, picture of the dealers in taste with you. It is very right that you should know and remark their little arts; but, as fraud will intermeddle in every transaction of life, where we cannot oppose ourselves to it with effect, it is by no means our duty or our interest, to make ourselves uneasy, or to multiply enemies on account of it. In particular, you may be assured, that

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the traffic in antiquity, and all the enthusiasm, folly, or fraud that may be in it, never did, and never can, hurt the merit of living artists. Quite the contrary is my opinion. For I have ever observed, that whatever it be that turns the minds of men to any thing relative to the arts, even the most remotely so, brings artists more and more into credit and repute. And though, now and then, the mere broker and dealer in such things runs away with a great deal of the profit, yet, in the end, ingenious men will find themselves gainers by the dispositions which are nourished and cherished in the world by such pursuits."

The advice was thrown away. Barry's ill-manners and discontented spirit had soon brought him into collision with the artists and persons connected with the arts in Rome. Of this he complained to Burke, but seems to have intimated that his acquirements would be benefited in consequence, probably by the seclusion which he thus brought upon himself. Burke's letter is incomparable, as a manual of general advice to all who must mix among mankind. To the fanciful or the fastidious—to those who weakly think themselves above their circle, or bitterly conceive that the neglect of their circle is to be averted only by hostility, and more peculiarly to all ranks of those irritable races, whose life must be a perpetual run under the fire of criticism. The motto of this fine document ought to be "*Nocturna versate manu, versate diurna.*"

"Until very lately, I had never heard any thing of your proceedings from others; and when I did, it was much less than I had known from yourself;—that you had been upon ill terms with the artists and virtuosi in Rome, without much mention of cause or consequence. If you have improved those unfortunate quarrels to your advancement in your art, you have turned a very disagreeable circumstance to a very capital advantage. However you may have succeeded in this uncommon attempt, permit me to suggest to you, with that friendly liberty which you have always had the goodness to bear from me, that you cannot possibly always have the same success, with regard to either your fortune or your reputation. Depend upon it, that you will find the same competitions, the same jealousies, the same arts and cabals, the same emulations of interest and fame, and the same agitations and passions here, that you have experienced in Italy. And if they have the same effect on your temper, they will have just the same effect on your interest, and, be your merit what it will, you will never be employed to paint a picture. It will be the same in London as in Rome, and the same in Paris as in London, for the world is pretty nearly alike in all its parts. Nay, though it would perhaps be a little inconvenience to me, I had a thousand times rather you should fix your residence at Rome than here, as I should not then have the mortification of seeing with my own eyes, a genius of the first rank lost to the world, himself, and his friends; as I certainly must, if you do not assume a manner of acting and thinking here, totally different from what your letters from Rome have described to me.

"That you have had just subjects of indignation always, and of anger often, I do noways doubt; who can live in the world without some trial of his patience? But believe me, my dear Barry, that the arms with which the ill dispositions of the world are to be combated, and the qualities by which it is to be reconciled to us, and we reconciled to it, are moderation, gentleness, a little indulgence to others, and a great deal of distrust of ourselves; which are not qualities of a mean spirit, as some may possibly think them; but *virtues of a great and noble kind*, and such as dignify our nature as much as they contribute to our repose and fortune. For nothing can be so unworthy of a well-composed soul, as to pass away life in bickerings and litigation, in snarling and scuffling with every one about us. Again and again, my dear Barry, we must be at peace with our species; if not for their sakes, yet very much for our own. Think what my feelings must be, from my unfeigned regard, and from my wishes that your talents might be of use; when I see what the inevitable consequences must be, of your persevering in what has hitherto been your course, ever since I knew you; and which you will permit me to trace out for you beforehand.

"You will come here; you will observe what the artists are doing; and you will sometimes speak a disapprobation in plain words, and sometimes by a no less expressive silence. By degrees you will produce some of your own works. They will be variously criticised; you will defend them; you will abuse those who have attacked you; expostulations, discussions, letters, possibly challenges, will go forward. In the meantime, gentlemen will avoid your friendship, for fear of being engaged in your quarrels. You will fall into distresses, which will only aggravate your disposition for further quarrels. You will be obliged, for maintenance, to do any thing for anybody—your very talents will depart, for want of hope and encouragement; and you will go out of the world, fretted, disappointed, and ruined.

"Nothing but my real regard for you, could induce me to set those considerations in this light before you. Remember, we are born to serve and to adorn our country, and not to contend with our fellow-citizens; and that in particular, *your* business is to paint, and *not* to dispute." The prediction was true to the letter.

Life was still opening upon Burke. Every year urged him more into public fame. He spoke on all great occasions in the House. The vividness and power of his fancy was becoming constantly more effective, from his constant acquisition of facts; a consciousness of the stand which he took in national estimation, stimulated him to indefatigable industry; and in the course of a period which generally finds the young senator still trembling on the edge of debate,

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Burke had passed all his contemporaries, shorn the old leaders of party of their laurels, and by universal consent was placed at the head of Opposition.

This maturity of his powers had arrived at a memorable time. The state of the Empire required the highest ability in the Governors of the State, and gave the largest scope for all the attributes of political knowledge, wisdom, and eloquence in the Senate. If the world shall ever become virtuous enough to deserve a developement of the actual course of Providence in the affairs of nations, a new light may be thrown on the whole aspect of history. Events remote, trivial, and obscure, may be found to have been the origin to the greatest transactions. A chain of circumstance may be traceable round the globe; and while the shortsightedness of the worldly politician deems the catastrophe complete and closed, its operation may be but more secretly extending, to envelope a still larger space, and explode with a more dazzling and tremendous ruin. The revolt of America has been attributed to the attempt to lay on taxes without representation. But a more remote, yet substantial ground for the spirit of resistance, was to be found in the French war of twenty years before. At that period the colonists were first taught their use in the field—the advantages of natives over foreigners, in the forest skirmishes—the natural strength of the swamp, the river, and the thicket—the utter helplessness of the most disciplined army of Europe to resist the famine and inclemency of the wilderness—and the utter feebleness of the most dexterous tactics before the simple activity and courage of the American hunter on his own ground. Washington had served in the British campaigns against the French masters of the chain of fortresses, extending from Quebec in a circle to the west and south, through the forests; and the lesson was not forgotten by him or his Virginian countrymen. It unquestionably rendered the population less fearful of a shock with even the mighty power of England; and the first impulse which was given to the national spirit, by the first imaginary pressure of the slightest of all national bonds, found the Americans falling back upon the memories of their successful skirmishes, and not unwilling to renew the stirring times, when the lance and the rifle would become names of terror in the hands of the woodsman once more.

Burke's rank in the House naturally induced him to take a prominent part in the debates on America. But he had an additional source of knowledge and feeling, in his personal connexion with the State of New-York, for which he had been appointed agent in 1771. It is not improbable that to this connexion may be ascribed some share of the extraordinary ardour with which he adopted the complaints of America. That his nature disdained corruption, is acknowledged; that the advocacy of a side which embarrassed the Minister, was the established service of Opposition, is a maxim which will not be disputed by the morals of Parliament; and thus this eminent person may have been blamelessly drawn in to give his support to pretensions, which his calmer reason would have discovered to be utterly untenable.

The tea-duty, of all pretexts the most trivial for a great insurrectionary movement against a protecting and parent state, was the constant topic of Ministers and Opposition. At length the question was brought to an issue, by a proposal, on the 19th of April, 1774, for the final repeal of the obnoxious duty. Burke rose in reply to a vehement speech on the Ministerial side, by Wolfran Cornwall, one of the new Lords of the Treasury. It is said that a considerable portion of this reply was the work of the moment. Of course, he had too much deference for the House, and too much regard for his own rank there, to venture so important a question altogether upon the chance impulses of the hour. But its direct allusions to the arguments of the preceeding speaker, give unequivocal proof of that ready and rapid seizure of circumstances, which form the chief talent of a debater in Parliament. This speech, too, has the distinction of being the first that has been preserved. Its effect on the House had induced several of the Members to take notes, and from those the speech was subsequently given to the public curiosity. It abounds in strong appeals, and dexterous instances of language. "For nine long years," it began, "we have been lashed round and round this circle of occasional arguments and temporary expedients. We have had them in every shape—we have looked at them in every point of view. Invention is exhausted, —reason is fatigued,—experience has given judgment, but obstinacy is not yet conquered." * * * "It is through your American trade that your East India conquests are to be prevented from crushing you with their burden. They are ponderous indeed, and they must have that great country to lean on, or they tumble on your head. The same folly has lost you the benefit at once of the West and the East. This folly has thrown open the folding-doors to contraband. It will be the means of giving the profits of the trade of your colonies to every nation but yourselves. Never did a people suffer so much from a preamble. It is a tax of sophistry —a tax of pedantry—a tax of disputation—a tax of war and rebellion—a tax for any thing but benefit to the imposers, or satisfaction to the subject." * * * "I pass by the use of the King's name in a matter of supply, that sacred and reserved right of the Commons. I conceal the ridiculous figure of Parliament, hurling its thunders at the gigantic rebellion of America, and then, five days after, prostrate at the feet of those assemblies which we affected to despise; begging them, by the intervention of our Ministerial sureties, to receive our submission."

From those keen and pointed sentences, he sometimes spreads into bold and rich amplification.

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"Let us," he "exclaims, embrace some system or other, before we put an end to this session. Do you mean to tax America, and to draw a productive revenue from her? If you do, speak out—name, fix this revenue—settle its quantity—define its objects—provide for its collection, and then fight, when you have something to fight for. If you murder, rob; if you kill, take possession; but do not appear in the character of madmen as well as assassins, violent, vindictive, bloody and tyrannical, and all without an object."

Lord Caermarthen had remarked in the course of the debate, that America was at least as much represented as Manchester, which had made no complaint of a want so imaginary, and that the Americans ought, as the children of England, to have exhibited somewhat more of the spirit of filial obedience. Burke's forcible and brilliant remark on this charge, produced an extraordinary sensation in the whole assembly.

"The noble lord," said he, "calls the Americans our children, and such they are. But when our children ask for bread, shall we give them a stone? When they wish to assimilate to their parent, and to reflect with a true filial resemblance the beauteous countenance of British liberty, are we to turn to them only the deformed part of the British Constitution? Are we to give them our weakness for their strength, our opprobrium for their glory, and the slough of slavery, which we are not able to work off, to serve them for their freedom?"

Even in this speech he strikes a blow at the political metaphysics, which the later and more glorious part of his life was so vigorously employed in exposing. "Those are," said he, "the arguments of states and kingdoms. Leave the rest to the schools. But if intemperately, unwisely, fatally, you sophisticate and poison the very source of government by urging *subtle deductions*, and consequences odious to those you govern, from the unlimited and illimitable nature of supreme sovereignty, you will teach them by these means to call that sovereignty in question. If you drive him hard, the boar will turn upon the hunters."

This speech was one of the most signal triumphs of the orator. The debate had been long and tedious; the members had gradually thinned away to the coffee-room, and neighbourhood of the house. When it was told that Burke was on his legs, public expectation was excited, but it was only when he had thoroughly entered on his subject, that the reports of his extraordinary brilliancy on that night suddenly crowded the house. From that moment, their expressions of delight were incessant. The hearers in the galleries could be scarcely restrained from bursting out into loud applause. At one of these hidden and powerful turns with which the speech abounded, Lord John Townshend, who had been familiar with all the leaders of debate, exclaimed, "Good heavens, what a man is this! Where could he have found such transcendent powers!"

The dissolution of Parliament put an end to Burke's representation of Wendover. But he had given proof of qualities which made his presence necessary to his party in the House; and, by the Rockingham interest, he was returned for Malton. But he was to ascend a higher step in popular distinctions. While he had scarcely more than made his acknowledgments to the northern electors, a deputation from Bristol was announced. It had been sent by a strong body of the merchants, to propose his nomination in their city, and offered to bring him in free of all canvass or expense. So striking an evidence of the public value for his services could not be declined. He immediately took leave of Malton, and started for Bristol, where he arrived only on the sixth day of the election. There was no time to be lost; and, notwithstanding his weariness, for he had travelled forty hours without rest, he drove to the hustings. The candidates had been Lord Clare and Mr. Brickdale, the late members, with Mr. Cruger, a considerable merchant. On the second day of the poll, Lord Clare had given up the contest; Brickdale had rendered himself unacceptable to the merchants, and they determined to find a candidate at once master of the commercial interests of the empire, and possessing weight in the House. The deputation had immediately set out for London in search of Burke; from London they had followed him to Yorkshire, and they soon had the gratification of seeing him returned for their city.

The speech which he addressed to the electors on his arrival, a brief, but eloquent exposition of his political views, shewed at the instant how highly his friends were justified in his selection. America was now the topic upon which all others turned, and he, of course, alluded to it. But it is gratifying to have his explicit declaration that he never contemplated the rash separation, he never countenanced the unnatural rebellion, and he never justified the insolent denial of British right, which formed the head and front of American offending. "I have held," said he, "and ever shall maintain, to the best of my power, unimpaired and undiminished, the just, wise, and necessary constitutional superiority of Great Britain. This is necessary for America, as well as for us—I never mean to depart from it. Whatever may be lost by it, I avow it. The forfeiture even of your favour, if by such a declaration I could forfeit it, never will make me disguise my sentiments on the subject. But I have ever had a clear opinion, and have ever held a constant, correspondent conduct, that this superiority is consistent with all the liberties which a sober and spirited American ought to desire. I never mean to put any colonist, or any human being in a situation not becoming a freeman."

On the popular claims which, at that time, were echoed and re-echoed through the kingdom, he is equally bold—"The distinguishing part of our constitution is its liberty. To preserve that liberty inviolate, seems the particular duty and proper trust of a member of the House of Commons. But the liberty, the only liberty I mean,

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is a *liberty connected with order*, that not only exists along with order and virtue, but which *cannot exist at all without them*. It inheres in *good and steady* Government, as in its vital principle."

At the close of the poll, which was prolonged with unusual perseverance, another demand was made on his political fortitude, by that question of pledges which has fettered so many of the "independents" of our own day. Cruger had made some idle admission as to their power of binding the candidate. "I wish," said Burke in his final address, "that topic had been passed by; at a time when I have so little leisure to discuss it." He then proceeded to state his sentiments, which have, till one fatal period of change in every thing, formed the law on the subject. "It is the duty of the representative to sacrifice his repose, his pleasures, his satisfactions, to his constituents.—But his unbiassed opinion, his mature judgment, his enlightened conscience, he ought not to sacrifice to you, to any man, or to any set of living. They are a trust from Providence, for the abuse of which he is deeply answerable. Your representative owes you, not his industry only, but his judgment; and *he betrays instead of serving you*, if he sacrifices it to your opinion. * * * * * If government were a matter of will, upon any side; yours, without question, ought to be superior. But government and legislation are matters of reason and judgment, not of inclination. And what sort of reason is that, in which the determination precedes the discussion; in which one set of men deliberate, and another decide; and where those who form the conclusion are perhaps three hundred miles distant from those who hear the arguments? * * * * Authoritative instructions, *mandates*, which the member is bound blindly and implicitly to obey; these are things utterly unknown to the laws of this land, and which arise from a fundamental *mistake of the whole order and tenor of our constitution.*—Parliament is *not* a congress of ambassadors from different states, and with hostile interests, which interests each must maintain as an agent against other agents. But Parliament is a *deliberative* assembly of *one* nation with *one* interest, that of the *whole*. You choose a member indeed; but when you have chosen him, he is *not* member for Bristol, but he is a member of Parliament."

And those words were not the bravado of a man secure of his seat. He acted up to their spirit, even when the loss of his seat was involved in the action. In 1780, he repeated his declaration—"I did not obey your instructions. No; I conformed to the instructions of truth and nature, and maintained your interests *against* your opinions, with a constancy that became me. A representative worthy of you ought to be a person of stability. I am to look indeed to your opinions. But to such opinions as you and I *must* look to, five years hence. I was not to look at the flash of the day. I knew that you chose me in my place, along with others, to be a pillar of the State, and not a weathercock on the top of the edifice, exaltod for my levity and versatility; and of no use but to indicate the shiftings of every popular gale."

Election jests are not always long lived. But Cruger's deficiencies, in comparison with Burke's public ability as a speaker, gave rise to a burlesque of the opulent man of trade, which is still memorable at Bristol. On the conclusion of Burke's fine address, Cruger stood up; but his fount of eloquence would not flow. At length the genius of the counting-house saved him from utter silence. "I say ditto to Mr. Burke, I say ditto to Mr. Burke!" he exclaimed, and rushed from the hustings, in a general roar of laughter and applause.

Burke's definition of the duties of a member of Parliament, with which he closed his speech, shows how little he shared in the extravagances of his time or our own. It is as applicable to this hour as it was to the moment when it was first hailed by every lover of legitimate freedom. "To be a good member of Parliament, is, let me tell you, no easy task; especially at this time, when there is so strong a disposition to run into the perilous extremes of servile compliance or *wild popularity*. To unite circumspection with vigour is absolutely necessary, but it is extremely difficult. We are now members for a rich commercial city, that city is, however, but a part of a rich commercial nation, the interests of which are various, multiform, and intricate. We are members for that great nation, which itself, however, is but a part of a great empire, extended by our virtue and our fortune to the farthest limits of the east and the west. All these wide-spread interests must be considered, must be compared, must be reconciled, if possible. We are members for a free country, and surely we all know, that the machine of a free country is no simple thing; but, as intricate and as delicate as it is valuable. We are members in a great and ancient monarchy. And we must *preserve religiously* the true legal rights of the sovereign, which form *the key-stone* that binds together the noble and well-constructed arch of our empire and our constitution."

A history of public questions might be a work worthy of some great benefactor to his country. It would show the perpetual facility with which the public mind may be fruitlessly disturbed.—The guilty dexterity with which popular imposture may inflame popular passion; and the utter absurdity with which nations may be impregnated, at the moment when they are giving themselves credit for supreme wisdom; the whole forming a great legacy of political common sense for the benefit of the future. An extract from the follies of the fathers, for an antidote to the crimes of posterity.

Within the latter half of the eighteenth century, the visitations of this periodic frenzy thickened. Frederic and the Seven Years' War roused every talker in England into an angry elocution, and the man was pronounced an enemy to his country who could doubt the *cause* of Prussia.—

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This absurdity had its day. The public fever cooled away, and men were astonished at their own extravagance. The Middlesex elections next discovered the organ of political frenzy in the public brain. The nation was instantly in a paroxysm. Every man was an orator, and every orator exclaimed, that all past hazards were nothing to the inevitable ruin of the hour; what was life without liberty, and what was liberty without the power of election. England saw this day pass too, and the chief miner lay aside the match which he had been so long waving at the mouth of the mine, shelter himself in an opulent sinecure, and laugh at the dupes whose clamour had been its purchase. The American question next roused the multitude. The whole host of obscure politicians were instantly awakened in their retreats, and poured forth, brandishing their rusty and uncouth weapons for the colonies. Every factious clamour from beyond the Atlantic was echoed from our shores with either a shout of applause or a groan of sympathy. Thousands and tens of thousands inflamed themselves into the conception that the hourly fate of England was hung in the balance of America. Thousands and tens of thousands imbued themselves with American politics until the English complexion had vanished from their features, and they actually saw nothing in sullen ingratitude, but generous resistance, and in a rash, unjustifiable, and godless determination to throw off all the ties of duty, kindred, and sworn allegiance, but a heroic and *English* repulsion of tyranny. We see, and we should see it with a natural alarm at the power of political illusion, the extent to which this fantastic folly usurped over the higher minds of England. We may well shrink at the strength of the whirlpool when we see it sweeping Burke and Chatham round, through every circle but the last, and those most muscular minds of the empire, barely making their escape from being absorbed and sunk in the common gulf of national perversion. Catholic Emancipation was the next crisis of the public folly. Its cry rang through the empire, until the whole tribe of loose politics, the general living discontents, the incurable bitternesses against all government, the alienations from all rule, the whole fretful accumulation of imaginary wrongs, imaginary rights, and imaginary panaceas for all the common difficulties of mankind, were marshalled at the sound of that voice of evil. Other and more disciplined forces soon joined to swell that levy. The priesthood sounded the trumpet from their altars. The armed banditti of Irish faction, long trained by mid-day insults to all authority, and midnight usurpation of all power, moved at the head of the insurrection, and Parliament was stormed.—The great body of the English nation must be exonerated, in this instance, from the guilt of the act, if they shall yet be compelled to share deeply in the misfortune of its consequences. But the battle was not now fought upon the old ground. The nation was excluded from the contest, and reserved only to be delivered over in fetters to the conqueror. The battle was fought not in Parliament, but in the Cabinet. The weapons of English allegiance, virtue, and wisdom, were petition and remonstrance. The weapons of Popish ambition were open and hourly murder, pitiless conflagration, notorious bands of blood, the curses of a furious superstition, the triumphings of unpunished insurrection, insolent appeals to foreign Powers, and the traitorous menaces of national separation. The walls of the Cabinet, impregnable to the weapons of Constitutional entreaty, broke down instantly before the assaults of unconstitutional force. For this emergency there was but one resource; and it is in no tendency to undue homage, that we pronounce that resource to be RELIGION. If that Cabinet had but remembered that there was a Providence above them, they would never have shrunk from the fullest trials of the strength of England against the guilty fury of Popish faction, with all its allies of treason, rapine, and infidelity. Manfully, candidly, and wisely, they would have resisted the madness of the hour, and their resistance would have been triumphant; they would have been at this moment in possession of power, if to the champions of the cause of God, the gratifications of human power are worth considering; they would have saved England from calamities, now growing on her from moment to moment, and which seem to deepen only into the bloody vista of civil war; and with the whole vast and high-minded population of the British Empire rejoicing in their authority, and supporting them with its irresistible strength, they would have wielded the affairs of England and the world until they were gathered in glory to their graves.

This illusion will pass away, like all that went before. But it will not pass away with the impunity of the past follies. It has been tinged with crime, a dash of blood and treason has been flung on the national character, which will not be bleached away by the common operation of time. There is a stain on the floor of that Cabinet which will tell, to the remotest age, the spot where the dagger was driven into the side of the Constitution. Evil days are coming, evil days have come. Who talks now of the majesty of public deliberation? Who thinks now of the dignity of halls, which once echoed to the noblest aspirations of human wisdom, philosophy, and courage? Or who thinks of their old sacredness without thinking of the Capitol taken by assault, and the Goth and the Gaul, the ferocious sons of the forest and the swamp, playing their savage gambols, plucking the Roman Senator by the beard, from his curule chair, rending the ivory sceptre from his hand?

Burke's speech on American affairs, on the 22d of March, 1775, is recorded as one of his most remarkable displays of ability. In the general resistance of the Ministry to all proposals of treating with the Colonies, and the general ineffi-

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ciency of Opposition to concoct even any plausible measure, the task fell upon Burke, and he employed himself in framing the memorable "Thirteen Articles," which were to be the purchase of national tranquillity. The project belonged to party; it was of course extravagant; and the result was, of course, failure. Rash conciliation naturally inflames the malady which it proposes to cure; America proceeded in her rebellion, only the more fortified by the knowledge that she had active partisans, and inactive repugnants, in the mother country. The topic is now unimportant, but the speech has still a high value as an example of eloquence, and as a depository of that moral wisdom, which embalms the most temporary and decaying subjects of the great orator. We shall give a few of the detached and characteristic sentences. * * * "I have no very exalted opinion of *paper government*, nor of any politics in which the plan is to be wholly separated from the execution. * * * * * Public calamity is a mighty leveller; and there are occasions when any, even the slightest, chance of doing good must be laid hold on, even by the most inconsiderable person. * * * * The proposition is peace. Not peace through the medium of war. Not peace to be hunted through the labyrinth of intricate and endless negotiations.—Not peace to arise out of universal discord, fomented on principle in all parts of the empire. Not peace to depend on the juridical determination of perplexing questions; or the precise marking the shadowy boundaries of a complex government.—It is simple peace, sought in its natural course, and in its ordinary haunts. It is peace, sought in the spirit of peace. * * * * Refined policy ever has been the parent of confusion, and ever will be, so long as the world endures. Plain good intention, which is as easily discovered at the first view as fraud is surely detected at last, is of no mean force in governing mankind.—Genuine simplicity of heart is a healing and cementing principle. * * * * Great and acknowledged force is not impaired in either effect or opinion by an unwillingness to exert itself. The superior power may offer peace with honour and with safety. Such an offer, from such a power, will be attributed to magnanimity. But the concessions of the weak are the concessions of fear. When such a one is disarmed, he is wholly at the mercy of his superior, and he loses for ever that time and those chances, which, as they happen to all men, are the strength and resources of all inferior power. * * * I look on force, not only as an odious, but a feeble instrument, for preserving a people so numerous, so growing, and so spirited as this, in a profitable and subordinate connexion. First, the use of force alone is but *temporary*. It may subdue for a moment, but it does not remove the necessity of subduing again. A nation is not governed, which is perpetually to be conquered. My next objection is its *uncertainty*. Terror is not always the effect of force, and an armament is not a victory. If you do not succeed, you are without resource. For, conciliation failing, force remains; but force failing, no further hope of conciliation is left. Power and authority are sometimes bought by kindness; but they can never be begged as alms, by an impoverished and defeated violence. A further objection to force is, that you *impair the object* by your very endeavours to preserve it. The thing you fought for is not the thing which you recover; but depreciated, sunk, wasted, and consumed in the contest."

His remark on the state of society in the Southern Provinces of America, unquestionably true as it is, may give some insight into the grounds of their present dispute with the Northern, and of that original and native difference which must end in national struggle. "In Virginia and the Carolinas, they have a vast multitude of slaves. Where this is the case in any part of the world, those who are free, are by far the most proud and jealous of their freedom.—Freedom to them is not only an enjoyment, but a kind of rank and privilege. Not seeing there that freedom, as in countries where it is a common blessing, and as broad and general as the air, may be united with much abject toil, with great misery, with all the exterior of servitude, Liberty looks among them, like something more noble and liberal. I do not mean to commend the superior morality of this sentiment, which has at least as much pride as virtue in it; but I cannot alter the nature of man. The fact is so; and the people of the Southern Colonies are much more strongly, and with a higher and more stubborn spirit, attached to Liberty, than those to the Northward. Such were all the ancient commonwealths; such were our Gothic ancestors; such in our days were the Poles; and such will be all masters of slaves, who are not slaves themselves. In such a people, the haughtiness of domination combines with the spirit of freedom, fortifies it, and renders it invincible."

His eloquent observation on the general taste for legal studies which predominated in America, is true to fact and nature. "When great honours and great emoluments do not win over this knowledge to the service of the state, it is a formidable adversary to the government. *Abeunt studia in mores.* This study renders men acute, inquisitive, dexterous, prompt in attack, ready in defence, full of resources. In other countries, the people, more simple and of a less mercurial cast, judge of an ill principle in government only by an actual grievance; here they anticipate the evil and judge of the pressure of the grievance by the badness of the principle. They augur misgovernment at a distance, and snuff the approach of tyranny in every tainted breeze." * * * "Three thousand miles of ocean lie between you and the colonies. No contrivance can prevent the effect of this distance in weakening government. Seas roll and months pass between the order and the execution. And the want of a speedy explanation of a single point is enough to defeat a whole system. You have indeed winged Ministers of vengeance, who carry your bolts in

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their pounces to the uttermost verge of the sea. But there a power steps in, which limits the arrogance of raging passions and furious elements, and says, 'So far shalt thou go, and no further!' Who are you that should fret and rage, and bite the chains of nature?"

His anticipation of the results that must yet follow from the extension of the colonies, through the western lands of America, is probably not far from its fulfilment, though the sea-shore States have abandoned their allegiance. "You cannot station garrisons in every part of those deserts. If you drive the people from one place, they will carry on their annual tillage, and remove with their flocks and herds to another. Many of the people in back settlements are already little attached to particular situations. Already they have topped the Apalachian mountains. Thence they behold before them an immense plain, one vast rich level meadow, a square of five hundred miles. Over this they would wander without a possibility of restraint; they would change their manners with their habits of life; would soon forget a government by which they were disowned; would become hordes of English Tartars, and pouring down upon your frontiers a fierce and irresistible cavalry, become masters of your governors and counsellors, your collectors and comptrollers, and of all the slaves that adhered to them. Such would, and in no long time must be, the effect of attempting to forbid as a crime, and to suppress as an evil, the command and blessing of Providence, increase and multiply."

Towards the close of this great performance, he lays down the principle, (so adverse to that of the enthusiasts for new constitutions,) that in all things, even in freedom, we must consider the price, and settle with ourselves how far we may be satisfied with what is attainable. "Although there are some among us who think our constitution wants many improvements to make it a complete system of liberty, perhaps none who are of that opinion would think it right to aim at such improvement by disturbing his country, and risking every thing that is dear to him. In every arduous enterprise we consider what we are to lose, as well as what we are to gain; and the more and better stake of liberty every people possesses, the less they will hazard in a vain attempt to make it more. These are *the words of a man.* Man acts from adequate motives relative to his interest, and not on metaphysical speculations.—Aristotle, the great master of reasoning, cautions us, and with great weight and propriety, against this species of delusive geometrical accuracy in moral arguments, as the most fallacious of all sophistry."

In these fragments the object has been exclusively to extract the maxims of political truth.—The passages of oratorical beauty have been passed by; among the rest, that bold apostrophe to old Lord Bathurst on the progress of the Colonies to maturity within his lifetime, and the nervous description of the early vigour of their commercial and maritime pursuits. These are probably familiar to the lovers of English eloquence. But every portion of the speech abounds with noble illustrations, and lavish command of classic language. In allusion to the undoubted fact, that the true way to secure a revenue is to begin, not by fiscal regulations, but by making the people masters of their own wealth, he suddenly starts from the simplest form of the statement, into various and luminous figures. "What, says the financier, is peace to us, without money.—Your plan gives us no revenue. Yes, but it does, for it secures to the subject the power of refusal, the first of all revenues. Experience is a cheat, and fact a liar, if this power in the subject of proportioning his grant, or of not granting at all, has not been found the richest mine of revenue ever discovered by the skill or the fortune of man. It does not indeed vote you any paltry, or limited sum. But it gives the strong box itself, the fund, the bank, from which only revenues can arise among a people sensible of freedom. *Posita luditur arca.* Most may be taken where most is accumulated. And what is the soil or climate where experience has not uniformly proved, that the voluntary flow of heaped up plenty, bursting from the weight of its own luxuriance, has ever run with a more copious stream of revenue, than could be squeezed from the dry husks of oppressed indigence by the straining of all the political machinery in the world?"

During this anxious period, while all the elements of public life were darkening, and the tempest which began in America threatened to make its round of the whole European horizon, Burke found leisure and buoyancy of spirit for the full enjoyment of society. He was still the universal favourite. Even Johnson, adverse as he was to him in politics, and accustomed to treat all adversaries, on all occasions, with rough contempt or angry sarcasm, smoothed down his mane, and drew in his talons in the presence of Burke. On one occasion, when Goldsmith, in his vague style, talked of the impossibility of living in intimacy with a person having a different opinion on any prominent topic, Johnson rebuked him as usual. "Why, no, Sir. You must only shun the subject on which you disagree. For instance, I can live very well with Burke. I love his knowledge, his genius, his diffusion and affluence of conversation. But I would not talk to him of the Rockingham party."

In his reserve upon this topic, Johnson probably meant to exhibit more kindness than met the ear, for the Rockingham party had become the tender point of Burke's public feelings. That party had been originally driven to take refuge under its nominal leader, by the mere temptation of high Whig title, hereditary rank, and large fortune. But the Marquis had been found inefficient or unlucky, and his parliamentary weight diminished day by day. Burke still fought, kept actual ruin at a distance, and signalized himself by all the vigour, zeal, and enterprise of an invincible debater. But nothing could resist the force of circumstances; the party must change

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its leader, or give up its arms. In this emergency, the Marquis proposed a total secession from Parliament. To this proposal Burke, with due submission, gave way, but accompanied his acquiescence with a letter, in which, in stating his reasons for retreat, he so strikingly stated the reasons for the contrary, that the Marquis changed his opinion at once; and the field was retained for a new trial of fortune. Burke's impression, doubtless, was, that nothing is capable of being gained, though every thing may be lost, by giving up the contest; that nothing is sooner forgotten than the public man who is no longer before the public eye; and that, whatever the nation may discover in vigorous resistance, it will never discover courage in flight, or wisdom in despair.

His opinion on this point was touched on in a subsequent conversation with his friend Sir Joshua Reynolds. "Mr. Burke, I do not mean to flatter," said Sir Joshua, "but when posterity reads one of your speeches in Parlament, it will be difficult to believe that you took so much pains, knowing with certainty that it could produce no effect—that not one vote would be gained by it."

"Waiving your compliment to me," was the reply, "I shall say, in general, that it is very well worth while for a man to take pains to speak well in Parliament. A man who has vanity speaks to display his talents. And if a man speaks well, he gradually establishes a certain reputation and consequence in the general opinion, which sooner or later will have its political reward. Besides, though not one vote is gained, a good speech has its effect. Though an act which has been ably opposed passes into a law, yet in its progress it is modelled, it is softened in such a manner, that we see plainly the Minister has been told that the members attached to him are so sensible of its injustice or absurdity from what they have heard, that it must be altered."

He again observed,—"There are many members who generally go with the Minister, who will not go all lengths. There are many honest, well-meaning country gentlemen, who are in Parliament only to keep up the consequence of their families. Upon most of those a good speech will have influence."

"What," asked Sir Joshua, "would be the result, if a Minister, secure of a majority, were to resolve that there should be no speaking on his side?" Burke answered, "he must soon go out. The plan has been tried already, but it was found it would not do."

In the midst of the more important matters of debate, his natural good humour often relieved the gravity of the house. His half-vexed, half-sportive remark on the speech of David Hartley, the member for Hull, an honest man, but a dreary orator, was long remembered. Burke had come, intending to speak to a motion on American affairs to be brought forward by the member for Hull. But that gentleman's style rapidly thinned the benches. At length, when the House was almost a desert, he called for the reading of the Riot Act, to support some of his arguments. Burke's impatience could be restrained no longer, and under the double vexation of seeing the motion ruined, and his own speech likely to be thrown away for want of an audience, he started up, almost instinctively, exclaiming, "The Riot Act, the Riot Act! for what? does not my honourable friend see that he has dispersed the mob already?"

His exertions on the American question naturally brought him into intercourse with the principal persons connected with the subject. He corresponded with General Lee, a man of some acquirements, but of remarkable eccentricity, if not nearly insane. Lee afterwards took service in the American army, where he soon quarrelled with his superiors as much as at home; and found as little to reconcile his weak and giddy understanding and worthless heart, in republicanism as in monarchy. Some intercourse with Franklin was the natural result of his position in the House. But Franklin at that time was not the revolter that he afterwards became. He called upon Burke the day before he took his final leave of London, in 1775, and had a long interview with him. On this occasion Franklin expressed great regret for the calamities which he viewed as the consequence of the ministerial determinations; professing, that nothing could give him more pain than the separation of the colonies from the mother-country; that America had enjoyed many happy days under her rule, and that he never expected to see such again! How much of this was sincere, the character of the speaker justifies suspicion. Cold, worldly, and jealous, Franklin hated England for her prosperity. And this feeling had broken out on the most accidental occasions. One day visiting the source of the Thames, he exclaimed, "And is it this narrow stream that is to have dominion over a country that contains the Hudson and the Ohio?" On leaving the Privy-Council, where he had been examined and taken to task by Wedderburne the Attorney-General, he murmured in the bitterness of personal revenge, "For this I will make your King a little king." This was not the language of a peace-maker. His language to Burke was naturally the tale of a client to his counsel, anxious to leave a favourable impression behind him, giving the wrong the air of right, and facing rebellion with the best colour. The Americans still panegyrise this man. His known skill makes the standing figure of those swelling and schoolboy productions, the fourth of July speeches, the annual elaborate abortion of Republican eloquence. But whatever they may do with his name, they should abjure his spirit. To Franklin and to his doctrine of money-getting, his substitution of the mere business of amassing for the generous and natural uses of wealth, his turning the American into a mere calculator of profit and loss, and America into a huge counting house, is due a

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vast portion of every evil belonging to the character of her people, and every convulsion that so inevitably threatens her government. The sooner they lay his maxims and his memory in the grave together, the better for the national chance of honour. The spirit of a pedlar ought not to preside over the councils of a great people. The Americans may erect his statue in their Temple of Mammon, if they will; but they must close the temple, and embrace a loftier worship, before they can be worthy of the renown of their ancestors, or be fitting trustees of the virtues to their posterity

We once more look to Burke for wisdom. At the moment when these pages are passing through the press, the affairs of Ireland are engrossing the public attention. Among others of those *violent palliatives*, which have in them all the nature of poisons, is an absentee-tax. The proposition is not new, for the spirit is not new that makes it. It is the characteristic of Ireland, that every succeeding age of her history is a counterpart of the preceding. Other nations advance, make progress, and, leaving their follies and their prejudices behind them, push on in the great general highway of European knowledge and prosperity. But to Ireland this progress is forbidden by an influence, that the wisest and boldest of her minds has never been able to overthrow. A fierce superstition has bound the chain upon her, and she now can but range the length of its links. Every salient step, every natural impulse of health and vigour, but acts as a new memento of the fetter that checks it instantly, and the first consciousness of freedom is made but to impress a keener consciousness of the bond. Ireland, whether weary or fresh for labour, whether exhausted by her efforts for or against legitimate government, still struggles within the same limit, still finds her foot rounding the same narrow track of thorns and blood. The evil of the land is Popery, which has been the evil of every land where it first invaded law, freedom, and religion. The Parliament of England can do nothing in the distemper. The root of the public hazard is not to be reached by the feeble handling of men accustomed only to the slight derangements of the national health on this side of the Channel. Ireland must be unhappy, convulsed, and criminal, until, by either the energy of man, or the mercy of God, Popery is extinguished in the land: Till that time comes, national peace is utterly hopeless. The labours of English Senates will be thrown away. Insubordination will be the established lord of Ireland, until England herself may begin to feel the result, in the transmission of tumults to her own shores. The pestilence will come on the tainted gale. The example of a successful defiance of authority within sight of her walls, will not be always lost on her domestic traitors. The watchwords of Popish Rebellion will find their echo among that crowd of bitter and livid sectarianism, which at this hour hates the crown as much as it does the mitre; and under cover of the smoke that comes rolling from the conflagration of the Church in Ireland, a furious and final assault may be made upon the throne.

Burke's conceptions of the utter impolicy of an absentee tax, which had been proposed by Mr. Flood, then at the head of opposition in Ireland, and was acquiesced in by the Ministry of 1773, were given in a letter to Sir Charles Bingham. From this we select a few sentences of the argument:—"I look upon this projected tax in a very evil light. I think it is not advisable;—I am sure it is not necessary. And, as it is not a mere matter of defiance, but involves a political question of much importance, I consider the principle and precedent as far worse than the thing itself. * * * * * In the first place, it strikes at the power of this country; in the end, at the union of the whole empire. I do not mean to express any thing invidious concerning the superintending authority of Great Britain. But, if it be true, that the several bodies which make up this complicated mass, are to be preserved as one empire, an authority sufficient to preserve this unity, and by its equal weight and pressure to consolidate the various parts, must reside somewhere, and that somewhere can be only in England. * * * * * A free communication by *discretionary* residence is necessary to all the other purposes of communication. * * * * * If men may be disabled from following their suits here, they may be thus taxed into a denial of justice. A tax of two shillings may not do it; but the principle implies it. They who restrain may prohibit. They who may impose two shillings in the pound, may impose ten. And those who condition the tax to six months' annual absence, may carry that condition to six weeks, or to six days, and thereby totally defeat the means which have been provided for extensive and impartial justice. * * * * * What is taxing a resort to, and residence in, any place, but declaring that your connexion with that place is a grievance? Is not such an Irish tax a virtual declaration that England is a *foreign country*; and a renunciation of the principle of *common naturalization*, which runs through the whole empire? * * * * * I can easily conceive, that a citizen of Dublin, who looks no further than his counter, may think that Ireland will be repaid for such a loss by any small diminution of taxes, or any increase in the circulation of money, that may be laid out in the purchase of claret or groceries in his corporation. But I cannot think that any educated man, any man who looks with an enlightened eye on the interests of Ireland, can believe that it is not highly for the advantage of Ireland, that this Parliament, which, whether right or wrong, will make some laws to bind Ireland, should have some persons in it, who, by connexion, by property, or by early prepossessions, are attached to the welfare of the country. * * * There is another matter in the tax that contradicts a very great principle necessary for preserving the union of the various parts of

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the State; because it does, in effect, discountenance intermarriage and mutual inheritance;—things that bind countries more closely together than any laws or constitutions whatsoever. Is it right, that a woman who marries into Ireland, and perhaps well purchases her jointure or her dower there, should not, after her husband's death, have it in her choice to return to her country and her friends without being taxed for it? Or, if an Irish heiress should marry into an English family, and that great property in both countries should thereby come to be united in the common issue; shall the descendant of that marriage abandon his natural connexions, his family interests, his public and private duties, and be compelled to take up his residence in Ireland? Is there any sense or justice in it, unless you affirm that there should be no such intermarriage, and no such natural inheritance? Is there a shadow of reason, that, because a Lord Buckingham, a Duke of Devonshire, a Sir George Saville, possess property in Ireland, which has descended to them without any act of theirs, they should abandon their duty in Parliament, and spend their winters in Dublin? or, having spent the session in Westminster, must they abandon their seats, and all their family interests, in Yorkshire and Derbyshire, and pass the rest of the year in Wicklow, Cork or Tyrone? * * * But a man may have property in more parts of the Empire. He may have property in Jamaica, as well as in England or Ireland. I know some who have property in all of them. Suppose this poor distracted citizen of the whole Empire, providing (if the nature of the laws will admit of it,) a flying camp, and dividing his year, as well as he can, between England and Ireland, and at the charge of two town houses, and two country houses in both kingdoms. In this situation he receives an account that a law is transmitted from Jamaica to tax absentees from that province, which is impoverished by the European residence of the possessors of their lands. How is he to escape this *ricochet* of cross-firing of so many opposite batteries of notice and regulation? If he comply, he is more likely to be a citizen of the Atlantic Ocean and Irish Sea, than of either of the countries."

He then closely follows the argument into the case of minors sent to English schools or colleges; of law students sent to English Inns of Court; of people forced by infirmity to change their residence; of persons of embarrassed fortunes, who retired in order to retrench, and asks, Are such fit objects of a tax? "You begin to burthen those people precisely at the time when their circumstances of health and fortune render them objects of relief and commiseration."

To those powerful reasons might be added the obvious ones. That an absentee tax would be a virtual prohibition of all English money in the purchase of lands in Ireland; for, who would buy where he was to pay an additional tax for his purchase? Thus the value of every acre in Ireland would be instantly sunk. A still more striking reason against an absentee tax would be the almost total impossibility of raising it, in any instance where the the landed owner was disinclined to assist the collection. Was the tax to be contingent on a six months' absence from the country? Is there to be a register of the goings in and out of every man? Or is an army of spies to be employed to trace gentlemen to their dwellings? Or is *every* owner of property (for the law must comprehend every man capable of absenting himself, for whatever cause,) to be compelled to make a return of his presence every six months to Government? Or is residence to imply the abiding of the *whole* family in the country, or of a part, or of the head of the family alone? In the former instances, who is to ascertain whether the requisite *number* of the family constantly reside? Or if the residence of the head of the house be satisfactory, how is the residence of a solitary and doubtless a highly discontented resident, who sends off his rental to support the expenditure or amusements of his family in Bath or London? Or, does not the whole conception imply a scandalous, vexatious, and expensive espionage? Or if not the landholder but his rents are to be the object, what is to intercept the transmission of money to any part of the earth? This part of the conception would imply an impossibility. A few men of large fortunes, and constantly residing in England, a Marquis of Lansdowne, or a Duke of Devonshire, may be mulcted for the crimes of their ancestors in paying their money for Irish estates, and not being able to be in Ireland and England at the same time. But the great multitude against whom the act was especially leveled would especially elude it. The crowd, whom in bitterness much more than impolicy the levellers would wish to fine for enjoying themselves for a year or two in any other portion of the earth than Ireland, and preferring Brighton and Cheltenham to a visit from Captain Rock, or an assassination at their own doors, would unquestionably evade the statute, and leave nothing for its advocates but fruitless declamation and expense thrown away. In 1773, though the measure had already received the sanction of Ministers, the embarrassments of its practical operation, and the probably interested and factious motives of its proposers, were so strongly suggested, that the project was suppressed.

We now draw to the close of one of the epochs of this great man's public career. He was still under the obligations of a party. The American question was fastened on him by the hands of others, and he dragged it on with a vigour that redeemed his pledge of fidelity. He persevered to the last moment, while there was a hope of reconciling the countries, and supported his repeated proposals with an enthusiasm of eloquence which held the House in perpetual astonishment. A speech in which he denounced the employment of the Indian savages, as an aggravation of the horrors of war, is said to have produced effects unequalled by any effort of modern times. Of

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this speech there is no record, further than its impression on the House. On its close, Colonel Barre started up, and declared, that if it were but published, he would have it nailed up on every church-door in the kingdom, by the side of the proclamation for the General Fast. Sir George Saville pronounced in all quarters, that "he who had not been present on that night, had not witnessed the greatest triumph of eloquence within memory." Governor Johnstone solemnly averred, that "it was fortunate for the noble Lords on the Treasury Bench, North and Germain, that there were no strangers present, (the gallery having been cleared,) as their indignation would have roused the people in the streets to tear them in pieces on their way home."

But an event altogether unconnected with the labours of the British Parliament, suddenly brought the contests of party to a close. America formed an alliance with France. The war suddenly became hazardous on the only side which ever threatens the British Empire with danger. From this period success evidently became too dear for the price that it might be politic in England to pay. Opposition was probably not less startled by this event than Ministers. If party ever feels, it felt then, and regretted the work of its own hands. The declaration of Colonial independence was received by the antagonists of Administration with unequivocal surprise, perhaps with bitter regret. "We must take it," was their language; "but it is not a matter of choice, but of hard and overpowering necessity." Burke declared, that "it made him sick at heart, that it struck him to the soul, that he felt the claim to be essentially injurious to Great Britain, and one of which she could never get rid. No, never, never, never! It was not to be thought that *he* wished for the independence of America. Far from it. He felt it a circumstance exceedingly detrimental to the fame, and exceedingly detrimental to the interests of his country." Lord Chatham was equally full of eloquent remorse: He exclaimed, that "he could never bring himself to admit the independence of the Colonies; that the hand which signed the concession might as well rend the jewels from the British Crown at once; that the sun of England would go down, never to rise again." Such is the sincerity of party, and such sometimes its punishment. Those great men had laboured for years to pull down the supremacy which they loved, to raise up a revolt to the rank of triumph, and give the loose and desultory efforts of popular ambition the form and consistency of Empire. But while they contemplated nothing beyond the overthrow of the Minister, they found that their weapons had passed through his shield, and struck into the bosom of their country. Yet the whole question was destined to expose the short-sightedness, not less than the passions of party. The blows struck at the grandeur of England were quickly healed. The separation of the Colonies was found to be the separation of a branch from a monarch of the forest, which soon more than recovered the loss in its statelier strength and loftier luxuriance. In a few years the growth of the Colonies would have been a fatal appendage to England: the mere patronage of their offices must have made the Minister superior to the Constitution. The two countries might have still clung together, but it would be no longer an union of strength, but a common consent in corruption. But the arrear of evil must be paid at last, and the connexion would be severed, and the crimes punished by some fatal violence, some fearful explosion, which might have left of both nothing but ruins.

But those were the errors of party, not of Burke; of his noviciate, not of his head or his heart; of his allegiance to a political superior, not of his genius, acting on his ripened knowledge of the interests of the Empire.

It is remarkable that as he gradually extricated himself from the bonds of party, he became not merely a freer, but a more enlightened statesman. While he continued in the ranks of the Rockingham party, nothing but the extraordinary merits of his public speaking could rescue him from the general cloud which gathered on the fame of Opposition. Further, in the second stage of his political career, he steered side by side with Fox; his rank as a patriot was still partially obscured, and his public services were narrowed, wasted, and humiliated by the conjunction. But his time was to come. For sincerity there is always a triumph at last. It was when he hoisted his flag alone, when he steered aloof from party, when abandoning the creeks and shallows of personal policy, he boldly followed the impulse of his own great mind, and made the cause of England his guiding star, that his true character became visible, and he achieved the whole splendour of that fame, which, from his tomb, still lightens on his country.

From the Quarterly Review.

The Dramatic Works and Poems of James Shirley, now first collected. With Notes by the late William Gifford, Esq. And additional Notes, and some Account of Shirley and his Writings, by the Rev. Alexander Dyce. 6 vols. London, 1832.

Shirley at length takes his place among the poets of England. His collected works are, for the first time, within the reach of the common reader. A few years ago these volumes would have excited more general interest, and stood a chance of more extensive popularity. The admiration of our older dramatists was then at its height. The wonder and delight raised by a vein of poetry so rich and so deep, almost suddenly disclosed, tempted the public mind to imagine that its wealth was inexhaustible, and, in the fresh ardour of enthusiasm, it refused to suspect that much dross might be mingled with the precious metal. The strong excitement, in those days, perpetually administered by modern poetry, kept the popular taste in a state prepared, and

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wrought up, as it were, to receive with pleasure the force, the passionate vehemence, the splendid imagery of our ancient theatre. Most of the successful poets then living were professed admirers, some avowed imitators, of the Elizabethan dramatists. They seemed to demand, and obtained a favourable hearing for their masters in the art.

If latterly this ardour of the public mind has sunk into comparative apathy, and its curiosity languished into indifference, we are not inclined altogether to ascribe this defection from the objects of brief idolatry to its general inconsistency:—the blame must be borne, at least in an equal share, by the injudicious panegyrists of our older poets. Of these some had but a cold, an antiquarian, or a bibliomaniac passion for these neglected writers—they loved, not their invention, their poetry, their character, but their rarity; their admiration rose and fell, not with the kindling of their imagination, or the thrilling of their inmost heart, but with the anxiously-watched vibrations of Mr. Southeby's or Mr. Evans's hammer; their principles of taste were on the margin of a Roxburghe catalogue—and inestimable *must be* the merit of that drama which was not to be found in the Malone or the Garrick collection. But this was innocent in comparison with the patronage of another class, by which the older dramatists were incumbered. These were a certain race of writers with little knowledge of the ancient drama, and less discrimination as to its real excellencies—professed admirers of poetry, but egregious admirers of themselves—who seizing upon these slumbering worthies, as subjects for showy and epigrammatic essays, in which the public attention was invited, less to the long-neglected genius of the *dead*, than to the profound and original principles of taste developed by the living. Some of them took possession of the ground, as it were, by a pretended right of discovery; and it became an object of competition to force into notice some name, whose merit had been a secret even to the initiated. In the meantime the authority of the more sound and judicious admirers of the old drama, such as the late Mr. Gifford and Mr. Lamb—(men, perhaps, as opposite in the character of their minds, as two so highly gifted and accomplished could be, but who met upon this common ground)—their ripe and sober judgment was overborne by the louder and more extravagant praises lavished with equal profusion upon the humbler and the better part of this remarkable school. The reaction took place; the public taste, wearied with these incessant demands on its approbation—unable to admire in the mass, as it was authoritatively required to do, that which, in most cases, is only excellent in particular passages; neither inclined, nor scarcely permitted, to make the necessary allowance for the difference of manners, or for the irregularities of writers, who, if the most vigorous, amusing, and various, are, unquestionably, the most unequal—gradually fell off in its encouragement, and left the field to those whose not less fervent, though more discriminating love of our older poetry, maintained its fidelity. These, as they had been earlier, so they were more lasting votaries; as uninfluenced by the excitement, so superior to the capriciousness of popular admiration.

In the meantime great advantages had been derived from the impulse given to the public taste. Excellent editions of the better, and even some of the inferior, of these old poets had been published. Men who, like Mr. Collier and Mr. Dyce, united the patient industry of the antiquarian with a real, yet chastened feeling for the beauties of their authors, have continued to work on with unwearied assiduity, though with less hope of reward from the general interest in their studies. The present edition of Shirley, commenced, and almost finished, as to the collection and the arrangement of the plays, by Mr. Gifford, and now completed by the addition of the poems, and a life, by Mr. Dyce, closes that prolific but brilliant series of our dramatic authors, without which no library, which pretends to comprehend the more valuable body of English poetic literature, can be considered perfect.

Shirley was the 'last minstrel' of the English stage. In him expired what may be properly called the school of Shakspeare. Like our northern poet's 'last of all the bards,' or, as he was called by one of his contemporaries, 'the last supporter of the dying scene,' after enjoying some years of fame and popularity, Shirley found himself fallen upon an ungenial time, on days in which his art could obtain but little audience. Before his career was half run, his occupation was proscribed; and at the Restoration, the lineal descendant of Fletcher and Massinger saw a new art take possession of the stage. He was a stranger among the race of poets who sprung up around him—he belonged to another age; some of his plays, as well as those of his great masters, Shakspeare and Fletcher, were indeed revived, but the rhyming heroic tragedy, and the profligate comedy of intrigue, were in the ascendant—and Shirley stood aloof. Conscious, as it were, that he belonged to a departed generation, that he had nothing in common with the popular playwrights of the modern era, he refused to become a pupil in the new, the degenerate school, and thus to form, as he might, the link between the romantic and that which called itself the heroic drama. Hence the civil wars draw a complete line of demarcation between two periods of dramatic art.

Even if it had not thus come to a violent end, the Shakspearian drama might have yielded to that more slow and secret principle of change which seems to operate upon taste, as upon everything else connected with our moral state; at this period, however, its fate was inevitable. Unless the drama could have taken higher ground—unless, from an amusement it could have become a political power—an engine by which one of the conflicting parties could strongly

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work upon the opinions of men, it could not but become extinct. Even Shakspeare himself, in such days of tumult and fierce collision, would scarcely have commanded a hearing. It needed not the ponderous anathema of Prynne, nor the stern edict of the Puritanical Parliament, to wean the popular taste from that languishing stage, which, for its few last years, was only supported as a faithful adherent of royalty, by the more indolent and careless cavaliers. The public mind was too serious for diversion; a real tragic drama was now darkening over the kingdom, and its still-impending catastrophe held the whole nation in breathless suspense. Characters were developing, in more striking and vivid colours than Shakspeare himself could have drawn; incidents, which had all the strange and stirring novelty of the boldest fiction, with the tremendous force of truth, were coming home to the hearths, to the bosoms of men. What, at such a time, was 'the fiction, the dream of passion?'

'What's Hecuba to him, or he to Hecuba?'

Who would go to witness the imaginary 'Politician' of the dramatist, when he might watch the unravelling of the great plot in either House of Parliament? who listen to the hired actor at the Globe or the Cockpit, when he could see the Pyms and the Hampdens, the Hydes and the Falklands on that spirit-stirring stage? Even the apprentices had more animating work than in the galleries of the theatres, in themselves learning to take a part, by hooting down bishops, or malignants, in the tragedies of the day, and accelerating the last scene of Strafford, or of Charles.* Even the pulpits would drain away the few lingering votaries from the sock and buskin, not merely by their stern maledictions on the sin of stage-playing, but by ministering themselves still stronger excitement. They dealt more largely, more effectively, in tragic terrors; they were not sparing even in comic buffoonery;—they no longer dwelt, in their high, and solemn, and serene, and unworldly dignity, upon the eternal interests of man; they appealed to earthly passions;—they addressed themselves to the personal, to the immediate hopes and fears; the eventful present occupied all minds far more than the remote and mysterious future. It was another form in which the same great political drama was developed, and absorbed all less real, all fictitious interest; men's passions were in too vehement and tumultuous a state during every hour of the day, and at every occupation, whether religious or political, to be purged and softened, according to the advice of the old Greek critic, by the imaginary terror and pity of poetic representations.

The life of Shirley is perversely enough as obscure as that of most of his poetic fraternity. It appears to have been far from unfertile of incidents, but those incidents are unconnected, and unexplained by any knowledge of his private feelings or personal character. His poems, though sufficiently explicit upon his political sentiments, betray little of the workings of his mind, or of his moral temperament. To the meagre and unsatisfactory outline of Antony Wood, we know that Mr. Gifford despaired of adding anything of value; and where the diligent research and extensive knowledge of Mr. Dyce are found at fault, we can scarcely hope, unless new and, at present, unaccessible sources of information should be unexpectedly opened, that anything further will be gleaned to throw light on his personal history. Yet, living at such a period, it would have been singularly interesting to have traced the personal feelings and opinions of a man of genius in his peculiar situation, who, from a clergyman of the Protestant church, became a Roman Catholic; then a popular writer for the stage; who lived on terms of intimate friendship with most of the literary characters of his day, shared in the patronage of Strafford, was a personal follower of Newcastle; sank again, in the troublous times, to his old employment of a schoolmaster, and finally, became a fellow drudge with Ogilvy, and with him was exposed to the ignominious immortality of Dryden's satire.

James Shirley was descended from a family of good name, who had ancient manors both in Sussex and Warwickshire. He was born in 1596, in the parish of St. Mary Woolnoth, London. He was educated at Merchant Taylors' School, and went from thence to St. John's College, Oxford. Laud, then the head of that society, and already an ecclesiastical Martinet, is said, though he admired the talents of Shirley, to have considered him disqualified for the clerical profession by—a mole on his cheek. Mr. Dyce quotes a whimsical improvement of this anecdote from 'Cibber's Lives of the Poets':—

'Shirley had unfortunately a large mole upon his left cheek, which much disfigured him, and gave him a forbidding appearance. Laud observed very justly, that an audience can scarcely help conceiving a prejudice against a man whose appearance shocks them, and were he to preach with the tongue of an angel, that prejudice could never be surmounted; besides the danger of women with child fixing their eyes on him in the pulpit; and as the imagination of pregnant women has strange influence on the unborn infants, it is somewhat

* Thomas May, himself once no unsuccessful votary of the prohibited stage, but now a fiery partizan of the parliament, whose historian he became, thus addresses Shirley:—

'Although thou want the theatre's applause,
Which now is fitly silenced by the laws,
Since these sad times that civil swords did rage
And make three kingdoms the lamented stage
Of real tragedies'—

He concludes, in a high strain of compliment, which shows the estimation in which our poet was held in his own day:—

'All Muses are not guiltless; but such strains
As thine deserve, if I may verdict give,
In sober, chaste, and learned times to live.'

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cruel to expose them to the danger, and by these means do them great injury, as one's fortunes, in some measure, depend upon external comeliness.'

If these were Laud's motives, other dignitaries of the church were not equally sensitive as to personal appearance, nor so provident of the beauty of unborn generations, for Shirley, having graduated at Catherine Hall, Cambridge, entered into orders, and obtained a living in or near St. Alban's. But 'the sweet sin' of poetry had already captivated the imagination, and no doubt interfered with the professional studies of the young divine; he had already ventured on the press: his first work was a poem, called 'Echo, or the Unfortunate Lovers.' His mind, as was too common in those days of fierce religious strife, became unsettled, and more, of course, under the influence of imagination than of reason, he embraced the Roman Catholic religion, to which he afterwards adhered with fidelity. Of course he had made up his mind to forfeit his benefice, and for his livelihood, he submitted, for a short time, to the drudgery of teacher to a grammar-school in St. Alban's. But the neighbourhood of the metropolis opened brighter prospects to a man of poetic talent. Perhaps while yet in his humble situation he had made his first attempt on the stage with 'Love's Tricks.' This comedy, though with little originality or power, yet from its liveliness, and its strokes of satire at some of the follies, the affected language, and ridiculous accomplishments of the day, seems to have met with success, and probably determined at once the future destination of Shirley.

He had protested in his prologue, and at the time, perhaps, in perfect sincerity—

> 'This play is
> The first fruits of a muse, that before this
> Never saluted audience, nor doth mean
> To swear herself a factor for the scene.'

But, supposing, no doubt, that at poets', as well as 'at lovers' perjuries Jove laughs,' his ambition soon soared beyond drilling the accidence into the little boys of St. Alban's:—he chose, if the more precarious, the more pleasant and lucrative employment of ministering to the delight and sharing in the favour of a splendid court and an opulent city. In the downright words of old Wood, he 'retired to the metropolis, lived in Gray's Inn, and set up for a play-maker.' The halcyon days of the stage were not yet over; the dark times to which we have alluded did not yet even 'cast their shadows before.' For several years the prolific invention of Shirley poured forth dramas in quick and unfailing succession; he appears to have lived on terms of intimacy with many of his brother poets—to have been universally esteemed for his gentle manners and amiable disposition; real respect for the blamelessness of his morals may be traced even through the flattering language of commendatory verses. Though his printed plays are by no means free from the vice of the age, coarse and indelicate allusions, yet in his later dramas he is far less offensive, and by the master of the revels, he is quoted as a pattern of 'a more beneficial and cleanly way of poetry.' 'The comedy called The Young Admiral, being free from oaths, prophaneness, or obsceaness, hath given mee much delight and satisfaction in the readinge, and may serve for a patterne to other poetts, not only for the bettring of manners and language, but for the improvement of the quality, which hath received some brushings of late.'* Such is part of an entry in the office-book of Sir Henry Herbert, who latterly seems to have turned somewhat of 'a precisian.'

Shirley was twice married, and had several children, but of the birth or quality of his two wives we know nothing, though Mr. Dyce conjectures that the first was a lady, whom he addressed in many poems, written in the conceited and metaphysical style of the day, under the name of Odelia. 'He gained,' says Wood, 'not only a considerable livelihood, but also great respect and encouragement from persons of quality, especially from Henrietta Maria, the queen consort, who made him her servant.' It appears, however, that he failed in improving the opportunities of advancement which such patronage afforded. 'I never,' he observes, 'affected the ways of flattery; some say, I have lost my preferment by not practising that court sin.' His broad and humorous song on the birth of Charles II., considering the adulation usually poured forth on such events, will scarcely impeach his sinlessness on this head.

Probably something of a chivalrous feeling of indignation at the insult supposed to be offered to Henrietta Maria by Prynne in his 'Histriomastix' embittered the fierce irony with which he dedicated his 'Bird in a Cage' to the Puritan in prison:—

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* Mr. Dyce quotes another curious passage from this document: it appears that the players were apt 'to speak more than was set down for them,' and to interpolate oaths and other offensive expressions, the blame of which fell upon the innocent licenser of the plays. This led to a delicate question. 'The kinge is pleased to take *faith*, *death*, *slight*, for asseverations, and no oathe—as to which I doe humbly submit to my master's judgment; but under favour conceive them to be oaths, and enter them here, to declare my opinion and submission.' This will remind the reader of a scene in the 'Spiritual Quixote,' or of a still more recent farce enacted in the Committee-room of the House of Commons—where a part of the great legislative council of this nation were gravely employed in ascertaining from the elderly *Grisner*, who, we presume, upon the same principle on which the famous Barrington was made a judge in New South Wales, has been selected to watch over the morals of the drama, his opinions on the propriety of calling a woman an angel, and other equally deep points of doctrine!

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'The fame of your candour and innocent love to learning, especially to that musical part of humane knowledge, poetry, and in particular that which concerns the stage and scene (yourself, as I hear, having lately written a tragedy*,) doth justly challenge from me this dedication. I had an early desire to congratulate your happy retirement; but no poem could tempt me with so fair a circumstance as this in the title, wherein I take some delight to think (not without imitation of yourself, who have ingeniously fancied such elegant and apposite names for your own compositions, as *Health's Sickness*, *The Unloveliness of Lovelocks*, &c.) how aptly I may present you, at this time, with the "Bird in a Cage," a comedy which wanteth; I must confess, much of that ornament, which the stage and action lent it, for it comprehending also another *play or interlude, personated by ladies*, I must refer to your imagination the music, the songs, the dancing, and other varieties, which I know would have pleased you infinitely in the presentment.'

The cruel sentence of Prynne, it is well known, was inflicted on account of some real or supposed allusion to the queen as having danced in an interlude at court; and our poet no doubt justified by his loyalty, as well as by the internecine hostility between puritanism, whose spirit was embodied in Prynne, and the stage, of which Shirley might stand forth as the champion, this merciless tone of exultation in his sufferings.

Shirley was engaged in a more honourable and more public testimony which was borne at this time against the austere opinions of Prynne. He was appointed to write the poetry for the most splendid interlude ever performed at Whitehall, 'The Triumph of Peace,' which, at this 'seasonable time,' was represented at the expense, and by members, of the Inns of Court. The distinguished names, which were selected to conduct this gorgeous pageant, reminds us of the days when

——The grave Lord Keeper led the brawls,
And seals and maces danced before him;

while at the same time they carry us on to that darker period, of which the clouds were beginning to gather, and in which these great men, now uniting in festive rejoicing, and alike eager to display their loyalty, were to be arrayed in opposite ranks, and grapple in deadly opposition. For the Middle Temple were chosen Mr. Hyde and Mr. Whitelock; Sir Edward Herbert and Mr. Selden for the Inner Temple; for Lincoln's Inn, Mr. Attorney Noy and Mr. Gerling; Sir John Finch and another for Gray's Inn. The pageant paraded London from Ely House in Holborn to Whitehall. The masque was performed in the Banqueting-house; the decorations were by Inigo Jones, the music by William Lawes and Simon Ives. The sumptuousness of the dresses and decorations may be best estimated by the expense—the interlude cost £20,000 to the Inns of Court. The following observation of a correspondent of Strafford's, then Lord Deputy in Ireland, is very remarkable, and illustrative of the memorable chapter in Clarendon, in which he expatiates on the prosperity of the nation before the civil wars:—'Oh that they would give over these things, or lay them by for a time, and bend all their endeavours to make the king rich! For it gives me no satisfaction, who am but a looker on, to see a rich commonwealth, a rich people, and the crown poor. God direct them to remedy this quickly.'

When Strafford proceeded to Ireland in 1633, John Ogilby, a name with which that of Shirley was unfortunately associated in later days, went over as posture-master, and teacher of the art of handling the pike and musket in the family of the deputy, from which he rose to be master of the revels to the vice-regal court. The ill-omened friendship of Shirley with this worthy, who, from an excellent dancing-master, by one unfortune caper, was lamed into a miserable poet, had already been formed in London; and in 1637 Shirley went to Ireland on his invitation, to support the Dublin stage by his acknowlegod talents in dramatic composition. Several of his plays were first acted in the theatre of the Irish metropolis. It does not appear at what time his spirited stanzas on the 'recovery of the Earl of Strafford' were written; whether they were inspired by gratitude for his patronage when in Ireland, or that more general admiration of his character, prevalent among the royalist party.

'My lord, the voice that did your sickness tell,
Strook like a midnight chime or knell;
At every sound
I took into my sense a wound,
Which had no cure till I did hear
Your health again
Restor'd, and then
There was a balsam pour'd into mine ear. . . .

'But hymns are now requir'd; 'tis time to rise,
And pay the altar sacrifice;
My heart allows
No gums, nor amber, but pure vows;
There's fire at breathing of your name,
And do not fear—
I have a tear
Of joy, to curb any immodest flame.' &c.
Vol. vi., p. 428.

Shirley resided about two years in Ireland; on his return to London he resumed his occupation—but that occupation soon came to an end. Those days of fiercer excitement were at hand,—the spirit of Prynne was in the ascendant, and in 1642, the first ordinance for the suppression of stage-plays was issued by the parliament. This ordinance, according to Mr. Collier, was not altogether effective; the players, in more than once instance, defied or attempted to elude the hostile edict. On one occasion, in 1644, Beaumont and Fletcher's tragedy, 'King and no King,' (whether purposely selected on account of its significant title, is not clear,) was performed at the theatre in Salisbury Court. It was not till 1647,

* The second part of the 'Histriomastix' was entitled the 'Actor's Tragedie.'

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that severer measures were taken. An act then passed, empowering the Lord Mayor and other magistrates to pull down and destroy all theatres; condemning all players to be publicly whipped; confiscating all money received, for the good of the poor; and enforcing a fine of five shillings upon any person present at a dramatic representation. It cannot be wondered that all persons connected with the stage threw themselves into the royal ranks. Shirley followed the fortunes of the brave and chivalrous, but unsteady and eccentric Newcastle,* to whom he had already dedicated one of his plays, the 'Traitor,' in language, as is generally the case in Shirley's dedications, though highly complimentary, yet remarkably graceful, and even dignified. There occurs, by the way, in one of Shirley's amatory pieces, an allusion to his northern campaign, which has escaped the notice of his biographer. The poem may be quoted as a specimen of the sweet and tender thoughts which the bards of that day, after the example of Donne, were apt to mar by quaint language and whimsical metre—

'That mistress I pronounce but poor in bliss,
That, when her servant parts,
Gives not as much with her last kiss,
As will maintain two hearts
Till both do meet
To taste what else is sweet.....

Cherish that heart, Odelia, that is mine,
And if the north thou fear,
Dispatch but from thy southern clime
A sigh, to warm thine here;
But be so kind
To send by the next wind—
'Tis far,
And many accidents do wait on war.'
Vol. vi. p. 408.

On the discomfiture of Newcastle at Marston Moor, and his unaccountable abandonment of the royal cause, Shirley stole back to London, where, in his obscurity, he obtained the patronage of a man of much higher literary rank than Newcastle, Thomas Stanley, the editor of 'Æschylus,' and author of the 'History of Philosophy.' But his chief maintenance and that of his wife and family depended on his own exertions; he was glad to sink again to his old drudgery of keeping a school in White Friars; the poetic spirit which had so long delighted a polished court and a tasteful age, by the fertility of its invention, the grace and elegance of its dramatic dialogue, now condescended to versify the accidence of the Latin Grammar; the successor, if not the rival of Fletcher and Massinger, entered the lists with old John Lily. The author of the 'Traitor' and the 'Cardinal' now sang thus—

'In *di*, *do*, *dum*, the Gerunds chime and close:
Um the first Supine, *u* the latter shows.'

* Wood insinuates, that Shirley had no inconsiderable hand in the plays which this singular nobleman afterwards published. Mr. Dyce is inclined to acquit him of this serious charge.

An amusing chapter in the history of human life might be formed on the great men who have been schoolmasters. We recommend the subject to Mr. D'Israeli. Among monarchs it would descend from Dionysius the tyrant, to the present King of France. (By this juxta-position we would not be thought to disparage the by no means least honourable, perhaps not the least happy, period in the life of Louis Philip.) Among men of letters the times of which we write offer us the names of Shirley, and that far greater 'blind old schoolmaster,' as Milton was denominated by the miserable scorn of his enemies.

The dedication to his very amusing comedy of the 'Sisters,' reprinted with several others at this period, may well be quoted here. It is, in the words of Mr. Gifford, 'singularly affecting, as a well expressed and striking picture of the times.'—The play is inscribed to the most worthily honoured Wm. Paulet, Esquire:—

'Compositions of this nature have heretofore been graced by the acceptance and protection of the greatest nobility (I say not princes;) but in this age, when the scene of dramatic poetry is changed into a willderness, it is hard to find a patron to a legitimate muse. Many that were wont to encourage poems are fallen beneath the proverbial want of the composers, and, by their ruins, are only at leisure to take measures with their eye of what they have been. Some, extinguished with their fortune, have this happiness to be out of the capacity of further shipwreck, while their sad remains peep out of the sea, and may serve as naked marks, and caution to other navigators' malignant stars the while. In this unequal condition of the times, give me leave to congratulate my own felicity that hath directed this comedy unto you, who wear your nobleness with more security than titles, and a name that continues bright and impassable among the constellations in our sphere of English honour.'
Vol v. p. 355.

But the fire of Shirley's invention was not yet completely extinguished either by the base use to which he had fallen, or by his chilling association with his old friend Ogilby. It is next to impossible to doubt that it was by the fall, if not by the death of Charles I., that the mind of the royalist poet was solemnized to the creation of those imperishable stanzas, which first appeared in his Contention of Ajax and Ulysses. 'Oliver Cromwell is said, on the recital of them, to have been seized with great terror and agitation of mind.' This is one of those stories which ought to be true; unfortunately, Zouch, who has published it in his notes on Walton's Lives, has given no authority. Frequently as this noble dirge has been quoted, it must not be omitted here:—

'The glories of our mortal state
Are shadows, not substantial things;
There is no armour against fate;
Death lays his icy hand on kings:
Sceptre and crown
Must tumble down,

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And in the dust be equal made
With the poor crooked scythe and spade.

Some men with swords may reap the field,
And plant fresh laurels where they kill;
But their strong nerves at last must yield;
They tame but one another still:
Early or late,
They stoop to fate,
And must give up their murmuring breath,
When they, pale captives, creep to death.

The garlands wither on your brow;
Then boast no more your mighty deeds;
Upon death's purple altar now,
See, where the victor-victim bleeds:
Your heads must come
To the cold tomb,—
Only the actions of the just
Smell sweet, and blossom in their dust.'

vol. vi., pp. 396, 397.

At the Restoration, Shirley had his full share in the benefits of the Act of Oblivion, passed, as it was humorously said, in favour of the king's friends. His plays were revived, but he remained toiling in his school, and drudging, in his ill-assorted partnership with Ogilby, in those vast volumes, the translations of Virgil and Homer, which tower in undisturbed dignity on the tallest shelves of our public libraries. The worthy ex-dancing master, it may be observed, had qualified himself for translating Homer by beginning Greek, in the year 1654, under the tuition of a Scotch usher of Shirley's. The fact of this literary co-partnership must be borne in mind, as in some degree accounting for the contemptuous acrimony of the Macflecknoe:—

'Heywood and Shirley are but types of thee,
Thou last great prophet of tautology.'

And again on the coronation of Shadwell—

'No Persian carpets spread the imperial way,
But scattered limbs of mangled poets lay.
From dusty shops neglected authors come,
Martyrs of pies * * * *
Much Heywood, Shirley, Ogilby there lay,
But loads of Shadwell almost chok'd the way.'

The Mezentian martyrdom by which Shirley bound his living self to the dead weight of old Ogilby—was thus all but fatal at the time. According to the general principle by which a poet, during his life, is often noted for his worst work, but is remembered by posterity, if remembered at all, for his best—so Shirley's nobler flights, his dramatic invention, the graceful ease of his dialogue, were cast into the shade by the impenetrable obscurity of those huge folios, in which he was admitted to be an accomplice, and of which the unmitigated dulness could be known to no one better than to Dryden, who himself trod the same ground. Dryden, conscious of Shirley's immeasurable inferiority as a translator, was no doubt blinded by this, as well as by the false taste of his day for rhyming tragedy and profligate comedy, to his own no less undoubted inferiority, as a dramatist, to the last legitimate descendant of Shakspeare.

The death of Shirley was a tragic termination to a life of vicissitude. He and his second wife, Frances, were burnt out of their dwelling, near Fleet street, in the memorable fire of London. They fled to St. Giles's, then *in the fields*, and broken down with fright, exposure, and distress of mind at their losses, the unhappy old couple died in one day, and were buried in one grave in the churchyard of that parish.

Few poets have moralized more beautifully on death than Shirley; happy if in that sad hour the sentiment, embodied in the following exquisite verses, soothed and consoled his failing spirit:

——— 'I have not lived
After the rate to fear another world.
We come from nothing into life, a time
We measure with a short breath, and that often
Made tedious too, with our own cares that fill it,
Which like so many atoms in a sunbeam,
But crowd and jostle one another. All
From the adored purple to the haircloth,
Must centre in a shade, and they that have
Their virtues to wait on them, bravely mock
The rugged storms that so much fright them here,
When their soul's launch'd by death into a sea
That's ever calm.'

Honoria and Mammon, vi. p. 78.

We are tempted to transcribe also the following beautiful lines:—

'Hark! how chimes the passing bell!
There's no music to a knell:
All the other sounds we hear
Flatter, and but cheat the ear.
This doth put us still in mind
That our flesh must be resign'd,
And, a general silence made,
The world be muffled in a shade.
Orpheus' lute, as poets tell,
Was but moral of this bell,
And the captive soul was she
Which they call Euridice,
Rescued by our holy groan,
A loud echo to this tone.
He that on his pillow lies
Tear-embalmed before he dies,
Carries, like a sheep, his life
To the sacrificer's knife.'—Vol. vi., p. 452.

Shirley, as a dramatist, bears evident indications of being the last of a great, but almost exhausted school. It is the decline, though still the serene and beautiful decline of a glorious day. The royal race submits with tranquil dignity to its deposition, but the sceptre is passing into other hands. His poetic character is by no means so strongly marked as that of most of his predecessors. The distinctive peculiarities of genius were pre-occupied. Of course the ground where Shakspeare had trod was not merely sacred—it was unattainable; and Jonson—though in his Comedy of Manners he was followed by many of the later writers—in his profound learning, and not less in his full and elaborate delineation of character, stood also alone. Massinger had excelled in vigorous and masculine eloquence, and in a peculiar style of dark moral painting, such as we trace in

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his Luke and his Sir Giles Overreach. The infinite variety of Beaumont and Fletcher seemed to leave no character unattempted, no passion unexplored, no situation untried. Among the inferior writers, Ford had stretched the passions on the rack till they almost burst with agony. Webster, the Spagnolet of the old drama, had, in the same manner, overwrought the principle of terror, and thus too often marred the impressiveness of that sombre grandeur in which lies his true strength. Middleton had passages of a kind of homely pathos not easily surpassed. Thus, when Shirley came on the stage, he might seem to succeed to a mine, of which the wealth had been completely exhausted—a land, of which every nook and corner had been explored and cultivated to its utmost height of productiveness. Every source from which dramatic invention had drawn its materials might seem dried up. The history of every country had been dramatized—every distinguished personage in ancient or modern times had appeared on the stage—even the novelists of Italy were well nigh run to their dregs: human nature itself might almost appear to have been worked out—every shade and modification of character had been variously combined, every incident placed in every possible light. Yet under all these disadvantages Shirley is an original writer: though he perpetually works up materials of the same kind as those of his predecessors, yet his forms are new; though we are constantly reminded of the earlier writers, particularly of Fletcher, his plays are far from servile copies; the manner of composition is the same, yet his lights and shadows are so infinitely varied, that the impression is entirely different. Even his style is his own: far inferior in force, in variety, in richness to his masters, it has an ease, a grace, sometimes an elegance, essentially his own. As softened and more delicately-pencilled outlines of characters, with which we are familiar, meet us again in the volumes of Shirley—so his poetry is full of the same images;—yet passing, as it were, through the clear and pellucid medium of his mind, they appear as if they were the new-born creations of his own fancy.

If the character of Shirley's genius is less marked, he has escaped the mannerism of many of his predecessors; if there is no one qualification of the dramatist in which he is pre-eminent in the great school to which he belongs, yet he combines more than most, except the very first writers; and it is impossible not to admire the variety and versatility with which he ranges, if with a less vigorous and decided, yet with an easy and graceful step, through every province of the drama; rarely perhaps exciting any violent or profound emotion, yet rarely failing to awaken and keep alive the curiosity, to amuse and delight the imagination. For, after all, it is the life and activity of Shirley's mind, the fertility of his invention, which is the most extraordinary point in his poetic character. Among all the plays, which nearly fill the volumes before us, there are few in which the interest, however often strange and improbable, is not sustained to the end; few, in which we do not find scenes or speeches of easy and unlaboured beauty, which could only be poured forth in such profusion by a true poet.

As a tragic writer, Shirley betrays, perhaps with least disguise, that he is the last of his school. He seems to write for an audience accustomed to sup full of horrors. There is a prodigality of crime, a profuse pouring forth of blood, not altogether in the coarse and 'King Cambyses' manner of the older school, but still crowded together, as if nothing less than such strong stimulants would produce any effect; as if the poet were under the necessity of working up to an established standard of terror—to equal, if not to surpass, the awful scenes which were in full possession of the public imagination. In his two finest tragedies, 'The Traitor' and 'The Cardinal,' reminiscences more or less distinct of 'The Maid's Tragedy' of Fletcher and the 'Duchess of Malfy' of Webster involuntarily arise. As he would rival the passion and the sombre grandeur, so he seems to have thought it necessary to vie with his fearful models in the blackness of the crimes which he describes, and in the lavish expenditure of blood. 'The Traitor,' unfortunately, turns on a kind of interest in which our older poets delighted, but which is proscribed by the decency of modern manners. In Shirley, as in all the school to which he belongs, there is the same remarkable contrast between the manners and the morals. Excepting in passages of coarse, and it should seem privileged buffoonery, which, especially in the earlier plays, occur far too frequently, and sometimes intrude when they are most out of keeping with the purer character of the scene,—(yet in which, we must remember, the actors are accused of venturing on liberties of which their authors are blameless)—almost all which seems offensive to propriety was *de facto* intended to improve and elevate, rather than to corrupt and degrade, the mind. Virtue ever obtains the mastery over vice—vice is visited with shame and misery. Those passions and animal propensities of our nature, over the secret workings of which delicacy now draws a veil, which are left unexplored by the most searching moralist in the dark recesses of the heart, are exhibited by these unscrupulous painters in their repulsive nakedness. They will trace lust in its inmost thoughts and impulses, as they would ambition or jealousy. Stern anatomists, and intent only on the progress of their science, that of the hidden nature of man, they unblushingly lay open the most hidden mysteries of that nature to the gaze. In fact, on such subjects they spoke language which was common to the age, and sanctioned by writers of a far graver class. Our old divines enlarge with a minuteness and particularity on points of this kind, at which the sensitive propriety of modern manners would stand aghast. There are many passages in the works of Jeremy Taylor, intended for general use, and no doubt for family instruction, which it would be impossible to read aloud; and even our older books of

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devotion can be used only with the strictest caution.

These observations are made, not to extenuate what is objectionable in the older dramatists, but in strict justice, lest the great distinction between the plays of this earlier period, and those of Charles the Second's time, should be lost sight of. With the former the manners are coarse and indelicate, the morals sound and vigorous; in the latter, manners and morals are alike corrupt and embruted. In one respect the dramatic writers of the older and better age might read a lesson to times, if of more fastidious nicety in expression, by no means endowed with an equally fine moral sensitiveness. Broad and plain-spoken as they are in their description of vice, and true to the worse as to the better parts of our nature—strangely and violently as they sometimes precipitate their nobler characters to their fall, or extricate their guilty ones from the trammels of sin—they never mingle and mould up the most incongruous qualities, the best and the worst ingredients of human character, at the same time, and in the same individual. They never shadow off the lofty into the base, and dash what is most admirable in the heart and soul of man, with that which is most loathsome, till the judgment is perplexed and confounded. Their lines of demarcation are strong and decided; nor among all their inconsistencies do we find that which was resorted to, with malice prepense against the elemental principles of morality, by the filthier pioneers of anarchy in France, and which we are sorry to see has, in our own time, been often employed to stimulate, if not on purpose to corrupt, the jaded mind of the public—the selection of the most virtuous and highly-gifted personage for the lowest crime, the meanest ruffian for the sublimest act of virtue. The energetic imagination and fiery verse of a Byron might throw a veil over offences even of this class:—*He* could make us overlook, for example, the absurdity of representing a Corsair, whose trade was murder, as revolting from that streak of blood on a woman's brow which was the witness and symbol of his own personal salvation, due to the daring of her hand. It is well, on the other hand, for our literary pastry-cooks, who rummage the Newgate Calendar for some vile domestic atrocity, and serve it up frosted over with Rosa-Matilda sentiment, under the name of *romance*—that when people have before them the coxcombry of a Malvolio, graver faults can hardly fix attention.

The 'Traitor' of Shirley is the dark Machiavellian minister of an Italian court, one of his favourite characters, but no where drawn with such boldness and vigour as in this striking tragedy. The manner in which he winds to his purposes the passions of the feeble and voluptuous duke, of the fiery and daring Sciarrha, and of the vain Depazzi, is imagined and executed with equal power and skill. We can, however, venture on only one quotation from this play; and that is, to our judgment, in a vein of exquisite sweetness. By the wiles of Lorenzo, Amidea, the sister of Sciarrha, the original of Otway's Chamont, is exposed to the criminal passion of the Duke, and rejected by Pisano, to whom she had been betrothed. The faithless Pisano is on his way to be married to Oriana, when the bridal procession is arrested by Amidea:—

'Ami. Not for my sake, but for your own go back,
Or take some other way—this leads to death;
My brother—
Pis. What of him?
Ami. Transported with
The fury of revenge for my dishonour,
As he conceives, for 'tis against my will,
Hath vow'd to kill you in your nuptial glory.
Alas! I fear his haste; now, good my lord,
Have mercy on yourself; I do not beg
Your pity upon me, I know too well
You cannot love me now, nor would I rob
This virgin of your faith, since you have pleas'd
To throw me from your love: I do not ask
One smile, nor one poor kiss; enrich this maid,
Created for those blessings; but again
I would beseech you, cherish your own life,
Though I be lost forever.
Alon. It is worth
Your care, my lord, if there be any danger.
Pis. Alas! her grief hath made her wild, poor lady.
I should not love Oriana to go back;
Set forward.—Amidea, you may live
To be a happier bride: Sciarrha is not
So irreligious to profane these rites.
Ami. Will you not then believe me?—Pray persuade him,
You are his friends.—Lady, it will concern
You most of all; indeed, I fear you'll weep
To see him dead, as well as I.
Pis. No more;
Go forward.
Ami. I am done; pray be not angry,
That still I wish you well: may heaven divert
All harms that threaten you; full of blessings crown
Your marriage! I hope there is no sin in this;
Indeed I cannot choose but pray for you.—
This might have been my wedding day—
Ori. Good heaven,
I would it were! my heart can tell, I take
No joy in being his bride, none in your prayers;
You shall have my consent to have him still;
I will resign my place, and wait on you,
If you will marry him.
Ami. Pray do not mock me,
But if you do, I can forgive you too.
Ori. Dear Amidea, do not think I mock
Your sorrow; by these tears, that are not worn
By every virgin on her wedding-day,
I am compell'd to give away myself:
Your hearts were promis'd, but he ne'er had mine.
Am not I wretched too?
Ami. Alas, poor maid!
We two keep sorrow alive then; but I prithee,
When thou art married, love him, prithee love him,
For he esteems thee well; and once a day
Give him a kiss for me; but do not tell him
'Twas my desire; perhaps 'twill fetch a sigh
From him, and I had rather break my heart.
But one word more, and heaven be with you all.

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Since you have led the way, I hope, my lord,
That I am free to marry too?
Pis. Thou art.
Ami. Let me beseech you then, to be so kind,
After your own solemnities are done,
To grace my wedding; I shall be married shortly.
Pis. To whom?
Ami. To one whom you have all heard talk of,—
Your fathers knew him well; one, who will never
Give cause I should suspect him to forsake me;
A constant lover, one whose lips, though cold,
Distil chaste kisses: though our bridal bed
Be not adorn'd with roses, 'twill be green;
We shall have virgin laurel, cypress, yew,
To make us garlands; though no pine do burn,
Our nuptial shall have torches, and our chamber
Shall be cut out of marble, where we'll sleep,
Free from all care for ever: Death, my lord,
I hope, shall be my husband. Now, farewell;
Although no kiss, accept my parting tear,
And give me leave to wear my willow here.'

Vol. ii. p. 163—165.

The 'Cardinal' is another tragedy of great power; dark and impressive; but too often revolting where it ought to be terrible. The Duchess Rosaura, though obliged to plight her vows to Columbo, the nephew of the all-powerful cardinal, is still in love with Alvarez. While Columbo is absent with his army, she obtains by artifice a letter releasing her from her vows. Alvarez is murdered by Columbo. He, in his turn, is slain in a duel at her instigation, by Hernando, to whom, in her incipient frenzy, she has promised her hand as his reward, and who accosts his victim in these terrific lines:—

——— 'You must account, sir, if that my sword prosper,
Whose point and every edge is made more keen
With young Alvarez' blood. Does not that sin
Benumb thy arteries, and turn the guilty flowings
To trembling jelly in thy veins?—One little knot
Of phlegm that clogs my stomach, and I've done;—
You have an uncle, called a Cardinal,
Would he were now lurking about that heart,
That the same wound might reach you both, and send
Your reeling souls together!—Now have at you.'

There is great tenderness in some touches of the ensuing madness of the Duchess—a sort of agony suppressed and conflicting emotion:—

'*Her.* Dear madam, do not weep.
Duch. You're very welcome;
I have done; I will not shed a tear more
Till I meet Alvarez, then I'll weep for joy.
He was a fine young gentleman, and sung sweetly;
An you had heard him but the night before
We were married, you would have sworn he had been
A swan, and sung his own sad epitaph.
But we'll talk o' the Cardinal.
Her. Would his death
Might ransom your fair sense! he should not live
To triumph in the loss. Beshrew my manhood,
But I begin to melt.
Duch. I pray, sir, tell me,
For I can understand, although they say
I have lost my wits; but they are safe enough,
And I shall have them when the Cardinal dies;
Who had a letter from his nephew, too,
Since he was slain.
Her. From whence?
Duch. I know not where he is. But in some bower
Within a garden he is making chaplets,
And means to send me one; but I'll not take it;
I have flowers enough, I thank him, while I live.
Her. But do you love your governor?
Duch. Yes, but I'll never marry him; I am promised already.
Her. To whom, madam?
Duch. Do not you
Blush when you ask me that? must not you be
My husband? I know why, but that's a secret.
Indeed if you believe me, I do love
No man alive so well as you: the Cardinal
Shall never know't: he'll kill us both; and yet
He says he loves me dearly, and has promis'd
To make me well again; but I'm afraid,
One time or other, he will give me poison.
Her. Prevent him, madam, and take nothing from him.
Duch Why, do you think 'twill hurt me?
Her. It will kill you.
Duch. I shall but die, and meet my dear-lov'd lord,
Whom, when I have kiss'd, I'll come again and work
A bracelet of my hair for you to carry him,
When you are going to heaven; the posey shall
Be my own name, in little tears, that I
Will weep next winter, which congeal'd i' the frost,
Will show like seed-pearl. You'll deliver it?
I know he'll love, and wear it for my sake.
Her. She is quite lost.
Duch. Pray, give me, sir, your pardon:
I know I talk not wisely: but if you had
The burthen of my sorrow, you would miss
Sometimes your better reason. Now I'm well.'

Vol. v. pp. 341, 342.

Shirley is still more successful in a kind of romantic tragi-comedy, crowded in general with incident and adventure, often wild and extravagant, but always full of life and amusement; sometimes, as in the diverting play of the 'Sisters,' the comic part greatly predominating; sometimes, as in the 'Young Admiral,' the interest being serious and tragic, but the catastrophe without bloodshed. It is not easy to give a fair notion of these pieces, by extracting single speeches or even scenes. It is the general effect of the whole drama, with all its intricacies of plot, however inconsistent, its rapid succession of perilous or diverting situations, however strangely brought about, and its varieties of character—it is the animation, the excitement of the dramatized romance—for such, as in a former article we at-

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tempted to explain, are all the plays of this school, —which constitutes their chief excellence.

The 'Brothers' is another drama of the same class, though less raised above the level of common life. In this play, the bustle and intricacy of a Spanish plot is mingled up with scenes of a kind of quiet pathos, in which Shirley, apt to overstrain the more violent passions, is often inimitably happy. There is something exquisitely touching in the following scene. Nothing is laboured, —nothing forced. The truth,—the simplicity of nature is perfectly preserved, while a hue of poetic fancy is thrown over the whole dialogue. Its very tranquillity is affecting, and a deep emotion is produced by the absence of all effort to produce emotion. Fernando, the elder son of Don Ramirez, is in love with Felisarda, the poor daughter of Theodoro, and the humble companion of Jacinta. Ramirez is supposed to have died in a fit of passion at the disobedience of Fernando, in refusing to pay his court to the rich heiress Jacinta, of whom his brother Francisco is enamoured. With his dying breath he disinherits Fernando, who is reduced to the most abject poverty.

'*Fel.* Why should I
Give any entertainment to my fears?
Suspicions are but like the shape of clouds,
And idle forms i' the air, we make to fright us.
I will admit no jealous thought to wound
Fernando's truth, but with that cheerfulness,
My own first clear intents to honour him
Can arm me with, expect to meet his faith
As noble as he promis'd.—Ha! 'tis he.
Enter FERNANDO.
My poor heart trembles like a timorous leaf,
Which the wind shakes upon his sickly stalk,
And frights into a palsy.
Fer. Felisarda!
Fel. Shall I want fortitude to bid him welcome?— [*Aside.*
Sir, if you think there is a heart alive
That can be grateful, and with humble thought
And prayers reward your piety, despise not
The offer of it here; you have not cast
Your bounty on a rock; while the seeds thrive
Where you did place your charity, my joy
May seem ill dress'd to come like sorrow thus,
But you may see through every tear, and find
My eyes meant innocence, and your hearty welcome.
Fer. Who did prepare thee, Felisarda, thus
To entertain me weeping? Sure our souls
Meet and converse, and we not know't; there is
Such beauty in that watery circle, I
Am fearful to come near, and breathe a kiss
Upon thy cheek, lest I pollute that crystal;
And yet I must salute thee, and I dare,
With one warm sigh, meet and dry up this sorrow.
Fel. I shall forget all misery; for when
I look upon the world, and race of men,
I find them proud, and all so unacquainted
With pity to such miserable things
As poverty hath made us, that I must
Conclude you sent from heaven.
Fer. Oh, do not flatter
Thyself, poor Felisarda; I am mortal;
The life I bear about me is not mine,
But borrow'd to come to thee once again,
And, ere I go, to clear how much I love thee—
But first, I have a story to deliver,
A tale will make thee sad, but I must tell it,—
There is one dead that lov'd thee not.
Fel. One dead
That lov'd me not? this carries, sir, in nature
No killing sound: I shall be sad to know
I did deserve an enemy, or he want
A charity at death.
Fer. Thy cruel enemy,
And my best friend, hath took eternal leave,
And's gone—to heaven, I hope: excuse my tears,
It is a tribute I must pay his memory,
For I did love my father.
Fel. Ha! your father?
Fer. Yes, Felisarda, he is gone, that in
The morning promis'd many years; but death
Hath in few hours made him as stiff, as all
The winds of winter had thrown cold upon him
And whisper'd him to marble.
Fel. Now trust me,
My heart weeps for him; but I understand
Not how I was concerned in his displeasure;
And in such height as you profess.
Fer. He did
Command me, on his blessing, to forsake thee.
Was't not a cruel precept, to enforce
The soul, and curse his son for honest love?
Fel. This is a wound indeed.
Fer. But not so mortal;
For his last breath was balsam pour'd upon it,
By which he did reverse his malediction;
And I, that groan'd beneath the weight of that
Anathema, sunk almost to despair,
Where night and heavy shades hung round about me,
Found myself rising like the morning star
To view the world.
Fel. Never, I hope, to be
Eclips'd again.
Fer. This was a welcome blessing.
Fel. Heaven had a care of both: my joys are mighty.
Vouchsafe me, sir, your pardon, if I blush,
And say I love, but rather than the peace
That should preserve your bosom suffer for
My sake, 'twere better I were dead.
Fer. No, live,
And live for ever happy, thou deserved'st it.
It is Fernando doth make haste to sleep
In his forgotten dust.
Fel. Those accents did
Not sound so cheerfully.
Fer. Dost love me?
Fel. Sir?
Fer. Do not, I prithee, do not; I am lost,
Alas! I am no more Fernando, there
Is nothing but the empty name of him
That did betray thee; place a guard about
Thy heart betime, I am not worth this sweetness.
Fel. Did not Fernando speak all this? alas!
He knew that I was poor before, and needed not
Despise me now for that.
Fer. Desert me, goodness,
When I upbraid thy wants. 'Tis I am poor,
For I have not a stock in all the world

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Of so much dust, as would contrive one narrow
Cabin to shroud a worm; my dying father
Hath given away my birthright to Francisco;
I'm disinherited, thrown out of all,
But the small earth I borrow, thus to walk on;
And having nothing left, I come to kiss thee,
And take my everlasting leave of thee too.
Farewell! this will persuade thee to consent
To my eternal absence.

Fel. I must beseech you stay a little, sir,
And clear my faith. Hath your displeased father
Depriv'd you then of all, and made Francisco
The lord of your inheritance, without hope
To be repair'd in fortune?

Fer. 'Tis sad truth.

Fel. This is a happiness I did not look for.

Fer. A happiness!

Fel. Yes, sir, a happiness.

Fer. Can Felisarda take delight to hear
What hath undone her servant?

Fel. Heaven avert it.
But 'tis not worth my grief to be assured
That this will bring me nearer now to him
Whom I most honour of the world; and 'tis
My pride, if you exceed me not in fortune,
That I can boast my heart, as high, and rich,
With noble flame, and every way your equal:
And if you be as poor as I, Fernando,
I can deserve you now, and love you more
Than when your expectation carried all
The pride and blossoms of the spring upon it.

Fer. Those shadows will not feed more than your fancies:
Two poverties will keep but a thin table;
And while we dream of this high nourishment,
We do but starve more gloriously.

Fel. 'Tis ease
And wealth first taught us art to surfeit by:
Nature is wise, not costly, and will spread
A table for us in the wilderness;
And the kind earth keep us alive and healthful,
With what her bosom doth invite us to;
The brooks, not there suspected, as the wine
That sometimes princes quaff, are all transparent,
And with their pretty murmurs call to taste them.
In every tree a chorister to sing
Health to our loves; our lives shall there be free
As the first knowledge was from sin, and all
Our dreams as innocent.

Fer. Oh, Felisarda!
If thou didst own less virtue I might prove
Unkind, and marry thee; but being so rich
In goodness it becomes me not to bring
One that is poor in every worth, to waste
So excellent a dower: be free, and meet
One that hath wealth to cherish it—I shall
Undo thee quite: but pray for me, as I,
That thou mayst change for a more happy bridegroom;
I dare as soon be guilty of my death,
As make thee miserable by expecting me.
Farewell! and do not wrong my soul, to think
That any storm could separate us two,
But that I have no fortune now to serve thee.

Fel. This will be no exception, sir, I hope,
When we are both dead, yet our bodies may
Be cold, and strangers in the winding sheet,
We shall be married when our spirits meet.'

vol. i. pp. 246—252.

Scenes like this are interspersed throughout the whole of the intermediate compositions which form nearly two-thirds of Shirley's dramas. They bear considerable resemblance to some of Calderon's plays, those which are not in his more serious vein, but more elevated and poetical than those Capo y Espada comedies, from which the later English comic writers borrowed so largely. There is the same disregard of probability, (this, however, the animation and activity of the scene scarcely allow us time to detect, or inclination to criticise)—the same love of disguises, princesses in the garb of pages, princes who turn out to be changelings, and humbler characters who turn out to be princes, everybody in love, and everybody in love with the wrong person—until by some unexpected *denouement*, they all fall into harmonious and well-assorted couples—and a general marriage winds up the whole piece. Like the great Spanish dramatist, Shirley delights in throwing his leading characters into the most embarrassing situations—their constancy is exposed to the rudest trials; sometimes he has caught the high chivalrous tone of self-devotion, the sort of voluntary martyrdom of love which will surrender its object, either at the call of some more commanding duty, or for the greater glory and happiness of its mistress. We would direct particular attention to 'The Grateful Servant.'

There is still another class of drama in which Shirley is extremely successful, though here, likewise, the skill of the author is rather shown in the general conduct of his piece, than in the striking execution of single parts. It is a poetic comedy of English and domestic manners, mingled with serious, sometimes with pathetic scenes. To this class belong the Lady of Pleasure, Hyde Park, the whimsical play of Love in a Maze, the Constant Maid, the Gamester, the Example, and one or two others. Shirley's comic, like his tragic powers, are rather fertile and various, than rich and original; he is easy and playful rather than broad and vigorous. Of course, even his more serious and tragic plays are relieved, according to the invariable practice of his school, by the humours of the clown or the buffoon. In some of the romantic tragic-comedies, as in the Sisters, a play which we cannot but think might succeed on the modern stage, the main interest is altogether comic; and even in this last class, the comedy of Manners, occur many of those passages of gentle and quiet sweetness, which are characteristic of Shirley. As a satirical painter of manners, as a playful castigator of the fashions, the follies, the humours of the day, he is to Jonson what, in his serious efforts, he is to Fletcher. In all such pictures the very excellence, in some degree, endangers the lasting popularity; the more accurately the resemblance of the poet's own times is drawn, the more alien it is to the habits and feelings of modern days; in precise proportion that such pieces are valuable to the antiquarian, they are obsolete and unintelligible to the common reader. Much, therefore, of the zest and raciness of the following scene must, of course, be lost; it

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is from the Lady of Pleasure, a play which, but for one wanton and unnecessary blemish, might be quoted almost throughout as a very curious and lively description of fashionable manners in the days of Charles I. Aretina, the wife of Sir Thomas Bornwell, is the Lady Townley, or the Lady Teazle, of an older date:—

'*Steward.* Be patient, Madam; you may have your pleasure.
Lady Bornwell. 'Tis that I came to town for. I would not
Endure again the country conversation,
To be the lady of six shires! The men,
So near the primitive making, they retain
A sense of nothing but the earth; their brains,
And barren heads standing as much in want
Of ploughing as their ground. To hear a fellow
Make himself merry and his horse, with whistling
Sellinger's Round! To observe with what solemnity
They keep their wakes, and throw for pewter candlesticks!
How they become the morris, with whose bells
They ring all in to Whitsun-ales; and sweat,
Through twenty scarfs and napkins, till the hobby-horse
Tire, and the Maid Marian, dissolv'd to a jelly,
Be kept for spoon meat!
Stew. These with your pardon, are no argument
To make the country life appear so hateful;
At least to your particular, who enjoy'd
A blessing in that calm, would you be pleas'd
To think so, and the pleasure of a kingdom;
While your own will commanded what should move
Delights, your husband's love and power join'd
To give your life more harmony. You liv'd there
Secure, and innocent, beloved of all;
Prais'd for your hospitality, and pray'd for:
You might be envied; but malice knew
Not where you dwelt. I would not prophesy,
But leave to your own apprehension,
What may succeed your change.
Lady B. You do imagine,
No doubt, you have talk'd wisely, and confuted London past all defence. Your master should Do well to send you back into the country,
With title of superintendent-bailiff.
Stew. How, Madam!
Enter SIR THOMAS BORNWELL.
Born. How now? What's the matter?
Stew. Nothing, Sir.
Born. Angry, sweetheart?
Lady B. I am angry with myself,
To be so miserably restrain'd in things,
Wherein it doth concern your love and honour To see me satisfied.
Born. In what, Aretina,
Dost thou accuse me? Have I not obey'd
All thy desires? against mine own opinion
Quitted the country, and removed the hope
Of our return, by sale of that fair lordship
We lived in? chang'd a calm and retired life
For this wild town, compos'd of noise and charge?
Lady B. What charge, more than is necessary for
A lady of my birth and education?
Born. Your charge of gaudy furniture, and pictures
Of this Italian master, and that Dutchman;
Your mighty looking-glasses, like artillery,
Brought home on engines; the superfluous plate,
Antique and novel; vanities of tires;
Four-score pound suppers for my lord your kinsman,
Banquets for t' other lady aunt, and cousins,
And perfumes that exceed all: train of servants,
To stifle us at home, and shew abroad
More motley than the French or the Venetian,
About your coach, whose rude postillion
Must pester every narrow lane, till passengers
And tradesmen curse your choking up their stalls;
And common cries pursue your ladyship,
For hindering of the market.
Lady B. Have you done, sir?
Born. I could accuse the gaiety of your wardrobe,
And prodigal embroideries, under which
Rich satins, plushes, cloth of silver, dare
Not shew their own complexions; your jewels,
Able to burn out the spectators' eyes,
And shew like bonfires on you by the tapers:
I could urge something more.
Lady B. Pray do, I like
Your homily of thrift.
Born. I could wish, madam,
You would not game so much.
Lady B. A gamester too!
Born. But are not come to that acquaintance yet,
Should teach you skill enough to raise your profit.
You look not through the subtilty of cards,
And mysteries of dice; nor can you save
Charge with the box, buy petticoats and pearls,
And keep your family by the precious income;
Nor do I wish you should: my poorest servant
Shall not upbraid my tables, nor his hire,
Purchas'd beneath my honour. You make play
Not a pastime but a tyranny, and vex
Yourself and my estate by it.
Lady B. Good! proceed.
Born. Another game you have, which consumes more
Your fame than purse; your revels in the night,
Your meetings call'd THE BALL, to which repair,
As to the court of pleasure, all your gallants,
And ladies, thither bound by a subpœna
Of Venus, and small Cupid's high displeasure;
'Tis but the Family of Love translated
Into more costly sin!
Lady B. Have you concluded?
Born. I have done; and howsoever
My language may appear to you, it carries
No other than my fair and just intent
To your delights, without curb to their modest
And noble freedom.—Vol. iv., pp. 5—10.

We conclude with a few observations on this 'editio princeps' of Shirley. The plays, as we have before observed, were collected, arranged, and edited by the late Mr. Gifford; and his was a task of no light labour—for never had unhappy author suffered so much from careless and ignorant printers as Shirley. Some errors of the

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press, which have either crept into this edition or have remained uncorrected, show that the keen eye of that most accurate scholar was somewhat bedimmed before his work was concluded; but the fame of Shirley is deeply indebted to the collector of his dramas. Many passages of poetry, which had been crowded into halt and disjointed prose, have been brought back, as near as possible, to their original harmonious flow: in some places, the sense, which might have appeared irrevocably lost, by the dislocation of sentences and the transposition of lines, has been restored by conjectural emendations, both bold and felicitous; in others, where words or lines have been lost, the hiatus is marked, and the reader is spared much unprofitable waste of time, in endeavouring to elucidate the meaning of vocables which might seem cast at random from the types.* No one, in short, who has not attempted to acquaint himself with the beauties of Shirley's drama, through the old quartos, can appreciate the luxury of reading them in the clearer letter, and more genuine text of the present edition. Mr. Dyce has performed his humbler task as editor of the poems, with his accustomed ability; and, on the whole, it is no fault of the edition, if justice be not at length fairly done to the merit of Shirley. One of his cotemporary poets ventured to prophesy—

> That ages yet to come shall hear and see,
> When dead, thy works a living elegy.

For the first time, in the nineteenth century, this elegy has been removed from the obscure and inaccessible quarter where it had long mouldered unseen; it has been transcribed in legible characters; and fully asserts the claim of this last of our Elizabethan dramatists, to be admitted to a high place among the second class of the poetical hierarchy of England.

From Blackwood's Magazine.

TRADITIONS OF THE RABBINS.

The chief portion of the Rabbinical fantasies are derived from Indian fables; and among those the transmigration of souls seems to have made the most powerful impression. It is singular that this doctrine, utterly unsupported as it is by any approach to evidence, should have yet prevailed among a vast multitude, or rather the great majority, of ancient mankind; and the question is still dubious, to which of the three most learned and investigating nations of antiquity the doctrine is first due. It belonged at once to India, Egypt, and Greece. Yet its origin may probably be traced to India, and there to some of those corruptions of the primal revelation, and of the second birth of mankind, the spirit transmitted from the antediluvian race into the descendants of Noah, the representative of the first man, and beginner of a new patriarchal line. The doctrine, too, served the purpose of offering an apparent explanation of that mysterious Providence by which the guilty sometimes exhibit striking examples of prosperity. It further gave some equally obscure hope of an explanation of the uses, partial sufferings, and general degradation, of the lower animal creation. The transfer of the soul of a tyrant to the body of a tiger seemed not unnatural; of the glutton's to the hog, or the robber's to the wolf, the vulture, or the hyæna; all displayed a species of natural justice which might gradually render the transmigration probable to the quick and figurative fancies of the East. Their style of expression, too, the forms and emblems by which, in the early rudeness of penmanship, they laboured to describe moral and mental qualities, tended to reinforce the doctrine. The outline of a dog expressed the persevering or the faithful, the lion characterized the bold, or the eagle gave the natural conception of lofty aspirings and indomitable ardour. For this doctrine the Rabbinical name is *Gilgul Neshameth*, (the revolving of souls.)

But the Rabbins sometimes deform the poetical part of this conception by their absurd habits of *particularizing*. In the *Nishmeth Chajim* we are thus told, that the soul of the man who transgresses by attempting to provoke another to anger, passes inevitably into a beast. Those who were engaged in the rebellion at the building of Babel, were punished by three judgments. The best among them were punished by the confusion of tongues. The second rank, or those who attempted to set up the idol, were sent to inhabit cats and monkeys. The third, more ambitious and more impious, who attempted to scale the heavens and assault the divine throne with earthly weapons, were flung down from their height, and transformed into evil spirits, whose torment is, to be always in restless and agonizing motion. A prevailing cabalistic doctrine is the transmigration of the human spirit into cattle. But this depends on the degree of guilt. "If he hath committed one sin more than the number of his good works," he must undergo transmigration. The soul of the man who thinks on his good works, is the more fortunate; for though he must undergo the degradation of passing into the form of a beast, yet it is of a clean or ruminate one. But the soul of the profligate, or the shedder of blood, passes into an unclean beast, the camel, the rabbit, or the hog. The sensualist is generally condemned to the form of a reptile.

Rabbinism has continued full of trivial observ-

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* In the fine and eloquent tragedy of Chabot, the obscurity of Chapman's manner, the hardness of which his contemporaries called his 'full and heightened style,' is greatly increased by the incorrectness of the press. This play, as bearing the name of Shirley in its title-page, conjoined with that of Chapman, ought not to have been omitted; yet it is very difficult to assign any part of it to Shirley; even the comic scenes are more in Chapman's close and pregnant manner, than in the light and airy style of Shirley.

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ances; and the Jew of the present day is harrassed with a weight of ceremonies, which exceed the heaviest burdens of the ancient law. This yoke he has laid upon himself. A rigour worthy of the Pharisee is exercised in minute and perpetual triflings worthy of a child. One of those ordinances, which pass through every portion of Jewish society, relates to the smoothness of their knife-blades. The knife with which the Jew puts bird or beast to death, must be without jags or notches of any kind. The *Avodath Hakkodesh* assigns the important reason—"Sometimes the soul of a righteous man is found in a clean beast or fowl. The Jews are therefore commanded to have their killing-knives without notches, to the end that they may give as little pain as possible to the souls contained therein."

The treatise *Ginek Hammelech* gives the following instance of the penal effect of the transmigration as detailed by the Rabbi Mosche Gallante, chief judge of Jerusalem. "When, in the first ages of Israel, the Rabbi Isaac Lurja—blessed be his memory!—was passing through the Holy Land, he came faint and weary to a grove of olives, and there laid him down. He said to the Rabbi Mosche, 'Here let us rest;' but the Rabbi would not, for he looked round, and the place whereon they lay was a grave of the wicked. But the Rabbi Isaac, pointing to a tree above, on which sat a raven loudly croaking, said, 'There is no spirit in this grave. Dost thou not remember Nismath, the extortioner of the city?'—'I remember him well,' answered the Rabbi Mosche; 'he was the grand collector of the customs, and was cursed every day he lived for his cruelty.—He robbed the rich and he trampled on the poor, the old he deprived of their property, and the young of their inheritance. May his name be black as night, and his memory be buried deep as the bottom of the sea.'—'He is sorry enough now for his oppression,' said the Rabbi Isaac Lurja.—'The King of Judgment hath sentenced his evil soul to be imprisoned in the body of that raven, and its complainings are its sorrows for its state, and its supplications to me to pray for its release.' 'And wilt thou pray for the son of evil?' asked the Rabbi Mosche. "Sooner will I pray that this staff become the serpent of the magician,' answered Rabbi Isaac; and thereupon rising, he flung it at the raven, which, with a yell of fury, waved its wings, and shot up in agony into the bosom of the clouds."

But, even in its original state, the soul, according to the Rabbins, is under a multiform shape. They hold that the human soul has no less than five different forms or stages. "The first is the *Nephesh*, the bodily soul. The second is the *Ruach*, the spirit. The third is the *Neshama*, the more celestial soul. The fourth, the *Chaja*, the life. The fifth is the *Jechida*, the solitary. And those divisions have their appropriate occasions and uses, every remarkable period of human existence requiring a due reinforcement of the soul, as a principle. "In the working and week days, between the new moon and the feast-day, thou must be content with having the Nephesh. On the Feast-Day comes the Ruach. On the day of Atonement comes the Neshama. On the Sabbath comes the Chaja, or supernumerary soul, and in the final and future life of happiness comes the Jechida." The tenet, that on the Sabbath man receives an additional soul, is established among the Rabbins. But the extravagance of those conceptions is occasionally qualified among the later commentators by the explanation, that those diversities of the human spirit simply mean the gradual advance of the soul from excellence to excellence in the course of prayer, and the study of divine things.

By a singular improvement on the pagan doctrine of the metempsychosis, there is also a *reverse* change of bodies; and the spirit which had inhabited the form of a wild beast, becomes occasionally the inhabitant of the human shape. The tenet of the famous Rabbi Lurja, in the treatise *Ginek Hammelech*, is, that the violence and follies so conspicuous and unaccountable on human grounds, in certain individuals, are explained by this transmission. The vulture, the panther, the jackal, the fox, transmit their spirits into men, and thence we obviously derive the gluttonous, the rapacious, the base, the crafty, the whole train of the profligate and the mischievous of mankind; the race whom no precept can guide, no fear can restrain, and no principle can regulate; the whole lineage of the desperate and impracticable among men.

Such are the doctrines in their ruder state.—But they sometimes take a finer and more fanciful shape, and rise into the boldness and imagery of Oriental fiction. "What," says the *Shaar Aikhune*, "is the fall of the guiltiest of the guilty; of those who have made themselves abominable in the sight of earth and heaven; of those who have exulted in their sins; of the man who has slain a son of Israel; of the apostate who has denied the supremacy of the religion of Israel over all other religions of the earth; of the spy who has betrayed a Jew, or a community of Jews? Shall they ascend to heaven; shall they be worthy to plant their steps in the court of the palaces of the angels? No; the angels are their punishers; they utter the sentence of ruin against them; they drive them downward, and summon a band of evil spirits to chase them round the world. The dark tormentors rush after them, with goads and whips of fire; their chase is ceaseless; they hunt them from the plain to the mountain, from the mountain to the river, from the river to the ocean, from the ocean round the circle of the earth. Thus the tormented fly in terror, and the tormentors follow in vengeance, until the time decreed is done. Then the doomed sink into dust and ashes. Another beginning of existence, the commencement of a second trial, awaits them. They become clay, they take the nature of the stone and of the mineral; they are water, fire, air; they roll in the thunder; they float in the cloud; they rush in the whirlwind. They change again. They enter into the shapes

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of the vegetable tribes; they live in the shrub, the flower and the tree. Ages on ages pass in their transformations; they wither; they are tossed by the tempest; they are trampled by man; they are smote by the axe; they are consumed by fire. Another change comes; they enter into the shape of the beast, the bird, the fish, the insect; they traverse the desert, they destroy, and are destroyed; they soar into the clouds; they shoot through the depths of the ocean; they burrow their invisible way through the recesses of the earth; they come by devouring millions in the locust; they sting in the scorpion; they crumble away the roots of vegetation in the hosts of the ant; they destroy the promise of the year in the catterpillar; they drive the flocks and herds into famine and madness in the hornet and the fly zebib. They at last are suffered to ascend into the rank of human beings once more. Yet their ascent is step by step. They are first slaves; they see their first light in the land of misery. The African or the Asiatic sun scorches them by day; they are frozen with the dews of the night; they live in perpetual toil; their frames are lacerated with the scourge; their steps clank with the chain; their souls faint within them in hopeless misery, till they long to die. At last they die, and again commence life in a higher rank; they are now free, but they cultivate a sterile soil; they are impoverished, trampled, tortured by tyrant rulers; they are dragged to war by fierce ambition; they are pursued, starved, ruined by furious war; they are thrown into dungeons; they are banished; and above all, their souls are degraded by the darkness of superstitions bathed in blood. They are bowed down to idols which they dread, while they despise; they repeat prayers to things which they know to be the work of men's hands, stocks and stones, which yet from infancy they have taught themselves to adore; and thus drag on life in torture of mind, in shame, the twilight of truth, and the bewilderment of ignorance; they worship with their lips, yet scorn with their hearts. But their scorn breaks forth; they are grasped by power; they resist; they are dragged to the rack and the flame; they are slain. The final change is now come. They are Israelites. They have risen into the first class of mankind; they are of the chosen people; the sons of Abraham, to whom has been given the promise of universal dominion. Joy to them unspeakable, if they hold their rank; misery tenfold if they fall, for their fall now will be without redemption."

Those are the theories, and they bear evidence of that mixture of Greek philosophy and Asiatic invention, which forms the romance of the early ages. But they are sometimes embodied into narratives of singular imagination. The Thousand and One Nights are rivalled, and the Sultana Schehearazade might find some of her originality thrown into the shade by those tales. The widow of Hebron is an example.

"The Rabbi Joseph, the son of Jehoshaphat, had been praying from noon until the going down of the sun, when a messenger from the chief of the Synagogue of Hebron came to him, and besought him to go forth and pray for a woman who was grievously tormented. The Rabbi, ever awake to the call of human sorrow, rose from his knees, girt his robe round him, and went forth. The messenger led him to a building deep in the forest that grew on the south side of the hill of Hebron. The building had more the look of the palace of one of the princes of Israel than of a private dwelling. But if its exterior struck the gaze of the Rabbi, its apartments excited his astonishment. He passed through a succession of halls worthy of the days of the first Herod, when Jerusalem raised her head again after the ruin of Antiochus, when her long civil wars were past, and she had become once more the most magnificent city of the eastern world. Marble columns, silken veils, suspended from the capitals of the pillars, tissues wrought with the embroidery of Sidon, and coloured with the incomparable dyes of Cesarea, vases of Armenian crystal, and tables of Grecian mosaic, filled chambers, in which were trains of attendants of every climate, Ethiopian, Indian, Persian, and Greek, all habited in the richest dresses. All that met the eye wore an air of the most sumptuous and habitual magnificence. The Rabbi, however, had but a short time for wonder, before he was summoned to the chamber of the sick person. But all the costliness that he had seen before was eclipsed by the singular brilliancy of this apartment; it was small, and evidently contrived for the secluded hours of an individual; but every thing was sumptuous, all gold or pearl, amber or lapislazuli. And in the midst of this pomp, reclined, half sitting, half lying, on huge pillows of Shiraz silk, a female, whose beauty, in all the languor of pain, riveted even the ancient eye of the pious Rabbi. The sufferer was young; but the flush that from time to time broke across her countenance, and then left it to the paleness of the grave, shewed that she was on the verge of the tomb. The Rabbi was famous for his knowledge of herbs and minerals, and he offered her some of those medicaments which he had found useful in arresting the progress of decay. The dying beauty thanked him, and said in a faint voice that she had implored his coming, not to be cured of a disease which she knew to be fatal, but to disburthen her mind of a secret which had already hung heavy on her, and which must extinguish her existence before the morn. The Rabbi, on hearing this, besought her to make him the depository of her sorrow, if he could serve her; but if he could not, forbade her to tell him what might hang darkly on the memory of a man of Israel. 'I am the daughter,' said she, 'of your friend the Rabbi Ben Bechai, whose memory be blessed, but the widow of a prince, the descendant of Ishmael. You see the riches in this house; but they are not the riches of the sons of the Desert. They were desperately gained, bitterly enjoyed, and now they are repented of when it is too late.' As the lovely being spoke,

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her countenance changed; she suddenly writhed and tossed with pain, and in her agony cried out words that pierced the holy man's ears with terror. He cast his eyes on the ground, and prayed, and was strengthened. But when he looked up again, an extraordinary change had come upon the woman's countenance. Its paleness was gone, her cheeks were burning, her hollow eyes were darting strange light; her lips, which had been thin and faded as the fallen leaf, were full, crimson, and quivering with wild passion and magic energy. The Rabbi could not believe that he saw the dying woman by whose side he had so lately knelt, in the fierce and bold, yet still beautiful creature, that now gazed full and fearless upon him. 'You see me now,' said she, 'with surprise; but these are the common changes of my suffering. The deadly disease that is sinking me to the dust, thus varies its torment hour by hour; but I must submit and suffer.'—The Rabbi knew by those words that the woman was tormented with an evil spirit. Upon this he sent for a famous unction, which had been handed down to him from his ancestor the Rabbi Joseph, who had been physician to King Herod the Great, and had exorcised the evil spirit out of the dying king. On its being brought, he anointed the forehead of the woman, her eyes and the tips of her fingers. He then made a fire of citron wood and cinnamon, and threw on it incense. As the smoke arose, he bowed her head gently over it, that she might imbibe the odour in her nostrils, which was an established way of expelling the evil spirit.

"The woman's countenance now changed again, it was once more pale with pain, and she cried out in her torment; at length in strong agony she uttered many words. But the Rabbi perceived, from her fixed eyes and motionless lips, that it was the spirit within her that spoke the words. It said, 'Why am I to be disturbed with anointings and incense? Why am I to hear the sound of prayer, and be smitten with the voice of the holy? Look round the chamber. Is it not full of us and our punishers? Are we not pursued for ever by the avenging angels? Do they not hold scourges of fire in their hands, and fill every wound they make with thrice distilled poison of the tree Asgard, that grows by the lake of fire? I was an Egyptian; five hundred years ago I lived at the Court of Ptolemy Philadelphus. I longed for power, and I obtained it; I longed to possess the fairest daughters of the land, and I possessed them. I longed for riches, and I practised all evil to gain them. I was at length accused before the King of sorcery. I longed for revenge on my accuser, and I enjoyed my revenge. I stabbed him as he was sleeping in his chamber. The murder was known; I was forced to fly. But I first sent a present of perfumed cakes of Damascus to the mistress of the man who made the discovery; they feasted on them together, and together they died. The ship in which I fled was overtaken by a storm. I was charged with having brought the anger of heaven on the vessel. I was seized, and about to be slain; I drove my dagger through the captain, sprang overboard, and reached the shore. From it, in triumphant revenge, I saw the ship and all the crew perish in the waters. I was now in the Great Desert of Africa; and was starving and scorched, until I lay down to die. But at the last moment an old man came from among the tombs, and offered me bread and water. I followed him to his dwelling in the tombs. He scoffed at my complaints of ill fortune, and swore to place me once again at the height of my wishes, if I would be ready at his call at the end of a hundred years. I could have then drunk fire and blood in my fury against mankind, and my thirst of possession. I swore to be his, and prepared to begin my hundred years of enjoyment.

"'I returned to Egypt. I had been supposed to have sunk to the bottom of the waters with the wreck of the vessel. My countenance was no longer the same. No man remembered me. I began my career. I was full of wild ambition, eager desire, and matchless sagacity. I rapidly outstripped all rivalry. I rose to the first rank under the Ptolemies. I enjoyed the delight of ruining every man who had formerly thwarted me. All Egypt rang with my fame. I had secret enemies, and strange rumours of the means of my perpetual success began to be spread. But I had spies everywhere; a whisper was repaid by death. A frown was avenged like an open accusation. My name became a universal terror.—But I had my followers and flatterers only the more. I trampled on mankind. I revelled in seeing the proud grovelling at my feet. I corrupted the lowly, I terrified the high, I bound the strong to my basest services. I was hated and cursed, but I was feared. Daggers, poison, secret rage, and public abhorrence, all were levelled against me; I encountered them all, defied them all, challenged and triumphed over them all. I was the most successful, the most envied, and the most wretched of human beings. But my passions at length changed their colour; I had lost all sense of enjoyment, habit had worn its sense away; the feast, rank, splendour, the adulation of the great, the beauty of woman, all had grown tasteless and wearisome. Life was withering. But I had a fierce enjoyment still, and one that grew keener with the advance of years. I rejoiced in the degradation of my fellow men. I revelled in corrupting the mercenary, in hardening the ferocious, in inflaming the vindictive, in stimulating the violent. I lived, too, in an evil time of the monarchy. Desperate excesses in the court were all but rivalled by furious vice in the people. The old age of the Greek dynasty was a sinking of the soul and body of dominion together. The deepest sensuality, the wildest waste of public wealth, the meanest extortion, the most reckless tyranny, all that could foster the memory of a nation, were the daily crimes of the decaying court of the Ptolemies. I had come at the right time. Invested with power which made the

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monarch a cipher, I exulted in the coming ruin—I blinded the eyes of this voluptuous tyranny to its inevitable fate—I had but little to do in urging it to new crime, but I did that little. I wove round it a web of temptation that the strength even of virtue could have scarcely broken, but into which the eager dissoluteness of the Egyptian court plunged as if it had been the most signal gift of fortune. I exulted in the prospect of my accomplished task of precipitating a guilty palace and people into utter ruin; but in the fever of my exultation I had forgot that my time was measured. At a banquet in the King's chamber I saw a guest whose face struck me as having been known to me at some remote period. He was the chieftain of one of the Bactrian tribes, who now came to offer compensation for some outrages of his wild horsemen on a caravan returning from the Indus to Egypt. He was a man of marvellous age, the signs of which he bore in his visage, but of the most singular sagacity. His reputation had gone forth among the people; and all the dealers in forbidden arts, the magi, the soothsayers, and the consulters of the dead, acknowledged their skill outdone by this exhausted and decrepid barbarian. The first glance of his keen eye awoke me to strange and fearful remembrances, but his first word put an end to all doubt, and made me feel the agonies of despair. At the sound of his voice I recognized the old man of the tombs, and felt that the terrible time for his payment was come. It was true, I was to die—I was to suffer for the long banquet of life—I was to undergo the torture of the place of all torture—I was to suffer a hideous retribution for the days of my triumph. They had been many, but they now seemed but a moment. Days, months, years, were compressed into a thought, and I groaned within my inmost soul at the frenzy which had bound me to a master so soon to demand the penalty to the uttermost.

"'I flew from the royal chamber; my mind was a whirlwind of terror, shame, loathing, hatred, and remorse. I seized my sword and was about to plunge it into my heart, and end a suspense more stinging than despair, when I found my hand arrested, and, on turning, saw the visage of the Bactrian. I indignantly attempted to wrest the sword from him, and drive it home to a heart burning with the poison of the soul. But he held it with a grasp to which my utmost strength was as a child's; I might as well have forced a rock from its base. He smiled, and said, "I am Sammael; you should have known, that to resist me was as absurd as to expect pity from our race.—I am one of the princes of evil—I reign over the south-east—I fill the Bactrian deserts with rapine, the Persian chambers with profligacy, and am now come to fling the firebrands of civil war into this court of effeminate Asiatics, savage Africans, and treacherous Greeks. The work was nearly done without me; but Sammael must not let the wickedness of man triumph alone. He tempts, ensnares, betrays, and he must have his reward like mankind. This kingdom will soon be a deluge of blood where it is not a deluge of conflagration, and a deluge of conflagration where it is not a deluge of blood." As he spoke his countenance grew fiery, his voice became awful, and I fell at his feet without the power to struggle or to speak. He was on the point of plunging me through the crust of the earth ten thousand times ten thousand fathoms deep, below the roots of the ocean, to abide in the region of rack and flame. He had already lifted his heel to trample me down. But he paused, and uttered a groan. I saw a burst of light that covered him from the head to the foot, and in which he writhed as if it had been a robe of venom. I looked up and saw a giant shape, one of the sons of Paradise who watch over the children of Israel, standing before the King. They fought for me with lances bright and swift as flashes of lightning. But Sammael was overthrown. He sprang from the ground, and cursing, spread his wings and flew up into a passing thunder-cloud. The son of Paradise still stood over me with a countenance of wrath, and said, "Child of guilt, why shall not vengeance be brought upon the guilty? Why shall not the subject of the evil one be stricken with his punishment, and be chained on the burning rocks of his dungeon, that are deep as the centre of the earth, and wide as its surface spread out ten thousand times?" I clasped his knees, and bathed them with tears; I groaned, and beat my bosom in the terrors of instant death. The bright vision still held the blow suspended, and saying "that I had been preserved from ruin only by being the descendant of an Israelitish mother, but that my life had earned punishment which must be undergone;" as he spoke these words he laid his hand upon my forehead with a weight which seemed to crush my brain.

"'I shrank and sprang away in fear. I rushed wildly through the palace, through the streets, through the highways. I felt myself moving with a vigour of limb, and savage swiftness, that astonished me. On the way I overtook a troop of Alexandrian merchants going towards the desert of the Pentapolis. I felt a strange instinct to rush among them—I was hungry and parched with thirst. I sprang among a group who had sat down beside one of the wells that border the sands. They all rose up at my sight with a hideous outcry. Some fled, some threw themselves down behind the shelter of the thickets, but some seized their swords and lances, and stood to defend themselves. I glowed with unaccountable rage! The sight of their defiance doubly inflamed me, the very gleam of their steel seemed to me the last insult, and I rushed forward to make them repent of their temerity.—At the same instant I felt a sudden thrill of pain; a spear, thrown by a powerful hand, was quivering in my side. I bounded resistlessly on my assailant, and in another moment saw him lying in horrid mutilation at my feet. The rest instantly lost all courage at the sight, and flinging

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down their weapons, scattered in all directions, crying for help. But those dastards were not worth pursuit. The well was before me, I was burning with thirst and fatigue, and I stooped down to drink of its pure and smooth water.—What was my astonishment when I saw a lion stooping in the mirror of the well! I distinctly saw the shaggy mane, the huge bloodshot eyes, the rough and rapidly moving lips, the pointed tusks, and all red with recent gore I shrank in strange perturbation. I returned to the well again, stooped to drink, and again saw the same furious monster stoop to its calm, blue mirror. A horrid thought crossed my mind. I had known the old doctrine of Egyptians and Asiatics, which denounced punishment in the shape of brutes to the guilty dead. Had I shared this hideous punishment? I again gave a glance at the water. The sight was now conviction. I no longer wondered at the wild outcry of the caravan, at the hurried defence, at the strange flight, at the ferocious joy with which I tore down my enemy, and trampled and rent him till he had lost all semblance of man. The punishment had come upon me. My fated spirit had left its human body, and had entered into the shape of the savage inhabitant of the wilderness. The thought was one of indescribable horror. I bounded away with furious speed, I tore up the sands, I darted my fangs into my own flesh, and sought for some respite from hideous thought in the violence of bodily pain. I flew along the limitless plains of the desert, from night till morning, and from morning till night, in hope to exhaust bitter memory by fatigue; all was in vain. I lay down to die, but the vast strength of my frame was proof against fatigue.

"'I rushed from hill to valley with the speed of the whirlwind, and still I was but the terror of the wilderness, all whose tenants flew before me. I sought the verge of the little villages, where the natives hide their heads from the scorching sun and the deadly dews. I sought them, to perish by their arrows and lances. I was often wounded; I often carried away with me their barbed iron in my flesh. I often writhed in the agony of poisoned wounds. Still I lived. My life was the solitary existence of the wild beast. I hunted down the antelope, the boar, and the goat, and gorged upon their blood. I then slept, until hunger, or the cry of the hunter, roused me once more, to commence the same career of flight, pursuit, watching, and wounds. This life was hideous. With the savage instincts of the wild beast, I retained the bitter recollections of my earlier nature, and every hour was felt with the keenness of a punishment allotted by a Judge too powerful to be questioned, and too stern to be propitiated. How long I endured this state of evil, I had no means of knowing. I had lost the human faculty of measuring the flight of time. I howled in rage at the light of the moon as I roamed through the wilderness; I shrank from the broad blaze of the sun, which at once parched my blood and warned my prey of my approach; I felt the tempests of the furious season which drove all the feebler animals from the face of the land to hide in caves and woods. I felt the renewed fires of the season when the sun broke through his clouds once more, and the earth, refreshed with the rains, began to be withered like the weed in the furnace. But, for all other purposes, the moon and the sun rose alike to my mind, embodied as it was in the brute, and sharing the narrowness and obscurity of the animal intellect. Months and years passed unnoted. In the remnant of understanding that was left to me in vengeance, I laboured in vain to recount the periods of my savage suffering; but the periods of my human guilt were, by some strange visitation of wrath, always and instantly ready at my call. I there saw my whole career with a distinctness which seemed beyond all human memory. I lived over every hour, every thought, every passion, every pang. Then the instincts of my degraded state would seize me again; I was again the devourer, the insatiate drinker of blood, the terror of the African, the ravager of the sheepfold, the monarch of the forest. But my life of horror seemed at length to approach its limit; I felt the gradual approach of decay. My eyes, once keen as the lightning, could no longer discern the prey on the edge of the horizon; my massive strength grew weary; my limbs, the perfection of muscular strength and activity, became ponderous, and bore me no longer with the lightness that had given the swiftest gazelle to my grasp. I shrank within my cavern, and was to be roused only by the hunger which I bore long after it had begun to gnaw me. One day I dragged out my tardy limbs, urged by famine, to seize upon the buffaloes of a tribe passing across the desert. I sprang upon the leader of the herd, and had already dragged it to the earth, when the chieftain of the tribe rushed forward with his lance, and uttering a loud outcry, I turned from the fallen buffalo to attack the hunter. But in that glance I saw an aspect which I remembered after the lapse of so many years of misery. The countenance of the being who had crushed me out of human nature was before me. I felt the powerful pressure; a pang new to me, a sting of human feeling, pierced through my frame. I dared not rush upon this strange avenger—I cowered in the dust—I would have licked his feet. My fury, my appetite for carnage, my ruthless delight in rending and devouring the helpless creatures of the wilderness, had passed away. I doubly loathed my degradation, and if I could have uttered a human voice, I should at this moment have implored the being before me to plunge his spear into my brain, and extinguish all consciousness at once. As the thought arose, I looked on him once more; he was no longer the African; he wore the grandeur and fearful majesty of Azrael—I knew the Angel of Judgment. Again he laid his grasp upon my front. Again I felt it like the weight

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of a thunderbolt. I bounded in agony from the plain, fell at his feet, and the sky, the earth, and the avenger, disappeared from my eyes.

"'When life returned to me again, I found that I was rushing forward with vast speed, but it was no longer the bound and spring of my sinewy limbs; I felt, too, that I was no longer treading the sands that had so long burned under my feet. I was tossed by winds; I was drenched with heavy moisture; I saw at intervals a strong glare of light bursting on me, and then suddenly obscured. My senses gradually cleared, and I became conscious that my being had undergone a new change. I glanced at my limbs, and saw them covered with plumage; but the talons were still there. I still felt the fierce eagerness for blood, the instinctive desire of destroying life, the eagerness of pursuit, the savage spirit of loneliness. Still I was the sullen king of the forest; in every impulse of my spirit I rushed on. As far as my eye could gaze, and it now possessed a power of vision which seemed to give me the command of the earth, I saw clouds rolling in huge piles as white as snow, and wilder than the surges of an uproused sea. I saw the marble pinnacles of mountains piercing through the vapoury ocean like the points of lances; I saw the whole majesty of the kingdom of air, with all its splendour of colouring, its gathering tempests, its boundless reservoirs of the rain, its fiery forges of the thunder. Still I rushed on, sustained by unconscious power, and filled with a fierce joy in my new strength. As I accidentally passed over a broad expanse of vapour, which lay calm and smooth under the meridian beams, I looked downwards. The speed of my shadow as it swept across the cloud, first caught my eye. But I was in another moment struck with still keener astonishment at the shape which fell there. It bore the complete outline of an eagle; I saw the broad wings, the strong form, the beak and head framed for rapine; the destruction of prey was in every movement. The truth flashed on me. My spirit had transmigrated into the king of the feathered race. My first sensations were of the deepest melancholy. I was to be a prisoner once more in the form of an inferior nature. I was still to be exiled from the communion of man. I was, for years of ages, to be a fierce and blood-devouring creature, the dweller among mountains and precipices, pursued by man, a terror to all the beings of its nature, stern, solitary, hated, and miserable. Yet I had glimpses of consolation. Though retaining the ruthless impulses of my forest state, I felt that my lot was softened, that my fate was cast in a mould of higher capabilities of enjoyment, that I was safer from the incessant fears of pursuit, from the famine, the thirst, the wounds, and the inclemency of the life of the wilderness. I felt still a higher alleviation of my destiny in the sense that the very enjoyments, few and lonely as they were, which were added to my existence, were proof that my captivity was not to be for ever. The recollections of my human career still mingled with the keen and brute impulses of my present being; but they were no longer the scorpion scourges that had once tortured me. I remembered with what eager longing I had often looked upon the clear heavens of Egypt, and envied every bird that I saw soaring in the sunshine. I remembered how often, in even the most successful hours of my ambition, I had wished to exchange existence with the ibis that I had seen sporting over the banks of the Nile, and then spreading his speckled wings, and floating onward to the Thebais, at a height inaccessible to the arrow. How often had I gazed at the eagles which I started at the head of my hunting train from the country of the Cataracts, and while I watched their flight into the highest region of the blue and lovely atmosphere, saw their plumage turned to gold and purple as they rose through the coloured light of the clouds, or poised themselves in the full radiance of the sunbeams! This delight was now fully within my possession, and I enjoyed it to the full. The mere faculty of motion is an indulgence; but to possess it without restraint, to have unlimited space before me for its exercise, and to traverse it without an exertion; to be able to speed with a swiftness surpassing all human rapidity, to speed through a world, and to speed with the simple wave of a wing, was a new sense, a source of pleasure that alone might almost have soothed my calamity. The beauty of nature, the grandeur of the elemental changes, the contrasted majesty of the mountains with the living and crowded luxuriance of the plains below, were perpetually before my eye; and tardily as they impressed themselves on my spirit, and as often as they were degraded and darkened by the necessities of my animal nature, they still made their impression. My better mind was beginning to revive. At length, one day as I lay on my poised pinions, basking in the sun, and wondering at the flood of radiance that from this orb illumined earth and heaven, I lamented with almost the keenness of human regret, that I was destitute of the organs to make known to man the magnificence of the powers of creation, thus seen nigh, cloudless, and serene. I had forgotten that a tempest had been gathering in the horizon. It had rapidly advanced towards me. It enwrapped me before I had time to spread my pinions and escape from its overwhelming ruin. When I made the attempt, it was too late. I saw nothing before, below, or above me, but rolling volumes of vapour, which confused my vision and clogged my wings. Lightning began to shoot through the depths of the world of cloud. As I still struggled fiercely to extricate myself, I saw a shape standing in the heart of the storm. I knew the countenance. It was Azrael; still awful, but with its earlier indignation gone. My strength sank and withered before him. My powerful pinion flagged. I waited the blow. It was mercy. I saw him stretch forth the fatal hand again. The lightning burst round me. I was enveloped in a whirlwind of fire, felt one wild pang, and felt no more.

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"'I awoke in the midst of a chamber filled with a crowd of wild-looking men and women, who, on seeing me open my eyes, could not suppress their wonder and joy. They danced about the chamber with all the gesticulations of barbarian delight. As I gazed round with some hope or fear of seeing the mighty angel who had smote me, my gesture was mistaken for a desire to breathe the open air. I was carried towards a large casement, from which a view of the country spread before me. I was instantly, and for the first time, now sensible that another change had come upon me. Where were the vast volumes of clouds, on which I had floated in such supreme command? Where were the glittering pinnacles of the mountains, on which I had for so many years looked down from a height that made them dwindle into spear heads and arrow points? Where was the broad and golden splendour of the sun, on which I had for so many thousand days gazed, as I drank new life from the lustre? I now saw before me only a deep and gloomy ravine, feathered with pines, and filled with a torrent that bounded from the marble summit of the precipice. The tops of the hills seemed to pierce the heavens, but they were a sheet of sullen forest; the sun was shut out, and but for a golden line that touched the ridge, I should have forgotten that he had an existence. I had left the region of lights and glories; I was now a wingless, powerless, earth-fixed thing, a helpless exile from the azure provinces of the sky. What I had become, I toiled in vain to discover. I was changed: I knew no more; my faculties still retained the impression made on them by long habit; and I felt myself involuntarily attempting to spring forward, and launch again upon the bosom of the air. But I was at length to be fully acquainted with the truth.

"'As the evening came on, I heard signals of horns and wild cries, the sounds of many voices roused me, and soon after, the women whom I had seen before, rushed into the chamber, bringing a variety of ornaments and robes, which they put on me. A mirror which one of them held to my face, when all was completed, shewed me that I had transmigrated into the form of a young female. I was now the daughter of the Circassian chieftain. The being whose form I now possessed had been memorable for her beauty, was accordingly looked upon as a treasure by her parents, and destined to be sold to the most extravagant purchaser. But envy exists even in the mountains of Circassia: and a dose of opium, administered by a rival beauty, had suddenly extinguished a bargain, which had been already far advanced, with an envoy from the royal haram of Persia. My parents were inconsolable, and they had torn their garments, and vowed revenge over me for three days. On this evening the horsemen of the whole tribe were to have assembled for an incursion upon the tribe of my successful rival, and to have avenged my death by general extermination. While all was in suspense, the light had come into the eyes of the dead beauty, the colour had dawned on her cheeks, her lips had moved; and her parents, in exultation at the hope of renewing their bargain, had at once given a general feast to their kinsmen, loaded me with their family ornaments, and invited the Persian to renew his purchase, and carry me without delay beyond the chance of future doses of opium.

"'The Persian came in full gallop, and approved of me for the possession of his long-bearded lord; my parents embraced me, wept over me, protested that I was the light of their eyes, and sold me without the slightest ceremony. That night I was packed up like a bale of Curdistan cloth, was flung on a horse, and carried far from the mountains of Circassia.

"'At the Persian court I lived sumptuously and in perpetual terror; I ate off dishes of gold, and slept on beds fringed with pearl, yet I envied the slave who swept the chamber. Every thing round me was distrust, discontent, and treachery. My Persian lord was devoted to me for a month; and at the end of that time, I learned from an old female slave, that I was to be poisoned, as my place was to be supplied by a new favourite, and it was contrary to the dignity of the court that I should be sold to a subject. My old friend further told me, that the poison was to be administered in a pomegranate that night at supper, and mentioned by what mark I was to know the fatal fruit. On that night there was a banquet in the haram, the Monarch was beyond all custom courteous, and he repeatedly invited me to drink perfumed liquors, as the highest token of his regard, from his own table. At length, in a sportive tone, he ordered a dish of pomegranates from his favourite garden to be divided among the fairest of the fair of the haram. My heart sank within me, as I heard the sentence of death. But I became only the more vigilant. The dish was brought. The fruits were flung by the Monarch to his delighted guests; till at last but two remained. One of them, I saw, was the marked one. To have refused it, would have argued detection of the treachery, and must have been followed by certain death. At the moment when his hand touched it, I exclaimed that a scorpion had stung me, and fell on the floor in agony! This produced a momentary confusion. The Monarch dropped the fruit from his hand, and turned to summon assistance. Quick as the love of life could urge me, I darted towards the table, and changed the places of the two pomegranates. The confusion soon subsided, and I received from the hand of the Sofi the one which was now next to his royal touch. I bowed to the ground in gratitude, and tasted the fruit, which I praised as the most exquisite of all productions of the earth. The Monarch, satisfied with his performance, now put the remaining one to his lips. I saw the royal epicure devour it to the last morsel, and observed the process without the least compunction; he enjoyed it prodigiously. In the consciousness that he

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would not enjoy it long, I packed up every jewel and coin I could gather in my chamber the moment I left the banquet, desiring the old slave to bring me the earliest intelligence of the catastrophe. My labours were scarcely completed, when an uproar in the palace told me that my pomegranate was effectual. The old slave came flying in immediately after, saying that all the physicians of the city had been ordered to come to the Sofi's chamber; that he was in agony, and that there were "strong suspicions of his having been poisoned!" The old Nubian laughed excessively as she communicated her intelligence, and at the same time recommended my taking advantage of the tumult to escape. I lost no time, and we fled together.

"'But as I passed the windows of the royal chamber, I could not resist the impulse to see how his supper succeeded with him. Climbing on my old companion's shoulders, I looked in. He was surrounded by a crowd of physicians of all ranks and races, Jews and infidels, all offering their nostrums: and all answered by the most furious threats, that unless they recovered him before the night was over, the dawn should see every one without his head. He then raved at his own blunder, which he appeared to have found out in all points, and cursed the hour when he ate pomegranates for supper, and was outwitted by a woman. He then rolled in agony. I left him yelling, and heard him, long after I had reached the boundaries of the haram garden. He died before he had time to cut off the physicians' heads. Before dawn he was with his forefathers.

"'Through what changes of life I now ran, I remember but little more. All is confused before my eyes. I became the captive of a Bedoueen, fed his camels, moved the jealousy of the daughter of a neighbouring robber, was carried off by his wild riders in consequence, and left to perish in the heart of the Hajaz. From this horrible fate I was rescued, after days of wandering and famine, by a caravan which had lost its way, and by straying out of the right road, came to make a prize of me. The conductor of the escort seized me as his property, fed me until I was in due fulness for the slave market at Astrachan, and sold me to a travelling Indian dealer in Angora goats' hair and women. I was hurried to the border of the Ganges, and consigned to the court of a mighty sovereign, black as ebony, and with the strongest resemblance to an overgrown baboon. I was next the Sultana of a Rajahpoot. I was then the water-carrier of a Turcoman horse-stealer; I was the slave of a Roman matron at Constantinople, who famished and flogged me to make me a convert, and when I at last owned the conversion, famished and flogged me to keep me to my duty. She died, and I was free from the scourge, the temple, and the dungeon. I have but one confession more to make. Can the ear of the holy son of Jehoshaphat, the wisest of the wise, listen to the compacts of the tempter?' The fair speaker paused; the Rabbi shrank at the words. But the dying penitent before him was no longer an object of either temptation or terror. He pressed his hands upon his bosom, bowed his head, and listened.

"The fainting beauty smiled, and taking from her locks a rich jewel, placed it on the hand of her hearer. 'My story is at an end,' said she. 'I had but one trial yet to undergo. The king of the Spirits of Evil urged me to deliver myself over to him. He promised me instant liberty, the breaking of my earthly chain, the elevation into the highest rank of earth, the enjoyment of riches beyond the treasures of kings. The temptation was powerful; the wealth which you now see round me, was brought by hands that might have controlled the elements, but I had learned to resist all that dazzled the eye. Ambition was not for my sex, yet I might have at this hour ranked at the head of the race of woman; a spell was within my power, by the simple uttering of which, I might have sat on a throne, the noblest throne at this hour upon earth. This, too, I resisted. But the more overwhelming temptation was at hand; the King of Evil stood before in a garb of splendour inexpressible, and offered to make me the possessor of all the secrets of magic. He raised upon the earth visions of the most bewitching beauty; he filled these halls with shapes of the most dazzling brightness; he touched my eyes, and I saw the secrets of other worlds, the people of the stars, the grandeur of the mighty regions that spread above this cloudy dwelling and prison of man. The temptation was beyond all resistance, I was on the point of yielding, when I saw the Spirit of Evil suddenly writhe as if an arrow had shot through him; his brightness instantly grew dim, his strength withered, and even while I gazed, he sank into the earth. Where he had stood, I saw nothing but a foot-print marked as if the soil had borne fire; but another form arose. I knew Azrael; his countenance had now lost all its terrors. He told me that my trials were come to their conclusion. That guilty as I was, my last allegiance to the tempter was broken; that the decree had gone forth for my release, and that this night I was to inhabit a form of clay no more.' The Rabbi listened in holy fear to the language of the wearied spirit, and for a while was absorbed in supplication. He then repeated the prayers for the dying hours of the daughters of Israel.

"'It was for this that I summoned you, son of Jehoshaphat,' said the sinking form. 'It was to sooth my last hours on earth with the sounds of holy things, and to fill my dying ear with the wisdom of our fathers. So shall my chain be gently divided, and the hand of the angel of death lead me through the valley of darkness, without treading on the thorns of pain.' The Rabbi knelt, and prayed more fervently. But he was roused by the deep sigh of the sufferer. 'Now, pray for me no longer,' were her words; 'pray for the peace of Jerusalem.' The Rabi prayed for the

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restoration of Zion. As his prayer arose, he heard it echoed by voices of sweetness that sank into his soul. He looked upon the couch; the sufferer was dead; but the struggle of death had not disturbed a feature. She lay still lovely, and he knew that the fetter of the spirit had been loosed for ever, and that the trial had been ended in mercy. He rose to call the attendants to watch by the dead, but the halls were empty. He then turned to the porch, and pondering on the ways of destiny, set his face in awe and sorrow towards his own home. He looked back once more, but where was the porch through which he had so lately passed? Where was the stately mansion itself? All before the eye was the dim and yellow expanse of weeds that covers the foot of Hebron. He looked around him—he saw but the healthy sides of the hill, with the city on its brow; he looked below him—he saw but the endless range of fertile plain that is lost in the desert: above him, all was the blue glory of midnight. The palace was air. Had he been in a trance? Had he seen a vision? Had a warning been given to him in a dream? Who knoweth? But is it not recorded in the book of the house of Jehoshaphat; who shall tell? Go, thou who readest, and learn wisdom. Are not all things dust and air?"

Some of the traditions allow a much more extensive transmigration. The treatise *Zohar* claims the privilege, or admits the punishment, for it may be either, of transmigration no less than a thousand times; on these grounds:—When the great Judge causes the soul of a man to transmigrate, it is generally because it has not prospered, or done good, in its former state. It is then that the soul is torn from one existence and planted in the form of another; and this is called the "changing of the place." On the third change, it receives a new appellative, and this is called the "changing of the name." A more marked stage is the alteration to a new form, with a consequent alteration of all the objects, pursuits, and faculties; this is called the "changing of the work." But, "how often," asks the treatise, "may those changes take place? To one thousand times," is the answer.

But this singular doctrine is urged still further, and is made to comprehend even the fallen angels. The treatise *Tuf haraez* declares, that, as it is not the will of Providence that any Jew should be lost, and the command of circumcision was given to Abraham; the resource of transmigration was devised for the assistance of those who might neglect that essential right; as thus, instead of being utterly cast forth, they were to be only temporarily separated from the chosen people, being sent to transmigrate through a series of bodies, until their due purification should be accomplished. Upon the discovery of this proviso, the treatise tells us, that the fallen angels, conceiving themselves not much worse than an uncircumcised Jew, laid their claim to a similar privilege. Sammael and his seventy princes pleaded their cause, on the ground, that as they were the work of creation not less than the sons of Abraham, they, fallen as they might be, deserved the same consideration. "For what had Abraham done, that he should be preferred to beings originally so much his superiors?" The answer was, that the patriarch's merits had entitled him to this privilege; "that he had gone into the fire of the Chaldeans," to prove his zeal, which was more than Sammael and his seventy princes had ever thought of doing. The application was closed by a summary command, that it should not be repeated. "Ye have not hallowed my words; therefore speak no more, good or bad."

When we read these perversions of Scripture, which seem to be engendered of the most wilful ignorance, and the blindest infatuation, we may well account for the earnestness with which the apostolical writers warned the Christian world against the traditionary spirit of the Jews, against the "old wives' fables," the entangled genealogies, and the endless mysticism. We here have specimens of the wisdom of the proud and stubborn generation which rejected the Messiah, and, with the oracles of divine truth in their hands, actually loved the false, the extravagant, and the trifling. We may well understand the force of the caution against "will worship," and prying into things of which no knowledge has been vouchsafed to man, the nature of angels, and the transactions of heaven; we see here the fantastic humility, the uncalled-for mortification, the unauthorized homage to the living saints or the dead. It is not less palpable, that the propensity to load Scriptural truth with human inventions, has been the characteristic of the corruption of Christianity, not less than of Judaism; and that Rome may vie, at this hour, in legendary extravagance, the worshipping of angels, the prayers for those spirits who are beyond all human intervention, the homage to the saints and martyrs, the useless and frivolous miracles, and the misty, fluctuating, and irreverent doctrines suggested for their support, with the wildest and most worthless fabrications of the Rabbins.

Like all Oriental writings on theology, the Rabbinical traditions discuss largely the glories, wonders, and delights of the future state. The Sacred Scriptures, written for higher purposes than curiosity, or the indulgence of an extravagant imagination, are nearly silent on the subject, probably from the double reason, that sufficient grounds are laid down for virtue without this detail of its rewards, and that human faculties are still but feebly fitted to comprehend the developement, were it made. Yet even they are not without indications of the peculiar species of happiness reserved for the immortal spirit. They give us statements of the temper in which Paradise will be enjoyed, the combination of love, gratitude, adoration, ardour of spirit, and activity of powers, which will constitue the purified nature; and which, if it existed on earth, would make earth itself, with all its inclemencies of nature, and anxieties of circumstance, almost a Paradise. And, in those declarations, they

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exhibit the same wisdom, and the same sublime simplicity, which characterize the visible operations of Providence; for they give us the principle of happiness, without embarrassing us with the details: they give us an incitement to the vigorous performance of our human duty, by suggesting a magnificent and various future, yet of which neither the magnificence is suffered to dazzle, nor the variety to distract, the mind.

But the famous treatise *Nishmath Chajim* settles all questions at once, according to the wisdom of the sons of Solomon. After announcing that there are seven regions, or dwellings, in the place of evil, for the punishment of the wicked, it cheers the true believer, by telling him that Paradise is similarly partitioned, and equally large. The discovery is made in the form of a commission, directed by the Rabbi Gamaliel to the Rabbi Jehoscha ben Levi, a renowned name in the legendary world, for the purpose of deciding whether any of the *Gojim* (Gentiles, or Infidels) are in Paradise, and whether any of the children of Israel are in hell. The angel of death bears the commission to the Rabbi, and the Rabbi sets out immediately on his inquisition. The result of his investigation is, that Paradise contains seven houses, or general receptacles for the blissful. Those houses are unquestionably adapted for a large population; for each house is twelve times ten thousand miles long, and twelve times ten thousand miles broad, or 120,000 miles square. He then proceeds to report on their distinctions.

The first house fronts the first gate of Paradise, and is inhabited by converts from the Infidels, who have voluntarily embraced the Jewish faith. The walls are of glass, and the timber cedar. He proposed to give accuracy to his statement, by actually measuring the extent. But the converts, probably jealous of his superior sanctity, and conceiving that he was about to eject them, began to offer opposition. Fortunately, Obadiah the prophet, their superintendent saint, happening to be on the spot, he remonstrated with them, and the measurement was suffered to go on in peace. The second house fronts the second gate of Paradise. Its walls are of silver, and its beams cedar. It is inhabited by those who have repented, and they are superintended by a penitent; Manasseh, the son of Hezekiah, is set over them. The third house is opposite to the third gate, is built of silver and gold, and is inhabited by Abraham, Isaac, and Jacob, with all the Israelites who came out of Egypt, and all that were in the desert. In this house, also, dwell David, Solomon, and all the other sons of David, with the exception of Absalom. But those do not comprehend the whole habitancy of this well-stocked house. It contains, in addition, the whole succession of the kings of Judah, with the exception of Manasseh, who, as we have already seen, is occupied in governing the second house. At the head of this dwelling are Moses and Aaron. The Rabbi now, observing that this household possessed a great quantity of handsome furniture, gold and silver plate, &c., and that the chambers were provided with beds, couches, and candlesticks of pearls and diamonds, asked David the purport of this opulence. "These," said David, "are for the children of the world from whom you came." The Rabbi then inquired whether any of the Gentiles, or of the children of Esau, were there? "None," was the answer. "Whatever good they may do, is rewarded in the world; but their natural destiny is hell." But every one who is wicked among the children of Israel, is punished in his lifetime, but obtains the life to come; as it is written—"He repayeth those that hate him."

The fourth house fronts the fourth gate of Paradise, and is built, as the first man was framed, in perfection. It is built with oil-tree (olive) wood. But why is it thus built? Because the house is built for the habitation of the perfectly righteous, and their earthly days were bitter, like the oil-tree. The fifth house is built of silver, fine gold, glass, and crystal: the river Gihon flows through the midst of it. The framework is of gold and silver, with an odour far exceeding that of Lebanon wood. The couches are also more costly than those of the others; being formed of gold, silver, spice, and scarlet and blue silk which was woven by Eve; and also crimson silk, and the finest linen, and cloth of goats' hair, which was woven by angels. In this house dwell Messiah ben David, and Elias of blessed memory; and to the chamber with pillars of silver, and carpets of scarlet, where Messiah especially dwells, with Elias perpetually declaring to him—"Be at ease; for the end is at hand, when thou art to redeem Israel," Moses, Aaron, David, and Solomon, with the kings of Israel, and the house of David, come on the second and fifth day of every week, and also on every Sabbath and festival, to lament with him, and comfort him, saying—"Be at ease, rely on Heaven, for the end is at hand."

But the fourth day of the week is reserved for a different assemblage. On this day, Korah and his company, with Dathan and Abiram, come to him, and ask—"When will be the end of what is wonderful; and when shall we be raised from death, and suffered to come out of the abyss of the earth?" And duly they hear the same scornful answer—"Go to your fathers, and ask them." This answer is decisive: they are overwhelmed with shame, shrink, and disappear. Two houses remain; but description has been exhausted, and they seem to be yet either inadequately finished, or inadequately filled. The sixth is for those who have rigidly walked in the path of the commandments; the seventh for those who died, whether of sorrow for the national sins, or innocent and undue victims, swept away in the times of national calamity.

But among the possessors of Paradise, independently of the great historic characters of the race of Israel, there are ranks, differing in dignity according to their merits, or the circumstances of their lives or deaths. The first order consists of those who suffered death for the honour of their Law and nation, by the hands of

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Infidel governments; such as the Rabbi Akkiba and his disciples, who were put to death by the Roman authorities. The second order consists of those who have been drowned at sea. The third, of the famous Rabbi Ben Saccai and his disciples; the fourth, of those on whom the Shekinah, or glory, has descended; the fifth, of true penitents, who rank with the perfectly righteous; the sixth, of those who have never married, yet have lived a life of purity; the seventh, of those in humble life, who have constantly exercised themselves in the Bible, and the study of the Mishna, and have had an honest vocation. For each order there is a distinct abode. The highest order is that of the martyrs for the Law, the order of Akkiba and his disciples.

The decorations assigned to those fortunate classes are various; yet as even the Rabbinical imagination can invent nothing finer than gold and jewels, the diversity is not marked with sufficient distinctness to gratify European taste. All, however, is in the true Oriental profusion. Rabbi Jehoscha, still the great authority for supramundane affairs, relates, according to the *Jalkut Schimoni*, "That at the two ruby gates of Paradise, stand sixty times ten thousand spirits ministering, and that the countenance of each of them shines like the brightness of the firmament. On the arrival of one of the righteous from Earth, those spirits surround him, receive him with due honours, strip him of his grave-clothes, and robe him in no less than eight garments of clouds of glory. They next put upon his head two crowns, one of pearls and diamonds, and the other of pure gold, and put eight myrrh branches into his hands. They then sing a chorus of praise round him, and bid him go and eat his bread in joy! They next lead him to springs of water, margined with eight hundred species of roses and myrrh, where to each of the righteous is assigned a separate canopy from the heat, or the splendour, or both. From the springs flow four rivers, of milk, wine, balsam and honey. The canopies are crowned and lighted by pearls, each of which gives a light equal to that of the planet Venus. Under every canopy is laid a table of pearls and precious stones. And over the head of each hover a group of angels, who say to him, 'Go now and eat honey with joy, because thou hast studied the Law, and exercised thyself therein; and go and drink the wine which is preserved fom the six days of the Creation.'"

Among the righteous, the least handsome are like Joseph and Rabbi Jochanan (who was celebrated for his beauty.) No night comes there; and there also the process of beauty and beautification is a matter of a few hours. In the time of the first watch, the righteous becomes an infant of Paradise, passes into the place where the spirits of infants are, and feels all the joyousness belonging to infancy. In the second watch, he starts into Paradisaic youth, passes into the dwelling of the youthful spirits, and enjoys their pursuits and pastimes. In the third watch, he enters into the state of Paradisaic manhood: his perfection is complete, and he is thenceforth master of all the faculties and enjoyments of the region of happiness.

Paradise, too, retains its old supremacy over all gardens, from its abundance of trees, of which the Rabbins give it no less than eighty times ten thousand species in each of the quarters of this famous spot of celestial horticulture. Angels in abundance are also provided, either to cultivate or to admire them; for there are 600,000 in each quarter, floating about, or guarding the fruit. The tree of life stands there, with its branches covering the whole extent of Paradise, and with fruits suitable to all the various tastes of the righteous, for they have five hundred thousand several flavours. Seven clouds of glory sit above it, and at every wind which shakes it, the fragrance passes from one end of the world to the other. The disciples of the Sages are peculiarly favoured, for they have their especial seats allotted under this tree. Their merit is, to have profoundly studied, and eloquently explained the Law.

A large portion of the Rabbinical writings is filled with those descriptions of lavish and fanciful beauty, but deformed with extravagancies, which offend even against the wildness of Eastern fiction. The light which supplies the place of sun to the righteous, occupies a large space in the description. The treatise *Avodath Hakkadesh*, after saying that the extent of the garden is immense, states, that there stands in the centre a vast laver, filled with dew from the highest celestial region: and in its centre stands a light incapable of being eclipsed or obscured, it being of the nature of that which was originally given for the use of Adam, and by which he was enabled to see at a glance from one end of the world to the other. But the ground in the neighbourhood of this prodigious luminary conduces partially to this result, as it is an entire pavement of precious stones, each of which gives a light brilliant as that of a burning torch; the whole forming an illumination of indescribable lustre.

It is obvious, that in their inventions, the Traditionists had no reluctance to borrow from the written letter. They seize just enough of the facts of Scripture to form a framework for the fiction, and over this they flourish their rambling and legendary conceptions. But as they borrow largely, so they have been prodigally borrowed from. The Romish doctrines of supererogation, purgatory, and individual intercession, are not the work of Rome alone; they are as old as the Rabbins; and the only merit which the Romish adopters can claim is, that of having turned a play of imagination into a principle of practice, made a rambling tenet a profitable dogma, and fabricated dreams and visions into a source of the deepest corruption that ever violated the simplicity of religion, revolted human reason, and stained the feeble purity of the human heart. In the *Niemath Chajim*, we are told, that the Rabbi Akkiba, their great doctor, one day as he

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was going to be present at the burial of one of his disciples, was surprised at the sight of a being with the shape of a man, running with an enormous pile of wood on his shoulders—yet running with the speed of a horse. The compassionate Rabbi stopped his celerity, and perceiving that he was human, asked him why he was condemned to this singular labour, adding, "that he pitied him so much, that if he were a slave, and his master would be content to sell him, he himself would be the purchaser, in order to free him from this severity of toil; or, if his poverty were the cause, that he would give him some opportunity of obtaining wealth." The man listened, but with wild impatience; he struggled to break away, but, awed by the power of the great Akkiba, he could not move from the spot. At length he burst into a passionate cry, imploring that he might be suffered to go on, and fly over the world, bearing his melancholy burden. The Rabbi was astonished, but he now began to perceive that he was conversing with a being not of this world, and sternly demanded, "Art thou man or devil?" The unfortunate being in agony exclaimed, "I have passed away from earth, and now my eternal portion is to carry fuel to the *Great Fire*." The startled Rabbi asked what act of his life could have plunged him into this dreadful calamity? The criminal answered, that he had been a collector of the public taxes, and had abused his office, by favouring the rich and oppressing the poor. The next question was, whether he had ever heard in his place of punishment, that there was any remedy for his guilt? The condemned now began to be impatient, through fear of increasing his punishment by delaying his task, and eagerly implored the Rabbi to let him go. At length, acknowledging that he had heard of one redemption, namely, that if he had a son, who could stand forth in the congregation and there say the prayer of the Synagogue, begining with "Blessed be the blessed Lord," he might be delivered from his sentence. On his being asked, whether he had a son? he answered that he did not know; that he had left his widow when she was about to have a child, but that he now could not know whether it was a son or a daughter; or, if a son, whether he was sufficiently instructed in the Law. To the further enquiry, where his family was to be found? he answered, that his own name was Akkiba, his wife's Susmira, and his city Alduca. The man was now suffered to recommence his fearful race again. And the benevolent Rabbi began a pilgrimage from city to city, until he found the due place. There he enquired for the dwelling of the husband. But he seems to have been unpopular among his countrymen, for the general answer to the Rabbi was, "May his bones be bruised in hell." The perplexed enquirer now attempted to ascertain the fate of the widow, but she appeared to be scarcely more fortunate than her husband; for the reply was, "Let her name be rooted out of the world." His sole resource now was the son; and of him the answer was not much more favourable. "He was not circumcised, his parents having had no regard to the Covenant."

But the Rabbi was not to be repelled; he discovered the boy at last, took him to his home, found him a preternatural dunce, into whom the Law could not by possibility make way; and was driven to a fast of forty days, which by divine aid at length accomplished the task of teaching him the Alphabet. After this his education advanced to the extent of reading the prayer *Shema*. (Deut. vi. 4.) The Rabbi now brought forward his pupil, the prayer of spiritual liberation was recited, and in that hour the father was freed from his task. He soon after appeared to the Rabbi in a dream, saying, "May the rest of Paradise be thy portion, because thou hast rescued me from the punishment of hell." Then the Rabbi burst out into rejoicings, and repeated a holy hymn in honour of the achievement.

The only distinction between this pious performance, and the exploits of later times, is in the penance. If the Rabbi Akkiba had done his purgatorial work at Rome instead of at Jerusalem, he would have made others fast instead of mortifying himself, and he would have put a handsome sum into his purse for masses and indulgences, instead of incumbering himself with hospitality to the tardy subject of circumcision.

Some of these stories are publicly founded on the facts of the Jewish persecutions, though the historian who would take them in their present state, for authority, would tread upon slippery ground. The treatise *Sanhedrin* give the following account of the origin of the celebrated book *Zohar*.

The Rabbis Jehuda, Isaac, and Shimeon were conversing, when Jehuda ben Gerim, a convert, came to them. On Jehuda's observing that the Romans excelled in buildings and public works, that they had erected markets, bridges, and baths, the Rabbi Shimeon contested their merit, by saying that they had done those things with selfish or corrupt objects. The convert was clearly unworthy of hearing so much wisdom, for he carried the conversation to the Imperial ear, and sentence soon followed, that the Rabbi who had spoken contemptuously of the reigning power should be slain, and the Rabbi who had kept silence should be banished, while the laudatory Rabbi should be promoted. On this announcement the Rabbi Shimeon, the chief culprit, fled with his son, and they hid themselves in the school, his wife bringing them bread and water every day. But the pursuit becoming close, and Shimeon observing to his son, with more truth than gallantry, that women were somewhat light-minded, and that the Romans might tease his wife into discovering the place of their retreat, he determined to put this casualty out of her power, by hiding in a cave. There they must however have met with a fate as evil as the Roman sword, for they were on the point of famine; when a fruit-tree and a spring were

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created for their support. Here, whether for comfort, concealment, or saving their clothes, they undressed themselves, sat up to the neck in sand, and spent the day in study. At the time of prayer, however, they recollected the decorums of their law, dressed themselves, performed their service, and then laid aside their clothing once more. At the end of twelve years of this life of nakedness and learning, the prophet Elias stood at the entrance of the cave, and cried aloud, "Who will tell the son of Jochai that the Emperor is dead, and his decree has come to an end?" Then went out the Rabbi Shimeon and his son. But their studies had rendered them unfit for the easy morality of the world into which they were re-entering. They saw mankind as busy as ever with their worldly affairs, ploughing and trading, pursuing wealth, passion, and pleasure. They instantly exclaimed, "Behold a race of evil! behold a people who neglect eternal things!" Their words were fearful, but their effect was more fearful still, for, whatever they denounced, or whatever object fell beneath their indignant glance, was instantly consumed with flame. But this discipline would have thinned mankind too rapidly to be suffered long. A voice came forth from the clouds. "Are ye come out only to destroy the world? Return to your cave." The hermits were not disobedient to the high admonition. They returned to their solitude, and there abode a whole year. At the end of that period, the Rabbi Shimeon lifted up his voice, and said, "Even in hell the wicked are punished but twelve months." This remonstrance was graciously listened to. The voice was heard again, commanding that they should come forth from the cave. They now came forth, restraining their wrath at the incorrigible worldliness of man, and shutting those fiery eyes whose glances consumed all that they fell upon, like flashes of lightning. They suffered the world to take its own way, they took theirs; and thenceforth lived in popularity, ate their bread in peace, and escaped the turbulent life and thankless death of those who trouble themselves with the morals of their neighbours. But their sojourn in the cave was not unproductive; for their wise heads and industrious fingers produced the famous treatise, *Zohar*.

With those conceptions of the power of man and angels, it may be presumed that the Rabbins have not neglected the space offered to the imagination in the kingdom of darkness. There they arrange, distribute, and define all kinds of faculties, pursuits, and punishments, in the most exuberant and sometimes in the most striking style. Their legends exhibit all the characteristics of the Oriental school, and are alternately feeble and forcible, absurd and interesting, trivial and sublime. One portion of the spirits of evil they conceive to possess a kind of middle state between the worlds of nature and spirit. They are declared to resemble angels in three things, the power of flight, foresight, and passing from one end of the earth to the other with instant and angelic speed. To the humbler race of man they are linked also by three things, by feeling the necessity of food, by being increased according to human generation, and by being liable to death. Those evil spirits know no Salic law, for they have no less than four Queens, named the *Lilis*, the *Naama*, the *Igerith*, and the *Machalath*; each of these formidable sovereigns waving the sceptre over bands of unclean spirits, utterly beyond calculation. They are severally paramount, presiding over a fourth of the year, but in this period reigning over nature only from the hour of sunset till midnight. Once in the year they assemble with their dark legions on the heights of Nishba, in the centre of the mountains of the Equator. But over them all, Solomon had power. Those four are, however, the wives of one, the Prince *Sammael*, who reigns over *Esau*; to whom the Rabbins have a peculiar aversion, which they display on all occasions. The four Queens are among the inconveniences which beset the daily life of the Jew. The Christian peasantry of Europe have their unlucky day, Friday; and the Moslem are not without their day of casualty. But the Jew must be a dexterous steersman, who can make his way through any of the seven days of the week, without running foul of misfortune regularly laid down in the Calendar. The Rabbinical caution especially lies against venturing out alone in the nights of Thursdays or the Sabbaths, for on those nights the Igerith is especially abroad, with an army of no less than 180,000 evil spirits, ready to pluck the truest of believers from the face of the earth at the instant of his putting his foot beyond the threshold.

But the *Lilith* or *Lilis*, is the lady of romance. When Adam was first formed, Lilis was his wife, she was made of earth, but her earthly compound was ill suited to the perfection of the first father of mankind. She contested his right of being master of his own house, and then began that quarrel which has been so often renewed since the beginning of the world. Lilis would not recede; Adam would not concede; and the result was, as in later times, a demand for a separate maintenance. Lilis pronounced the *Shem Hamporash*; wings started from her shoulders at the words, and she darted upward from the presence of her astonished lord, to range the kingdoms of the air. Adam appealed to authority; and three angels, *Sensi*, *Sansenoi*, and *Sammangelof*, were sent in full wing after her. A decree was issued, that if she came back voluntarily, all should be forgiven; but if she refused to come, one hundred of her children should die every day! But Lilis had already felt the charms of freedom, and she resolved to enjoy them to her utmost. The three angels supplicated in vain. She waved her plumage across the earth; they pursued. She fled across the farthest waters of the ocean. There, at length she was overtaken. She still refused. The angels threatened to strip her of her wings, to plunge her in the waters which rolled beneath them, and bind her in chains at the bottom of the

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sea for ever. Still Lilis was inflexible, and she even awed them with the declaration, that she had been created with the especial power to destroy children, the males from the day of their birth to the eighth day (the day of circumcision,) but the females until the tenth day. This menace rendered it only the more indispensable, that this formidable truant should be brought back to her allegiance. They now proceeded to exert their powerful means; when Lilis offered a compromise, that whenever she saw any of the names or pictures of the angels on a *Kamea* (a slip of parchment hung round a child's neck,) she would spare the child. The subsequent offspring of Lilis were evil spirits, of whom a hundred die daily, but unfortunately the produce is more rapid than the extinction. But the Doctors of the Law acknowledge the value of the agreement, and therefore write the names of the angels upon all children's necks, that Lilis may be equally true to the compact, and spare the rising generation of Israel.

Solomon, the perpetual theme of Oriental story, of course flourishes in the annals of those inexhaustible dealers in prodigies. One of the Chaldee paraphrases tells us of a feast which Solomon, the son of David, the wise and holy, gave in the days of his glory, and to which he invited all the kings of the earth, from east to west. He regaled his guests with more than royal magnificence; and in the course of the banquet, when his heart was high with wine, shewed them the wonders of his power. He first ordered the troops of minstrels trained by his father, to enter and exhibit their skill on the harp, cymbal, trumpet, and other instruments. Nothing could be more exquisite. All were astonished and delighted. But he had a more striking display in reserve. At the waving of his sceptre, and the uttering of a command to all the creatures of the earth to attend, the halls of the immense palace were instantly crowded with a concourse of all kinds of animals, from the lion to the serpent, and from the eagle to the smallest of the birds. The terror of his kingly guests was at first excessive, but it was changed to wonder by seeing the whole crowd of animals acknowledging the power of the man of wisdom; uttering voices to him, all which he understood and answered, and displaying all their qualities and beauties, in homage to the mighty monarch. But a still more astounding spectacle was to follow. The King ordering a small cup of a single crysolite to be brought to him, poured into it a liquid of a dazzling brightness, till the whole cup glowed like a star; and a flame ascending from it, shot forth a thousand distinct shafts of fire to all parts of the horizon. In a short time, sounds of the most fearful kind were heard in earth and air, and the army of the demons, night-spectres, and evil spirits, submissive to his will, poured into the palace. The numbers on this public occasion may be imagined from their habits of congregating on the most private ones. The Rabbins hold that the whole system of nature is so crowded with them, that a true believer has scarcely room to turn on his heel without treading on the hoofs of some of them. The Rabbi Benjamin says, that if a man is not cautious how he opens his eye, there are some who will be sure to get between the lids. Others assert, that they stand round us as thick as the fences of a garden. The treatise *Ref Ham* gives the actual number that molest a Rabbi, an occupation in which they naturally take a peculiar pleasure; this number amounts to a thousand on his left side, and, by some curious preference of mischief, ten thousand on his right. The treatise *Rabbi* proceeds to solve some of the more obvious earthly inconveniences which beset the Israelite by this perverse presence. Thus the thronging and pressing in the synagogue, which produces so much confusion and surprise, when every one seems to perceive that there is room enough for all, is really occasioned by those invisible intruders, who are so fond of hearing the discourses of the Jewish priests, that they fill the synagogue to suffocation. The whole fatigue felt in the service also proceeds from their pressure. Even the tearing and wearing of the clothes of the Israelites, a matter which they seem to feel as a peculiar grievance, proceeds from the restless movement and remorseless rubbing of their viewless associates.

But on this feast day of their mighty master, none dared to make experiments on his sufferance. All displayed themselves in their best points of view, and nothing could be more strange, more wonderful, or more dazzling, than the whole measureless muster of the hosts of the nether world. There followed, in long march, shapes of fire; some flashing beams, keen as lightning; some shedding light, soft as the rainbow; some of colossal stature, some of the smallest dwarfishness; some in the naked and powerful proportions of the antediluvian giant; some of the most delicate and subtle loveliness of form, clothed in silk and gold; some wearing armour, royal robes, coronets, studded with stars, small as the eye of a mole, yet sparkling with intolerable brilliancy; some on the wing; some in floating chariots of metals unknown on earth, yet exceeding the gossamers in lightness, and gold in splendour; some riding coursers of the most inconceivable strength, and stupendous magnitude, tall as the towers of a city, and beside which the elephant would have looked like a fawn; some steering barges, entirely formed of rich jewels, through the air, and sweeping round the pillars and sculptures of the palace with infinite velocity; some on foot, and treading on tissues of silver and scarlet, which continually spread wherever they trode, and threw up living roses at each step; some with countenances marked with the contortions of pain and terror, but some of an exquisite and intense beauty, which at once fixed and overwhelmed the eye. All moved to the sound of an infinite number of instruments, warlike, pastoral, and choral, according to their states and powers, and all formed

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the most singular and wondrous sight imaginable. Yet, though all the guests confessed that they had never seen the equal of this display, they yet acknowledged that it inspired them with indescribable fear. They felt that they were in an evil presence; and not even the charm of those allurements and temptations which still remain to fallen spirits, not even their wisdom, beauty, and knowledge of the secrets of nature, their brilliant intellect, and universal skill, could prevent the kings from praying Solomon that he would command his terrible vassals, the tribes of the world of darkness, to depart from the palace. The King, in compassion to their human weakness, complied, and taking up the cup of crysolite, poured into it a liquor of the colour of ebony. The cup suddenly grew black as night, and a thousand shafts of darkness shot out from it to all parts of the horizon. They pierced through the ranks of the evil spirits like a flight of arrows, and instantly the whole mighty multitude broke up, and scattered in all directions through the air. Their flight was long seen like a fall of fiery meteors; and their yells, as they flew, were heard as far as Babylon.

Wolf, the missionary, who is now rambling through Asia, and rejoicing in the perilous encounter of Rajahs, tigers, angry Israelites, and dagger-bearing Moslems, will probably soon give a new public interest to one of the most popular conceptions that ever fell into oblivion—the existence of the lost tribes of Israel. The present object of this indefatigable rambler is declaredly to bring to light the retreats of the famous revolters of Jeroboam. What resources for the discovery he may find in his own possession, we must leave to time. But if he should condescend to take his wisdom from the pages of the Rabbins, he will find them ready and copious in supplying him with the most unhesitating information on every point of possible curiosity. The Rabbi Benjamin, in his work, *Massaoth Shel Rabbi Benjamin*, long since informed the wondering world, that "from the city *Raambar*, formerly called *Pombeditha*, on the banks of the Euphrates, it is exactly twenty-one days' journey through the desert of *Saba*, in the direction of *Sinear*, to the frontier of the country called that of the *Rechabites*. Their capital is the city of *Tema*, where the Prince *Chanan*, who is also a Rabbi, governs the nation. The city is of large dimensions, and the territory is worthy of the capital. It extends sixteen days' journey between the northern mountains. The people are numerous and warlike, yet they are subject to the Gojim, a gentile power, which forays to a great distance, in company with some hordes of wild Arabs, who live on their northern boundary. Those Rechabite Jews plough, and keep cattle, give the tenth of their possessions to the scribes and sages, who live in the schools, and to the poorer Jews, and especially to those who mourn over Sion, and neither eat flesh nor drink wine, but who perpetually wear black garments, in sign of the sorrows of Jerusalem. The number of the people living in *Tema* and *Tilima*, is about 100,000. And thither come, once in the year, Prince *Solomon*, and his brother *Chanan*, of the line of David, with shatterered clothing, to fast forty days, and pray for the miseries of those Jews who are in exile. "In the country of the Prince who thus comes periodically to fast with the Rechabites, the people seem to be tolerably prosperous. He has fifty cities, two hundred villages, and an hundred fortresses. His capital is *Thenai*, remarkably strong, and fifteen miles square, containing fields, gardens, and orchards. *Tilima* is also a very strong city, seated in the mountains. From *Tilima* it is three days journey to *Kibar*, where the people declare themselves of the tribes *Reuben*, *Gad*, and the half tribe of *Manasseh*, which Shalmanezer, the Assyrian, carried into captivity. They are a singularly belligerent race; they have large and strong cities. They wage constant hostilities with their neighbours, and are almost secure of impunity, by having in their frontier a desert of eighteen days' journey, utterly uninhabitable by man. The city of Kibar also is large, with about fifty thousand Jews among the inhabitants. They carry on frequent wars with the people of *Sinear* and the north. The other Israelites spread to the east; and the country of *Aliman* touches even the borders of India." We are in some fear that these names will not be found in the modern maps; but the detail is confident, and if the missionary should blunder in the regions between the Euxine and the Caspian, he will have the satisfaction of blundering upon high Rabbinical authority.

But it was to be presumed that a tradition which had so long excited popular curiosity, would at some time or other be adapted for the purposes of ingenious imposture. How few instances are there of the mysterious death of a prince, or the fall of a dynasty, which have not exhibited a ready succession of dexterous pretenders; from the days of Sebastian of Portugal down to the late Dauphin, the unfortunate son of the unfortunate Louis XVI. The treatise *Shibboleth* gives a sketch of one of these bold adventurers. In the year of the world the 1466th after the destruction of the second temple, (A. D. 1534,) there appeared in Europe, a man from a distant country, who called himself *Rabbi David*, a *Reubenite*. He went to Rome, where he had an interview with Clement VII., and was favourably received. On being questioned by the Pontiff as to himself, he said, that he was the Commander-in-Chief of the army of the King of Israel. He was of a Moorish complexion, short in stature, and about forty-five years of age. From Rome he went to Portugal, where he was received by the King; and understanding only Hebrew and Arabic, spoke generally by an interpreter. He declared that he was sent as ambassador from the Israelite Kings of *Chalach*, *Chabar*, and the nations on the river *Gozan*, to demand assistance, and peculiarly cannon, from the European Princes, that they, the Israelites, might be enabled to

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make head against their infidel enemies. The Rabbi remained for a considerable time in Portugal, and converted to Judaism one of the King's private secretaries, who, though a Christian, was of Jewish parents. On this conversion, the Rabbi David left the country, and took with him his convert, who now bore the name of *Solomon Malco.* The convert was a man of ability and eloquence; and though he had previously no knowledge of the Law, and was of the uncircumcised, yet, when he came among his new brethren, he preached powerfully, especially in Italy, where his expounding both the written and the oral law, astonished the most celebrated teachers, and perplexed the people, who wondered where he could have found his singular wisdom. His own account of it was satisfactory; he had been endowed with it by an angel. Solomon Malco now wrote several treatises which increased his fame; he next declared himself to be one of the messengers of the Messiah. He was remarkably handsome, and his manners were high-bred and courteous. Rabbi David, too, had his share of public wonder, for he fasted for six days and nights, without suffering any thing to enter his lips,—a fact proved by accurate witnesses. But the career of the more aspiring or more active missionary was to have an unhappy close. Rabbi Solomon ventured himself within the presence of Charles V. at Mantua. To what the actual conference amounted, has escaped history, but the result was an order that he should be delivered over to the secular arm. The unfortunate zealot was brought to the stake, *gagged*, through fear, as the Jews say, of his using some strong spell, or form of words, by which he might escape his tormentors. His life was offered to him, but he firmly rejected the offer, and died without shrinking. Rabbi David's career was extinguished at the same time, but by a less cruel catastrophe. He was sent a prisoner into Spain, where he died.

Subsequent narratives state, that the two missionaries had attempted to convert the King of Portugal, the *Pope*, and the *Emperor*—an attempt which certainly wanted nothing of the boldness of proselytism; and that the Rabbi's refusal to be converted in turn was the immediate cause of the sentence. Solomon was burned in Mantua, A. D. 1540.

But to those who desire a more detailed account of the expatriated and long-hidden nations, let the learned Rabbi *Eldad* the *Danite* supply intelligence. "There," says this faithful topographer, "is the tribe of Moses, our instructor, the just, and the servant of heaven. Those Jews are surrounded with the rivor *Sabbatajon*, the compass of which is as much as one can walk in three months. They live in stately houses, and have magnificent buildings and towers erected by themselves. There is no unclean thing among them; no scorpion, no serpent, no wild beast. Their flocks and herds bring forth twice a-year. They have gardens stocked with all kinds of fruits; but they neither sow nor reap. They are a people of faith, and well instructed in the *Mishna*, *Gemara*, and *Aggada*. Their Talmund is written in the Hebrew tongue. They say, our forefathers have taught us out of the mouth of Joshua, out of the mouth of Moses, and out of the mouth of God. They know nothing of the Talmudic doctrines which were in being in the time of the second temple. They lengthen their days to a hundred and twenty years. Neither sons nor daughters die in the life-time of their parents; they advance to the third and fourth generation. A child drives their cattle many days' journey, because they have neither wild beasts, murderers, nor evil spirits to fear. Their Levites labour in the Law and the commandments. They see no man, and are seen of none, except the four tribes which dwell on the further side of the river Ethiopia, *Dan*, *Naphthali*, *Gad*, and *Asser*. The sand of the river Sabbatajon is holy. In an hour-glass it runs six days of the week; but on the seventh it is immovable. The people are twice as numerous as when they left Judea."

But those narratives are endless. Though probably containing some fragments of truth, the fact is so encumbered with the fiction, that they become a mere matter of romance. But the graver consideration remains. Are such things the wisdom of the chosen people? Are the reveries of the Talmuds the study by which the learned of the Jews at this hour are to be advanced in sacred knowledge? Are those giddy and wandering inventions to be the substitute for those "Oracles," which the greatest writer of their nation, even Saul of Tarsus, pronounced to be the pre-eminent privilege of the sons of Israel? Unhappily the question cannot be answered in the negative. The Talmuds are at this hour the fount from which the immense multitude of Judaism draw all their knowledge of religion. Some learned men among them may study the learning of the Scriptures. Some holy men among them—for there are those even in the community of Israel, who have not been utterly forsaken by the light of truth—the seven thousand who have not yet bowed the knee to Baal, may love the wisdom of inspiration. But to the majority, the Talmuds are the grand obstruction to light and knowledge, the fatal source of that stubborn resistance to sacred truth, and to the severest lessons of national suffering, which, even in all the advances of later times, keeps the Jew in irremediable darkness and inexorable chains.

From he United Service Journal.

COLONIES.—THEIR INFLUENCE ON MARITIME AND MILITARY ASCENDENCY.

No event in modern history has been made the groundwork of more sweeping conclusions, than the severance from the British crown of the American colonies, whose independence was recog-

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nized in 1783. On this single fact, a class of politicians have essayed to found a system of doctrines, whose truth or falsehood it is, to England especially, a point of the last importance to determine rightly. Those colonies, at the period of their combining to throw off the yoke of the mother-country, had, in the opinion of the persons we allude to, risen to that pitch of wealth and intelligence,—attained that degree of political strength and social consolidation,—that it would have been impossible for England, under any circumstances, much longer to have maintained control over them. In a general and more alarming shape, too, the announcement is put forth, that, whenever society shall have reached a similar state of maturity in any of the colonies now belonging to Great Britain, the day will not be distant, when she must again submit to further loss of colonial dominion. It has been attempted, in effect, to introduce among the maxims of political science the proposition, that a colony can be retained in subjection only in its infancy,—only so long, that is to say, as its existence, in a manner, depends on the assistance and protection of a wealthier and more powerful state, while its poverty at the same time prevents any adequate return for such benefits. The moment it rises into importance, and arrives at that point of improvement when the connexion might really become valuable to the parent state, it is asserted, the tie must break,—the colony gain its independence.

Could we, in truth, give our assent to such doctrine, how preposterous should we deem the course of policy our country has now pursued for a period of three hundred years! Even in the reign of Henry VII., Great Britain displayed her eagerness for the acquisition of distant territory; and at so early a date commences her claim to extensive regions in America, founded on the discoveries of Sebastian Cabot. But with what amazing perseverance and success has she followed up her first attempt to obtain colonial jurisdiction! At this moment an eastern population, not far below that comprised within the entire circuit of the Roman empire in its day of widest dominion, acknowledges England's sovereignty,—while her territories in the new world cover a larger space than was occupied by any of the mightiest monarchies of antiquity, and equal in superficial extent nearly the whole of the two Russias. Now, if colonies can remain such only while society there is in an incipient state,—before industry has had time to accumulate wealth, and the arts of civilization to apply it,—if they are no sooner able to repay the large outlay incurred in providing for their advancement and protection, than with the power they acquire the disposition likewise to make themselves independent,—then it is clear that for three centuries Great Britain has been deeply implicated in a losing game. For the acquisition and preservation of colonial dominion, how many millions have been appropriated to the maintenance of her fleets and armies in all parts of the world! And all this, it seems, without any other return, save perhaps the satisfaction of having contributed to the spread of a really valuable civilization. Had the energies and enterprise of the British population been confined, as far as was possible, within the circumference of the United Kingdom, how far might we have risen above comparison with our present state in wealth, social condition, and political influence!

The conclusion, to which experience would lead on this point, must be found, if at all, by reference to the past history of Great Britain herself. Now, all the information from this source appears plainly to indicate, that a large proportion of our wealth and power has been derived from our colonies. Indeed, our commercial and naval preeminence is to be dated precisely from the time when we first became conspicuous for the extent and importance of our foreign possessions. Previously, nations far inferior to England in internal resources took the lead in the race of maritime and commercial enterprise. Early in the sixteenth century, Portugal had acquired, along with extensive settlements in the East, a monopoly of the European trade with that part of the world. To the almost exclusive enjoyment of the advantages of eastern commerce the Dutch succeeded, who possessed, at the same time, dominions of considerable extent in the New World. The multiplication of means, derived from these two sources, received signal illustration, when this nation, so limited in original population and territory, after bringing to a glorious close a war of half a century with the most powerful monarchy of Europe, could venture, with scarcely an interval of breathing-time, to throw down the gauntlet to England, and commence the desperate struggle, which was to decide the sovereignty of the ocean. It would be difficult to find within the whole compass of history, as it would be scepticism, to require a more convincing proof of the solid value of colonial resources. The contest for maritime superiority, it is true, at length ended in favour of Great Britain, whose naval power has ever since been progressive. But though, for so long a period, no confederacy of rival nations has been able to overthrow or even seriously disturb our supremacy, it ought likewise to be borne in mind, that our maritime strength has increased in no greater proportion than our colonial power. If our navies have long swept every sea,—no enemy risking an encounter, or else paying the penalty of presumption and rashness,—it is equally the fact, that the time is far past, when any nation could compete with England as to importance and extent of external dominions.

As far then as experience can conduct us to a decision on the point under discussion, we may safely assert that the colonial establishments of Great Britain, instead of keeping up a continual drain on her resources, have, in truth, supplied a fertilizing stream, whereby the fruits of her industry and enterprise have increased a hundred-fold. When, however, the view is extended to other states, ancient or modern, to discover how the

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colonial system worked for them, the difference of circumstances does not permit us to consider arguments, from their case, and applied to that of England, as the evidence of experience strictly understood. In reality, lessons of experience from history, as they are generally entitled, are no more than the probabilities of analogy. But where two nations, having the one leading feature in their character,—a devotion to commerce,—are considered solely in reference to a common point of policy, which necessarily exercised great influence on their respective commercial positions, the inference from so close an analogy cannot but have great weight in determining us, if it be clearly on the one side or the other of our question. We are able, then, to refer to two states,—one eminent in antiquity, the other holding a distinguished place in modern history,—each of which, in its day, led the van in the march of commercial enterprise, and advanced to great political importance, helped on chiefly by a scheme of colonial policy, not widely different from what England has embodied, though on a vastly larger scale.

Carthage could never have lifted her head so high among the great powers of the ancient world, but for the means of elevation she possessed in her colonies. From her political system strike off all those branches, which, no part of the parent stem, grew subsequently out of conquest, and where will be found the tree of empire, that "raised its broad arms 'gainst the thunder-stroke" of Roman power? The city, with a few miles of adjoining territory, constituted the body of the state. All the rest of the Carthaginian dominions, as they were at first the result of conquest, so continued ever after external appendages, not integral portions, of the empire. Even the large extent of territory along the coast of her own continent, reaching as far as the Atlantic, was nothing else than a series of colonial dependencies on Carthage. Of her settlements in the Mediterranean, Sardinia was the most considerable; holding, among the other Carthaginian islands of that sea, a somewhat similar rank to that of Jamaica among our West India colonies. Between historical events, separated by so many ages, it is a more striking analogy, that the first introduction of the Carthaginians into Spain was owing to a commercial intercourse, such as procured the British a footing in India; and that by steps, nearly the same in both instances, the maritime intruders rose to the attainment of territorial dominion and political ascendency in distant lands. The supremacy of Carthage in the Spanish peninsula was, we are aware, of no long duration; and the blow received there was mainly instrumental to her fall. But let us recollect at the same time that, while to her were opposed the disciplined valour and ardent patriotism of the Roman armies, she was herself obliged, from the dearth of native population, to make use of foreign mercenaries, almost exclusively, in all her military operations. With such an incapacity for success, it cannot be wondered that Carthage at length sunk to the ground before an antagonist, whose iron strength and burning enthusiasm had been formed to victory in a thousand battles. Nay, it is a forcible demonstration of the amount of resources derivable from colonies, that a state, so circumscribed in original dimensions, was yet furnished with the means of holding the empire of the sea for so many ages, and maintaining at last, with the greatest military power the world ever saw, a struggle, renewed at intervals, and not decided till after the lapse of a century.

Venice is another state whose history testifies that, for a large proportion of its wealth and power, a nation may be indebted to its colonial appendages. The original territory of this ocean-queen comprised little more than the small islands where she had first seated herself at the head of the Adriatic; but her colonies spread largely along the borders of this sea, through various parts of Greece, and among the numerous islands of the Levant. These were the grand sources of that strength she so often put forth to secure Christendom against the inroads of the Mohammedan. Confined to her first narrow seat, Venice could never have had "her thirteen hundred years of freedom," nor stood at the head of those states which have enjoyed the longest period of independent and extensive power. It was her colonies that so long animated her system with the vigour of youth,—that, in the same spirit with which she had stayed the tide of Saracen conquest, enabled her to stand forth, many ages later, "Europe's bulwark 'gainst the Ottomite." Even so late as the beginning of last century, the Morea still owned the supremacy of Venice; and, but thirty-six years ago, did the Ionian Islands, now under British dominion, cease to be Venetian colonies.

Thus, in the history of Venice, not less than that of Carthage, we have signal proof of the durability, as well as greatness of national power, which has been based on colonial resources. And yet, in each instance, the fabric of empire, which rose so high and swelled to such dimensions, rested on a foundation so narrow, so disproportionate to the superincumbent structure, that the first violent internal commotion, or the first fierce shock of hostility from without, seemed likely to tumble the whole to the ground. We have seen notwithstanding that, down even to our own times, the sceptre of foreign dominion still remained within the grasp of Venice. With regard to Carthage, the stability of her power attracted even the notice of Aristotle, who was at pains to trace back the working of her political constitution through the five hundred years of its previous existence. This profound political philosopher,—a title recognized as his due, even in the estimation of modern self-complacency,—looked on the Carthaginian structure of government, as an almost perfect model; and we, the advocates of colonies, rejoice to find ourselves supported by so competent a judge, in his strongly expressed approbation of a political system, in which the colonial was a prominent department.

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Whether, then, we consult the history of Great Britain herself, or of other states, which have stood in analogous situations, the whole weight of evidence from these sources goes to establish the proposition, that colonial dependencies are the grand upholders, the main supports, of commercial prosperity, naval strength, and political importance in maritime nations. The mere acquisition of foreign settlements, does, we know, *presuppose* some degree of naval power; but yet we must insist on the point, that no people ever attained supremacy on the seas but by the help of colonial dominion,—or long retained that supremacy, when once stripped of their most valuable colonies.

There, perhaps, never was a man that made practical use of history to the same extent as Napoleon. No one better appreciated the value of the sentiment, "The thing that hath been, it is that which shall be: and that, which is done, is that which shall be done; and there is no new thing under the sun." No mind was more deeply impressed, or more universally influenced in conduct by the moral truth—that human nature is in all ages essentially the same; and that the experience of one generation is, in a general sense, a picture of what constitutes the history of every other. It was this conviction that drove Napoleon to the study of history, not as a source merely of intellectual entertainment, but as the storehouse of those maxims of political and military prudence, which, when applied to his own case, and made the groundwork of his own conduct, furnished the elements of unparallelled success. The heroes of Greece and Rome, delineated as they have been in masterly style by the classic writers of antiquity, were the models by which he fashioned his own military character. The career of an Alexander, a Cæsar, was ever before his mind; and he analyzed the means of their success with a view to apply the information to the direction of his own conduct in similar circumstances. In like manner, the course which conducted Cromwell to the summit of ambition, defined to Napoleon the path by which he proposed to himself to arrive at absolute power. He would fall asleep, while poetry was read to him in the evenings, Bourrienne tells us; but when the future emperor asked for the "Life of Cromwell," the secretary counted on sitting up late.

That England owed the chief portion of her importance to her colonies, and that by the blow, which stripped her of the most valuable of them, the deepest wound would be inflicted on her commercial and maritime supremacy, was the deliberate and unalterable opinion of Napoleon. Of all the plans of his comprehensive and gigantic policy, accordingly, none so long occupied his imagination, as those by which he hoped to wrench India from our grasp. To this aim pointed the expedition to Egypt. In the plenitude of his power, he still kept his grand object in view; and, once assured of the friendship of Russia by the treaty of Tilsit, his thoughts were immediately turned to Persia, to pave the way for the co-operation of this power in an invasion of our Eastern empire. Did then Napoleon, the correctness of whose deductions from history experience verified in innumerable instances—whose intimate acquaintance with the events of past times proved a sure foundation for the most successful policy that ever was realized—did, we say, the man, who had studied so carefully and so well in the annals of kingdoms the circumstances of their rise and fall, take up an erroneous impression, when he concluded colonial power to be an important element of national greatness? It is difficult to believe that such a mind could have fallen into error on so material a point—one, too, on which the voice of history had pronounced so explicit a decision. Indeed, the events connected with the fall of Carthage lead so directly to Napoleon's opinions on this head, that, at once, his quick and clear perception must have embraced them.

To Carthage the most baneful effects of the first Punic war were, the defection of Sardinia and the alienation of the Sicilian settlements.—For these losses, however, Hannibal's subsequent conquests were some compensation: but when that very country, whose complete subjugation had been accomplished so recently by himself—when Spain, the only foreign possession of importance now remaining to Carthage,—had fallen into the hands of her rival, Hannibal's sagacity, not less that of a shrewd politician than an able general, perceived too truly that the last hopes of his country were blasted. As long as Carthage retained her hold over her extraneous settlements, she had still left the means of repairing former disasters. The commercial intercourse with them, both a source of wealth, and affording the best opportunity of forming the materials of naval power, might have sufficed to preserve the *stamina* of her maritime and military strength—have afforded the means of creating new fleets and new armies in place of those already destroyed. But with her last colony, not only was her naval pre-eminence gone—no longer had she ability even to keep up a military force of any consideration; for, in a state, of a body so circumscribed, the great proportion of the national resources must have been drawn from the external dependencies, and these must have supplied the chief elements of Carthaginian power. How natural, then, for one, who could see the melancholy truth so clearly, the exclamation of Hannibal, when informed, that Spain was in the occupation of the Romans—

> ——————Occidit, occidit
> Spes omnis et fortuna nostri
> Nominis!

In the experience of nations we know of but one instance that can give to the cause of the anti-colonists even the semblance of support.—Spain long occupied the rank now assigned to Great Britain, in respect to magnitude and value of colonial jurisdiction. On the incorporation of the Portuguese dominions with the Spanish monarchy, Philip II. had sovereign sway, not only

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of by far the richest and largest portion of the new world, but of important dominions in the East. Of the latter, indeed, Spain did not very long enjoy the possession; but down even to the period of Napoleon's invasion of her own soil, the Spanish colonies still included the most valuable portions of America. Where then, it may be asked, are proofs of the benefits that flowed to Spain from such ample colonial resources? To this question the answer would be sufficient, that, whatever value we attach to colonies, we never rated them so high as to suppose the mere possession of them would counterbalance the thousand ills arising from a systematic perversion of all the powers of government both at home and in the colonies themselves.

But though every species of misgovernment conspired to stop up the channels by which Spain might have derived from her American possessions wealth almost boundless, it is a great mistake to suppose that, even mismanaged as they were, they were to her of no value whatever. It is a still greater error to consider the colonies as having been a cause of her retrogression. Because Spain first began to sink in the scale of nations, at the very time she was the first colonial power in the world—and because, though still possessed of important foreign dominions, she yet continued to fall—people have been accustomed to connect these two circumstances, her national decline and her colonial eminence, by a relation the direct reverse of that which really subsisted between them. In fact, the only antidote to the ills heaped on the head of Spain by every description of pernicious policy, was, the possession of her American dependencies. But for *their* treasures, the wars which originated in the ambition of Charles V., the bigotry of Philip II., and succeeding monarchs, must have brought on the country not merely decline, but irretrievable ruin. In brief, the baneful measures which proceeded from the Spanish cabinet during the entire period of the occupation of the throne by the Austrian dynasty, did not *wholly* drain up every source of Spain's prosperity, did not destroy even the *possibility* of regeneration, only, because her settlements in the new world were still able to supply the materials of national greatness. When she gave symptoms of partial revival under the Bourbons—when her arm recovered something of its pristine vigour, and her fleets and armies once more excited admiration or alarm,—it was from her colonies that the means were obtained of renovating her decayed system. If, indeed, to her resulted any evil consequence, immediately connected with the possession of sovereignty in America, it was itself indicative of the amplitude of her resources there, and was one also which arose from a misconception of the advantages of her position. Imagining themselves possessed of an inexhaustible treasury, the Spanish people lost sight of the primal law, "that man must earn his bread in the sweat of his brow;" and neglected more those arts of industry which are the foundation of all human wealth, and for the want of which no superiority of natural advantages can make compensation.

Most of our readers, we hope, little require to be convinced that to colonies England owes much of her greatness. By what other means could she have attained her present rank, or put herself at the head of nations far above her in regard to the underived sources of power? Yet, though vastly inferior to Russia, and below even Austria or France in population, territory, and other original means of national strength, the United Kingdom, it must be allowed, does possess within itself enough of these elements to constitute a powerful empire. Were it otherwise, there would not be even plausibility in the doctrine, that "England has become great, not *in consequence of* but *notwithstanding* her colonies." To those, then, who may have been struck by the affected philosophy and pointed form of this modern aphorism, it may be of use to be referred to two states, which rose to, and long retained, high commercial and political importance; of necessity, the result of colonial resources, which they had largely at command, and not of any self-derived elements of wealth and power, since of these latter they had, in comparison, nothing. It cannot be said of Carthage and Venice, that they came to greatness *in spite of* their colonies; for without these, their name, confessedly, would never have been heard of among the leading empires of former days. The pointed expression, however, is altogether as applicable to either of those states as to England: but truth has been made many a time to give way to an antithesis.

If then, colonies do multiply the sources of wealth, nothing more need be said to prove that their state of dependency is fitted to continue, long after civilization has made them consumers of the luxuries as well as necessaries of improved society. In particular, with regard to the defection of our American colonies half a century ago, it is absurd to make it a consequence of their high state of social organization and intellectual attainment. If treated with the consideration and indulgence now shown to the Canadas, would not their very intelligence have determined them to remain in connexion with a government, under whose protection they would have been safe, and under whose fostering care they would have made rapid progress? And even if, under such treatment, any considerable portion of the colonists had been disposed to revolt, can we believe that the good feeling of the remainder, supported by the unanimous determination of the British nation, would not have been sufficient in a short time to restore subordination and tranquillity? It is our deliberate conviction, that the injudicious policy of the British ministry of the time, not only brought on the American revolution, but made it triumphant.

If, indeed, in the case of England and her American colonies there had been any incompatibility of interests; if, to promote the benefit of the mother-country, it had been anywise necessary that her dependencies should submit to loss or

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sacrifice of any kind, from which a state of independence would have exempted them, then their resistance might reasonably have been calculated on the very first moment they felt themselves strong enough to dissolve the connexion. Their contented acquiescence ought not to have been expected in a condition where their prospect was that of being the scape-goat at whose expense England was to provide for her own peculiar advantage. Every additional step by which they advanced towards the attainment of greater power must, in such a case, have diminished, in the same proportion, the period of their continuance with us in a state of political subordination. But, in fact, the promotion of the interests of Great Britain was fully compatible with all that was due to the colonies,—nay, the natural tendency of the connexion was, to place each party in a more advantageous position than was attainable by either in a state of separation. Upholding, as we have done throughout this article, the value of colonial appendages, we need not record here our opinion of the immense gain that would have ensued to England from the maintenance of the supremacy over North America unimpaired; and equally assured we are, that the countries now subject to the United States' government, had they still continued under British allegiance, would have realized even a larger share of prosperity than they have in fact enjoyed.

Those who have been taught to consider the rapid advance of the United States to importance as the result of their independence and form of government, would do well to take an estimate of the *simultaneous* progress of the neighbouring portions of the same continent which have remained steadily faithful to Great Britain. It might then be discovered, that the prosperity of the Union could not be altogether owing to political causes, when British America was seen to have improved with even greater rapidity than her republican neighbour. In the year 1769 the total amounts of exports from the United States was 2,852,441*l.*; in 1825 it was 22,395,463*l.*, so that the increase in fifty-six years was at the rate of 685 per cent. This certainly is a proof of a very rapid commercial progress; but yet we find that the annual exports from the present British North American colonies increased, in the same period, *in a ratio nearly twice as great*, namely that of 1280 per cent. The value of the exports of these colonies, in 1769, did not exceed 225,878*l.*, whereas the amount in 1825 rose to 3,150,057*l.* As far then as the state of commerce may be taken as an index of the general circumstances of a country, the result of an accurate comparison justifies the assertion, that the prosperity of our colonies in North America has proceeded at a pace accelerated almost in a twofold ratio beyond that of the United States. Nor do we come to a different conclusion, whatever standard be assumed for ascertaining the relative progress of two communities, politically distinct, though contiguous. The internal improvements of the British provinces, whether effected by individual enterprise or the application of public capital, will excite much greater admiration than those in the states of the republic, when the lateness of the period is taken into account at which some of the most advanced districts in British America were brought within the pale of civilization. Previously to the year 1783 there were but a few insignificant French settlements on the banks of some of the chief rivers of Upper Canada, which could not then boast of a single British colony. At present the population of the province is not far short of 300,000, and the face of the country is studded with flourishing towns and vilages. It is intersected by numerous canals—some of which, in point of elegance and utility, would lose nothing by comparison with the grandest works of the same description in the United States. The latter do not possess a canal of equal dimensions to the Welland, which connects the navigation of Lakes Erie and Ontario, and admits the largest class of vessels ordinarily used on the former of these lakes. Well-made roads, furnished with frequent post-towns, and rivers which have undergone the necessary improvement for the purposes of steam navigation, afford the means of safe and expeditious communication in various directions between remote parts of the province. Nor are indications wanting of that intellectual progress which is both the noblest result of prosperous civilization and the surest pledge of its stability. A College, on the plan of one of the English seats of the Muses, has been opened in the capital of Upper Canada; and district schools, established throughout the country, secure to the mass of the population the advantages of education. A periodical press, too, is in active operation; and there is an extensive circulation for eight or ten weekly newspapers, conducted with considerable ability.

Already, then, does Upper Canada possess most of the accompaniments of superior prosperity; and even the oldest and most flourishing states of the Union have no other advantage over her in this respect than what results from a denser population, and can only be the work of time. The greater rapidity of progress in the British province is thus evident, inasmuch as many of the republican states had attained high importance even before the commencement of the period within which Upper Canada has acquired everything. Is it not a fair inference, therefore, that the old colonies might, in connexion with Great Britian, have pursued a course still more prosperous than they have done? On such a supposition would they not have been disposed to continue a highly-favoured part of the greatest and most prosperous empire in the world, rather than enter on a new existence, as a second-rate power,—in which capacity it was extremely problematical whether they could realize benefits comparable with those then in their possession? We do not say that such a result, whether as to their external condition or secret inclination, could have followed from a perseverance on our part in

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the same mode of treatment which actually alienated their affections. But we entertain not a shadow of doubt that, if the conduct of the British Government in the colonial department had been always directed by the same spirit which in later times influenced the system of administration of our present North American colonies, all the happy consequences we have imagined would have been verified in fact—our former fellow-subjects on the American continent would have proceeded in a career of unequalled prospeity, and been bound by affection as well as interest to the land of their fathers.

In truth, we have only to examine the causes of the agitation now prevailing in the United States, to discover that in regard to political circumstances affecting the course of society, the inhabitants of the British provinces enjoy considerable advantages over their neighbours. Have the citizens of South Carolina suffered no grievances to justify their approach to the verge of open rebellion? Have no sufficient reasons existed why the southern states, in general, should array themselves in opposition to the will of the supreme legislature? It is surely natural that a strong feeling of disaffection to the federal government should actuate that portion of the Union which, because it is the weaker, has been made the victim, and left to suffer under laws enacted for the exclusive benefit of the more powerful party. The tariff, in affording protection to the northern or manufacturing states, presses with a double weight on the rising prosperity of the southern or cotton-growing states. The latter, by reason of the prohibitory duties on British manufactures, are not only obliged to pay an exorbitant price for articles largely consumed by them, but, to a certain extent, are deprived of a market for their own produce. A much greater quantity of the American cotton would be imported into England if the United States admitted her manufactures on moderate duties. The southern states must be the more sensible of the oppression, when they look towards the British provinces on the some continent receiving English manufactures, charged only with the trifling duty of two per cent. It may occur to them that they have not gained greatly by ceasing to be British colonies, and incorporating themselves with the Union; and in giving vent to their discontent they have been induced, probably, to assume a bolder tone and attitude, from reflecting on the circumstances which, fifty years since, called into existence the very government which has betrayed its desire, if not to sacrifice, at least to overlook, the interests of a third part of its subjects. The policy of the British ministry, which was made the pretext for the independent union, had little of the oppressive spirit and nothing of the injurious tendency of the measures passed by Congress, under the influence of the northern and to the prejudice of the southern states.

If it be once established as a matter of strong probability that the United States, on the supposition that they had still remained part of the British empire, governed of course in the same conciliatory spirit under which the Canadas have prospered, would have outstripped their *actual* progress, no ground whatever is left for the assertion that Great Britain sustained no heavy loss by the revolt of her American colonies. From the maintainers of this paradox we have never heard but one attempt at anything like argument. They bid us take the highest amount of exports in any one year from Great Britain to the United States while under British dominion; and then they exhibit, for the sake of comparison, the average value of the annual exports from the United Kingdom made to them in the present day.

In this mode of arguing the question, it is simply assumed that the whole of the national improvement, and consequently the entire increase in the demand for British manufactures within the last fifty years, in the United States, are the fruits of their independence. This assumption, however, will scarcely be conceded by those who are persuaded, that the progress of that country in wealth and civilization has had very little to do with its form of government,—who know that in its own natural resources and in the intelligence of its population—an intelligence which is of English birth—it possessed elements of prosperity which would have produced their effect as surely under the despotism of Prussia as under the democracy of the Union. But, further, we hope we have ourselves already satisfied the reader that the United States, if they had never withdrawn from British jurisdiction, would have made even more rapid advancement, and opened, therefore, a still wider field for the enterprize of the British manufacturer than they have in fact done.

We have shown above, by a comparison of the rates of increase that took place, in the interval from the year 1769 to 1825, in the annual exports from the British North American colonies and the United States respectively, that the exports from the former had increased in a ratio nearly double that from the States. If we now examine the comparative increase in the period from 1774 to 1824, in the annual exports from Great Britain to the same colonies and states respectively, the rates of increase will be found, in this instance, to observe much the same proportion as the former—that is, the annual exports from Great Britain to her North Amdrican colonies will be seen to have increased in a ratio nearly double that of the United States. According to Moreau's Tables, in 1774 the exports from Great Britain to the United States were 2,316,737*l.*; in 1824 they were 7,997,692*l.*—the rate of increase thus being 245 per cent.; whereas in the former year, the exports from Great Britain to her North American colonies were 344,551*l.*, and in the latter 1,911,336*l.*, making the rate of increase 455 per cent.

Both the statements we have given, showing the comparative increase, within given periods, of the amount, in the first case, of the exports from, and in the second, of the British goods

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imported into, the United States and the British North American colonies, respectively, vindicate each other's accuracy. The former represents British America as advancing in her career of commercial prosperity with twice the rapidity of the United States; and from the other statement we learn that the demand for British manufactures in the British provinces has also increased in a two-fold ratio, as compared with that in the territories of the Union.

But the mere consideration that the United States, if still in connexion with us, would probably consume of our manufactures double the quantity they now do, affords us an imperfect idea only of the loss which their independence has inflicted on England. It must not be forgotten how much the United States do to discourage the carriage even of imports from Great Britain in British bottoms: in fact, of the shipping and seamen employed between that country and England, a very small proportion is British. Nay, even while the progressive importance of the commercial intercourse between the two nations has required from year to year a large accession to the amount of tonnage and number of hands occupied in the carrying trade, there has actually been a gradual falling off in the quantity of British shipping and number of British seamen so employed. Between Great Britain and her colonies in North America, on the contrary, the intercourse has been conducted on British bottoms exclusively; so that the increase of trade has always brought with it corresponding additional employment for British ships and seamen. In 1772 the amount of British tonnage (taking the average of the three preceding years) which cleared out from the ports of the United Kingdom for the United States, was 65,058 tons—for the British colonies in North America, 11,219 tons. In 1824 the average on the ten preceding years gave, for the States 51,118 tons, and for the colonies 277,149 tons. Thus, in the very same period in which the amount of British tonnage employed between Great Britain and her colonies in North America, had *increased in the enormous ratio of* 2370 *per cent.*, there had been, in the amount of British tonnage, between Great Britain and the United States, *an actual decrease of* 21 *per cent.* This simple comparison of figures may do more than the most laboured argumentation to convince those who have been ready to doubt whether the prosperity of our shipping interests, ay, even the preservation of our maritime superiority, are in any great degree dependent on the upholding of our conditional dominion.

Of the thousands who might now be able to detect the ministerial error which lost to England her American colonies, very few can pretend to so much sagacity as would have supplied the want of the last sixty years' experience, or enabled them, in Lord North's situation, to anticipate the result, whether of the obstinacy of government in regard to the old colonies, or of the more conciliatory system which has since been adopted towards the others on the same continent. But though we disclaim all intention of giving a fresh wound to an unsuccessful minister, for the difficulty of whose circumstances sufficient allowance has not been made, it is, *at this time*, of the utmost importance that the public mind should have a correct apprehension of the results of his policy in reference to America.—As concerns the vast complicated interests of the British colonial empire, the present is a most critical period. We have heard the note of preparation sounded, and are now on the eve of that legislation which is to fix the future destiny of our dominions both in the east and west. The nation, therefore, as well as the nation's representatives, should be impressed with a due sense of the paramount importance to England of the interests which are at stake. It is this motive which has actuated us in our endeavours to illustrate both the value and the stability of colonial power, and its influence on maritime and military ascendency,—to prove that colonies are not only fitted to be fruitful sources of national strength and prosperity, but that wise policy may secure a very lengthened possession of them. Thus, in connexion with the question as to the accomplished independence of the United States, a part of our argument was to demonstrate that a two-fold error in political reasoning is committed by those who contend that the mother country neither ought to regret nor could have prevented the revolt. We have sought, therefore, to make two points clear:—first, that this event, to a certain extent, closed against England a treasury whence the supplies would have continually multiplied; and secondly, that, but for the short-sightedness of a British minister, such a national loss might have been not merely avoided at the time, but postponed to a period even now distant.

But, besides the want of forecast exhibited in the civil administration of our American colonies, on other and somewhat distinct grounds, connected with their revolt, a charge of deficiency in statesmanlike qualities, though not so often preferred, may be equally well substantiated against the British cabinet. At the very time that the measures of ministers were causing undisguised and general discontent in North America, there was a total absence of all provision on their part against the possible, nay, the probable, contingency of an appeal to force by the colonists.—When the war of independence commenced, England had scarcely a single fortress of strength on the American continent. Her petty forts and blockhouses, moreover, were in so neglected a state, as to become most of them an easy capture to the enemy. This total want of commanding and defensible positions had a more fatal effect on the efforts of the British arms throughout the whole course of the war than is commonly supposed. It left us without the means of concentrating our resources. We were destitute of a rallying point, about which to collect any formidable combination of military strength. Our

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troops were necessarily broken up into small detached portions, scattered over a wide continent, and obliged to risk an encounter under whatever circumstances the enemy might present himself. For our munitions of war, we had no posts wherein they might be securely lodged or husbanded for future occasion. Our only chance of ultimate success was thus lost,—that of coolly waiting the opportunity, and making the necessary preparation for a decisive engagement, in which our superiority of discipline would have triumphed, and the enemy have been possibly crushed by one well-directed blow.

To be convinced of the great advantages we would have derived from a few powerful garrisons, eligibly situated in North America, we have only to ask the question,—by what means did degenerate and exhausted Spain hold her American colonies with so tenacious a gripe? From the period of Napoleon's occupation of the mother-country there was little interval till the colonies were thoroughly pervaded by the revolutionary spirit: but for how many years were its utmost exertions unavailing; how often was it crushed in attempting to rise; how frequently brought to the ground from its temporary elevation; and how severe and protracted was the struggle by which it at length released itself from the yoke of Spain! And yet the country which so resolutely maintained her sway over distant and extensive settlements, was for years simultaneously occupied in desperate warfare for the salvation of her own soil. Of this latter contest, indeed, the result was the reestablishment of her independence; but there still remained behind the weakness of imbecile and unsettled government, financial embarrassment, and the exhaustion produced by overstrained exertion. But, with all this destitution of resources, at the end of a period at least as long as had sufficed to make insurrection completely successful in the case of the British colonies, universally throughout the Spanish provinces in South America the royalists were decidedly superior. It was in her strong fortresses, in well-chosen positions, that Spain found a weight of power wherewith to repress so long the spirit of colonial revolution.

From the same.

THE CRISIS OF TURKEY.

It would be unjust as well as idle, *now*, to compare the talents of the Sultan and of his revolted Pasha by the opposite results of their respective exertions in the career of reform. Reverse the position of the parties, the results might still be the same. Mehemet Ali had no civil war to distract him, no Russia to disturb him;—one of the people, he was aware of the prejudices that could not bear touching; long time a dependent, he knew how to mould contented slaves; a rebel, *in petto*, he bore the good wishes of the liberals of Europe.

Passing over these remote causes of the accelerated decline of the Ottoman empire, and the more immediate lever, the Grecian war, with its disastrous consequences, let us glance at the actual state of the East, and the policy pursued by the powers therein chiefly interested, during the last six months, "big with fate." Truth obliges us, though reluctantly, to admire the policy of the Russian cabinet,—its intelligible, unvacillating policy, conducive *solely* to Russian grandeur. Alas! poor England!—thou, too, hast men capable of guiding thine energies aright: where are they?—"Echo replies, 'where are they?'"—Thou, too, hast fleets able, as they are willing, to make thy name an umpire in every part of the world: where are they?—Ludicrously sad, but easy, is the answer: one of them has been employed in the Channel, catching "flying Dutchmen;" another off the coast of Portugal, impatiently observing the contest between the modern Polynices and Eteocles; and—bitter mortification!—while *thus* occupied, a *Russian* fleet has taken up the glorious vantage-ground of "blind old Dandolo." Methought the Queen of Ocean had quitted the Adriatic for the Thames. Has she shifted her birth to the Euxine? Is, henceforth, a barbarian fleet, inspired by her presence, to make

> "the waters bound
> Beneath it as a steed that knows its rider?"

Where are the ships that smote the Spaniard at Porto Bello—the Dane at Copenhagen—the Corsair at Algiers?—Trembling at the name of Cronstadt. Where is the thunder that made old ocean ring with joy in many a well-fought azure field?—Mute before the growl of the Northern Bear.

What avails it that we have the finest, most triumphant army—the finest, most invincible navy, in the world, if the energies of the former are frittered away in warring on cattle and pigs, and the fame of the latter is lowered in doing honour to every self-styled potentate that chooses to invent a flag to cruise under? Discreditable is the possession of mighty means if only small results are obtained with them.

True to her darling hereditary policy, Russia fearlessly acts, presenting a remarkable contrast to us. We degrade our ancient ally; she supports a constant foe. We, by a hollow neutrality and trivial interference, cause the British name to be distrusted in countries where it has hitherto been venerated; she, by a wise intervention, deciding at once on peace or war, makes her name respected among nations with whom it has ever been a religious dogma to curse it. We encourage each discontented mob (except the Irish) that throws stones at its ruler, however mild he be; she backs an iron-hearted, obstinate despot against the organized, military, popular revolt of a princely subject. Justice this time sides, apparently, with morality. England returns evil for good, and loses in consequence; Russia renders

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good for evil, and is gaining thereby. The motives, respectively, which might and with reason be inverted, we will not attempt to probe; for we might as well question the springs of a rich man's charity.

Interesting babes!—ye twin-born in Downing-street, swathed in protocols, nursed by faction, suckled on blood!—ye Belgian and Lusitanian pets!—had ye but forms human, divine, or diabolical—a neck, a breast, an arm—anything whereon to hang a ribbon,—the Czar would give ye all his "orders," for having so well served his ends. Doubtless, actuated by the infirmity of purpose, which makes men of a certain calibre unwilling to recede from an enterprise once undertaken, our ministers have said, "We will stifle these first, and then we will turn to the East, and cradle that too in our own fashion." And, in order to pave the way for ruling at Constantinople, as at Brussels and Oporto, they appointed an ambassador, who was just the man for *catching a Tartar*.

As usual, we are too late. We are like the timid gamester, who, while hesitating to risk a stake, sees the die turn up that would have gained him all, then throws his money down. Even so late as six months since, when the game now playing there was only begun, had we had a talented ambassador at the Porte, with authority to act firmly, he might have stretched out his arms to the south and to the north, and have said—"Pasha of Egypt, thus far mayst thou come;—Russians, respect the Ottoman territory!" But—can it be credited?—while the Egyptian was traversing the footsteps of the Macedonian, with the impetus of Tamerlane, defeating army after army, and the Muscovite was linking golden fetters on the Sultan, *our* Admiral in the Mediterranean had his flag on board of a *frigate*, and *our* Ambassador at the Porte was *on his way* to Constantinople.

At the eleventh hour, what are we about? With a Russian fleet lord of the Bosphorus, and an Egyptian army approaching Scutari, the question at issue, apparently, being, whether Ibrahim Pasha shall plant his horse-tails in the Hippodrome, or the Sultan be, henceforth, a glass-ball in the hands of the Russians—what are we doing?—anything to have a voice in the decision? We are;—our Ambassador is acting "*circumspectly*," and H. M. S. Malabar has sailed for Constantinople, with twenty pieces of cannon on board for the Sultan—twenty (formerly) 18-pounders, altered to carry 32-pound balls, with newly-invented carriages, which our navy has rejected. Really, the originator of that magnificent present, if serious, must have been reading the "*gentili stravaganze*" of Ariosto, till he fancied that a few English cannon would have the effect of a "*gagliardo paladin*," in days of chivalry. Allowing the Sultan to be in a prosperous state—the Russians north of the Danube, the Egyptians south of the Desert—such a present (without artillerymen) could *only* be agreeable, for he has cannon, excellent ones too; but *now*—the idea of it is jocular,—too jocular to suppose that it has been entertained.

On the contrary, it is whispered that the Malabar merely embarked these cannon as a pretext for a line-of-battle ship going to Constantinople. A pretext!—a Russian fleet in the Bosphorus!!! Let but the Downs and Lisbon squadrons quit their unprofitable stations and sail for the Dardanelles, with some steamers to tow the ships up in case the wind blow down the Strait, and the Russian fleet will then remain no longer in the Bosphorus than we will it. Our ministers little know the hold they have on Russia, by the power we possess of destroying with ease her fleet and naval establishments in the Black Sea. Keep Russia in fear for that, her truly vulnerable quarter, and we may regain the place in the East which we have suffered ourselves to slide from.

Thanks to the Anglo-Gallic feeling in favour of Belgium and Pedro, Russia has the game of the East pretty well in her own hands: she will soon decide it. She will support the Sultan on his throne *for the present*, as being the most convenient *locum tenēns*, and she will confirm Mehemet Ali in the sovereignty of Syria and Egypt.

But, Mehemet Ali! mark us. Shouldst thou feel gratitude *in particular* to the Czar for thy new and splendid kingdom, thou wilt be most unjust towards one of our own countrymen. Thou art ungrateful in not having already acknowledged his services. We see thee frown,—thy moustaches curl in anger: thou combest indignantly thy beard with thy fingers. Mehemet Ali ungrateful!—We see thee point to Suleyman Bey (the renegade French colonel), whom thou hast made general, and whom thou dost even allow to beard thy son, the victorious Ibrahim;—we see thee point to Boghoz, thy talented secretary, whom thou hast loaded with wealth;—we see thee point to thy Bim Bashis, with glittering jewels on their breasts, and splendid appointments;—we see thee point to thy sleek Capidgis and well-dressed Tartars;—and hear thee exclaim, "Is there a man that has served me whom I have not rewarded threefold?" Yea, Mehemet Ali, there is!—that reproach falls on thee on account of a Briton, without whom thy head, with all its white appendages, might ere now have been exhibited in one of those niches, which thou hast seen at the seraglio gate. Nay, start not, Mehemet Ali!—it is true. And being true, thou canst not repay him; but thou mayest show a sense of his merits, which, by viewing them in the wrong light, thou hast hitherto underrated. Take choicest gifts: slaves from Ethiopia, horses from Araby, amulets from Mecca, coral from the Red Sea, tobacco from Gibleh, coffee from Mocha, honey from the Oasis, a giraffe and a mummy,—take all these, and with thy signet ring, lay them at his feet. And, Mehemet Ali! whenever thou recitest the namaz, repeat the mystic word "Navarino," and, saying, "God is great, and Mohammed is his prophet," add, "and Codrington was his gerent." Thus, mighty Pasha, thou mayest

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repay, in part, thy debt to that great chief. We know thou hast hardened thy heart against him because he sunk, rather unfairly, the frigate of thy admiral, Mouharem Bey; but listen, and thou wilt confess that he far overbalanced that act. Did he not destroy the Turkish fleet? And did not the destruction of that fleet enable Diebitsch to cross the Balkan? And did not that passage fully show to the world the utter weakness of the Porte,—the complete exhaustion of its forces by land and sea,—and its extreme unpopularity? And did not that disclosure enable and embolden thee to revolt? Could this have happened without "Navarino?" Oh, Mehemet Ali! be wise, be just! Admire the force of destiny which built a throne for thee from the timbers of thy shattered vessels. Have the name of Codrington, in gold letters, suspended in thy Divan; and call the chief avenue leading to thy new capital, Damascus, by the name of "Navarino;"—and then thou wilt die with self-approbation.

But though Russia has the settlement of Turkish affairs *now*, simply because there is not time for any other power to interfere, it does not follow that she should retain the management of them. We may dispute it with her. Even should Russia march troops across the Balkan, at the present crisis, she will withdraw them: she may retain posts about the Gulf of Bourgas—no more. It would be imprudent for her, and at variance with her deep laid policy, to attempt, *as yet*, to sit down permanently in Roumelia, exposed to the machinations and hostility of the jealous, talented Christian tribes who people it, and who would soon hate their new masters more than their old ones: for the Christians of Turkey enjoy too much freedom (no conscription, no police, no quarantine, with free trade) ever to submit patiently to a grinding, military despotism. In the meanwhile we should take a part. We may be certain that the Porte, though constrained to ask assistance of Russia, on account of no other power being able or willing to aid her, would infinitely rather be beholden to any other. We should assist the Sultan in reorganizing his empire; and for that purpose, we should have an Ambassador at the Porte, well acquainted with the character of the Easterns,—with, too, a suite of practical men. The army should be the first thing to be considered. It should be regulated with deference to the tastes and prejudices of the people, as we have successfully practised in India; and the Sultan should be strenuously counselled to give Christian officers commands, so as to form it at once, and give it a healthy tone, until native officers could be formed. Unwillingness on the part of the Sultan to employ Christians in any higher posts than those of instructors, wherein, from a total want of authority, they could effect no good, has been a principal cause of the failure of the Nizam Dgeditt. Some of the ancient customs of Turkey, relating to internal policy and commerce, are not bad: they should be made use of and improved on, in preference to trying experiments. Above all, care should be taken in introducing Frank customs to veil them,—to shroud them with a feradjeh,—a caution which Mahmoud II. has totally disregarded in his reform, thereby rendering himself little better than an infidel in the eyes of orthodox Mussulmen; a circumsiance that has greatly contributed to Mehemet Ali's success. The Sultan should also be recommended to encourage emigration from the Christian countries of Europe, affording, of course, every facility to the settlers. The emigrants would be most advantageously placed. The fertility of Turkey, and its capabilities in trade, manufactures, and mining, are well known. Such an emigration would be a great relief to part of Europe, Germany and Italy would certainly profit by it; France and England might, though, from the latter country, distance would be an objection; and the French have plenty of room at Algiers. Even at the present day, owing to the comparative lukewarmness of the Osmanleys about religion, and to their daily witnessing Christian superiority, public spirit in Turkey in Europe takes rise principally from its Christian population. How much more would it do on being increased by emigration! The Osmanleys would soon become innately tolerant, as well as exteriorly so; and the race of Othman, at present christianly inclined, might deem it wise to hear mass for the sake of the "lower empire;" if it did not, it would probably think it prudent to retire to Russia, eaving Stamboul to the king of Greece.

Turkey in Europe must become essentially Christian, and have a Christian rule. It only remains to be seen who is to have the moulding of her destinies. Great Britain can and ought to do it. If she abstain from the task, Russia will undertake it. And when Russia has got possession of the Turkish provinces in Europe, on what tenure will the throne of Greece be held? That throne,—token of sorry policy,—to raise which, Turkey, England's ally, was ruined; and Russia, her rival, aggrandized to an extent she could not otherwise have attained in half a century.

From the Dublin University Magazine.

BARNY O'REIRDON THE NAVIGATOR—OUTWARD-BOUND.

By Samuel Lover, Esq. R. H. A. Author of "Legends and Stories of Ireland."

"Well, he went farther and farther than I can tell."
Nursery Tale.

A very striking characteristic of an Irishman is his unwillingness to be outdone. Some have asserted that this arises from vanity, but I have ever been unwilling to attribute an unamiable motive to my countrymen where a better may be found, and one equally tending to produce a similar result, and I consider a deep-seated spirit of emulation to originate this peculiarity. Phrenologists might resolve it by supposing the organ of the love of approbation to predominate in our

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Irish craniums, but as I am not in the least a metaphysician and very little of a phrenologist, I leave those who choose, to settle the point in question, quite content with the knowledge of the fact with which I started, viz.—the unwillingness of an Irishman to be outdone. This spirit, it is likely, may sometimes lead men into ridiculous positions; but it is equally probable, that the desire of surpassing one another has given birth to many of the noblest actions and some of the most valuable inventions; let us, therefore, not fall out with it.

Now, having vindicated the *motive* of my countrymen, I will prove the total absence of national prejudice in so doing, by giving an illustration of the ridiculous consequences attendant upon this Hibernian peculiarity.

Barny O'Reirdon was a fisherman of Kinsale, and a heartier fellow never hauled a net nor cast a line into deep water: indeed Barny, independently of being a merry boy among his companions, a lover of good fun and good whiskey, was looked up to, rather, by his brother-fishermen, as an intelligent fellow, and few boats brought more fish to market than Barny O'Reirdon's; his opinion on certain points in the craft was considered law, and, in short, in his own little community, Barny was what is commonly called a leading man. Now, your leading man is always jealous in an inverse ratio to the sphere of his influence, and the leader of a nation is less incensed at a rival's triumph, than the great man of a village. If we pursue this descending scale, what a desperately jealous man the oracle of oyster-dredgers and cockle-women must be. Such was Barny O'Reirdon.

Seated one night at a public house, the common resort of Barny and other marine curiosities, our hero got entangled in debate with what he called a strange sail—that is to say, a man he had never met before, and whom he was inclined to treat rather magisterially upon nautical subjects, at the same time that the stranger was equally inclined to assume the high hand over him, till at last the new-comer made a regular out-break by exclaiming, "Ah tare-an-ouns, lave aff your balderdash, Mr. O'Reirdon, by the powdhers of war it's enough, so it is, to make a dog bate his father, to hear you goin an as if you wor Curlumberus or Sir Crustyphiz Wran, whin ivery one knows the divil a farther you ever wor, nor ketchin' crabs or drudgin' oysters."

"Who towld you that, my Watherford wonder?" rejoined Barny, "what the dickens do you know about sayfarin' farther nor fishin' for sprats in a bowl with your grandmother?"

"Oh, baithershin," says the stranger.

"And who made you so bowld with my name?" demanded O'Reirdon.

"No matther for that," said the stranger, "but if you'd like for to know, shure it's your cousin Molly Mullins knows me well, and maybe I don't know you and yours as well as the mother that bore you, aye, in throth; and shure I know the very thoughts o' you as well as if I was inside o' you, Barny O'Reirdon."

"By my sowl thin you know better thoughts than your own, Mr. Whippersnapper, if that's the name you go by."

"No it's not the name I go by; I've as good a name as your own, Mr. O'Reirdon, for want of a betther, and that's O'Sullivan."

"Throth there's more than there's good o' them," said Barny.

"Good or bad, I'm a cousin o' your own twice removed by the mother's side."

"And is it the Widda O'Sullivan's boy you'd be that's left this, come Candlemas four years?"

"The same."

"Throth thin you might know betther manners to your eldhers, though I'am glad to see you, anyhow, agin; but a little thravellin' puts us beyant ourselves sometimes," said Barny, rather contemptuously.

"Throth I niver bragged out o' myself yit, and it's what I say that a man that's only a fish in' aff the land all his life has no business to compare in the regard of thracthericks wid a man that has sailed to Fingal."

This silenced any further argument on Barny's part. Where Fingal lay was all Greek to him; but unwilling to admit his ignorance, he covered his retreat with the usual address of his countrymen, and turned the bitterness of debate into the cordial flow of congratulation at seeing his cousin again.

The liquor was freely circulated, and the conversation began to take a different turn, in order to lead from that which had nearly ended in quarrel between O'Reirdon and his relation.

The state of the crops, county cess, road jobs, &c. became topics, and many strictures as to the utility of the latter were indulged in, while the merits of the neigbouring farmers were canvassed.

"Why thin," said one, "that field o' whate o' Michael Coghlan, is the finest field o' whate mortial eyes was ever set upon—divil the likes iv it myself ever seen far or near."

"Throth thin sure enough," said another, "it promises to be a fine crap anyhow, and myself cant help thinkin' it quare, that Mickee Coghlan, that's a plain spoken, quite (quiet) man, and simple like, should have finer craps than Pether Kelly o' the big farm beyant, that knows all about the great saycrets of the airth, and is knowledgeable, to a degree, and has all the hard words that iver was coined at his finger's ends."

"Faith he has a power o' *blasthogue* about him sure enough," said the former speaker, "if that could do him any good, but he isn't fit to howld a candle to Michael Coghlan in the regard o' farmin'."

"Why, blur an agers," rejoined the upholder of science, "sure he met the Scotch steward that the Lord beyant has, one day, that I hear is a wondherful edicated man, and was brought over here to show us all a patthern—well, Pether Kelly met him one day, and by gor he discoorsed

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him to that degree that the Scotch chap had'nt a word left in his jaw."

"Well, and what was he the betther o' having more prate than a Scotchman?" asked the other.

"Why," answered Kelly's friend, "I think it stands to rayson that the man that done out the Scotch steward ought to know somethin' more about farmin' than Mickee Coghlan."

"Augh! don't talk to me about knowing," said the other, rather contemptuously. "Sure I gev in to you that he has a power o' prate, and the gift o' the gab, and all to that. I own to you that he has the *the-o-ry* and the *che-mis-thery*, but he has not the *craps*. Now the man that has the craps, is the man for my money."

"You're right, my boy," said O'Reirdon, with an approving thump of his brawny fist on the table, "its a little talk goes far—*doin'* is the thing."

"Ah, yiz may run down larnin' if yiz like," said the undismayed stickler for theory versus practice, "but larnin' is a fine thing, and sure where would the world be at all only for it, sure where would the staymers (steam boats) be, only for larnin'?"

"Well," said O'Reirdon, "and the divil may care if we never seen them, I'd rather dipind an wind and canvass any day than the likes o' them. What are they good for, but to turn good sailors into kitchen maids, all as one, bilin' a big pot o' wather and oilin' their fire-irons, and throwin' coals on the fire. Augh! thim staymers is a disgrace to the say; they're for all the world like ould fogies, smokin' from mornin' till night and doin' no good."

"Do you call it doing no good to go faster nor ships iver wint before?"

"Pooh! sure Solomon, queen o' Sheba said there was time enough for all things."

"Thrue for you," said O'Sullivan, "'*fair and aisy goes far in a day*,' is a good ould sayin'."

"Well maybe you'll own to the improvemint they're makin' in the harbour o' Howth, beyant in Dublin, is some good."

"We'll see whether it 'ill be an improvement first," said the obdurate O'Reirdon.

"Why man alive sure you'll own it's the greatest o' good, it is takin' up the big rocks out o' the bottom o' the harbour."

"Well, an' where's the wondher o' that? sure we done the same here."

"Oh yis, but it was whin the tide was out and the rocks was bare; but up in Howth, they cut away the big rocks from under the say intirely."

"Oh, be aisy; why how could they do that?"

"Aye, there's the matther, that's what larnin' can do; and wondherful it is intirely! and the way it is, is this, as I hear it, for I never seen it, but hard it described by the lord to some gintlemin and ladies one day in his garden while I was helpin' the gardener to land some salary (celery). You see the ingineer goes down undher the wather intirely, and can stay there as long as he plazes."

"Whoo! and what o' that? Sure I heerd the long sailor say, that come from the Aysthern Ingees, that the Ingineers there can a'most live undher wather; and goes down lookin' for diamonds, and has a sledge hammer in their hand brakein' the dimonds when they're too big to take them up whole, all as one as men brakin' stones an the road."

"Well, I don't want to go beyant that, but the way the lord's ingineer goes down is, he has a little bell wid him, and while he has that little bell to ring, hurt nor harm cant come to him."

"Arrah be aisy."

"Divil a lie in it."

"Maybe it's a blessed bell," said O'Reirdon, crossing himself.*

"No, it's not a blessed bell."

"Why thin now do you think me sitch a born nat'hral to give in to that; as if the ringin' iv a bell, barrin' it was a blessed bell, could do the like. I tell you it's unpossible."

"Ah, nothin's unpossible to God."

"Sure I was'nt denyin' that; but I say the bell is unpossible."

"Why," said O'Sullivan, "you see he's not altogether complate in the demonstheration o' the mashine; it is not by the ringin' o' the bell it is done, but ——"

"But what?" broke in O'Reirdon impatiently, "do you mane for to say there is a bell in it at all at all?"

"Yes I do," said O'Sullivan.

"I towld you so," said the promulgator of the story.

"Aye," said O'Sullivan, "but it is not by the ringin' iv the bell it is done."

"Well, how is it done then?" said the other, with a half offended half supercilious air.

"It is done," said O'Sullivan, as he returned the look, with interest, "it is done intirely by jommethry."

"Oh! I undherstan' it now," said O'Reirdon, with an inimitable affectation of comprehension in the Oh!—"but to talk of the ringin' iv a bell doin' the like is beyant the beyants intirely, bekrin', as I said before, it was a blessed bell, glory be to God!"

"And so you tell me, sir, it is jommethry," said the twice discomfited man of science.

"Yes, sir," said O'Sullivan, with an air of triumph, which rose in proportion as he saw he carried the listeners along with him—"jommethry."

"Well have it your own way. There's them what wont hear rayson sometimes, nor have no lief in larnin'; and you may say it's jommethry

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* There is a relic in the possession of the Macnamara family, in the county Clare, called the "blessed bell of the Macnamaras," sometimes used as to swear upon in cases of extreme urgency, in preference to the testament: for a violation of truth, when sworn upon the blessed bell, is looked upon by the peasantry as a sacrilege, placing the offender beyond the pale of salvation.

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if you plase; but I heerd them that knows betther than iver you knew say ——"

"Whisht, whisht! and bad cess to you both," said O'Reirdon, "what the dickens are yiz goin' to fight about now, and sitch good liquor before yiz. Hillo! there, Mrs. Quigly, bring us another quart i' you plase; aye, that's the chat, another quart. Augh! yiz may talk till you're black in the face about your invintions, and your staymers, and bell ringin', and gash, and rail roads; but here's long life and success to the man that invinted the impairil (imperial) quart;* that was the rail beautiful invintion,"—and he took a long pull at the replenished vessel, which strongly indicated that the increase of its dimensions was a very agreeable *measure* to such as Barny.

After the introduction of this and *other* quarts, it would not be an easy matter to pursue the conversation that followed. Let us therefore transfer our story to the succeeding morning, when Barny O'Reirdon strolled forth from his cottage, rather later than usual, with his eyes bearing *eye*-witness to the carouse of the preceding night. He had not a headach, however; whether it was that Barny was too experienced a campaigner under the banners of Bacchus, or that Mrs. Quigley's boast was a just one, namely, that of all the drink in her house, "there wasn't a headach in a hogshead of it," we cannot determine, but we rather incline to the strength of Barny's head.

The above-quoted declaration of Mrs. Quigley is the favourite inducement held out by every boon companion in Ireland at the head of his own table. "Don't be afraid of it, my boys! it's the right sort. There's not a headach in a hogshead of it."

This sentiment has been very seductively rendered by Moore, with the most perfect unconsciousness on his part of the likeness he was instituting. Who does not remember—

"Friend of my soul, this goblet sip,
'Twill chase the pensive tear;
'Tis not so sweet as woman's lip,
But oh, 'tis more sincere.
Like her delusive beam,
'Twill steal away the mind,
But, like affection's dream,
It leaves no sting behind."

Is not this very elegantly saying "there's not a headach in a hogshead of it?" But we are forgetting our story all this time.

Barny sauntered about in the sun, at which he often looked up, under the shelter of compressed bushy brows and long-lashed eyelids and a shadowing hand across his forehead, to see "what time o' day" it was, and from the frequency of this action it was evident the day was hanging heavily with Barny. He retired at last to a sunny nook in a neighbouring field, and stretching himself at full length, he basked in the sun, and began "to chew the cud of sweet and bitter thought." He first reflected on his own undoubted weight in his little community, but still he could not get over the annoyance of the preceding night, arising from his being silenced by O'Sullivan, "a chap," as he said himself, "that lift the place four years agon, a brat iv a boy, and to think iv his comin' back and outdoin' his elders, that saw him runnin' about the place, a gassoon, that one could tache a few months before;" 'twas too bad. Barny saw his reputation was in a ticklish position, and began to consider how his disgrace could be retrieved. The very name of Fingal was hateful to him; it was a plague spot on his peace that festered there incurably. He first thought of leaving Kinsale altogether; but flight implied so much of defeat, that he did not long indulge in that notion. No; he *would* stay, "in spite of all the O'Sullivan's, kith and kin, breed, seed, and generation." But at the same time he know he should never hear the end of that hateful place, Fingal; and if Barny had had the power, he would have enacted a penal statute making it death to name the accursed spot, wherever it was; but not being gifted with such legislative authority, he felt that Kinsale was no place for him, if he would not submit to be flouted every hour out of the four and twenty, by man, woman and child that wished to annoy him. What was to be done? He was in the perplexing situation, to use his own words, "of the cat in the thripe shop," he did'nt know which way to chooee. At last, after turning himself over in the sun several times, a new idea struck him. Could'nt he go to Fingal himself? and then he'd be equal to that upstart, O'Sullivan. No sooner was the thought engendered than Barny sprang to his feet a new man; his eye brightened, his step became once more elastic, he walked erect and felt himself to be all over Barny O'Reirdon once more. "Richard was himself again."

But where was Fingal?—there was the rub. That was a profound mystery to Barny, which, until discovered, must hold him in the vile bondage of inferiority. The plain-dealing reader will say, "couldn't he ask?" No, no; that would never do for Barny—that would be an open admission of ignorance his soul was above, and, consequently, Barny set his brains to work, to devise measures of coming at the hidden knowledge by some circuitous route, that would not betray the end he was working for. To this purpose, fifty stratagems were raised and demolished in half as many minutes, in the fertile brain of Barny, as he strided along the shore, and as he was working hard at the fifty-first, it was knocked all to pieces by his jostling against some one whom he never perceived was approaching him, so immersed was he in his speculations, and on looking up, who should it prove to be but his friend "the long sailor from the Aysthern Injees." This was quite a god-send to Barny, and much beyond what he could have

* Until the assimilation of currency, weights and measures between England and Ireland, the Irish quart was a much smaller measure than the English. This part of the assimilation pleased Pat exceedingly, and he has no anxiety to have *that* repealed.

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hoped for. Of all the men under the sun, the long sailor was the man in a million for Barny's net at that minute, and accordingly he made a haul of him, and thought it the greatest cach he ever made in his life.

Barny and the long sailor were in close companionship for the remainder of the day, which was closed, as the preceding one, in a carouse; but on this occasion, there was only a duet performance in honour of the jolly god, and the treat was at Barny's expense. What the nature of their conversation during the period was, we will not dilate on—we will keep it as profound a secret as Barny himself did, and content ourselves with saying, that Barny looked a much happier man the next day. Instead of wearing his hat slouched and casting his eyes on the ground, he walked about with his usual unconcern, and gave his nod and passing word of "*civilitude*" to every friend he met; he rolled his quid of tobacco about in his jaw with an air of superior enjoyment, and if disturbed in his narcotic amusement by a question, he took his own good time to eject "the leperous distilment," before he answered the querist with a happy composure, that bespoke a man quite at ease with himself. It was in this agreeable spirit that Barny bent his course to the house of Peter Kelly, the owner of the "big farm bevant" before alluded to, in order to put in practice a plan he had formed for the fulfilment of his determination of rivalling O'Sullivan.

He thought it probable that Peter Kelly, being one of the "snuggest" men in the neighbourhood, would be a likely person to join him in a "spec" as he called it, (a favourite abbreviation of his for the word speculation,) and accordingly, when he reached the "big farm-house" he accosted its owner with the usual "God save you." "God save' you kindly, Barny," returned Peter Kelly, "an what is it brings you here Barny," asked Peter, "this fine day, instead o' bein' out in the boat?" "Oh, I'll be out in the boat soon enough, and its far enough too I'll be in her; an' indeed it's partly that same is bringin' me here to yourself."

"Why, do you want me to go along wid you, Barny?"

"Throth an I don't, Mr. Kelly. You're a knowledgeable man an land, but I'm afeard it's a bad bargain you'd be at say."

"And what wor you talking about me and your boat for?"

"Why you see, sir, it was in the regard of a little bit o' business, an' if you'd come wid me and take a turn in the praty field, I'll be beholdin to you, and may be you'll hear somethin that won't be displazing to you."

"An welkim, Barny," said Peter Kelly.

When Barny and Peter were in the "praty field," Barny opened the trenches (I don't mean the potato trenches) but, in military parlance, he opened the trenches and laid siege to Peter Kelly, setting forth the extensive profits that had been realized by various "specs" that had been made by his neighbours in exporting potatoes, "and sure," said Barny, "why shouldn't you do the same, and they here ready to your hand, as much as to say *why don't you profit by me Pether Kelly?* and the boat is below there in the harbour, and I'll say this much, the divil a better boat is betune this and herself."

"Indeed I b'lieve so, Barny," said Peter, "for considhering where we stand, at this present, there's no boat at all at all betune us," and Peter anghed with infinite pleasure at his own hit,

"Oh! well, you know what I mane, any how, an' as I said before, the boat is a darlint boat, and as for him that commands her—I b'lieve I need say nothin' about that," and Barny gave a toss of his head and a sweep of his open hand, more than doubling the laudatory nature of his comment on himself.

But, as the Irish saying is, "To make a long story short," Barny prevailed on Peter Kelly to make an export, but in the nature of the venture they did not agree. Barny had proposed potatoes; Peter said there were enough of them already where he was going, and Barny rejoined that "praties were so good in themselves there never could be too much o' thim any where." But Peter being "a knowledgable man, and up to all the saycrets o' the airth, and understanding the the-o-ry and the che-misthery," overruled Barny's proposition, and determined upon a cargo of *scalpeens*, (which name they give to pickled mackarel) as a preferable merchandize, quite forgetting that Dublin bay herrings were a much better and as cheap a commodity, at the command of the Fingalians. But by many similar mistakes, the ingenious Mr. Kelly has been paralleled, by other speculators. But that is neither here nor there, and it was all one to Barny whether his boat was freighted with po,atoes or *scalpeens*, so long as he had the honour and glory of becoming a navigator and being as good as O'Sullivan.

Accordingly the boat was laden and all got in readiness for putting to sea, and nothing was now wanting but Barny's orders to haul up the gaff and shake out the jib of his hooker.

But this order Barny refrained to give, and for the first time in his life exhibited a disinclination to leave the shore. One of his fellow-boatmen, at last said to him, "Why thin Barny O'Reirdon, what the divil has come over you, at all at all? What's the maynin' of your loitherin' about here, and the boat ready and a lovely fine breeze aff o' the land?"

"Oh never you mind; I b'lieve I know my own business any how, an' its hard, so it is, if a man can't ordher his own boat to sail, when he plazes."

"Oh, I was only thinkin' it quare—and a pity more betoken, as I said before, to lose the beautiful breeze, and ——"

"Well, just keep your thoughts to yourself, i' you plaze, and stay in the boat as I bid you and don't be out of her, on your apperl, by no manner o' manes for one minit, for you see I don't know when it may be plazin' to me to go aboord an' set sail."

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"Well, all I can say is, I never seen you afeard to go to say before."

"Who says I'm afeard?" said O'Reirdon; "you'd bether not say that agin, or in throth I'll give you a leatherin that won't be for the good o' your health—throth for three sthraws this minit I'd lave you that your own mother would'nt know you with the lickin' I'd give you; but I scorn your dirty insiniuation; no man ever seen Barny O'Reirdon afeard yet, any how. Howld your prate I tell you, and look up to your betthers. What do you know iv navigation—may be you think it's as aizy for to sail an a voyage as to go a start fishin," and Barny turned on his heel and left the shore.

The next day passed, without the hooker sailing, and Barny gave a most sufficient reason for the delay by declaring that he had a warnin' given him in a dhrame, (glory be to God,) and that it was given to him to understand, (undher Heaven) that it wouldn't be looky, that day.

Well, the next day was Friday; and Barny, of course, would not sail any more than any other sailor who could help it, on this unpropitious day. On Saturday, however, he came, running in a great hurry down to the shore and jumping aboard, he gave orders to make all sail, and taking the helm of the hooker, he turned her head to the sea, and soon the boat was cleaving the blue waters with a velocity seldom witnessed in so small a craft, and scarcely conceivable to those who have not seen the speed of a Kinsale hooker.

"Why thin you tuk the notion mighty suddint, Barny," said the fisherman next in authority to O'Reirdon, as soon as the bustle of getting the boat under way had subsided.

"Well, I hope its plazin' to you at last," said Barny, "throth one 'ud think you were never at say before you wor in sitch a hurry to be off; as newfangled a'most as a child with a play-toy."

"Well," said the other of Barny's companions, for there were but two with him in the boat, "I was thinkin' myself, as well as Jimmy, that we lost two fine days for nothin', and we'd be there a'most, may be, now, if we sail'd three days agon."

"Don't b'lieve it." said Barny, emphatically. 'Now don't you know yourself that there is some days that the fish won't come near the lines at all, and that we might as well be castin' our nets in the dhry land as in the say, for all we'll catch, if we start an an unlooky day, and sure I towld you I was waitin' only till I had it given to me to undherstan' that it was looky to sail, and I go sail we'll be there sooner than if we started three days agon, for if you don't start with good look before you, faix may be it's never at all to the end o' your thrip you'll come."

"Well there's no use in talkin' about it now, anyhow, but when do you expec' to be there?"

"Why you see we must wait antil we see how the wind is like to howld an, before I can make up my mind to that."

"But you're sure now, Barny, that you're up to the coorse you have to run."

"See now, lay me alone and don't be crass-questionin' me—tare an ouns do you think me sitch a bladdherang as for to go shuperinscribe a thing I wasn't aiquil to?"

"No; I was only goin' to ax you what coorse you wor goin' to steer."

"You'll find out soon enough when we git there—and so I bid you agin lay me alone—just keep your toe in your pump. Sure I'm here at the helm, and a woight an my mind, and its fitter for you, Jim, to mind your own business and lay me to mind mine; away wid you there and be handy, haul taught that foresheet there, we must run close an the wind; be handy boys; make every thing dhraw."

These orders were obeyed, and the hooker soon passed to windward of a ship that left the harbour before her, but could not hold on a wind with the same tenacity as the hooker, whose qualities in this peculiarity, render them particularly suitable for the purposes to which they are applied, namely pilot and fishing boats.

We have said a ship left the harbour before the hooker had set sail, and it is now fitting to inform the reader that Barny had contrived, in the course of his last meeting with the "long sailor," to ascertain that this ship, then lying in the harbour, was going to the very place Barny wanted to reach.—Barny's plan of action was decided upon in a moment: he had now nothing to do but to watch the sailing of the ship and follow in her course. Here was, at once, a new mode of navigation discovered.

The stars, twinkling in mysterious brightness, through the silent gloom of night, were the first encouraging, because *visible* guides to the adventurous mariners of antiquity. Since then, the sailor, encouraged by a bolder science, relies on the *unseen* agency of nature, depending on the fidelity of an atom of iron to the mystic law that claims its homage in the north. This is one refinement of science upon another. But the beautiful simplicity of Barney O'Reirdon's philosophy cannot be too much admired. To follow the ship that is going to the same place. Is not this navigation made easy?

But Barny, like many a great man before him, seemed not to be aware of how much credit he was entitled to for his invention, for he did not divulge to his companions the originality of his proceeding; he wished them to believe he was only proceeding in the commonplace manner, and had no ambition to be distinguished as the happy projector of so simple a practice.

For this purpose he went to windward of the ship and then fell off again, allowing her to pass him, as he did not wish even those on board the ship to suppose he was following in their wake, for Barny, like all people that are quite full of one scheme, and fancy every body is watching them, dreaded lest any one should fathom his motives. All that day Barny held on the same course as his leader, keeping at a respectful distance, however, "for fear 'twould look like dodging her," as he said to himself, but as night closed

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in, so closed in Barny with the ship, and kept a sharp look-out that she should not give him the slip in the dark. The next morning dawned, and found the hooker and ship companions still; and thus matters proceeded for four days, during the entire of which time they had not seen land since their first losing sight of it, although the weather was clear.

"By my sowl," thought Barny, "the channel must be mighty wide in these parts, and for the last day or so we've been goin' purty free with a flowin' sheet, and I wondher we are'nt closin' in wid the shore by this time; or may be it's farther off than I thought it was." His companions, too, began to question Barny on the subject, but to their queries he presented an impenetrable front of composure, and said, "it was always the best plan to keep a good bowld offin'." In two days more, however, the weather began to be sensibly warmer, and Barny and his companions remarked that it was "goin' to be the finest sayson—God bless it—that ever kem out o' the skies for many a long year, and maybe it's the whate wouldn't be beautiful, and a great plenty of it." It was at the end of a week that the ship which Barny had hitherto kept a-head of him, shewed symptoms of bearing down upon him, as he thought, and, sure enough, she did, and Barny began to conjecture what the deuce the ship could want with him, and commenced inventing answers to the questions he thought it possible might be put to him in case the ship spoke him. He was soon put out of suspense by being hailed and ordered to run under her lee, and the Captain, looking over the quarter, asked Barney where he was going?

"Faith then I'm goin' an my business," said Barny.

"But where?" said the Captain.

"Why sure an it's no matther where a poor man like me id be goin," said Barny.

"Only I'm curious to know what the deuce youv'e been following my ship for, for the last week?"

"Follyin' your ship!—Why thin, blur an agers, do you think it's follyin' yiz I am?"

"It's very like it," said the Captain.

"Why, did two people niver thravel the same road before?"

"I don't say they did'nt; but there's a great difference between a ship of 700 tons and a hooker."

"Oh as for that matther," said Barny, "the same high road sarves a coach and four and a low-back car; the thravellin' tinker an' a lord a' horseback."

"That's very true," said the Captain, "but the cases are not the same, Paddy, and I can't conceive what the devil brings *you* here.

"And who ax'd you to consayve any thing about it?" asked Barny somewhat sturdily.

"D—n me if I can imagine what you're about, my fine fellow," said the Captain, "and my own notion is, that you don't know where the d—l you're going yourself.

"O *baithershin*!" said Barny with a laugh of derision.

"Why then do you object to tell!" said the Captain.

"Arrah sure, Captain, an' don't you know that sometimes vessels is bound to sail undher sayeret ordhers?" said Barny, endeavouring to foil the question by badinage.

There was a universal laugh from the deck of the ship at the idea of a fishing boat sailing under secret orders; for, by this time, the whole broadside of the vessel was crowded with grinning mouths and wondering eyes at Barny and his boat.

"Oh, its a thrifle makes fools laugh," said Barny.

"Take care, my fine fellow, that you don't be laughing at the wrong side of your mouth before long, for I've a notion that you're cursedly in the wrong box, as cunning a fellow as you think yourself.—D—n your stupid head can't you tell what brings you here?"

"Why thin, by gor one id think the whole say belonged to you, you're so mighty bowld in axin questions an it. Why tare an ouns, sure I've as much right to be here as you, though I haven't as big a ship nor as fine a coat—but maybe I can take as good sailin' out o' the one and has as bowld a heart under th' other."

"Very well," said the Captain, "I see there's no use in talking to you, so go *to* the d—l your own way." And away bore the ship, leaving Barny in indignation and his companions in wonder.

"An why wouldn't you tell him?" said they to Barny.

"Why, don't you see," said Barny, whose object was now to blind them, "don't you see, how do I know but maybe he might be goin' to the same place himself, and maybe has a cargo of *scalpeens* as well as uz, and wants to get before us there."

"Thrue for you Barny," said they. "By dad you're right." And their enquiries being satisfied, the day passed as former ones had done, in pursuing the course of the ship.

In four days more however, the provisions in the hooker began to fail, and they were obliged to have recourse to the *scalpeens* for sustenance, and Barny then got seriously uneasy at the length of the voyage, and the still likely greater length, for anything he could see to the contrary, and urged at last by his own alarms and those of his companions, he was enabled, as the wind was light, to gain on the ship, and when he found himself alongside, he demanded a parley with the Captain.

The Captain, on hearing that the "hardy hooker," as she got christened, was under his lee, came on deck, and as soon as he appeared Barny cried out—

"Why thin, blur an agers, Captain dear, do you expec' to be there soon?"

"Where?" said the Captain.

"Oh, you know yourself," said Barny.

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"It's well for me I do," said the Captain.

"Thrue for you indeed, your honor," said Barny, in his most insinuating tone. "but whin will you be at the ind o' your voyage, Captain jewel?"

"I dare say in about three months," said the Captain.

"Oh, Holy Mother!" ejaculated Barny, "three months—arrah it's jokin' you are Captain dear, and only want to freken me."

"How should I frighten you?" asked the Captain.

"Why, thin, your honor, to tell God's thruth, I heerd you wor goin' *there*, an as I wanted to go there too, I thought I couldn't do better nor to follow a knowledgable gintleman like yourself, and save myself the throuble iv findin' it out."

"And where do you think I *am* going?;' said the Captain.

"Why, thin," said Barny, "Isn't it to Fingal?"

"No," said the Captain, "'tis to *Bengal*.;'

"Oh! Gog's blakey!" said Barny, "What'll I do now at all at all?"

(End of Chap. I.)

From the United Service Journal.

STORMING OF BADAJOZ IN 1812.

FROM THE REMINISCENCES OF A SUBALTERN.

The fire against La Picurina was so effective, that by three o'clock in the afternoon of the 25th of March, almost all its batteries on the side of our lines were disorganized, its palisades beaten down, and the fort itself, having more the semblance of a wreck than a fortification of any pretensions, presented to the eye nothing but a heap of ruins; but never was there a more fallacious appearance: the work, although dismantled of its cannon, its parapets crumbling to pieces at each successive discharge from our guns, and its garrison diminished without a chance of being succoured, was still much more formidable than appeared to the eye of a superficial observer. It had yet many means of resistance at its disposal. The gorge, protected by three rows of palisades, was still unhurt; and although several feet of the scarp had been thrown down by the fire from our battering-park, it was, notwithstanding, of a height sufficient to inspire its garrison with a well-grounded confidence as to the result of any effort of ours against it; it was defended by three hundred of the *élite* of Phillipon's force, under the command of a colonel of Soult's staff, named Gaspard Thiery, who volunteered his services on the occasion. On this day a deserter came over to us from the fort, and gave an exact account of how it was circumstanced.

Colonel Fletcher, the chief engineer, having carefully examined the damage created by our fire, disregarding the perfect state of many of the defences, and being well aware that expedition was of paramount import to our final success, advised that the fort should be attacked after nightfall. Five hundred men of Picton's division, who on this day did the duty in the trenches, were ordered to hold themselves in readiness for the assault—eight o'clock was the hour named. At seven the men were arrayed in order, and divided into three detachments of equal proportions; the right column was intrusted to Major Shawe of the 74th; the centre to Captain Powis of the 83d; and the left to Major Rudd of the 77th,—all, officers as well as privates, belonging to the third division. And here I am forced to digress so far as to say, that the officer of the light division who wrote the "Sketch of the Storming of Badajoz," is in error when he says that a part of his corps formed any of those that carried the fort of La Picurina*. If such was the case, it is not—at least that I have read—so recorded, except by himself! I was on the spot—was personally acquainted with the greater part of the officers, and, I might add—privates; I did not see one man of the light division amongst the troops destined for the attack, nor do I think—so far as my recollection directs me—that Lord Wellington, in his account of that affair, says that the light division bore any part in it. The third division, although never defeated, cannot spare any portion of their hard-earned fame to another; and the gallant light division stand in no need of an auxiliary to commemorate their imperishable deeds in the Peninsula.

At half-past seven o'clock the storming party, consisting of fifteen officers and five hundred privates, stood to their arms. General Kempt, who commanded in trenches, explained to them the duty they had to perform; he did so in his usual clear manner, and every one knew the part he was to fulfil. All now waited with anxiety for the expected signal, which was to be the fire of one gun from No 4 battery. The evening was settled and calm; no rain had fallen since the 23d; the rustling of a leaf might be heard; and the silence of the moment was uninterrupted except by the French sentinels, as they challenged while pacing the battlements of the outwork; the answer of their comrades, although in a lower tone of voice, well distinguishable, "*Tout va bein dans le fort de la Picurina*," was heard by the very men who only awaited the signal from a gun to prove that the *réponse*, although true to the letter, might soon be falsified. The great Cathedral bell of the city at length tolled the hour of eight, and its last sounds had scarcely died away when the signal from the battery summoned the men to their perilous task!—the three detachments sprang out of the works at the same moment, and ran forwards to the glacis; but the great noise which the evolution unavoidably created gave warning to the enemy, already on the alert, and a violent fire of musketry opened upon the assailing columns. One hundred men fell before they reached the outwork; but the rest, undismayed by the loss, and unshaken in their purpose, threw themselves into the ditch, or against the palisades at the gorge.

* See U. S. Journal for Feb. 1829.

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The sappers, armed with axes and crow-bars, attempted to cut away or force down this defence; but the palisades were of such thickness, and so firmly placed in the ground, that before any impression could be made against even the front row, nearly all the men who had crowded to this point were struck dead. Meanwhile, those in charge of the ladders flung them into the ditch and those below soon placed them upright against the wall; but in some instances they were not of a sufficient length to reach the top of the parapet. The time was passing rapidly, and had been awfully occupied by the enemy; while as yet our troops had not made any progress that could warrant a hope of success. More than two thirds of the officers and privates were killed or wounded; two out of the three that commanded detachments had fallen; and Major Shawe, of the 74th, was the only one unhurt. All his ladders were too short,—his men, either in the ditch or on the glacis, unable to advance, unwilling to retire, and not knowing what to do, became bewildered;—the French cheered vehemently, and each discharge swept away many officers and privates. Shawe's situation, which had always been one of peril, now became desperate; he called out to his next senior officer (Captain Oates, of the 88th), and said, "Oates what are we to do?" but at the instant he was struck in the neck by a bullet, and fell bathed in blood. It immediately occurred to Oates, who now took the command, that although the ladders were too to mount the wall, *they were long enough to go across the ditch!* He at once formed the desperate resolution of throwing three of them over the fosse, by which a sort of bridge was constructed; he led the way, followed by a few of his brave soldiers that were unhurt, and, forcing their passage through an embrasure that had been but bolstered up in the hurry of the moment, carried —after a brief, desperate, but decisive conflict— the point allotted to him. Sixty grenadiers of the Italian guard were the first encountered by Oates and his party; they supplicated for mercy, but either by accident or design, one them discharged his firelock, and the ball struck Oates in the thigh;—he fell, and his men, who had before been greatly excited, now became furious when they beheld their commanding officer weltering in his blood. Every man of the Italian guard was put to death on the spot.

Meanwhile Captain Powis's detachment had made great progress, and finally entered the fort by the salient angle. It has been said—and, for aught I know to the contrary, with truth—it was the first which established itself in the outwork; but this is of little import in the detail, or to the reader. All the troops engaged acted with the same spirit and devotion, and each vied with his comrade to keep up the character of the "fighting division." Almost the entire of the privates and non-commissioned officers were killed or wounded; and of fifteen officers, which constituted the number of those engaged, not one escaped unhurt! Major Rudd's detachment, as also the one commanded by Captain Powis, were composed of soldiers belonging to the different regiments of Picton's division; but that commanded by Major Shawe were, to a man, Connaught Rangers. Of the garrison, but few escaped; the Commandant, and about eighty, were made prisoners; the rest, in endeavouring to escape under the guns of the fortress, or to shelter themselves in San Roque, were either bayoneted or drowned in the Rivellas; but this was not owing to any mismanagement on the part of Count Phillipon. He, with that thorough knowledge of his duty which marked his conduct throughout the siege, had, early in the business, ordered a body of chosen troops to *debouche* from San Roque, and to hold themselves in readiness to sustain the fort—but the movement was foreseen. A strong column, which had been placed in reserve, under the command of Captain Lindsey, of the 88th, met this reinforcement at the moment they were about to sustain their defeated companions at La Picurina. Not expecting to be thus attacked, these troops became panic-struck, soon fled in disorder, and running, without heed, in every direction, choked up the only passage of escape that was open for the fugitives from the outwork, and by a well-meant, but ill-executed evolution, did more harm than good.

So soon as this last effort to succour the fort was apparent to Phillipon, he caused a violent cannonade to be opened against it, but it was not of long duration; and our engineers, profiting by the quiet which reigned throughout the enemy's batteries, pushed forward the second parallel with great success. A corps of sappers, under my command, were charged with the work of dismantling the fort, and before day we had nearly completed its destruction.

Amongst the officers who fell on this evening, independent of those immediately belonging to the storming party, were two who were much regretted: the major of our brigade, Captain Wilde of the 87th, and Lieutenant George Johnston of the 88th. This latter officer was not on duty in the works; but when it was made known to him that his Captain (Oates) was to take a part in the fray, he ran down to join his friend, and with his arm in a sling, and an unhealed wound which he received on the breast at Rodrigo—fell, with many others, in endeavouring to force the gorge of the fort. It was he who so much distinguished himself in the battle of Fuentes d'Onore, when his regiment (the 88th) overthrew the French Imperial Guard.*

Thus terminated the siege and storming of La Picurina, after a lapse of eight nights and nine days of unprecedented labour and peril. It might be said that its capture opened to us the gates of Badajoz, or at all events put the key of that fortress into our hands: it nevertheless cost us some trouble before we could make use of the key so gained. Never, from the commencement of the war until its termination, was there a more gallant

* See U. S. Journal, Feb. 1831. p. 198,

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exploit than the storming of this outwork: and it may be well here to analyze the description of force by which so difficult an affair was achieved, as likewise the rank of the officers who conducted the attack. I know it is the fashion with some to think, or say, at all events, that in an affair of the kind, a body of chosen, or, as the phrase goes, "picked" men should be employed, and none others. Now what is meant by "picked men?" Why neither more nor less than stout-looking fellows. This is folly—perfect folly! There may be some—sticklers for this, their hobby—who will say, "Oh, no, not stout big fellows, but men of good character."—Greater folly again!! Others may say, "Well, at all events, such duties ought to be performed by grenadiers or light infantry, and under the command of a general officer." This is greater folly than both the others put together!!! Such opinions are—and I speak from experience—fallacious. It is well known that a man of six feet is not more capable of enduring fatigue than a short stout-built fellow of five feet six; and—if the heart be in the right place—the little man will be as efficient in the breach as his gigantic comrade. As to good characters, we have, all of us, seen the most profligate fellows in a regiment die like heroes at the muzzle of a gun; and as to grenadiers and light infantry, experience has shown that they have been defeated, although headed by generals, when, as in the case of La Picurina, the riff-raff of Picton's division, commanded by a major and two captains, achieved an exploit that stands unrivalled in the Peninsular Campaigns. The three officers who commanded detachments gained a step in consequence; but the brave Captain Oates, —who so chivalrously planted his ladders across the ditch, and who succeeded to the command of Major Shawe's detachment after that officer was wounded—so far from being recommended for a brevet-step, although he was a captain of nine years' standing! was not even *noticed* by General Picton (the General of his division) for his gallant conduct!!

From this period, until the 30th, a heavy fire was kept up against the works of the place; but it would be uninteresting to the reader to enter into a detail of all the *minutiæ* of our operations during this time. On the night of the 29th, the enemy attacked the troops posted on the right bank of the Guadiana, but their efforts were vain, and they were repulsed with loss.

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While these events were taking place before Badajoz, the remainder of the army, under Generals Hill and Graham, were pushed in advance on the Seville road. Hill occupied Merida with two divisions; while Graham, stationed at Santa Martha, observed the movements of the French Andalusian army under Drouet.

On the 30th of March, two breaching-batteries, armed with twenty-six guns of heavy calibre, and of the very best description, opened their fire to batter down the face of the two bastions already named; and, notwithstanding every effort which the powerful resources of the enemy enabled him to command, it was abundantly manifest that a few days would suffice to finish the labours of the army before Badajoz.

All this time Soult was making the greatest exertions to get together a sufficient force for the succour of the garrison; but he miscalculated the *time* necessary for such an effort; and the fine defence of Count Phillipon the preceding year, together with the efficient state of the place, inspired him with a confidence that was fatal. So late as the 1st of April he was at Seville, seven days' march from Villa Franca, and nine from Badajoz! He had early apprised Marmont of the events that were passing; but that Marshal, instead of seriously occupying himself in making use of the means at his disposal to succour his friend, allowed himself to be occupied in a petty warfare against the militia of Portugal, and after trifling a few days in this manner, he re-crossed the Agueda—after having frittered away five precious days in folly—and left the city of Badajoz, which was of such vital importance, and the army of his brother Marshal, to their fate. Thus, with a force of little more than 40,000 men (including the army of Observation,) Lord Wellington took the place, as it were, in presence of two French armies, amounting together to upwards of 80,000 of the veterans of France! This was pretty well for a Sepoy general, as the *Moniteur* styled him, or—as the renegades in England call him—a lucky general!

The breaching-batteries, which opened their fire on the 30th, were effective beyond our expectations in their execution against the works, and the sappers had made considerable progress towards completing a good covert-way for the troops to *débouche* from in their attack of the breaches. On the 25th, thirty-two sappers were placed under my command, but on the night of the 4th of April their numbers were reduced to seven. I lost some of the bravest men I ever commanded! but, considering the perils they encountered, it is only surprising how any escaped: we were frequently obliged to run the flying-sap so close to the battlements of the town, that the noise of the pick-axes was heard on the ramparts, and upon such occasions, the party were almost invariably cut off to a man. But it was then that the courage of the brave fellows under my orders showed itself superior to any reverse, and what was wanted in force, was made up by the most heroic bravery of individuals: there were three men of my own regiment, Williamson, Bray, and Macgowan, and I feel happy in being able to mention the names of those heroes, when a fire, so destructive as to sweep away all our gabions, took place, those men would run forward with a fresh supply, and, under a fire in which it was almost impossible to live, place them in order, for the rest of the party to shelter themselves, while they threw up a sufficiency of earth to render them proof against musketry. This dangerous duty was carried on for eleven successive nights, that is to say, from the 25th of March to the 5th of April.

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On this day the batteries of the enemy were nearly crippled, and their replies to our fire scarcely audible; the spirits of the soldiers, which no fatigue could damp, now rose to a frightful height —I say frightful, because it was not of that sort which alone denoted exultation at the prospect of their achieving an exploit which was about to hold them up to the admiration of the world, there was a certain *something* in their bearing that told plainly they had suffered fatigues, which, though they did not complain of, and had seen their comrades and officers slain while fighting beside them without repining,—that, notwithstanding they smarted under the one, and felt acutely for the other, although they smothered both, so long as their minds and bodies were employed, but now that they had a momentary license to *think*, every fine feeling vanished, and plunder and revenge took their place. Their labours, up to this period, although unremitting, and carried on with a cheerfulness that was astonishing, hardly promised the success which they looked for; and the change which the last twenty-four hours had wrought in their favour caused a material alteration in their demeanour; they hailed the present prospect as the mariner does the disappearance of a heavy cloud after a storm, which discovers to his view the clear horizon. In a word, the capture of Badajoz had long been their idol; many causes led to this wish on their part; the two previous unsuccessful sieges, and the failure of the attack against San Christoval in the latter,—but, above all, the well-known hostility of its inhabitants to the British army, and perhaps might be added, a desire for plunder, which the sacking of Rodrigo had given them a taste for. Badajoz was, therefore, denounced as a place to be made an example of; and, most unquestionably, no city, Jerusalem excepted, was ever more strictly visited to the letter than was this ill-fated town,

The soldiers had, from some cause or other,—perhaps from the disabled appearance of the bastions near the breaches,—conceived the idea that the storm was to take place on the night of the 5th: they accordingly began to make such arrangements as they fancied suitable to the occasion—some by a distribution of their little effects amongst their immediate friends, others bequeathed their arrears of pay to those whom they fancied, or upon receiving a similar pledge from any soldier who felt disposed to make a like barter. Their minds being thus made up for an event which was destined to be the grave of so many, they awaited, with ill-suppressed impatience, in groups, for the order which was to summon them to the assault; a little rain had fallen, and there is something, even in a shower, that is extremely composing to the spirits. A quiet gloom settles over the mind: every straggling thought is called in; the vapoury exhalations of by-gone reflections congregate together in clouds, and it is not long before this stagnant calm of the intellect is succeeded by a mental monsoon.

The demeanour of the soldiers on this evening faithfully exemplified what I have just written: a quiet but desperate calm had taken the place of that gayness and buoyancy of spirits which they possessed so short a time before, and nothing now was observable in their manner but a tiger-like expression of anxiety to seize upon their prey, which they considered as already within their grasp.

Towards five in the afternoon all doubts were at an end, in consequence of some officers arriving in the camp from the trenches; they reported that Lord Wellington had decided upon breaching the curtain that connected the bastion of La Trinidad and Santa Maria, and as this operation would necessarily occupy several hours' fire, it was impossible that the assault could take place before the following day, the 6th, and the inactivity that reigned in the engineer camp, which contained the scaling-ladders, was corroborative of the intelligence. For once I saw the men dejected; yet it was not the dejection of fear but of disappointment, Some of the most impetuous broke out into violent and unbecoming language, others abused the engineers; and many threw the blame of the delay upon the generals who commanded in the trenches: but all, even the most turbulent, admitted that the delay must be necessary to our success, or Lord Wellington would not allow it.

The night at length passed over, and the dawn of morning ushered in a day pregnant with events that will be recorded in our history as amongst the most brilliant that grace its annals. The batteries against the curtain soon reduced it to a heap of ruins; and the certainty that the trial would be made the same evening re-established good humour amongst the soldiers. It was known early in the day, that the breaches were allotted to the light and fourth divisions; to the fifth, the task of escalading the town on the side of the fort of Pardeleras; and to Picton, with his invincible 3rd, to carry the castle by escalading its stupendous walls, upwards of thirty-five feet high. The Portuguese brigade, under General Power, were to divert the enemy's attention on the side of San Christoval; while 300 men, taken from the guard in the trenches, were to carry the outwork of San Roque.

To ensure the success of an enterprise, upon which so much was at stake, 20,000 men were to be brought into action as I have described; by five o'clock, all the ladders were portioned out to those destined to mount them. The time fixed for the assemblage of the troops was eight; that of the attack, ten. The day passed over heavily, and hour after hour was counted, each succeeding one seeming to double the length of the one that preceded it; but, true as the needle to the pole, the long-expected moment arrived, and the clear, but deep, note of the town clock was now heard throughout our lines, as it tolled the hour of eight, and ere its last vibration had died away, the vast mass of assailants were in battle array. A thick and dusky vapour, issuing from the Guadiana and Rivellas, hung above the heads of the

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hostile forces, and hid alike, by its heavy veil, each from the view of its opponent; the batteries on both sides were silent, as if they reserved their efforts for the approaching struggle; and, except the gentle noise which the rippling of the Guadiana created, or the croaking of the countless frogs that filled the marshes on each side of its banks, every thing was as still as if the night was to be one of quiet repose; and a passing stranger, unacquainted with the previous events, might easily suppose that our army were no otherwise occupied than in the ordinary routine of an evening parade; but Phillipon, profiting by this cessation, retrenched and barricadoed the breaches in a manner hereafter to be described.

So soon as each division had formed on its ground in open column of companies, the arms were piled, and the officers and soldiers, either walked about in groups of five or six together, or sat down under an olive tree, to observe, at their ease, the arrangements of the different brigades which were to take a part in the contest. Then, again, might be seen some writing to their friends a hasty scroll, no doubt, and, in my opinion, an ill-timed one. It is a bad time—at the moment of entering a breach—to write to a man's father or mother—much less his wife!—to tell them so; and, besides, it has an unseasonable appearance in the eyes of the soldiers, who are decidedly the most competent judges of what their officers should be, or, at least, what *they* would *wish* them to be,—which is tantamount, at such a crisis.

There is a solemnity of feeling which accompanies the expectation of every great event in our lives, and the man who can be altogether dead to such a feeling is little, if anything, better than a brute. The present moment was one that was well calculated to fill every bosom throughout the army; for mixed with expectation, hope, and suspense, it was rendered still more touching to the heart, by the music of some of the regiments, which played at the head of each battalion, as the soldiers sauntered about to beguile the last hour many of them were destined to live. The band of my corps, the 88th, all Irish, played several tunes which exclusively belong to their country, and it is impossible to describe the effect it had upon us all; such an air as "Savourneen Deelish" is sufficient, at any time, to inspire a feeling of melancholy, but on an occasion like the present, it acted powerfully on the feelings of the men: they thought of their distant homes—of their friends, and of by-gone days. It was Easter Sunday; and the contrast which their present position presented to what it would have been, were they in their native land, afforded ample food for the occupation of their minds; but they were not allowed time for much longer reflection. The approach of Generals Picton and Kempt, accompanied by their staff, was the signal for the formation of the column of attack; and almost immediately the men were ordered to stand to their arms. Little, if any directions were given; indeed, they were unnecessary—because the men, from long service, were so conversant with the duty they had to perform, that it would have been but a waste of words and time, to say what was required of them.

All was now in readiness. It was twenty-five minutes past nine: the soldiers unincumbered with their knapsacks—their stocks off—their shirt-collars unbuttoned—their trowsers tucked up to the knee—their tattered jackets, so worn out, as to render the regiment they belonged to barely recognizable—their huge whiskers, and bronzed faces, which several hard-fought campaigns had changed from their natural hue—but, above all, their self-confidence, devoid of boast or bravado, gave them the appearance of what they, in reality, were—an invincible host.

The division now moved forward in one solid mass—the 45th leading, followed closely by the 88th and 74th; the brigade of Portuguese, consisting of the 9th and 21st regiments of the line, under Colonel de Champlemond, were next; while the 5th, 77th, 83d, and 94th, under Colonel Campbell, brought up the rear. Their advance was undisturbed until they reached the Rivellas; but at this spot, some fire-balls, which the enemy threw out, caused a great light, and the third division, 5000 strong, were to be seen from the ramparts of the castle. The soldiers, finding they were discovered, raised a shout of defiance, which was responded to by the garrison, and in a moment afterwards, every gun that could be brought to bear against them was in action; but no way daunted by the havoc made in his ranks, Picton, with his division, forded the Rivellas, knee-deep, and soon gained the foot of the castle wall, and here he saw the work that was cut out for him, for he no longer fought in darkness. The vast quantity of combustible matter, which out-topped this stupendous defence, was in a blaze, and the flames which issued forth on every side, lighted, not only the ramparts and ditch, but the plains that intervened between them and the Rivellas. A host of veterans crowned the wall, all armed in a manner as imposing as novel; each man had beside him eight loaded firelocks; while at intervals, and proportionably distributed, were pikes of an enormous length, with crooks attached to them, for the purpose of grappling with the ladders; the top of the wall was covered with rocks of ponderous size, only requiring a slight push to hurl them upon the heads of our soldiers; and there was a sufficiency of hand-grenades and small shells at the disposal of the men that defended this point to have destroyed the entire of the besieging army; while on the flanks of each curtain, batteries, charged to the muzzle with grape and case shot, either swept away entire sections, or disorganized the ladders as they were about to be placed, and an incessant storm of musketry, at the distance of fifteen yards, completely the resources which the enemy brought into play, which, as may be seen, were of vast formidableness.

To oppose this mass of warriors, and heterogeneous congregation of missiles, Picton had

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nothing to depend upon for success but his tried and invincible old soldiers—he relied firmly upon their devoted courage, and he was not disappointed. The terrible aspect of the rugged wall, forty feet in height, in no way intimidated them; and, under a frightful fire of small arms and artillery, the ponderous ladders were dragged into the ditch, and, with a degree of hardihood that augured well for the issue, were planted against the lofty battlements that domineered above his soldiers' heads: but this was only the commencement of one of the most terrific struggles recorded during this hard-fought night. Each ladder, so soon as placed upright, was speedily mounted, and crowded from the top round to the bottom one; but those that escaped the pike-thrusts, were shattered to atoms by the heavy cross-fire from the bastions, and the soldiers that occupied them, impaled upon the bayonets of their comrades in the ditch, died at the foot of those ladders which they had carried such a distance, and with so much labour. An hour had now passed over—no impression had been made upon the castle, and the affair began to have a very doubtful appearance, for, already, more than half of the third division had been cut off. General Kempt, commanding the right brigade, fell, wounded, early in the night; and the 88th regiment alone, the strongest in the division, lost 19 officers and 450 men, and the other regiments were scarcely in a better condition. Picton, seeing the frightful situation in which he was placed, became uneasy; but the good will with which his brave companions exposed and laid down their lives re-assured him; he called out to his men—told them they had never been defeated, and that now was the moment to conquer or die. Picton, although not loved by his soldiers, was respected by them; and his appeal, as well as his unshaken front, did wonders in changing the desperate state of the division. Major Ridge, of the 5th, by his personal exertions, caused two ladders to be placed upright, and he, himself, led the way to the top of one, while an officer of the 83d (Lieutenant Bowles, I believe) mounted the other: a few men, at last, got footing on the top of the wall; at the same time, Lieutenant William Mackie of the 88th—he that led the forlorn hope at Rodrigo—(unnoticed!—*still a Lieutenant!!*)—and Mr. Richard Martin (son to the member for Galway, who acted as a volunteer with the 88th during the siege) succeeded in mounting another. Mackie—ever foremost in the fight—soon established his men on the battlements, himself unhurt, but Martin fell desperately wounded. A general rush to the ladders now took place, and the dead and wounded, which lay in the ditch, were indiscriminately trampled upon, for humanity was nowhere to be found. A frightful butchery followed this success; and the shouts of our soldiery, mingled with the cries of the Frenchmen, supplicating for mercy, or in the agonies of death, were heard at a great distance. But few prisoners were made; and the division occupied, with much regularity, the different points allotted to each regiment. Meanwhile the ravelin of San Roque was carried by the gorge, by a detachment drawn from the trenches, under the command of Major Wilson of the 48th, and the engineers were directed to blow up the dam and sluice that caused the inundation of the Rivellas, by which means the passage of that river, between La Picturina and the breaches could be more easily effected. One entire regiment of Germans, called the regiment of Hesse d'Armstadt, that defended the ravelin, were put to death.

While all this was taking place at the castle and San Roque, a fearful scene was acting at the breaches. The light and fourth divisions, 10,000 strong, advanced to the glacis undiscovered—a general silence pervading the whole, as the spirits of the men settled into that deep sobriety which denotes much determination of purpose; but at this spot their footsteps were heard; and perhaps since the invention of gunpowder, its effects were never more powerfully brought into action. In a moment, the different materials, which the enemy had arranged in the neighbourhood of the breaches, were lighted up—darkness was converted into light—torches blazed along the battlements—and a spectator, at a short distance from the walls, could distinguish the features of the contending parties. A battery of mortars, doubly loaded with grenades, and a blaze of musketry, unlike anything hitherto witnessed by the oldest soldier, opened a murderous fire against the two divisions; but, unshaken by its effects, they pressed onward, and jumped into the ditch. The fourth division, destined to carry the breach to the right, met with a frightful catastrophe at the onset. The leading platoons, consisting of the fusileer brigade, sprang into that part of the ditch that had been filled by the inundation of the Rivellas, and were seen no more; but the bubbles that rose on the surface of the water were a terrible assurance of the struggles which those devoted soldiers ineffectually made to extricate themselves from the deadly grasp of each other, and from so unworthy an end. Warned by the fate of their companions, the remainder turned to the left, and following the footsteps of the light division, pressed onwards in one mingled mass to the breaches of the curtain and La Trinidad. Arrived here, they encountered a series of obstacles that it was impossible to surmount, and which I find great difficulty in describing. Planks, of a sufficient length and breadth to embrace the entire face of the breaches, studded with pikes a foot long, were to be surmounted ere they reached the top of the breach; yet some there were—the brave Colonel Macleod of the 43d, amongst the number—who succeeded so far, but on gaining the top, *chevaux de frise*, formed of long sword-blades firmly fixed in the trunks of trees of a great size, and chained, boom-like, across the breach, were still to be passed; while at each side, and behind the *chevaux de frise*, trenches were cut, sufficiently ex-

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tensive for the accommodation of 3000 men, who stood in an amphitheatrical manner—each tier above the other—and armed with eight muskets each, like their companions at the castle. awaited the attack so soon as the planks on the face, and the *chevaux de frize* on the top of the breach were surmounted; but they might have waited until doomsday for that event, because it was morally impossible.

The vast glare of light caused by the different explosions, and the fire of cannon and musketry, gave to the breaches the appearance of a volcano vomiting forth fire in the midst of the army: the ground shook—meteors shone forth in every direction—and when for a moment the roar of battle ceased, it was succeeded by cries of agony, or the furious exultation of the imperial soldiers. To stand before such a storm of fire, much less endeavour to overcome a barrier so impregnable, required men whose minds, as well as frames, were cast in a mould not human; but nevertheless, so it was. The gallant light and fourth divisions boldly braved every danger, and with a good will, rarely to be found, prolonged a struggle, the very failure of which, taking into account the nature of the obstacles opposed to them, and their immense losses, was sufficient to immortalize them. At length, after a dreadful sacrifice of lives—all the generals, and most of the colonels, being either killed or wounded—they were driven from the breaches, while the Frenchmen, securely entrenched behind them, might be seen waving their caps in token of defiance. This was too galling for men who had never known defeat—and they ran back headlong to the attack, and destruction. But for what end? To judge from the past, when their numbers were more numerous they had failed; they were now reduced to less than half, while the resources of the enemy were unimpaired; and the prospect before them was hideous. Their former efforts, when they were in full vigour, had not been productive of any good result, and they felt that those they had made were stronger than those which were yet to come; but experience and feeling were alike unheeded—hope, more powerful than either, urged them on, and like an unlucky gamester, every fresh reverse but increased their eagerness to continue the game. Again did they attempt to pass this terrible gulph of steel and flame—and again were they driven back—cut down—annihilated. Thousands of the bravest soldiers lay in piles upon each other, weltering in blood, and trodden down by their own companions. The 43d left 22 officers and 300 men on the breach; four companies of the 52d were blown to atoms by an explosion; and the 95th, as indeed every other regiment engaged, suffered in proportion. Our batteries, from whence a clear view of all that was passing could be distinguished, maddened by the havoc at the breaches, poured in a torrent of shot; and, in the excitement of the moment, killed friends as well as foes. Finally, the remnant of the two divisions retired; and with a valour, bordering upon desperation, prepared for a third trial; but the success of Picton's attack was by this time whispered amongst them, and the evacuation of the breaches soon after confirmed the rumour.

While the attack of the castle and breaches was in progress, the fifth division, under General Leith, maintained a fierce and dangerous struggle on the south side of the city and the Pardeleras fort; but the resistance at those points was feeble, as compared with the other two. In some instances, the French troops deserted the walls before they were carried; and it is worthy of remark, that while the 38th regiment were *mounting* the ladders, the imperial soldiers were scrambling *down* them at the reverse side—in many instances, treading upon the fingers of our own men! The few men of Leith's division, thus established on the ramparts, boldly pressed on in the hope of causing a change in favour of the men at the breaches; but the multitude that had fled before this handful of troops became re-assured when they beheld the scantiness of their numbers, and, returning to the fight, forced them up a street leading to the ramparts. Leith's men became panic-struck by this unexpected burst, and retraced their steps in confusion; many were killed ere they reached the wall; and some, infected by the contagion of the moment, jumped over the battlements, and were dashed to pieces in their fall. One, an officer, bearing the flag of his regiment, fearing it might be captured, flung himself from the wall, and falling into a part of the ditch that was filled with the slime of the river, escaped unhurt. At this critical moment, Gen. Walker reached the spot with a fresh body of troops, and driving back the French with ruinous disorder, established his men at this point; and from that moment, the fate of Badajoz was sealed. The enemy fled in every direction towards the bridge leading to San Christoval; and the remnant of the ill-fated light and fourth divisions with difficulty entered the town by the breaches, although unopposed!

It was now half-past two o'clock in the morning, and the fighting had continued, without cessation, from ten the preceding night. More than 350 officers and 4000 men had fallen on our side; yet the enemy's loss was but small in proportion; because with the exception of the castle, where the third division got fairly amongst them, the French with that tact for which they are so remarkable, got away the moment they found themselves out-matched.

Shortly after the last attack at the breaches had failed, and long after the castle had been carried, (although it was not generally known at the time,) I was occupied with Major Thompson of the 74th, (acting-engineer,) in placing some casks of gunpowder under the dam of the Rivellas, in front of San Roque; when, while leaning on his shoulder, I was struck by a musket-bullet in the left breast; I staggered back, but did not fall, and Thompson, bandaging my breast and shoulder with his handkerchief caused me to be removed inside the ravelin; but the

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firing continued with such violence upon this point, that it was long before I could venture out of it. At length, nearly exhausted from loss of blood, and fearing that I might be unable to reach the camp if I delayed much longer, I quitted it, accompanied by two sappers of my own corps, (Bray and Macgowan,) who supported me as I walked towards the trenches. Bray was wounded in the leg while he tried to cover me from the enemy's fire; but this brave fellow soon recovered, and afterwards greatly distinguished himself in the battle of the Pyrenees, by killing a French colonel at the head of his battalion.

By this time the attack of Badajoz was, in effect, finished. Some irregular firing was still to be heard as the fugitives hurried from street to street towards the Roman bridge leading to San Christoval, but all resistance might be said to have ceased. An attempt to retake the castle was made in vain; but the brave Colonel Ridge of the 5th, who had so distinguished himself, lost his life by almost one of the last shots that was fired in this fruitless effort to recover a place which had cost the army the hearts'-blood of the third division; and the dawn of the morning of the 7th of April showed to the rest of the army, like a speck in the horizon, the shattered remnant of Picton's invincible soldiers, as they stood in a long group upon the ramparts of a spot that, by its isolated situation, towering height, and vast strength, seemed not to appertain to the rest of the fortifications, and which the enemy, with their entire disposable force, were unable to retake from the few brave men that now stood triumphant upon its lofty battlements. Nevertheless, triumphant and stern as was their attitude, it was not without its alloy, for more than five-sixths of their officers and comrades either lay dead at their feet, or badly wounded in the ditch below them. All their generals, Picton amongst the number, and almost all their colonels, were either killed or wounded; and as they stood to receive the praises of their commander, and the cheers of their equally brave but unfortunate companions in arms, their diminished front and haggard appearance told, with terrible truth, the nature of the conflict in which they had been engaged. Yet those soldiers—the companions of Lord Wellington in six campaigns, and victorious in more than a hundred combats—and, in saying this, I make no distinction between *any* of the Peninsular heroes—have no medal to mark their deeds! They stand—if not a degraded, *that* they could not be—an unrewarded *tribe*, while the Waterloo army—nine-tenths of whom never saw a shot fired before that battle—are honoured with a medal, and two years' of service over the heads of those very men!

The limits of this "Reminiscence" will not allow the writer of it to enter more in detail upon the different features of the storming of Badajoz. Many brave officers greatly distinguished themselves, and some few escaped as by a miracle. Those matters, as also the sacking of the city, shall be the subject of his next number; and, in conclusion, he will merely add, that early on the morning of the 7th of April, Phillipon and his garrison, which had taken refuge in San Christoval, hoisted the white flag, in token of submission, and from that moment the beautiful and rich town of Badajoz became a scene of plunder and devastation.

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"The escalade on the bastion of St. Vicente, by General Walker's brigade, was one of the most daring exploits, considering all things, ever attempted in ancient or modern warfare."—(*Jones' Sieges.*) Yet an officer of the Line, who served here as Assistant-Engineer with the Ladder Party, who was severely wounded, was afterwards again severely wounded while acting in the same capacity at the siege of Burgos, and who has been on active service to the present hour, bearing testimonials of distinguished conduct, remains without promotion;—we allude to Lieut. Percy Neville, of the 26th, then of the 30th regiment.—Ed.

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From the United Service Journal.

Two years and a Half in the American Navy, being a Voyage on board the U. S. Frigate Constellation. By E. C. Wines.

These two years and a half might, with very little variation, have been spent in any other navy, the subject matter being chiefly places on shore, rather than ships afloat. Again,—this being a first cruise, and it being a much harder matter to form comprehensive notions of naval matters than shore-going people generally think, the professional reader must not expect too much on the faith of the title of the book. Nevertheless, the book is a very interesting one; and more than this, it is very instructive, and will repay more readings than one. The author proclaims his youth in his short preface, and this prepares us for enthusiastic descriptions; but his enthusiasm is of the right kind. It is not a capricious and feverish passion for opera dancing or French cookery, but an admiration and love, and therefore warm interest in, whatever is elevated in principle, admirable in character, and beautiful in the works of nature. He is not over careful to inform us how often he was asked to dinner at any great man's, or to specify what duet or trio was sung at a particular hour; hence his book is deficient in many matters which would be interesting to many readers. His reflections are neither tinged with the rudeness of republicanism, nor sickled over with imitated refinement; and he introduces, on frequent occasions, sentiments of a higher order than ever find their way into books written only to amuse and sell. He possesses considerable command of language and a fortunate choice of words; but his style is full of hacknied expressions, and of words or phrases which are either oversights or Yankeeisms, and which are, in many places, absolutely laughable.

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The language in which he alludes to the objects of his classic enthusiasm requires, in many places, a great deal of cooling down. His indiscriminate warmth of language may lead cursory readers to draw inferences which he would be the first to regret. Thus, in alluding to prayers to the Virgin, at p. 235. he almost seems to be writing a eulogy on superstition.

We are sorry to have no room for extracts, and must confine ourselves to a very few observations. At Norfolk, (America,) he observes, with regard to the ladies, of whom he is always a passionate admirer, that, as in Europe, those of the southern states are inferior in personal beauty to those of the northern, but that in grace and conversation they greatly surpass. According to his account, quarter-deck etiquette in the U. S. navy must be pretty rigorously kept up, when a serious complaint is made of an officer for breaking out into a *horse laugh* there; and when a man is flogged for going aft on the wrong side of the deck! Perhaps this may provoke some of our philanthropists to dash at once *in medias res*, and insist on the immediate abolition of punishment by Congress. In enumerating matters of internal arrangement of the ships, he mentions an air-pump for removing foul air from below. Amongst considerations, on the improvement of the navy, he suggests the establishment of a naval college. Whatever be the strength of the arguments, the the utility of such a measure is doubtful. In reading his remarks on the great advantage of the knowledge of mathematics and languages, it s highly satisfactory to perceive so great an advance made of late years in these matters, as applied to ourselves. The difficulty of pursuing tudy has always been sufficiently formidable; ut this difficulty being once overcome in opinon, we may begin to hope that the time is not r distant when the naval officers will be better idges of matters than mere naval architects can e, or than quacks can pretend to be.

His description of the Isle of Wight will be ead with interest, as will also the tale of the airyman's daughter, to which he feelingly alides. In going on board the Victory, he cries it (as a foreigner, the natives being used to it) the tax levied on visiters to the flag-ship of elson. How long is this custom of debasing erything, public and private, that will fetch a lf-penny, into the sordid purposes of individual arice, to remain the national disgrace?

Leaving England, and touching on the coast France, the Constellation went to the Mediterean, where the number of places she touched on the various coasts keep our author in full ployment. His descriptions of the numerous ces he visits are written under the advantage previous reading, which enabled him to turn time to the best account in making directly whatever was best worth seeing; and as his efts to get into the society of the natives were ays less with the intention of singing or cing than of getting information, his reks have generally something in them.

This book is well worthy the attention of every officer going to the Mediterranean; and the interest of the descriptions of the places is enhanced by the judicious selection of points in their classical history, with which he seems to have made himself perfectly familiar.

From the Athenæum.

Rejected Addresses. Eighteenth Edition, carefully revised, with an Original Preface and Notes, by the Authors. London: Murray.

It is only at the last moment that we have received this work: we have had no time to ascertain the nature either of the notes or the revisions; but from the gossiping preface we extract the following, which may entertain our readers:—

"Strangers to the arcana of the booksellers' trade, and unacquainted with their almost invincible objection to single volumes of low price, especially when tendered by writers who have acquired no previous name, we little anticipated that they would refuse to publish our *Rejected Addresses*, even although we asked nothing for the copyright. Such, however, proved to be the case. Our manuscript was perused and returned to us by several of the most eminent publishers. Well do we remember betaking ourselves to one of the craft in Bond-street, whom we found in a back parlour, with his gouty leg propped upon a cushion, in spite of which warning he diluted his luncheon with frequent glasses of Madeira. 'What have you already written?' was his first question, an interrogatory to which we had been subjected in almost every instance. 'Nothing by which we can be known.' 'Then I am afraid to undertake the publication.' We presumed timidly to suggest that every writer must have a beginning, and that to refuse to publish for him until he had acquired a name, was to imitate the sapient mother who cautioned her son against going into the water until he could swim. 'An old joke— a regular Joe!' exclaimed our companion, tossing off another bumper. 'Still older than Joe Miller,' was our reply; 'for, if we mistake not, it is the very first anecdote in the facetiæ of Hierocles.' 'Ha, sirs!' resumed the bibliopolist, 'you are learned, are you? So, soh!—Well, leave your manuscript with me; I will look it over to-night, and give you an answer to-morrow.' Punctual as the clock we presented ourselves at his door on the following morning, when our papers were returned to us with the observation—'These trifles are really not deficient in smartness; they are well, vastly well for beginners; but they will never do—never. They would not pay for advertising, and without it I should not sell fifty copies.'

"This was discouraging enough. If the most experienced publisher feared to be out of pocket by the work, it was manifest, *à fortiori*, that its writers ran a risk of being still more heavy losers, should they undertake the publication on their own account. We had no objection to raise a laugh at the expense of others; but to do it at our own costs, uncertain as we were to what extent we might be involved, had

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never entered into our contemplation. In this dilemma, our *Addresses*, now in every sense rejected, might probably have never seen the light, had not some good angel whispered us to betake ourselves to Mr. John Miller, a dramatic publisher, then residing in Bow-street, Covent Garden. No sooner had this gentleman looked over our manuscript, than he immediately offered to take upon himself all the risk of publication, and to give us half the profits, *should there be any*; a liberal proposition, with which we gladly closed. So rapid and decided was its success, at which none were more unfeignedly astonished than its authors, that Mr. Miller advised us to collect some *Imitations of Horace*, which had appeared anonymously in the *Monthly Mirror*, offering to publish them upon the same terms. We did so accordingly; and as new editions of the *Rejected Addresses* were called for in quick succession, we were shortly enabled to sell our half copyright in the two works to Mr. Miller, for one thousand pounds!! We have entered into this unimportant detail, not to gratify any vanity of our own, but to encourage such literary beginners as may be placed in similar circumstances; as well as to impress upon publishers the propriety of giving more consideration to the possible merit of the works submitted to them, than to the mere magic of a name."

From the Athenæum.

LINES.

Written by the Author of 'The Bride's Tragedy,' in the blank-leaf of the 'Prometheus Unbound.'

[When Mr. Beddoes penned this fine extravaganza, the subject of its graceful idolatry was still living, and hopes, to be shortly after so ruthlessly destroyed, were indulged of that increasing luxuriance of his great genius, (season after season more prodigal than the last,) which, had life been granted, would certainly not have been wanting. Ten years have since elapsed, and in that long interval the author of the Bride's Tragedy has claimed no second "award." For aught, indeed, that our literature would have lost, he might have perished in the same fatal storm in the Gulf of Spezia. How much longer is he contented to be *unknown* as the author of the *Bride's Tragedy*—(that blossom of exquisite beauty, still but a blossom,)—and is expectation, in the few who know his really great and rare powers, to doze away at last into oblivion?]

Write it in gold—a Spirit of the sun,
An Intellect ablaze with heavenly thoughts,
A Soul with all the dews of pathos shining,
Odorous with love, and sweet to silent woe
With the dark glories of concentrate song,
Was sphered in mortal earth. Angelic sounds,
Alive with panting thoughts, sunned the dim world:
The bright creations of a human heart
Wrought magic in the bosoms of mankind:
A flooding summer burst on Poetry,
Of which the crowning sun, the night of beauty
The dancing showers, the birds whose anthems, wild,
Note after note, unbind the enchanted leaves
Of breaking buds, eve, and the flow of dawn,
Were centred and condensed in his one name
As in a providence—and that was SHELLEY.

Oxford, 1822.

From the Examiner.

GODOLPHIN.

The first volume of this novel we read with extreme zest. We cannot describe it better than as a younger brother of *Pelham*. The resemblance in style and the management of point is very close; there is also the same condensation of subtle observation in maxims, and the same felicitous manner of turning characteristics; but there is not the fertility, the invention, or the depth of Mr. Bulwer's performance. The book has either been got up in great haste, or it is the work of two hands of very unequal powers. The intention is to illustrate the aristocratic corruptions and deformities, the vices and the meannesses, the odiousness and the littleness of the great world—but the design, commenced with admirable spirit, is not completed; indeed, it ends, as opened, with the first volume. The book is of two parts; the first, worldly, which is all clever; the second, romantic, which is somewhat flaring and extravagant. We pass from a fine sketchy style of drawing men and things as they are, to the scene-painter's goddess. Many, however, who admire the old pattern of love stories, and delight in an astrologer who catches glimpses of futurity, especially if he have a daughter who jumps on the hero's back, and dies according to custom of desertion, will declare our opinion naught, and decidedly prefer the second and third volumes of *Godolphin*, in which are "all the fine things," as gaudy sins against nature and taste are called. As in the portraiture of the world as it is, the author resembles Bulwer, so in the portraiture of the world of romance he strongly reminds us of Godwin, but in his questionable manner. Yet what we have remarked upon as faults would hardly have struck us as faults in a book of a more vulgar manufacture throughout. It is the immediate comparison of the false with a superior style which compels criticism. There is a disappointment. The pages of the first volume fly under our hands; we are eager to see how the author will carry out the design so forcibly commenced; the second volume is almost an episode, common-place and tedious; and though the third brings us again to the scene upon which so much ability had been shown, the purpose seems lost, and the author appears to have enough to do in carrying on the story to a close, instead of making it carry on the indicated design. The aim in the commencement is excellent, but it ends without success. It goes off like a rocket, brilliantly aspiring; but it finishes its career a rocket-stick.

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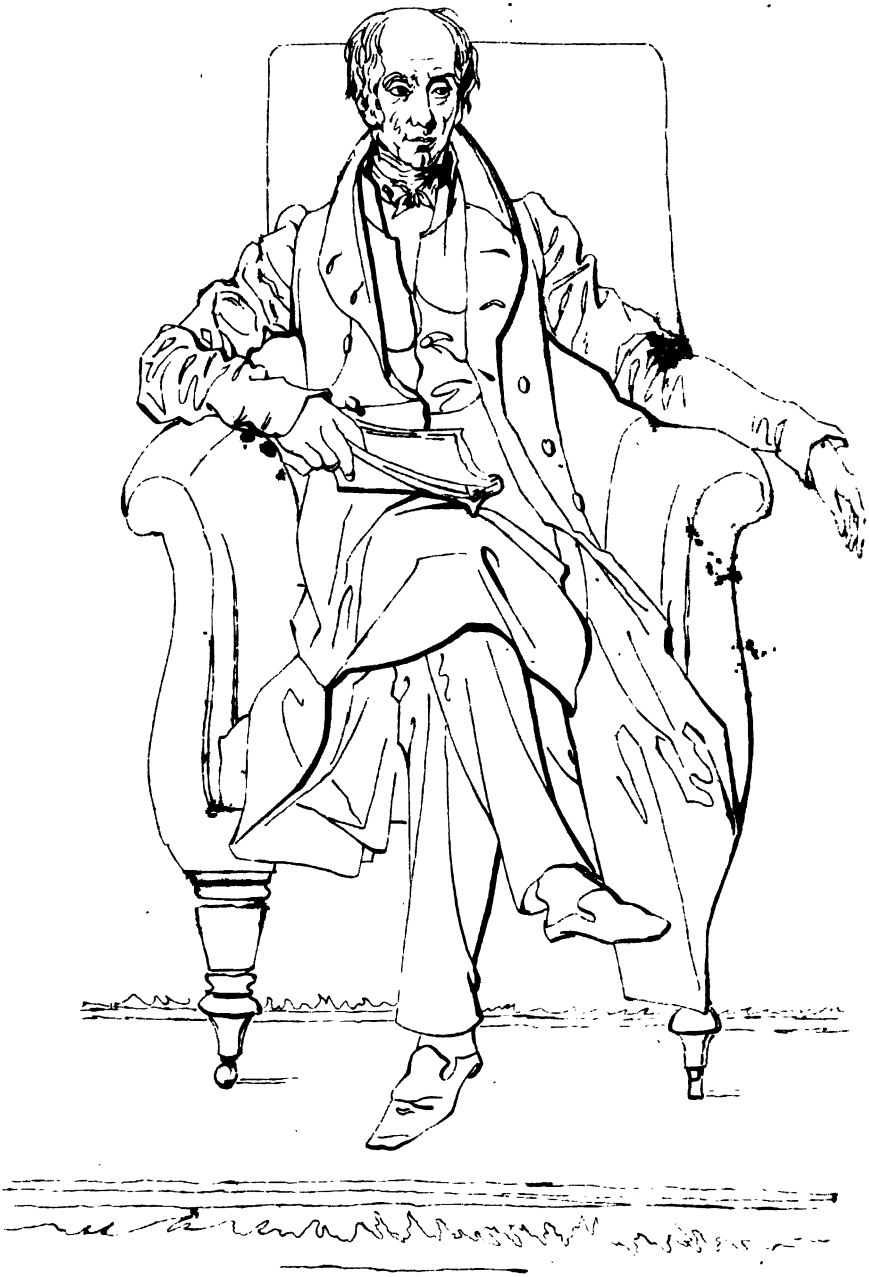

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MUSEUM

OF

FOREIGN LITERATURE, SCIENCE AND ART.

SEPTEMBER, 1833.

From the Examiner, May 19.

THE PROJECT FOR SLAVERY.

Further consideration has confirmed the opinion we expressed upon the first glance at this project—that it is impracticable. It meddles with slavery without bestowing freedom; it breaks in upon the master's authority and yet it continues the negroes' forced labour. It takes away the fear of immediate punishment, and it does not substitute the immediate rewards of industry. It attempts to eke out the motives to labour by compulsion removed to the hands of the magistrate, and the far distant application of wages to the purchase of liberty. The first change will make the negro fear the whip less, but will the second inspire him with a love of labour? Look at human nature in circumstances most favourable to forecast and fortitude. Consider how weak are motives which are drawn from a distance of a dozen years; how faintly they operate on conduct; how uncertain seems the object so far removed; how languid the expectations, and incapable of combating the temptation to present indulgence and enjoyment? It is reckoned that for twelve years the negro will lay by the wages of the fourth of his labour, and live meanwhile on the allowances of a slave, foregoing all allurements of ease and pleasure for the distant blessing of liberty. This plan is not framed, as alleged, for men unfit for freedom, but for sages, for miracles of self-denial for self-ennoblement. Their reward after all is only to rank with men, but in the attainment of it they must practice more than the common virtues of men; and this perfection is to be exhibited in the preparation, the mere preparation, for the use of liberty! Why, according to these views, the great school of philosophy should be the slave gangs; our divines should repair to them for examples of victory of the elevated desires over the instant sensual solicitations. They see no such instances at Oxford and Cambridge—no such training for the right use of power as is expected for the right use of liberty. The black skins are expected to do for earth what the black-coats will not do for heaven. The forethought of our own labouring people does not generally extend from one Saturday to another, but the forethought of the poor negroes is to extend to the end of twelve years. They must toil and hoard, and toil and hoard, patiently and abstinently, and never flag and sink at heart with the thought that death may overtake them in their yet slavish condition, and cut off the enjoyment for which they have made all exertions and all sacrifices. There are men in civilized society who submit to a state of uneasiness and privations, for the attainment of remote objects, (often of an unworthiness which has the strongest temptation for unworthiness,) and their energy and fortitude are admired, however the direction of them may be condemned by the moralist; and the poor slave, for the distant prize of self-possession, is expected to display the same rare qualities, though it is said that he is yet unqualified for freedom!

What is to be the condition of the negro during the period between the passing of the law and the purchase of his own body. In the project the name of slavery is abolished and apprenticeship substituted, and we admit that, if there were any magical force in words, there are many parts of the project under consideration which would be well conceived, but the fault is that the words and the men are at odds, on both the black and the white side. The legislation of Mr. Stanley would have many recommendations which it wants, if the nature of the men, with which it has to do, were wholly different from what it is, and were the geography of the West Indies accommodated to the Secretary's superintendence of the administration of the laws. Though blacks were stoic philosophers, yet whites remaining no better than whites are, it would be necessary, to the effect of Mr. Stanley's legislation, to bring the West Indies alongside of Great Britain, we say alongside, because we have experience of the ill effect of any geographical division in the government of Ireland. If Jamaica were as Yorkshire we think Mr. Stanley might, by great energy, and the watchfulness of

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an Argus, compel the observance of the rights of the slaves, (or apprentices, as he prefers to call them). Mr. Finlay will tell him that the laws hitherto framed for the regulation of infant labour in factories, not farther distant than the North of Great Britain, under the very eyes of the Legislature, and the hands of their power, have never been enforced. It is, indeed, always of passing difficulty to procure the performance of regulations where there is an interested and stubborn local hostility, and especially when the law has to put forth a long arm, which, though capable of striking forcibly in a peremptory blow, feeble in minute and protracted directions. Mr. Stanley relies on the example of Venezuela, where the governing power had immediate cognizance and immediate action. The West Indian is a very different case, and the Minister has misled himself with an obviously false analogy. Were the slaves in Great Britain, Mr. Stanley's project would be more feasible.

But supposing time and space were annihilated, and that the authority of England could secure the rights of the blacks, what would then be their condition? We are told that slavery would be abolished. "*The slave*," says an advocate for the plan, "*would immediately acquire all the rights enjoyed by his fellow men.*" How? The choice offered to him is to be apprenticed labourer, or unconditionally slave. Is this alternative consistent with the rights of freemen? But if he accept the first branch of it, he may in a dozen years become a freeman, if he have fair play from the master and the magistrate, and self-denial, prudence, and length of days; and he may enjoy liberty if he have youth and vigour on his side, and strength remaining, after twelve years of labour, to profit by the possession of his own body. An apprenticed labourer is to be a being three-fourths of compelled labour, and one-fourth of pledged labour to be carried to the account of his self-purchase. This fourth part of the labour, which is for the slave's ultimate benefit supposing he live, and live prudently and industriously, must in some way be compelled, for out of it is to be rendered a tax for the repayment of a loan (as it is fraudulently called) to the proprietor, in default of which the proprietor is responsible. Now if this tax out of the negro's wages must be paid by the negro or the planter, the work for the wages must be compulsory, and thus the apprenticed labourer is not his own master as to that portion of his time which is ostensibly set apart for his own benefit and free-will. If he fail to render his portion of the repayment of the loan to his proprietor, he loses a corresponding portion of his labour for the next half year, and what is to be the consequence should he then again be in default? The fourth of the negro's labour which is set apart for him is his in what way? *his* that he may make himself his own. His for redemption from slavery. His toil for his master's compensation. His composition of the original felony; his buying off the wrongs against himself. Disguise it as you may, call it apprenticeship or what you please, it is the labour of slavery with an application to satisfy the slaver's demand. The apprenticed labourer has agreed to the terms; but the agreement is the agreement of one who has no choice but of terminable or interminable slavery.

The scheme is that the master shall fix the slave's price, and that the wages for a fourth of his labour shall annually be a twelfth of the price, and thus it is supposed that the negro will earn his ransom in twelve years; but how can this be, if a portion of the wages be taken half yearly in liquidation of the planter's debt to the public? Why should the negro pay the planter's debt out of the labour reserved to him for the purchase of his freedom? The negro owes nothing to the master; let the planter's claim to compensation be what it may, and lay where it may, it cannot attach to the slave, robbed of his liberty, and whose wrongs are the planter's rights.

The loan of fifteen millions (proposed when the remission of taxes to the amount of the interest is declared impossible) is proposed in consideration of the planter's sacrifice of the fourth part of the slave's labour, which fourth part, be it observed, is to render back to the planter the whole price he has fixed on the slave, and besides that to pay a portion of the planter's debt. But it is far from clear that the loan is to be a loan. Mr. Stanley thinks it prudent to call it a *loan*, but he says significantly enough:—

It will be a question for Parliament to decide in what manner and on what conditions that loan shall be granted, and how it shall be repaid—and further, if they shall be prepared to go so far as to say that they will not require repayment, it will be for Parliament, if it shall think fit to do so, to convert the loan into a gift. In the first instance, however, our proposition is to advance to the planter a loan of fifteen millions.

Such is the wisdom of Whig Ministers—the crooked cunning which for the sake of evasion and shuffling foregoes true policy.

Call the advance a *loan* and ultimately convert it to a gift, and what is the consequence? Why that you lose the terms which the gift in the first instance would have procured. You have parted with the money without the grace of a gift or the benefit of a bargain. In every way, in conciliation, in negotiation, the least has been made of the grant. If the country be content to afford fifteen millions for the purpose of emancipating the slaves, let as much advantage as possible be made of the money. Don't treat with the planter upon the terms of a borrower, when it is in contemplation to benefit him to the amount of the advance. The planters have no claim on the national generosity. Worse subjects, men more turbulent and demoralized, don't exist. They will part with no advantage (real or fancied) which, *per fas aut nefas*, they can retain; and nothing should be made over to them without an equivalent concession. Whatever

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money is advanced to them will never be returned, and therefore if it be granted let it be paid away out and out for such improvement of terms as may be had for it. As the project is opened, Mr. Stanley evidently proposes a double boon for the West India proprietary; he proposes to make them a gift under cover of a loan, (thus avoiding a demand on them for any return,) and he proposes to tighten their monopoly of the British market,—compensation in disguise, and the very worst and most extravagant mode in which compensation can be given. We have often been induced to think that the cheapest way of settling the slave question would be by giving compensation for the emancipated slaves, and throwing open the sugar market.

Many as are the projects to the present project (and they are more than we have now the opportunity of stating, but not more than might be supposed to attach to a scheme conceived in the fervour of Mr. Stanley's presumption in the brief period since his promotion to the Colonial Office,) it cannot be said that the plan is not promotive of emancipation, for we are confident that two years, or less, after the measure has been attempted, (carried into effect it will never be,) the negroes will have settled the question in their own way. In the mazes of this complicated scheme, which puzzles the clearest heads, the poor blacks are to unravel their rights and find their way to liberty! To the temper of Stoics they must add the wit of Œdipus. No, no, they will make a short cut to the object too much involved and too far removed for patience.

The slave question allows of no mixed settlement. The choice is the whip or wages, and there can be no composition of the two without a consequence at variance with the design. Humanity will no longer endure the whip, and wages, with complete emancipation, must be substituted as motive to labour.

Lord Howick's opposition to the plan of his father's Ministry is very remarkable. He affords the rare and honourable example of a man whose experience in office has corrected the opinions he had before shared with the party in power, and caused him to abandon office. Having objected to the project, Lord Howick said:—

It might be alleged that he was arguing inconsistently with his former opinions, and he admitted that his opinions upon the subject had undergone a very great change; the more he had inquired the more his views of it had enlarged. He was now ashamed to think how lightly he had imbibed the notion that it was all a delusion to talk of the evils of slavery, and that the slave was not to be pitied. When he was appointed to the office he lately filled, he became satisfied that the negro ought to have protection against an abuse of the power which the master possessed. But he was not then convinced of the evil inherent in the system itself, and it was only by the progress of discussion that he became convinced of the practical failure of the experiment on which we had been acting of late years, and particularly during the last two years; and that if the present system was to be maintained, and the negroes were to work by force and not by will, the evil was less where the master was an irresponsible despot.

Having argued the impossibility of procuring an administration of the proposed law by the unwilling Colonists, his Lordship came to the conclusion:—

That there were only two possible courses to be adopted; we must recognise perfect slavery or perfect freedom; the present scheme was neither. * * * There might be danger in carrying any measure into effect against the wish of the legislatures, but a greater danger in attempting to carry a complicated plan, which was neither one thing nor the other. It would not satisfy the slave, and would create discontent amongst the masters. What would be the result if emancipation were carried without the consent of the local legislatures? He confessed that only bad consequences were likely to result from it; but he did not anticipate bloodshed. The negro would gain all he wished; and what had he to expect from disorder? It had been suggested that the colonists would resist; but how far had the colonists the power of resistance? How was slavery maintained? It was by our military force; withdraw it and slavery fell to the ground.

From the Æthenæum.

MEMOIRS OF MRS. INCHBALD.—By James Boaden, Esq. 2 vols. London: Bentley.

The broad outline of Mrs. Inchbald's history is sufficiently well known; it is equally well known that she wrote her own Memoirs, for which no less a sum than one thousand pounds was offered, and yet, from some scruple of conscience or delicacy of feeling, she destroyed them. What the nature or the merit of the work would have been, it is difficult to say; her present biographer seems to have possessed himself of her papers, including a sort of diary which abounds in minute information; but, to the writer herself, many an unimportant word and seemingly trifling memorandum would have had a long chain of connecting interests, and it is not improbable that by the skilful and faithful hand of the author of 'The Simple Story,' the history it recalled would have been graced with some deeply pathetic or humorous moral. We must, however, rest content with the work before us. As it is not yet published, we shall confine ourselves generally to extract,—only observing, that the second volume is by far the more interesting, and that we can forgive Mr. Boaden for a good deal of trifling, and some tediousness, because, on the whole, Mrs. Inchbald's character comes out delightfully—she was indeed a most amiable and excellent woman, and such is the impression left on the mind after reading these volumes.

It is in the narrative of her early life that we have most reason to regret the destruction of the

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autobiographic memoir. There, no doubt, lay the romance of it; yet occasional letters give us a pleasant insight into characters and circumstances of those times that to us seem strange. Think, for instance, of John Kemble and Mrs. Siddons being hooted off the stage as unworthy to appear before the critics of Liverpool! Here is the proof:

Liverpool, June 18th, 1778.

"MADAM,—I know you love news. I hope you will find mine entertaining, and excuse my boldness in taking my sister's employment from her. But why should I endeavour to find excuses for doing what I think an honour to me? Without more preamble, then, our affairs here are dreadful. On Monday night we opened our theatre. Before the play began, Mr. Younger advanced before the curtain, if possible to prevent any riot, with which he had publicly been threatened for presuming to bring any company to Liverpool who had not played before the King. In vain did he attempt to oratorize; the remorseless villains threw up their hats, hissed, kicked, stamped, bawled, did everything to prevent his being heard. After two or three fruitless entrances, and being saluted with volleys of potatoes and broken bottles, he thought proper to depute Siddons as his advocate, who entered bearing a board large enough to secure his person, inscribed with Mr. Younger's petition to be heard. The rogues would hear nothing, and Siddons may thank his wooden protector that his bones are whole. Mrs. Siddons entered next P. S. and Mrs. Kniveton O. P.—*mais aussi infortunees—he bien! Madame Kniveton a la mauvaise fortune de tomber dans une commulsion sur les planes:* the wretches laughed and would willingly have sent a peal of shouts after her into the next world loud enough to have burst the gates of her destination. They next extinguished all the lights round the house: then jumped upon the stage: brushed every lamp out with their hats: took back their money; left the theatre, and determined themselves to repeat this till they have another company. Well, madam, I was going to ask what you think of all this—but I can see you laughing!—I had almost forgot to tell you every wall in the city is covered with verse and prose expressive of the contempt they hold us in.

"My tragedy has long been finished—long in Mr. Harris's hands, who sent it back to me a month ago unopened, with an assurance that it *would not do.* * * *

"Mrs. Siddon's best respects to yourself and Mr. Inchbald, with mine, who am, Madam,

"Your very humble servant,

"J. P. KEMBLE."

"Mrs. Inchbald, Leeds.

The following discussion between an actress and a manager fifty years ago, may be interesting at this moment. We should like to compare amounts with the *half salaries* offered by Laporte:—

"We have seen the line of business she supported in the theatre. Her salary for it was 1*l.* 6*s.* 8*d* per week, till the 28th of October, from which day to the end of the year she had 2*l.*—with the necessity of working steadily at her dresses, to keep up to the splendour or the fashion of the characters she represented. It is not very unreasonable in a lady like Mrs. Inchbald, if she represent to a manager that these are hard conditions. She is no novice, who comes there to learn her profession, such as we have seen by shoals in the present day, and who really ought to pay rather than be paid; but had acted in theatres of the highest respectability, and with performers of either sex, who (whether they had played before the King or not) were fully equal to any under the management of the London patentees, whatever they might conceive of we know not what taste and refinement demanded by the spectators of the Capital. Harris had little argument against her plea of *quantum mereit.* What he had we shall see reflected by Wilson, in a letter which shall follow these remarks; no other than this, that 'if she had a low salary, she did high business; and could not be paid in consequence and money too.'"

A twelvemonth after, her salary was raised to *three* pounds a week, on condition *that she walked in the pantomime!* In the summer, Mrs. Inchbald engaged with Colman at the Haymarket for thirty shillings a week! and, being resolved, with an honest mind, that her expenses should not exceed her income, she now removed to a single room at 3*s.* 6*d.* a week, where she continued all the summer; yet, and it is worthy of admiration, poor as she may appear to have been, she found money both to lend and to give. The world, indeed, which never troubles itself to unravel the mystery of human nature, gave Mrs. Inchbald, while living, little credit for her noble liberality to all her relatives and friends, but formed their hasty judgment of her character on her evident self-denial: that she was penurious, there is no doubt, but not in giving; her early life had been a struggle for independence—she had therefore taught herself to disregard those superfluous luxuries which tempt so many of her profession to disgrace and shame—and the habit thus induced, continued through life, but was in fine and noble contrast to her generosity to others. We put the two following passages in juxtaposition, that our readers may truly comprehend the conduct of this excellent woman:—

"My evenings now begin to be dull, they are so long, *and no fire to cheer them.* I would give a good deal, could I call on you one hour every evening; it would make my days work go off with more spirit: but I have no evening's reward for the labour of the day; and in that I am poorer than the poorest wife or mother in the world. All the entertainment I require is the exchange of a few sentences, and that I do not sometimes obtain for days together."

Yet the following was about the same time addressed to her by a casual acquaintance:—

"MY DEAR MADAM,—My acknowledgment of your kindness cannot be too soon expressed; be pleased to accept the thanks of a grateful

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heart. It is to your goodness I was indebted for *a fire* last *winter;* and the comfort you have now afforded me will be ever imprinted on my memory. As Mrs. Wood has written you all the news, I have nothing further to add, but my best wishes for your health and happiness in whatever situation you may move.

"I remain, my dear Madam, your obliged and affectionate friend,

"MARY HOPKINS."

Here is another pair of companion pictures; the first is a clever sketch of her own apartment:

"My present apartment is so small, that I am all over black and blue with thumping my body and limbs against my furniture on every side: but then I have not far to *walk* to reach anything I want; for I can kindle my fire as I lie in bed; and put on my cap as I dine; for the looking glass is obliged to stand on the same table with my dinner. To be sure, if there was a fire in the night, I must inevitably be burnt, for I am at the top of the house, and so removed from the front part of it, that I cannot hear the least sound of anything from the street; *but then*, I have a great deal of fresh air, more day-light than most people in London, and the *enchanting* view of the Thames; the Surrey Hills; and of *three windmills*, often throwing their giant arms about, secure from every attack of the Knight of the woful countenance."

Contrast this with the following, written to a friend in the country on the illness of her Sister Digsby:—

"April 14. 1799.

"Whether you write to me or not, I feel very satisfaction that the present circumstances will admit of. I know that you are not neglecting anything that may conduce to my welfare; and I want no professions or attention to me, to increase the confidence I have in you.

"I am more apt than most people to start at expense, but believe me 'tis only when I witness expenses that are superfluous. Upon an occasion like the present, with you for the manager of my purse, I shall consider every thing expended as indispensably necessary, and from my heart rejoice that I have earned and saved a little money for so good a purpose.

"I have no one direction to give you, because you perfectly understand my wishes—everything requisite to the comfort and decency of her and those about her, and nothing further. I will add, it would be more satisfactory if the weekly expenses, after you come away, could be ascertained; and that no bill any kind should be run on her account, but immediate demand sent to me, or an immediate statement of anything taken up on an emergency. I do this, to preserve myself from the *temptation* of thinking I have been imposed by unnecessary expenses, and a kind of *fish surprise*, which too frequently accompanies the receipt of the most just bill.

"Whatever money is weekly wanted shall most punctually sent."

Again:

"I have met with no lodgings that suit me. My sister's illness will most likely keep me here some time longer, for in this house my decreased expenses do not suffer me to feel the weight of hers."

Mrs. Inchbald, soon after her engagement in London, became a successful writer, and from her prudence accumulated a small property; we are not, therefore, contrasting her liberality with her income—which, of course varied greatly—but her liberality to others, with her own self-denial: she seems, indeed, to have aided or supported nearly all her family. Relations are not easily satisfied—her sister Dolly pouted a little upon occasion, and it is quite amusing to see the formality with which the balance sheet is drawn out against her in consequence:

"Annuity, with the Income Tax -	£88 0 0
When my play came out - - -	5 0 0
When I went to the country - -	2 0 0
When I drew on Longman - -	3 0 0
Her broken finger - - - - - -	1 0 0
Heavy Head - - - - - -	1 0 0
	£100 0 0

To this there is yet a Nota Bene:—"I charge no income tax but for the annuity, though I pay it upon all my gifts alike, but this would add to the present account no less than 5*l.* 2*s.*"

It being, however, suggested to her by a friend that thirty pounds a year would be desirable and sufficient, it was allowed; and as Dolly was ill, we have immediately minute dietetic regulations forwarded as anxiously as if she had paid, instead of received, the annuity.

At fifty-six Mrs. Inchbald found herself almost alone in the world—one sister only survived. A letter or two written at this time tells her history very admirably:—

"You are hard-hearted in your censure of my floor;—forgetting that it is both my eating-room and my kitchen; nay, my scullery, for there my saucepans are cleaned. Thank, God, I am not like Vivian, I can say NO,—and from that quality may I date my peace of mind, not to be sullied or much disturbed by ten thousand grease spots. I say NO to all the vanities of the world, and perhaps soon shall have to say that I allow my poor infirm sister a hundred a year. I have raised my allowance to eighty; but, in the rapid stride of her wants, and my obligation as a Christian to make no selfish refusal to the poor, a few months, I foresee, must make the sum a hundred.

"I have not been in bed these five nights; my bed-chamber due north, 'where the sun never shines,' has a chimney that will admit of no fire, because it will not draw up the smoke. This *might* be remedied by a bricklayer, and I might buy a curtain to the window, and carpet for the floor to keep me warm; but as my residence here is uncertain, and it is certain that I cannot stay longer than Midsummer, I am resolved to be at no farther expence to endear the place to me. * * *

"Another grievance; the maid is very ill, has been so long; she is an out-patient at St.

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George's Hospital; she appears in a decline. The Clarkes wish to keep her; it would be inhuman in me to object, and equally cruel to see her do work that is too much for her constitution. I therefore have more household labour than I had in the Strand; but I *now* see two of the most sublime sights, every fine day, that this world can bestow, and I see them both from my window—the rising and the setting sun."

So that this penurious woman, as she has been called, did her own household work at the age of sixty, that a poor sick servant girl might neither be distressed nor lose her place—and deprived herself of the numberless little luxuries that to others seem so requisite, that she might mantain her sister in comfort!—if this be not generosity, then the word has no honest meaning.

We have hitherto, in our extracts, confined ourselves to such passages as seemed best to illustrate the character of Mrs. Inchbald—which may serve as an example to all the world: we shall now, however, glean a few, without reference to their subject; but the correspondence of the Edgeworths, and many anecdotes of other distinguished persons must be passed by unnoticed. The following sketch of green-room morality is exceeding laughable:—

"One evening, about half an hour before the curtain was drawn up, some accident having happened in the dressing-room of one of the actresses, a woman of known intrigue, she ran in haste to the dressing-room of Mrs. Wells, to finish the business of her toilet. Mrs. Wells, who was the mistress of the well-known Captain Topham, shocked at the intrusion of a reprobated woman, who had a worse character than herself, quitted her own room and ran to Miss Farren's, crying, 'What would Captain Topham say, if I were to remain in such company!'

"No sooner had she entered the room, to which as an asylum she had fled, than Miss Farren flew out at the door, repeating, 'What would Lord Derby say, if I should be seen in such company!'"

An affecting anecdote of Burke:—

"The horse of his lamented son one day came up to him, while buried in thought, and gently laid his head upon Burke's bosom. The father threw his arms about the kind animal, in an agony of tears."

A bon-mot by Monk Lewis is, perhaps, worth recording. A lady, about to have private theatricals at her house, alarmed lest a supper, set out in the drama, should get scatterod about and spoil her silk furniture, ordered the butler to provide a couple of wooden fowls, a wooden tongue, and so forth: "Nay," cried Lewis, "if your lady-ship gives a wooden supper, the audience will say all your actors are sticks."

In the following letter Mrs. Inchbald mentions her interview with Madame de Stael:—

"I will now mention the calamity of a neighbour, by many degrees the first female writer in the world, as she is called by the Edinburgh Reviewers. Madame de Stael asked a lady of my acquaintance to introduce her to me. The lady was our mutual acquaintance, of course, and so far my friend as to conceal my place of abode; yet she menaced me with a visit from the Baroness of Holstein, if I would not consent to meet her at a third house. After much persuasion, I did so. I admired Madame de Stael much; she talked to me the whole time: so did Miss Edgworth whenever I met her in company. These authoresses supposed me dead, and seem to pay a tribute to my memory: but with Madame de Stael it seemed no passing compliment; she was inquisitive as well as attentive, and intreated me to explain to her the motive why I shunned society? 'Because,' I replied, 'I dread the loneliness that will follow.' 'What! will you feel your solitude more when you return from this company, than you did before you came hither?' 'Yes.' 'I should think it would elevate your spirits: why will you feel your loneliness more?' 'Because I have no one to tell that I have seen YOU; no one to describe your person to; no one to whom I can repeat the many encomiums you have passed on my "Simple Story;" no one to enjoy any of your praises but myself.' 'Ah, ah! you have no children:' and she turned to an elegant young woman, her daughter, with pathetic tenderness. She then so forcibly depicted a mother's joys, that she sent me home more melancholy at the comparison of our situations in life, than could have arisen from the consequences of riches or poverty. I called by appointment at her house two days after. I was told she was ILL, The next morning my paper explained her illness. You have seen the death of her son in the papers: he was one of Bernadotte's aid-de-camps; the most beautiful young man that ever was seen—only nineteen: a duel with sabres, and the first stroke literally cut off his HEAD! Necker's grandson!"

And now we must conclude, and cannot do so better than in her own philosophical retrospect of her past life and present situation:—

"As to myself, I have had a full share of the world—a busy share from fifteen to fifty. I should want taste did I not now enjoy that variety in life which I gain by solitude. Still a medium has ever been wanting, both in my public and private life, to give a zest of true enjoyment. I had thirty-five years of perpetual crowd and bustle. I had now had five of almost continual loneliness and quiet. * * *

"Nor do not suppose you can alarm me by representing the state of APATHY as a calamity. It is the BLESSING of old age; it is the substitute for patience. It permits me to look in the glass without screaming with horror—and to live upon moderate terms of charity with all young people, (without much hatred or malice,) although I can never be young again."

From the Spectator.

THE GOVERNMENT PLAN FOR ABOLISHING COLONIAL SLAVERY.

THE Ministerial plan for putting an end to slavery, is at length fairly before the public; and

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of we are to believe the West Indian proprietor in the one side, and the ardent Emancipationists on the other, it will prove to be a complete failure. That such would be the opinion of the parties we have named, was, long before the appearance of the plan, predicted on the surest grounds. It was evidently impossible to gratify the prejudices or come up to the mark of the zealots of either party, if justice were to be done to the Negroes themselves, and the dictates of common sense and humanity were to be followed. It is therefore by no means conclusive evidence against the project of Ministers, that it pleases neither Mr. BUXTON nor Mr. BURGE, Lord SUFFIELD nor the Marquis of CHANDOS. The great mass of those who have been engaged in the discussion of the subject of emancipating the Negroes, are utterly disqualified from giving a sound opinion upon *the means* of effecting that object, by the heated feelings and bitter exasperation which the controversy has engendered. Ministers must look for support only to the dispassionate portion of the community: for we trust it will be found that some of us at least can argue the question with calmness, and with a view to the real advantage of our fellow men, White as well as Black—the subjects of foreign countries as well as our own. This latter consideration appears to much lost sight of. The Emancipationists talk of the "Negro race," the unhappy African;" but all their plans have reference solely to the 800.000 slaves of our own Colonies. This, however, is taking a narrow view of the subject. There are twice as many slaves as we possess, in the United States alone—not to mention Cuba, the Brazils, and the French Colonies—whose condition must be materially affected by any measures which we may adopt with respect to our own Negro population. There are millions also of White men, in various parts of the world, whose lives and property will be nearly touched by our decision of this question: and it will be as well to remember, what many seem strangely to forget, that although the Negroes are unquestionably our fellow creatures, yet that White men and women have some claim upon our sympathies for the same reason.

The following are the leading features in the Government plan. The badge of slavery is to be immediately removed from the Negro; who is to be converted into an apprenticed labourer with many of the principal privileges of a free man. He is rendered capable of serving *in the militia*,* and upon juries, and of giving evidence in courts of justice, even against his own employer. He is not to be punished except by order of the Magistrates; and these Magistrates are to be sent out from England, and to be wholly unconnected with the Colonies. He is to work only seven hours and a half daily for his employer, to receive the same maintenance as he is at present entitled to for working the whole of his time, and wages for the two hours and a half which will remain out of the working day ten hours. The rate at which these wages are to be paid—a most difficult and puzzling matter to arrange—is fixed by a remarkably ingenious method. The master himself is to fix the price of his slave; and the wages are to bear such a proportion to the price named by him, that for the whole of his spare time, if given to the master, the Negro will recieve one twelfth of his price annually. Thus, if the master puts too high a value on his slave, he will have to pay him wages proportionably high; if too low, the slave, who is not to be *compelled* to give his spare time to his master, but may go where he can get work and wages which he likes better, will be able to buy off his apprenticeship on comparatively easy terms. Upon payment of the price fixed by his master, the apprenticed Negro may at once acquire his freedom; or he may borrow the money from a third party, binding himself, under the sanction of a Magistrate, to the lender for a term of years, as a security for its repayment. *All children born after the passing of the act, or who at the time of its passing shall be under six years of age, are to be absolutely free, and to be maintained by their parents*; and in failure of such maintenance, are to be deemed apprentices to their respective owners without receiving wages, the males till the age of twenty-four, the women till twenty, when they are to be free. A loan of fifteen millions is to be made to the proprietors of West India estates and slaves, for which they are to pay interest at 4 per cent. The annual income of this property is taken at 1,500,000*l.* per annum, and this sum of fifteen millions is ten years purchase upon it. The loan is made to the Planters in consideration of the sacrifice of one fourth of the labour of slaves. How this money is to be repaid (if at all), seems to be not yet settled. It is to be secured on mortgage of West India property. It is understood, though not contained in the Government propositions, that the Colonies are to have the monopoly of the British sugar market at least during the twelve years while the plan is in operation. A system of general moral and religious education in the Colonies, and an efficient police establishment, are to be supported by the Mother Country.

Now, after the best consideration which we have been able to bestow on this plan, we feel bound to say, that if the other parties in the country have a right to exclaim against it, the Emancipationists at any rate ought to be satisfied with it. Absolute, unconditional, imemdiate, emancipation, is, we know, demanded by some. But the project is rejected by reflecting men, as wild and enormously expensive. It is clear that a standing army of great force would be required for an indefinite term of years for the protection of life and property, were it carred into execution. This is one solid objection, out of many which might be urged against the plans of the *immediate* Emancipationists. That the work, however, should be done gradually is, we believe, the conviction, if not the desire, of the more sa-

* This is a dangerous experiment. For the present, at least, he ought not to be trained to the use of arms.

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gacious and well-informed of the Anti-Slavery party. To all such, we should think that the Government plan must in many respects be highly acceptable. The absolute extinction of slavery is provided for at no distant period; and in the mean while, the Negroes are secured from being overworked or maltreated. Would to Heaven that any plan could be devised by which an equal immunity from oppressive toil and mismiserable destitution could be secured to the suffering multitudes with which large portions of this free country are crowded!

Next, with regard to the Slaveowners. In the first place, the plan offers them great and immediate relief from their present pecuniary embarrassments. They are to be compensated at once for the loss of one fourth of the labour of their slaves, which loss will be spread over twelve years. This will be one grand inducement on their parts to accede to the arrangement. At the end of the twelve years, they will receive the price which they have themselves fixed as the fair value of their slaves. From the terms of the proposal, indeed, it might seem that this money is to be retained in liquidation of the loan about to be made to them: but such is not the intention of Goverment, and the loan will turn out, we have no doubt, to be a free gift,—and it is in this sense that we have called it a compensation. Mr. Stanley, distinctly declared, that the repayment of the money advanced to the Planter ought to be borne by the Negroes themselves, or by the revenue of this country—"certainly it could not in justice be borne by the Planter." This, from the Colonial Secretary, is, we think, tolerably conclusive of the intentions of Government upon this point. We have here therefore another grand inducement for the Planter: he will obtain a good market for his slaves in the course of twelve years—the slave himself being enabled by the Government to pay the price which his master asks for him. Moreover, we think that if he manages his concerns with temper and discretion, he will find his property in land, houses, and machinery, much more secure than it is at present. But above all, he should recollect, that there is an active and energetic party in this country, which would fain treat him with far less consideration than the Government propose to do, and that by the rejection of the plan, he will give weight to that party which they well know how to turn against him. We think, therefore, that it is decidedly for the interest of the Planter to accept the terms offered to him. In fact, as far as he is concerned, the question, we are persuaded, is botween these or worse.

The main object urged against the *practicability* of the Government plan is, that the Negroes will not labour unless under the direct terror of the cart-whip. The evidence on this point is very contradictory, and experience only can determine whether they will or not. The argument is used by the immediate Emancipationists; but it tells quite as much against themselves as against their opponents; because, if true, and if the Negroes were to be endowed at once with entire freedom, we should have the Colonies filled with nearly a million of helpless paupers, who would not work until there was nothing left to steal.

But there is a third party to the arrangement, whose interests ought not to be disregarded. We mean that the People of England—the bulk of the nation. How will they be effected by the measure of Government? In the first place, they will have to pay the 600,000*l*., the interest of the loan of fifteen millions, whether they receive it back again from the Colonies or not. The loan is to be a Government operation, not that of individuals with individuals. Perhaps there is not much risk of loss in this business, but still there is some; for West India property is rather ticklish security after all. This is on the supposition that the fifteen millions is to be merely a loan; but if, as we suppose, it will turn out to be a gift, it has a very formidable appearance indeed. In the next place, we shall have to pay more for our sugar. Less will be produced; for the Negroes will employ their spare time in any thing rather than boiling sugar. Then again, we shall be restricted grievously in our trade with the Brazils and with the East by *the continuance of this monopoly*, which we had hoped we were on the point of getting abolished. *This is a very bad feature in the Ministerial plan.* Heaven knows, we pay dearly for the possession of these Colonies, and are about to gratify our philanthropic propensities at a high price.

We have not room to dilate upon one or two other points which the consideration of this great question forces upon us. We allude to the stimulus which the emancipation of our slaves will give to the slave-trade carried on by other sugar-producing countries, whose sale and profit will be increased by the diminished production of our Colonies; and to the probable effect upon the minds of the slaves in the United States and other neighbouring slaveholding territories, which will ensue from the knowledge of the freedom of their brethren. These points are well worthy of serious consideration; and we shall return to the subject soon.

From the Monthly Magazine.

SAMPLE OF SOME GENTLEMAN'S AUTOBIOGRAPHY.

Mr. Editor.—Some gentleman—he does not mention his name—has recently sent me the enclosed sample of his Autobiography, entreating me, if possible, get it inserted in what he terms your "respectable miscellany." Should it be well received, he seems to think of imparting to the public, in some attarctive form, much of what has occurred to him. If I comply with his request, he begs me to believe, that I shall be adding materially to a debt, of which he feels sure it would pain me to be reminded. What the man means I know not.—

Yours, respectfully, W.C.]

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With regard to Thornhose, I remember our becoming acquainted—neither of us subsequently knew how—at Doncaster. What tact—what consummate *tact*, he displayed! With much justice he prided himself on being invulnerable to the thousand-and-one little arts to which so many fall a prey. He had never discounted a bad bill, bought an unsound horse, or taken a smoky house in his life. No man had seen him at a meeting of creditors; no begging impostor knocked at his door; no human being could persuade him to become bail. To an inexperienced young man like me, as he remarked, but without vanity, his acquaintance was likely to prove valuable. To cultivate it was my interest, my duty; and I did so with such success, that after the races and a few days' loitering, we returned to London together, on an understanding that he should favour me with his drawing-room floor, for which he had no particular use—his parlours being double, and very spacious—furnish my table handsomely, and supply me with such cash as I might require, until I became twenty-five. On attaining such age, as he could, and did shortly after ascertain, by a perusal of my respected uncle's will in the Commons, I was entitled to touch a legacy of 5000*l.*; out of this he was to be paid in full, with interest and a bonus, which, though liberal, fell short of what would have been enforced by the regular money-lenders; from whose toils, on account of my ingeniousness, inexperience, the interest which he felt as to my welfare, he had no objection, notwithstanding the inconvenience, to preserve me. "My dear young friend," said this worthy man, three days after I had been domiciled under his roof, "I have got an office-copy of your uncle's will in my pocket, for one must look out—and depend on it, I will be a father to you!" Now, it would be an act of injustice on my part—I abhor injustice in any shape—not to declare that during the twelve months which I passed in his house, he was the very mirror of kindness. If I wanted money, he would even put himself to the inconvenience of selling wines from his private cellar at a loss, for the purpose of raising it; such loss, however, I must do myself the justice to say, I insisted on bearing. He let me have a horse and gig which he had bought a bargain, at cost price; sold me an original Wouvermans, and two Claudes, for next to nothing; and did all in his power to gain me the heart and hand of his lovely daughter. In Betsy, however, the hereditary caution of her family was aggravated into downright cunning: for though she had no objection to my person, or manners, she peremptorily refused our united entreaties to become my wife, until I should actually touch my uncle's legacy—on no other pretence than some old proverb, about slips and lips.

Well! to my deep indignation, and even horror, after I had been with him a year, and was about 600*l.* in his debt, he burst into my room one morning, and dared to call me impostor!

"Sir," said I, "what do you mean? Is my identity questioned? Have you not the copy of my uncle's will in your pocket?"

"Don't talk to me about your uncle's will: that's how you've done me, vagabond!"

"Vagabond! Sir," said I; "you don't question the fact of my respected relative—a man of known wealth—having, as I stated, bequeathed me 5000*l.* payable on my becoming twenty-five."

"No, wretch—villain—monster!" replied he, snatching up a chair and menacing me with it most frightfully; "but I find too late—dolt that I was—that you attained that age, received the money, spent every shilling of it, and were living by your wits long before I had the misfortune to know you. D—n your very looks! You're thirty, if you're a day. Off with your rings—out with your watch—Strip."

What could I do? With a fellow of Herculean form, and in such a passion, it would have been absurd to contest. While he was divesting me of my dressing coat and silk waistcoat, with as much violence as he could venture upon without doing *them* an injury, I put my memory to its utmost stretch, and a dim vision of an old attorney witnessing a release to my uncle's executors, for the 5000*l.* he had left me, did certainly rise up to my mind's eye; but it vanished before I could fix it as a fact.

Returning to the business in hand, I said to Thornhose, "If what you allege were true, and the worst came to the worst, there are the two Claudes and the Wouvermans, which, although you obliged me with them for 50*l.* each, are, as you asserted, worth a thousand pounds of any man's money—I have pawned them for only ten, and will discharge all obligation by handing you over the duplicates."

"Curse the Claudes!" said he, "where's that new hat?"

Deaf to reason, he proceeded to denude me; and after, at his instigation, I had clothed myself in the worst of half-a dozen suits, which the day before he had offered in a lump to a Jew for five-and-twenty shillings, he desired the lovely Betsy to bring him his horse-pistol—the one on the right-hand side of his bed—took me firmly by the collar, and politely invited me to hear a case at Bow Street.

As we passed through Covent Garden, a fellow was being whipped for stealing vegetables; and the crowd caused us so much inconvenience, that, accidently, he went on one side of a lamp-post, and I on the other. The consequence was that we were separated, and the coat which I wore was stripped of a great part of its collar. Thinking he would get out of the crowd as quickly as possible, I hastened to do the same; but on looking carefuly around for him in one of the alleys between Chandos Street and the Strand, he was nowhere to be seen. Without me, it did not seem likely that he would go before the magistrate; so that if I went thither, I could but exculpate myself on a mere ex-parte statement. I therefore determined on taking some future opportuuity of doing myself justice, but felt by far

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too indignant ever again to enter his house, and strolled in a contrary direction.

About sunset I fonund myself seated on a mile-stone, in one of the beautiful solitary lanes between the roads to Uxbridge and Harrow. As a cab passed me I leaned my head upon my hand, and felt fatigued. When it had rolled a few yards on, it was pulled up—I heard it returning—it stopped directly opposite me. Thus deliberately confronted, as it were, I could scarcely do otherwise than look up. By the side of a little hunchback tiger, in a demure respectable livery, sate a woman, the rich border of whose veil covered the whole of her face, except one rosy lip and an ivory chin, that reminded me of something I had seen before, I could not recollect where. "He looks like a gentleman in distress," said she, in a voice that thrilled to my heart, for I knew it. "Get out, you Buffalo,—give him what silver you have, and my card. I shall be at home to-morrow at eleven, and if deserving he shall not want relief."

The next morning—thanks to the tiger's purse, and my economising for the night under a hedge,—I appeared at Mrs. Robinson's door, in comparatively decent trim. The hunchbacked tiger showed me into a back parlour, where I found his mistress at breakfast. "Dick," said she, "your appearance distresses me: what has occurred?"

I frankly told her, to the best of my recollection, how I came to be in so deplorable a plight, and enlarged vehemently on the conduct of Thornhose. She laughed heartily at the recital, and uttered a string of compliments, which to me were alike unintelligible and uncalled for, on my talent at victimizing. "I have received some benefit, Dick," added she, "from your operations, and, of course rejoice at their success. To find you thus, however, gives me more pleasure than if you were rolling in riches; for you're to deep to be booked beyond mere moderation. The fact is, I just want such a man as you, in so desperate condition. You must arrest me to morrow for 500*l*."

I protested that the circumstance of her being indebted to me in such an amount, had completely slipped my memory.

"No doubt," said she, with a bitter sneer, for which I could never forgive her, "therefore you can have no possible objection, I should suppose, against allowing ten shillings in the pound, to one who reminds you of the obligation."

"None in the world," I replied, "the proposition is most equitable."

"Then," said she, "go down to Jarvis and Saffron, of Plum Court, who act for me under the rose, and make an affidavit of the debt. There is a five pound note for you to get a 'local habitation,' and be sure you are at hand to-morrow, if wanted."

"Thank you, my dear," quoth I, "but, as my memory is not sufficiently strong on this trifle, to satisfy my conscience had you not better just give me, by way of form, an I.O.U. for the amount? I could then swear safely, you know; and if your present protector should be loving enough to emancipate you from the spunging house—"

"You have just hit it, Dick," interrupted she; "I want 250*l*. and he must find it. At present, live without me he can't; he's just in full blossom, and it would be folly to let him fade. But I've so plucked him, that nothing short of the project I've hit upon would make him mouit to such an amount. Besides yourself, Dick, I know no other whom I can trust: the terms are so liberal on my part, that, I think, they must insure honour on yours."

"Naturally," said I; "besides, Jarvis and Saffron, are your own attornies."

"True, true; so there—there are the three lawful letters, with my scrawl of a signature. And now, Dick, be off at once;—my dearly beloved, keen as he is, will never, I'm sure suspect this trick. *Au revoir*!"

Before I had gone a dozen doors from Mrs. Robinson's house, I had utterly forgotten the address of her solicitors; but I walked on, hoping it would occur to me, without thinking about it. When, however, I had reached the neighbourhood of the Inns of Court, I was still at fault. What could I do? She was doubtless gone out for her morning's drive; it was therefore useless to return to her house; time, for her views, seemed precious; so that I deemed it most expedient to put the matter into the hands of a friend of mine in Thavies' Inn,—a goodly man, who preached the gospel thrice a week at Elisha Chapel, and lived holily. To speak the truth, he was a pious Christian, utterly devoid of guile, although an attorney; and so unsuspicious of evil, that, unconsciously to himself, he was made the agent of more mischief than any rascal in the metropolis. I produced my document, and in three hours Mrs. Robinson was arrested. Her protector, became by management, accidently apprised to the fact; and he found her in the spunging-house, busily occupied with a pawnbroker, in chaffering, as it were for a loan on her jewels. A contest of some duration ensued; she would not be beholden to him for her liberation, and he warmly protested against her preventing him from enjoying that felicity. At length he conquered; and, by privately pawning his plate, including a king's cup, which his jockey, to keep him a little longer on the turf had allowed him to win, raised enough to procure her deliverance. The honest man of of Thavies' Inn, contrary to, the practice of many of his craft, paid the 500*l*. without deduction or drawback, within an hour after he had received it; and I was already in the heart of Gloustershire—so frail is my memory—before I recollected the arrangement about ten shillings in the pound being paid over to Mrs. Robinson.

It is one of the calamities of this country, that, however much one may wish to avoid society, it is almost impossible, if one is at all known, to remain private, even in the most secluded and select of spots. Some low fellow, whom one has

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known somewhere, sees one accidently, and then, without acquainting one with his intentions, goes and prates of one's whereabout; so that one's connexions pounce upon one like hawks. This, to many men is disagreeable; to me, a dead bore. As a matter of policy, I always *do* the intruders, if I can. Generally speaking, I have some kind of a presentiment of their swoop; I become on a sudden disgusted with my location, and move. If they follow, it becomes a matter of pride to defeat them. I had scarcely left London a fortnight, when an extract, which I saw in a local paper, from *The Hue and Cry Gazette*, raised a glimmering suspicion in my mind, that the privacy I had chosen was about to be invaded. This annoyed me; for the Redstart, a snug public-house, where I had taken up my temporary abode, being situate on the brow of a high hill, afforded a delightful view of the surrounding country. A cross-road, in bad condition, ran before the door; and the house having a south aspect, the front windows were provided with neat Venetian blinds, which not only produced a pleasant effect, but allowed one the pleasure of looking at those who passed, without being stared out of countenance by the rude. The landlord, too, had a telescope, with which he used to sweep the roads to the right and left, and give notice to his postboys when he saw a chaise approaching, so that their horses were always in readiness by the time the vehicle came up. With this instrument I frequently amused myself. Just before dinner on the day after I had seen the extract from *The Hue and Cry*, with the aid of the glass I perceived a postchariot, coming at a rapid pace across the ridge of the hill. A man was seated on the box, whose mode of taking off his hat, and wiping his bald, glossy head, was so peculiar, that I recognised him as a friend of mine, whom I had no wish to see: to use stronger terms, I had a particular antipathy to his person, but why, I could not at the moment recollect. Perhaps, on some occasion, he might have used me ill; and the impression remained, although the fact that produced it was forgotten.

About half a mile off, instead of pursuing the main road, the vehicle dashed into a lane which emerged at the back of the house. This was decisive. My friend evidently wished to suprise me. To dart down stairs, and out of the house, like lightning, was the work of an instant; but, fat as he was, the landlord overtook and tripped me up, before I had proceeded ten yards. It seems that I had forgotten to pay the bill; and self-interest lent him wings. Without saying a word, he beat me considerably; and in addition to this, his wife waddled forth, and began to abuse. Notwithstanding her noise, I heard the roll of the post-chariot, on the patch of pebbles with which part of the lane near the Redstart had recently been mended. There being no time to lose, I acquiesced in the landlord's robbing me of a repeater I had bought previously to my quitting town; and then, as I had expected, was permitted to slip through his fingers. It has always been a satisfaction to me to reflect that the repeater in question, though it struck and was showy, had not cost me a pound; being, with its brilliant appendages, got up for a sinister purpose. The landlord, however, thought it a rich prize, and stuffing it into his wife's bosom, hurried off to receive the party in the post-chariot, which had now drawn up. The man with the bald, glossy head gave me a smile of recognition as he alighted; but I turned my back upon him with contempt; and in a moment of absence, or unaccountable whim, got up behind an empty post-chaise, that was standing, ready for horses, in front of the house. The road by which my friend and his companions had come—there were two ill-looking fellows in the chariot—ran across the flat top of the hill, which broke abruptly into a steep and apparently interminable descent, at the very foot of an old elm, to which the sign of the Redstart was nailed. Here, shaded by the foliage, stood mine host's trim new chaise, with a stone before one of the wheels, to prevent it from starting without steeds down the hill. This stone, I suppose I must have kicked away before I mounted; for, from the slight impetus communicated to the vehicle by the act of my getting up, it went off, and in a few moments acquired such prodigious velocity, that the distance existing between me and my friend, which at the commencement of the chaise's career, had not been above three yards, was lengthened into many hundreds. He hurried back to the post-chariot, which soon gave chace; but the evident odds in favour of a carriage without horses, against one with, in a down-hill-race, made me feel quite at ease; in fact, I saw that I had nothing to fear but a broken neck; and this I flattered myself I might possibly escape, if the two deep continuous ruts in which the chaise had hitherto travelled should fortunately run the whole length of the hill; for these kept the wheels in a proper course, as though they were running on a rail-road, and prevented the fore-carriage from swerving on the perch-bolt,—an event, which, had it occurred, must infallibly have capsized my conveyance.

At length, a closed turnpike gate threatened to obstruct my passage: I bellowed with all my breath, but the fellow seemed to be deaf. Alarmed at the prospect, I contrived to get my feet on the ground, and after striding with the chaise, as though I had on the seven-leagued boots of Hop 'o my Thumb, for a considerable distance, I ventured to cast off. Of course, I fell forward with horrid force, but, firm to my purpose, crawled into a bed of nettles by the road-side, before the tail of dust which followed my vehicle had dissipated sufficiently to reveal me to my pursuers, who soon passed by at such a rate that I really trembled for their safety; and not without reason, for although my conveyance had broke through the toll-taker's impediment, yet, from the influence of the shock, it had diverged from the safety tract, locked close up, and come down with such a crash, that it went to peices like a dropped decanter. This I subsequently discovered, for the dust pre-

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vented, not only me, but my pursuers, from seeing the catastrophe; nor was I aware that the latter, unable to check their horses at the short notice afforded them of the fact, had been completely *bouleversés* among the ruins of the trim-built vehicle, untill I was conscious that the roll of their wheels had ceased, and saw, on casting a glance down the road, that the dust did not advance.

Beaten as I had been by the landlord of the Redstart, abused by his wife, robbed of my repeater, and hurt by my fall from the defunct chaise, I of course felt quite incapable of rendering my prostrate friends any relief, and consequently broke through the hedge, and made off at full speed across a ploughed field in quest of assistance—for myself. This it was a matter of some difficulty to obtain, for the whole country seemed on the alert to capture me. I was determined not to gratify them by a surrender, for which I could have no other motive than to vindicate my character from the calumnier, which I soon discovered had been cast upon it; and these I thought it would not be dignified to treat otherwise than with silent contempt.

Seeing a young reaper undress himself behind a bush on the banks of a river, for the purpose of bathing, I felt a great inclination to plunge into the cool and refreshing stream, and accordingly resolved to strip in the spot which he had discreetly chosen, it being well sheltered from observation. Decency however prevented me from doing this, until he had half crossed the river. I then threw off my clothes with enthusiastic haste, but the cold air on my naked skin produced a complete reaction in my desires, and recollecting that I was ignorant of the art of swimming, without knowing which, to bathe in a river is boy's play, and even dangerous, I re-clad myself, and strolled on. About two hours after, on turning out of a bye-lane, I suddenly came upon mine host of the Redstart, dressed in his Sunday clothes, mounted on a long-tailed cart-horse, and wearing a blunderbuss. The rascal did not know me! for, it seems, I had unconsciously disguised myself in the reaper's clothes. Alarmed at so unprofitable an exchange of suits, I put my hand into the first pocket I could find, and there, to my great delight and astonishment, I found my money!

A little after dark, while leaning against the door of a stable attached to a road-side public-house, pondering upon my perplexities, the bolt or latch started with my weight, and I entered. Closing the door behind me, and fastening it as well as circumstances would permit, I crept into a stall; this however, I found inhabited by some prodigious animal, of which I could literally make neither head nor tail, being unable, on account of its height, to reach either. In the next stall, there was something equally awful, and though not so high, nearly as huge, and, if possible, more mysterious. It breathed as though its lungs were half a mile distant from its nostrils, and its snore reverberated like a wind whistling through a postern, along some narrow caverned vault in a haunted castle. The beast was on its legs, but evidently under the influence of Morpheus. Stealing out of its stall, I felt around me—for it was too dark to see—but every object on which I laid my hand was novel, and alarming. The stable seemed instinct with life, clothed in fantastic, frightful forms. At length, I found, and laid down in, a long deep chest, half full of green baize and blankets. Falling into a doze, I dreamt that I was floating on the heaving billows of the ocean, and on being awakened by the boisterous entrance of a man and woman with lights, I felt conscious that something was in motion beneath me. It proved that I had got among the contents of a travelling menagerie, and was reposing on a boa constrictor.

The man and woman stared at me as though I had been a new animal, and the former, after plucking me out of the chest and hurling me under the legs of a dromedary, accused me of having broken into the stable, with a view to purloin his young elephant, which I subsequently found to be the gem of his collection. Of course I protested my innocence, delivered my round unvarnished version of the accidental mode in which I had entered, for the purpose of obtaining shelter for the night, and triumphantly adduced as a proof of my ignorance as to what the stable contained, the fact of my having inadvertently gone to bed with the boa. The man grinned, but could not immediately be appeased, because he thought from appearances some little violence had been done to the door. At length, however, we became amicable, and he condescended to ask me if I could drive with care, and make faces. I answered in the affirmative, and as he was travelling my way, I agreed to succeed his late mountebank and factotum, who, on the preceding day, had upset the caravan, and rather damaged the beasts. All this time his companion stood silent; she was the most beautiful being I ever saw—but more of her anon.

The next morning, our caravan being repaired, my employer restored the chief part of his collection to their customary berths. The young elephant was very refractory, but at length submitted to go back to his box, and the dromedary obediently knelt for his load. This consisted of a cage of cockatoos; several monkies, at perfect liberty; a portable cooking apparatus; a bed and bedding; four chairs; two big drums; a gong; the materials of a stage and tent; three young badgers in a bag; and the lady. My business was to lead the dromedary, and keep a sharp eye on the monkies, my employer himself taking charge of the team that drew the caravan. The next day, he procured me a mountebank's suit, painted my face, and requested that I should consider my transformation permanent. Even on the road I was to wear my motley, because we had come into a quarter prolific of fairs, and he wished not only to travel through the villages with eclat, but to be ready for exhibiting at a minute's notice, extempore, as it were, wherever he could draw together a sufficient number of customers to pay him for halting. This arrange-

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ment exactly suited my views, for I did not wish to be bothered by any acquaintance I might meet, and altered and bedaubed as I was, my most intimate friend could not have known me. I therefore entered heartily into the spirit of the thing, and delighted my new connexions by the novelty of my grimaces. No masquerade could have afforded me more amusement, but in a few days I began to mope, being, for the first time in my life, a stricken deer.

The august creature who accompanied my employer, had enthralled—fascinated—victimized my usually unsusceptible heart. It amazed me how she could have so cast herself away. Gideon Crowthorpe had no pretensions to beauty, when I first met him, yet, it is said, in his younger days, he had been reckoned the handsomest Albino ever exhibited. His eyes were small, ferrety, deep-set, and apparently in danger of being soon smothered in their sockets, by circumjacent fat. His face was so bloated, carbuncled, and inflamed, in all parts, that it bled at the least touch like an over-ripe blackberry. Having lost the flaxen locks which had adorned him in youth, by dipping his head, when drunk, into a pail of hot water, by mistake, he partially concealed his baldness by a prim little wig, white as powder could make it, and displaying three strata of diminutive curls above each ear. A massive gold guard chain emerged from the fifth button-hole of his dog-skin waistcoat, and passed across to the left pocket, in which he carried a small enamelled lady's watch. He wore a green hunting frock, buff small-clothes, and high boots, without tops. In figure, he was a Dutch Hercules, fat and squab, but muscular enough to fell an ox. His temperament seemed to be naturally jovial; his manners those of one who had visited every fair in the three kingdoms. Juno, his transcendent companion, was deaf and dumb, and I soon discovered that Gideon, debarred as he was from oral conversation, had acquired a habit of thinking aloud. As some cannot comprehend without whispering what they read, so Gideon appeared to be incapable even of multiplying two by three, unless he went audibly through the process with his tongue. He tried the effect of all such projects as occurred to him, consciously, upon his ear, which to him seemed to be the touchstone of their value; and thus he never moved or made a halt without literally asking himself a few questions. Such in brief was Gideon Crowthorpe.

Juno, the peerless Juno, rose considerably above the general stature of her sex. She had been exhibited, before Gideon wooed and won her, as a Circassian giantess. Her majestic form was exquisitely moulded, and, as an Oxford under-graduate who saw her when we were at Henley, said, her features were absolutely Phidian. The perfect harmony of her proportions made the spectator forget her unusual height, and, if reminded of it, he did but admire her the more. They who first called her Juno, displayed much feeling and taste: she was just such a creature as the classic enthusiast sees in a dream about Mount Olympus, sitting cheek-by-jowl with the Thunderer. Aristotle says, that beauty consists in magnitude; here was a woman who would have made him love-lorn as Hercules under the influence of Dejanira. To her, Xenophon's Panthea, distinguished as he describes her to have been, for stature and strength, must have meekly succumbed. But for her youth I could have fancied her "Cybele, mother of a hundred gods." She could be gentle as a Dryad, but when the bumpkins at a fair held back, she looked so awful that I thought of Nemesis; and when irritated by any rustic flash of gallantry, she embodied what one may venture to term an Homeric conception of a Fury. In such a mood the lovely Titaness would have domineered over Jove himself, take what shape he might but that of Gideon Crowthorpe. The hideous brute enjoyed some mysterious hold upon her affections, and dared to be despotic with her, as though he were a Satrap and she his purchased slave. To lull the fiercest storm in her bosom, he had but to shake a cudgel, with which he used to belabour the hyænas when they quarrelled. With eyes of such splendid power, a voice to express her sentiments would have been superfluous: like music, they spoke all languages. She taught me the alphabet of the hands, and the first use I made of my new acquirement, was to declare my passion. Intoxicated with her charms, I madly shewed her my money. She looked like a hungry tigress at the unexpected sight of a fawn. Her beautiful fingers vibrated, as it were, with such emotion, that I pocketed the notes again, lest they should be clutched, and resolved to let the charm work its effect, at leisure. That night she told Gideon of my proposals, and, to obtain the money, conspired with him to murder me.

I heard the Albino incoherently soliloquizing about it, while he was curry-combing his dromedary; and the fascinating Juno was tempting the boa to resume its appetite, after a six weeks' fast, with a pair of lively pullets. When he began—I am certain of this—I was fast asleep and his words had dropped upon my ear, opportunely, with the current of a bad dream, the horrors of which at length awoke me. Had I not been so deeply interested, I should scarcely have made out the meaning of his growls;—as it was, their meaning was awfully clear to me.

We had halted for the night on a dreary common, far from human habitation, and, as usual, carried out an awning in front of the caravan, to shelter the dromedary and our team. The box which contained the boa, stood close to the only place of egress, athwart which, beneath the awning, reposed the dromedary. I was lying by the side of the young elephant, at the other end of the caravan, so that it was impossible for me to get out without passing the giantess and her Dutch Hercules, either of whom, as an animal, was much more than a match for me. Gideon seemed exceedingly wroth at my attempt to de-

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spoil him of his Juno, besides whom, nothing, he said, loved him, except those hyænas that he so frequently cudgelled. I did all in my power to continue my snore, but it was a difficult matter, for I wished to listen, breathless, to his dire mutterings. He had made up his mind that I must have come by the money dishonestly, and that therefore it was no sin to get it out of my clutches. At one time he seemed to think of digging a grave under the awning, laying me gently in it, and then smothering me might and main, with the mould. That plan, however, he soon rejected, because I might awake in the course of its execution. He then exclaimed against the boa, and said, if she had any gratitude or sense, she might easily make amends for having exposed him to the payment of a deodand—the result of a coroner's inquest on a boy whom the reptile had killed a month before. "If one could but coax her only just to look at a pullet," he intimated rather than said in *totidem verbis*, "I would thrust the vagabond's thumb into her mouth, and the needful might be done without risk or trouble. She'd curl round him like a live cable:—but the brute is not in a feeding humour yet." His mind then wandered to the rattlesnakes which he had recently bought, but, as he said, if he put them by my side, they would perhaps, creep harmlessly into my bosom for warmth and not bite, unless he pinched them by the tail —a mode of transacting business which he could not approve, inasmuch as it would be tantamount to killing with his own hands—besides, they might turn and nab him, or, instead of me, destroy his elephant. For his own part he abhorred blood; Juno, however, had no repugnance, he felt sure, to adopt the knife, but he would not let her soil her hands with me; a *clean*, accidental death, would be best if it could be managed: but if not—

At this point of his soliloquy I pretended to awake, and coming forward, rather staggered him by my presence. After a little talk, which I purposely led to the subject of money, I told him, as a matter of confidence, about the cash I possessed, and added, that, as carrying such a sum on my person deprived me of sleep, I had determined on placing it for security in his hands. Juno's eyes glistened as I drew it forth; she seemed to know what I was saying; and simply with a view to save my life, which was evidently in jeopardy, I threw it into her lap. If I reclaimed it, Gideon could, and doubtless would, deny the deposit; he had therefore no temptation to put himself to the trouble of depriving me of life, and feeling as easy as a man could be expected to feel after having relinquished so important an amount, I returned to my couch by the side of the young elephant, resolving never to quit Gideon, until, by force or fraud, I had compelled him to refund. Strange to say, I could still have loved his Titaness, if she would have let me, but the magnificent fiend gave me no hopes.

Even had I been a pickpocket in principle, and a Barrington in dexterity, I could not have done myself justice; for night and day Gideon's money was safe. He carried it in a tin box, covered with a skin of bull's hide, and bound by stout straps to the inside of a leather waistcoat, which he wore next his skin. To cut it out clandestinely during his waking hours, was impossible; and he slept only at odd times, when there was nothing else to do, usually with his head in Juno's lap, and always under the protection of her wary eye. He was an adept at *put*, and some other low games; and, I suppose to satisfy his conscience, played with me at night when business was over, on the recumbent dromedary's bunch, for such high stakes, that, as he always won, he soon had a score of losses against me sufficient to balance my deposit. I fell into his humour for prudential motives, without, however, suffering myself to think that, by his exploits at put, he had acquired any stronger right to my money than he had previously possessed. I passed whole nights in endeavouring to devise schemes for redress, but nothing feasible occurred to my imagination, and at last I began to despair. The fellow even refused to give me 50*l.* and let me seek my fortunes, alleging that I was too valuable a servant to be lost lightly. The fact is, I had become so debased in his contagious society, as to pick up young farmers at fairs, and bring them into the caravan, after the day's work was done, under the pretence of seeing the beasts fed. Jovial Gideon, on these occasions, generally broached a brandy keg, and soon had them safe at put. 'Tis true he allowed me a slice of the spoil, but it was scarcely worth acceptance; for after having taken the lion's share himself, he divided the residue into three parts, of which I took one, and Juno two, one for herself to buy finery, and the other to expend in confectionary, for our nimble accomplice, Macaroon, a spider monkey.

One night, after having exhibited at a fair, within twenty miles of the metropolis, which we had been gradually approaching, I found a familiar eye fixed upon mine: it was that of the bald gentleman who had come on the box of a post chariot to the Redstart. I believe I forgot to mention, that his name was Thornhose, the friend who had sold me the Claudes, and called me imposter. I made a hideous grimace, and he turned away. A bold project now occurred to me. Gideon had that morning given me a taste of the hyæna cudgel, and my respect for him was at an end. Following my friend, I tapped him on the shoulder, and paid him a compliment on his being alive after the affair on the hill. "What does the fellow mean?" said he. "Mr. Thornhose," I replied, "concealment I scorn; how is Miss Betsey?"

He recognized me at once; and my candour, or, as he termed it, assurance, quite disconcerted him. "I am in your debt, sir," I added, "and may, perhaps, before we separate, find means, at least in part, to do the needful." His face brightened, and he exclaimed "Then you pro-

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pose of course to choke me off with the money you maced out of Mrs. Robinson—or rather, I should say, her protector—Lord Timothy."

I turned ghastly, and inquired how he had become acquained with any transactions, in which my name was mixed up with those of the lady and gentleman he had mentioned.

"To be frank," he replied, "I act, occasionally, in very delicate matters, as agent and professional adviser for Lord Timothy, and assisted him to raise the money with which you were paid. It was not until after the mischief had been done, that I heard, accidentally, that you, even you were the plaintiff. Of course I saw directly that the job was a dead robbery; and Mrs. Robinson while in the whirlwind of her indignation at your conduct, dropped some expressions that induced us to put your name in *The Hue and Cry*. We soon heard of you at the Redstart, and went down with a Bow-street officer, who, poor fellow, had his collar-bone broken by the fall; while Lord Timothy and myself escaped with only a few bruises. Raising the country at once, we soon laid hold of a young fellow in your clothes, who gave us so accurate a description of the dress you had exchanged with him, that we got upon your track, and, after having been thrice thrown out, winded you again, and here we are. But now about this *money*?"

I told him precisely how I had parted with it, and earnestly entreated him to exert his genius against Gideon. "Give me," said I, "but a single 20*l.* note, and you're welcome to the rest, if you can get it: and I think (although I am no match for him single-handed), that between us we can make something of him." He smiled complacently, and observing that Lord Timothy, who now joined us, in some points was no fool, proposed that we should immediately adjourn to the caravan, and see what could be done. By the way, I mentioned some particulars as to Gideon, which might be turned to advantage, without absolutely infringing the law; but as to that, neither Thornhose nor Lord Timothy seemed at all over-nice.

We found Gideon at put with a bumpkin, whom he speedily despatched to make room for the promising victims I had picked up. I contrived to let him know that one was a Lord of zoological notoriety (which was the fact), and that both had money about them. After a few single games between Gideon and Thornhose, on the dromedary's bunch, while Lord Timothy inspected the collection, a proposal for a square game was made, and we adjourned to a table in the caravan. Juno, of course, was Gideon's partner, and Thornhose Lord Timothy's. I was amazed that the two latter could play put—Thornhose well, but Lord Timothy capitally. He had studied, during his minority, among the racing grooms at Newmarket, and, as I soon perceived, could beat Gideon with ease, either at fair-play or cheating. As Lord Timothy and his partner won, Gideon regularly increased the stakes: a losing game, to which he had long been unaccustomed, rendered him indiscreet: he cursed Juno with great bitterness for not playing as she ought to do, and gulped down his brandy undiluted. Lord Timothy managed the play, and Thornhose had little to do but pick up tricks and take the cash. "Somebody has been giving you a forged note or two here, Mr. Crowthorpe," said the latter, pointing to the stakes which Gideon had just laid down; "I know them as well as if I were a bank inspector. You had better exchange them, to prevent mistakes, before we mix money."

Thus detected, Gideon's rage became boundless; the blood gushed from the pimples on his brow; and he threatened me with extermination for having brought him a pair of insolent sharpers. Thornhose, up to this time, had kept his winnings under his left elbow, not even raising it to deal; but seeing Gideon so violent, he lifted it up for the purpose of putting the notes safely in his pocket. At that instant, Macaroon, the spider monkey (doubtless in obedience to a wink from Juno), stretched forth his long lean arm, and with the velocity of lightning, but with lemur-like silence, and unseen by Thornhose, snatched the notes, squeezed them up to the size of a walnut, and safely deposited them in his cheek. He then drew back to his box, and sat looking as if nothing had happened.

The effect of the loss on Thornhose was electrical; he started up, accused Juno, who sat on his left, of the robbery, and made a clutch at her throat, which, however, the gigantess dexterously parried, and kicked down the table with such violence that the lamp was extinguished, and Lord Timothy laid prostrate.

During the darkness, I took hold of Macaroon, who, I thought, might partially injure the money, and squeezed his neck with some force. The brute tried all in his power to swallow it, but being resolute, and having tolerably long fingers, I extracted it from his throat, and sallied out for assistance. The fair, however, was deserted, and I ran to an inn, at some distance, without meeting any body that seemed to be sober. A couple of postboys, who had brought down a Peer from a late division, were just about to return to town, half drunk and ripe for a frolic. Accosting me by the name of Mr. Mountebank, they asked if I was going to the masquerade at the opera-house. Falling into their humour, I jocosely replied in the affirmative, if they could do the distance before day-break. With shouts of laughter, they thrust me into the chaise; and about four o'clock in the morning I was making mouths, and throwing sommersaults (an art which I had recently cultivated with great success), in a brilliant circle at the King's theatre.

From a columbine, whom I recognized as an acquaintance of Mrs. Robinson, I soon learned, without making myself known, that I had done that kind-hearted creature a severe injury by my thoughtlessness. Lord Timothy, at the suggestion of Thornhose, had utterly discarded her, and she was then in a spunging-house, at the suit of

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her dress-maker, the columbine's *ci-devant* mistress, for whom she had wanted the two hundred and fifty pounds. After having ascertained where she was, I called a coach, and got in at an hotel, under the pretence that I had stayed too late at the masquerade to intrude on the family with whom I was on a visit. This accounted for my mountebank's dress. After taking coffee, with an anchovy sandwich, and a brace of burnt gizzards, I sent for a tailor,—being unwilling to appear by day-light in my masquerade habit,—and, before ten o'clock, was attired in a handsome suit of ready-made mourning. With a contrite heart, I hurried to the spunging-house, and surprised Aurora (that was Mrs. Robinson's familiar name) in bed, sipping her chocolate. "Now this is kind of you, Dick," said she, motioning the attendant to withdraw; and adding, as soon as the latter had retired, "Wretch! how dare you face me?"

I told her that circumstances had compelled me—charity beginning at home—to quit the metropolis at a moment's notice; but that, at the first opportunity, I had returned with the means as well as the will to do my duty. I then, for the first time, unrolled the crumpled little parcel which I had extracted from Macaroon's throat: of its amount I was perfectly aware, for I had been too interested in the game, not to count Lord Timothy's winnings. It consisted of four fifty-pound notes (which I had handed over, among others, to the Albino); four others for 20*l.* each, which he had lugged out of his hoard in the tin case, and a forged ten, as I subsequently discovered, which, in spite of the vigilance of Thornhose, his antagonist had smuggled into the stakes. The sight of these won her confidence; and knowing that she had an account at a house in Lombard-street, with one of whose junior partners she had once been intimate, I ventured to ask her about her balance. "Under fifty," said she, "Dick, or I should not be here; for the wretch will take a hundred down, and my bill for the remainder. My hump-backed tiger is going to raise the deficiency, if he can, on my cab and horse, this morning: but, of course, you mean to do the needful yourself?"

I replied that I did; and was as good as my word. By twelve o'clock, Aurora was emancipated, at an expense, on my part, of one hundred pounds and costs; for I would not permit her to write for the fifty in Lombard-street. Having speedily settled preliminaries, we took a coach to the city; and, according to an arrangement we made by the way, having a delicate affair in view, she introduced me at her banker's as a husband, to whom she had been married yesterday morning. To obviate the necessity of a certificate, she wrote in my favour for the balance, which I increased by paying in the residue of the amount I had resuscitated from the spider-monkey's throat, and took the common counter receipt for the whole.

On our way back, I left my card at the door of Mr. Thornhose, and Aurora insisted on inflicting her own at the residence of Lord Timothy; her separation from whom had already been blown; and she deemed herself lucky in getting out before the arrival of any detainers from her numerous creditors. For my own part I had no wish to remain in London, for either Thornhose or the Albino would doubtless soon pester me. I had left a trail, by travelling with the postboys to the masquerade, and thence in a hackney coach to the hotel, the spunging-house and the city, which either of those worthies might without much difficulty follow. Upon the whole, we mutually deemed it expedient to take a tour on the continent,—our route being Petersburgh, where Aurora felt sure that her style of beauty was rather unique, and must therefore be capable of being turned to eminent account. Besides these provocatives to emigration, I had now attained an object which I had long ardently desired, but of late years could not achieve—namely—that of holding an account with a respectable metropolitan banker; for, as I know of experience, none of them will put your name in their books, even if you go with 10,000*l.* in your hand, unless you bring a recommendation from somebody they respect. This formidable impediment to a speculation among the country bankers, which I had long ago matured, but could not execute, being removed, by my assumption of marital rights over Aurora,—after having at one fell cheque drawn out the whole of the money standing to my credit in Lombard Street,—with her hunch-back tiger, who had obtained 50*l.* on her equipage, and a beautiful little boy, who looked like our son, we started, full of hope, in a chariot and four, for the Golden West.

Hobart Town, Van Dieman's Land.

From the Monthly Magazine.

SAMPLE THE SECOND.

[In the first sample of my Memoirs I mentioned some of the difficulties which I had to encounter, at an age when one's experience must necessarily be limited, and one's judgment, consequently, far from mature: in the present specimen I purpose giving some idea of the position in which I was placed by circumstances, at a more recent period of my humble career; begging the reader, however, to observe, that although upwards of forty, I was nevertheless yet a stranger to much of that practical wisdom with which I have since become acquainted (it may readily be guessed at whose cost), and therefore more exposed than I now am, perhaps, to the dangers of social life. Even at present I am far from being in a condition to feel secure, although I have seen a good deal of the world, and am, as nearly as I can guess, about fifty. This is the fact, and I take a sort of malicious joy in avowing it. My acquaintance for many years past having constantly been in the habit of prophesying, in an unpleasant tone of confidence, that it was not possible I could live long, I glory in having

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disappointed them; but candour compels me to confess that they have sometimes, to a considerable extent, been warranted in their gloomy predictions—death having more than twice or thrice actually stared me in the face; I may even venture to say, that nothing but great professional skill could have saved me from his clutches. In one instance my days would, as I have reason to believe, have been most certainly numbered, had I not been removed to another clime; which, however, such is my disposition, I ventured to quit long before, strictly speaking, I ought to have done so; consequently, although apparently in good health, even at this moment I am not perfectly safe from the horrors of a relapse. But *n'importe*, I am in tolerable spirits, and hope to make old bones yet. And here I cannot justifiably to my own conscience, omit acknowledging the kind and brotherly notice which my former specimen met with from the Editor of the Spectator, who doubtless felt for my trials. He is, I am told, a benevolent, good creature, in easy circumstances, whose friendship I should be most happy to enjoy, because I am sure, from what I have heard, it would, to a man of my pursuits, prove decidedly advantageous. But I must set him right as to one point: he fancies, nearly as I can guess from his observations, that I am a person of whom he has heard, but never saw, named Harry Stoe Van Dyck. This gentleman has, however, long been gathered to his fathers; I, on the contrary, as I need scarcely observe, am still alive; and so far from being a person whom the Editor of the Spectator has *merely heard of*, I am not only known to him, but, although our acquaintance has never been sufficiently intimate to be made so beneficial to myself as I could wish, he was, as I well remember, one of my guests, on the only occasion in my life when I indulged in the extravagance (being usually frugal and unostentatious) of presenting my friends with three courses and a dessert. At present I would rather not reveal my name, for to me notoriety has always been disgusting.]

"Few things, my dear," I observed to Mrs. Garnet, "in domestic economy, are so obnoxious to censure, as a raw red and green coloured cobweb which some people stretch upon their floors, and denominate a Kidderminster carpet. One feels the wood through it at every step, especially when in one's pumps or slippers. The Venetian variety is also, but in a less degree, detestable. Brussels one can bear, and indeed for summer it is scarcely offensive; no *English* gentleman, can feel truly at home from the beginning of September until the end of March, unless he treads upon Turkey. He who doubts or denies this has never reached a certain station in society—at least so I think: what say you, my dear?"

"I agree with you," replied Mrs. Garnet; who, however, judging from her aspect, had been so occupied in the business of the breakfast table, as not to have followed the current of my observations. I therefore repeated them, because I always like to be understood. She made the same answer as before. A pause ensued, during which she fidgetted frightfully, creamed my coffee twice, and sweetened it three or four times in rapid succession.

Somewhat agitated, as any man of nice feeling would be, at the display of such symptoms, I took her by the hand, and pressed her most affectionately to tell me what had happened. "Nothing at all, Dick," she replied, throwing her arm fondly around me.

"Nay, nay, my love; your tone, your look, those pale lips, that evidently forced smile, this nervous agitation of your dear hand—"

"I had a sleepless night, you know, Dick."

"True: I had forgotten. A drive to Mitcham this sharp, October morning—"

"No, Dick, I had rather remain at home; I feel chilly. Pray poke the fire."

I was proceeding to obey her, when she almost snatched the instrument from my hand, and began to commit very energetic havoc among the Wallsend, which, to tell the truth, would, as it struck me, have done well enough without the least assistance. In fact, it burnt beautifully. I stared, and perceiving from the asperity of her profile, that all was not right within—(for Mrs. Garnet, although deliciously temperate in general, broke out into effusions peculiar to married ladies, occasionally,)—feeling that the atmosphere of her temper was somewhat hot and cloudy, I decided on being absent until the approaching storm should have vented its wrath upon somebody; and protesting that I felt qualmish, and in want of fresh air, ventured to order the cab. Our fellow had no sooner shut the door, than my wife turned sharply upon me, and asked if I really proposed to venture out and drive her own horse.

"Certainly," said I. "I am perfectly well, you know. The neighbours may perhaps be amazed to see me, after having been confined to my room for so many years, venturing to drive such a spirited steed, the very Hotspur of horses, as you state him to be, and possessing such a name as that of Beelzebub: yet it is notorious, that since my visit to Judge's chambers I have been recovering rapidly, and within the last few days I have shown myself to all the people opposite at the drawing-room windows. They see that I am convalescent, why therefore should I not go out? And why not venture to drive Beelzebub? A lawyer, you know, is a match for—but I won't conclude the trite and offensive observation. Besides, if *I* can't manage him, your groom, who has driven him these three years, of course can, and he shall go with me; unless, indeed—"

"But why not take a longer jaunt, Dick?" interrupted Mrs. Garnet. "I will confess to you, that for many days past I have felt perfectly satisfied as to your being quite able to leave the house, but delicacy would not permit me to say so until you mentioned it yourself. You have done so, and I now may ask—why this preliminary drive? Why not book your place for Edin-

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burgh, or take the Calais steamer, or stroll into the city after nightfall, at once?"

Of course I inquired what in the name of every thing on earth she meant, protesting that I never felt so astonished and mystified in the whole course of my life, and concluding with a slight impeachment as to the validity of her intellect. She stared upon me with an expression of stupid wonder. "My dear," said I, "your restlessness last night has evidently so shattered your nerves, that your situation distresses me. You have been very low-spirited lately—you have indeed; I have remarked it, though I said nothing, hoping that it would wear off when I could take you out. But you won't venture with me, that's the fact. Well, I'm not angry—not I. Take Tom, as you used to do when I was bed-ridden; or if you cannot muster up sufficient energy for that, be persuaded to be put in possession of more iron: I will send for a series of tonics which—"

"No, Dick, I'll swallow none of your prescriptions—that's flat!"

"Unaccountable, foolish, womanly prejudice! What! because I am now practising the law, is it to be concluded that the results of my early medical studies have completely evanesced?"

"No: but you are artfully leading me, Dick, from my topic. I have been thinking of it all night. In plain English, it is time for us to part."

"Part!" I exclaimed; "your proposition is most odious and unreasonable."

"Fiddlestick!" said she; "you ought, in honour, to be off. Go to America; take enough to pay your passage, and fifty pounds extra for contingencies."

"But why, my dear—you are certainly mad—why should I go to America? Neither business nor inclination calls me to the new world. Why quit my present position in society? Here I stand, with every thing pleasant about me; aged forty-three, it is true, but with a good constitution; a wife whom I idolized when she was a girl, although another had the felicity of being blessed with her maiden love—that Abaddon in canonicals, the Rev. Decimus Pontypool—an establishment unexceptionably comfortable, nay, elegant; a good connexion—speaking as an attorney,—managed entirely by a confidential clerk, who—"

Mrs. Garnet, I blush to say it, here interrupted me by the most indecent laughter, which she wound up with an impudent denial of my identity.

I only ask any man, if he would not have played the very devil at this? But, with more temper than people mostly possess, I began to reason the point. Mrs. G., however, soon interrupted me, thus:—"Your gravity, Dick, is excessively droll, but, joking apart, you must go. I'll give you fifty pounds for your trouble, but you must really *bolt!*"

"Am I in debt, then?" cried I. "Is the name of Garnet—"

"Nonsense! your folly begins to disgust me Drop it, I beg."

"Folly! Mrs. Garnet. I don't think that at this time of my life, equally removed as I am from the stages of first and second childhood, I am likely to act as an imbecile. Let us look—my love, at our relative positions. Your husband, Garnet, a rascally attorney, dies at Gainsborough: you smother the circumstance, continue to take out his certificate as though nothing had happened, and carry on his business by means of an active managing clerk, giving out that Garnet, poor fellow, although his intellect continues vigorous as ever, is bed-ridden, and not fit to be seen, at 'the cottage.' You don't even administer, but enjoy his property without even paying the legacy or probate duty. Indeed, you act as a woman of sense throughout. Very well, all goes on swimmingly, until some impertinent puppy of an attorney, who owes you a grudge, ventures to suspect that Garnet is dead. The fellow carries his folly so far as to solicit a summons for Garnet to appear and establish the fact of his existence. You happen to meet with me; you state the facts, and enveloped in Welsh flannel, after having starved myself into a becoming paleness, I personate the deceased. Every body has forgotten me—time and disease have done much in altering my features—I am judicially recognized, and thenceforth commence my recovery. Now that I am hale and hearty as ever I was in my life, you coolly talk of my trapesing off to Edinburgh or elsewhere!"

"Ha! ha! Dick," exclaimed Maria, playfully filliping my cheek; "I see by your manner, that you meditate a bit of roguery, but no matter, I shan't be nice to a shade; at any rate we won't quarrel for a trifle one way or the other, will we?"

"Certainly not; but what do you mean by lugging the very offensive substantive 'roguery' into our discussion? Allow me to tell you, Mrs. Garnet, that I have all along determined to act in this affair strictly according to the dictates of my conscience. When I met you in Tooley Street, after a long, and to me, most painful separation, I had not a shirt to my back—such had been my indolence—now thanks to my exertions in your behalf.—"

"Well, well, I see your aim, but to the point at once. We lose time, for if we talked for a thousand years we should not understand each other better than we already do. The fact is, you're a poor needy devil, willing to make the most of a wind-fall, and I don't blame you; for you can't well afford to oblige even so old a friend as myself, *con amore* or any thing like it. In mentioning fifty for contingencies I spoke at hazard, and was not up to the mark, I admit. But come, we wont biggle like hucksters: name your own price; there's my hand, Dick—I give you a *carte blanche* for the bargain; but don't be unreasonable."

"Unreasonable! Egad, Mrs. Garnet, it's you who are unreasonable. Do you think every spark of particular passion for yourself, of common gallantry for that sex which you so adorn, is dead within me? Inspect this lovely hand!

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Reflect on your fine form—for you are still decidedly a beauty—".

"Ha! ha! ha! Oh, Dick! Dick!"

"Besides there are all the little elegant comforts—the cab and Beelzebub—the Turkey carpet—the cottage which I have not yet seen."

"Nor ever will, my dear fellow, for it exists only in my own imagination: but then, to be sure there's this house, centrically situated—"

"In good repair—"

"Held for a long term, at a moderate rent—"

"Not a chimney in it smokes—no drafts, no rattling old windows, and no noisy children, Dick!"

"True, my dear! I sup full of felicity. Then again, we must not forget my former identity, which, you may readily guess, annoyed me as much, and stuck to me as closely, wherever I went, as the old man of the mountain did to the shoulders of Sinbad."

"A hump which you couldn't pitch like a porter does a package of suspicious goods and run away from it."

"No: in fact Garnet is the safest name I ever wore."

"And you've been rather volatile, Dick, eh?"

"Uncommonly, as I am free to confess."

"Ha! ha! but now for the climax of all this badinage. Is it a serious proposition of one hundred guineas—there or thereabouts—little more or less?"

"My dear Maria, I cannot bear this. You won't look at things in a proper light."

"A hundred and fifty then?"

"Providence, though late in life, has beneficently interfered on my behalf—"

"Two hundred pounds?"

"And shall I be such an ingrate as to reject its proffered blessings?"

"Make it guineas."

"My affections, safety, ease, comfort, and a thousand other considerations admonish me not to cast my bread upon the waters—"

"Pshaw! don't be rapacious!"

"Pythagoras, in his remarks on the transmigration of souls, has divinely observed—"

"Oh bother Pythagoras! Don't bring him in as a mock-bidder, or Socrates, Plato, and Euclid will presently follow. Take my final offer of two hundred and fifty—money down, Dick—and let the hammer fall."

"Don't call me Dick, dearest! my name is Jonathan, Jonathan Garnet; a bourgeois and objectionable appellation it is true, but possesses such solid advantages (for even to say nothing of you, there's the business you know, and the safety is well), that hang me, my love, if any consideration on earth shall tempt me to part with it. Henceforth I am an attorney who has been very ill; you have recognized, Lord Tenterden has ratified me as such, and it would be bad taste on my part—"

"Of course Dick, you're joking still—joking on the broadest possible scale."

I made no reply; but fixing myself firmly in the elbow-chair which I occupied, after having poked the fire with all the emphasis of decided ownership, I gave her a glance so seriously negative, that the dear susceptible little woman shrieked with emotion, rose, staggered towards my plate, snatched up my anchovy knife, and made a desperate lunge, which, had it been successful, would have laid her open to a capital imputation. Of course, therefore, I parried it; pushed her back—what less could I do?—and she dropped on the hearth-rug in violent hysterics. The chamber-maid and cook, alarmed by her tocsin,—the shriek which I mentioned, now burst into the room. I bled her to profusion, while partially delirious. Being convinced, however, that there was no reason for alarm, I left her in the care of her woman, and—the cab being at the door—just jumped into it and took a brief bold dashing drive about town.

Beelzebub proved to be a perfect darling: he possessed action as well as pace; kept both head and stern gallantly up; and unlike many fast-goers, he was neither cat-hammed nor goose rumped. I gloried in him. Maria's groom was an ass. He had dwelt on the reins with so dead a hand as to irritate the noble nag; the consequence was, that he had pulled the cab, not from the collar but the bit. I could have cuffed the fellow where he sat, (for I had taken him with me,) but for the anachronism of a man, who had'nt been out of his room for years, thrashing his groom. Rhino, the name to which the rascal answered, was amazed at my tact and Beelzebub's obedience. The animal found himself treated by a master-hand, and might have been driven, with the velocity of an arrow, through the most encumbered streets, by the slender pilotage of a pack-thread. Several highly respectable looking persons, after having stared egregiously, took off their hats as I passed, to make amends for the offence of having, as I guessed, foolishly taken me, at the first glance, for some low vagabond whom they knew. Rhino was astonished at the multitude of persons who recognized me, after having been so long an invisible invalid; while my perfect generalship in all the minutiæ of cab-driving, produced, in his appreciating bosom, a sensation of positive awe. The fact is, that without vanity be it spoken, although I succumb to Apsley, the Nimrod of the Sporting Magazine, in "tooling a team," I sing second to no man,—so bountiful is nature—as a buggy whip over the stones. All this is parenthetical, and by-the-bye; but I have so little to brag of that I may perhaps be allowed to mention my comparative superiority in the trifling article of driving "a one-horse shay."

On my return, Maria was in bed; but so successful had been my depletion, that she was now quite composed, and had even admitted our managing clerk to a consultation, literally over the counterpane, on some urgent topic. I dined alone and undisturbed; but just after my filberts and parmesan had come in—(I always marry them in my mouth)—I heard a faint feeble irresolute tapping at the door. I dictatorially shouted

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the usual shibboleth, and he who managed the official regions below stairs slowly sneaked in. His name was Gruel. He stood about five feet six, and might be forty; but there is no telling how his account stood with time to any certainty. He wore a wig—smooth, brown, and oily as the plumage of a duck. He fought in armour, for no adversary ever saw his eyes. They were protected laterally as well as in front by large green glasses; he had not discovered that expression dwells as much about the region of the mouth as about that of the eyes; and consequently deemed himself safe while the latter were concealed, although the lips, naked and exposed as they were, to so erudite a glance as that with which circumstances endow a man of my experience, reveal, with the nicest accuracy, what is going on within. I have always found that the deepest villains are, in apparently minor, but really most important points, the greatest noodles: this it is, that—fortunately for the public—hangs so many of them; and some odd day it will hang our sleek friend Gruel.

When he entered the room his humility was so aggravated, that an innocent spectator would humanely have wished that the fellow, for his own sake, could have sunk through the floor. I, however, not only saw, but by what dropped from Mrs. Garnet, knew that he was a dead rascal, who, notwithstanding his apparent imbecility, possessed steam-engine power. I therefore asked him to sit down and take wine with me. He glode forward, and seemingly oppressed by the consciousness of his own insignificance, dwindled into a chair: on the edge of which an abrupt incident compels me to leave him until the first of March.

From the Asiatic Journal.

SKETCHES OF INDIAN SOCIETY.

Travelling.—The Match.

In peaceable times, the period chosen for the general movement of troops in India is at the commencement of the cold season; but as many regiments are obliged to wait until they are relieved by others, the hot weather often comes on before the whole of the army on the move can be settled in new quarters. Officers rejoining their corps, or proceeding to different parts of the country, upon leave of absence or military duties, are continually traversing the plains and jungles of India, even at the least favourable seasons, having no habitation save a tent; and if travelling alone, no society excepting that of their own servants, and the wild tenants of the wood. Persons, however, who can amuse themselves, prefer the solitude to which they must be condemned, in their progress from station to station, to the inconveniences attendant upon the movement of large bodies, and the necessity of a strict observance of the rules and regulations laid down by the commanding officer.

Unless under some very peculiar circumstances, a regiment is usually stationary for three years in the quarters assigned to it; the breaking-up of an establishment, therefore, after so long a residence, is often a serious affair. In many places, bungalows are not to be obtained on hire; they must be purchased from the proprietors, and upon a change of residence sold to the new comers. If there should not be a sufficient number to accommodate the whole of the strangers, those who have not succeeded in procuring a house must build one, and live in their tents until it shall be finished. Great losses are frequently sustained in the fluctuation of society in a small station. An officer who has been compelled to pay a very high price for a bungalow, when houses appear to have been in great demand, may be obliged to sell at a very low one, or have the tenement left upon his hands at his departure, in consequence of a diminution in the number of the residents. In places where natives are induced to build bungalows upon speculation, and to let them out by the month (the usual period for the hire of every thing in India) there is much less trouble and anxiety in changing the place of abode, though it is still a formidable affair. All the accumulations of furniture not actually necessary for the march are sold off, sometimes as a matter of pure necessity, to procure funds to meet the expenses of a removal, or to lessen them by abridging the number of conveyances. At others, the sales, so frequent all over India, seem to be occasioned by a peculiarity of disposition common to the British community resident there—a passion for buying and selling—since, in merely changing houses, or removing to a very short distance, many persons will take the opportunity of having an auction, and of parting with their goods and chattels without reserve, although they must commence a repurchase almost immediately. The roving Arab of the desert cannot entertain less attachment to household conveniencies than an Anglo-Indian, and if one person should happen to take a fancy to the effects of another, he may be very certain that a little patience will afford him the option of bidding for them at the outcry,* which will assuredly take place in the course of a few months. There are a few exceptions, chiefly in the cases of ancient civilians, who allow their chairs and tables to grow old in their service; but the mania appears to be extending, and when these worthies shall have retired from the scene, their successors will doubtless follow the prevailing fashion, and sell off at every decent opportunity. One cause of the shifting nature which property has assumed in India, proceeds from the difficulty of preserv-

* This is an Anglo-Indian word, which is preferred to the common appellation. To go to an 'outcry,' or to send goods to an 'outcry,' is understood by the initiated to mean an 'auction;" and *Griffins*, who do not comprehend the term, are looked upon with great contempt.

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ing any perishable article from the injurious effects of the climate, and the depredations committed by winged and fourfooted assailants. Constant care and attention are required to keep furniture in decent order. No packing will secure iron from rust, wood from ants, or cotton, canvas, and leather, from rats: tents laid up in ordinary are eaten through and through; boxes and trunks drop to pieces, and are found to be nests of reptiles of every kind: one article has been split in the hot winds, another has got mouldy in the rains, and insects have penetrated every where. If the furniture and other effects belonging to a family going to the hills, or to the presidency for a few months, should be left standing in a house, there is still danger from the habitual neglect, or occasional remissness, of the servants who may have the care of them: indeed, constant use seems to be almost essential to their preservation; the house itself, also, if uninhabited, will speedily fall into disrepair, and therefore, even where a short absence is contemplated, it is thought more advisable to sell every thing off, than to risk the destruction of property from the numerous adverse influences in continual and active operation.

Accustomed to constant sales and transfers of worldly goods, many persons will part with all their household effects, without any adequate cause, not even retaining their plate, which they must sell at a disadvantage, and which may not be in sufficient quantities to be any serious incumbrance; but where there are few modes of beguiling time, a sale affords a degree of excitement, and though the amusements of an auction-room are monopolized by the gentlemen, it not being reckoned decorous for females to attend, the ladies are interested in the affair, and look over the marked catalogues brought to them with eager eyes, speculating upon the causes of suspicious purchases, a piano-forte, for instance, by some apparently determined bachelor, which perhaps turns out to be a commission from a married friend, or expensive articles by families who can ill afford the luxuries of life. An auction is the inevitable result of a death. A wife losing her husband breaks up her establishment immediately; a husband losing his wife sells off all the superfluous furniture, and not unfrequently the ornaments and wardrobe of the deceased; while the executors of a bachelor, either appointed by will or by the existing regulations, collect every article of his property and put the whole under the hammer. The eve of a march is fertile in sales, the purchasers being the more permanent residents, shop-keepers and not unfrequently natives, who take the opportunity of procuring articles of European manufacture at a cheap rate: they are beginning, even in the Upper Provinces, to keep English carriages, and are, if possible, less particular than the Anglo-Indians respecting the external appearance of the equipage, being quite content with rat-eaten, worm-eaten vehicles, which have had the greater part of the paint and varnish rubbed off in rude encounters with enemies of various kinds.

Upon a march, a certain quantity of furniture must be reserved for a general sale, or purchased for the occasion, since it is not possible to proceed without a supply of domestic utensils sufficient for the comfort and convenience of the travelling party. Many persons pitch their tents, and live in them for a week or two, previous to their final retreat from their old quarters; thus accustoming themselves to the change, and seeing that they have every thing requisite for a long journey. At day-break on the morning appointed for the commencement of the march, the bustle and confusion of departure begin; the *cortège* of every family spreads itself wide over the plain, presenting motley groupes of various kinds. Chests and other heavy goods are packed in *hackerys* (small carts drawn by bullocks,) and where there are ladies, a conveyance of this nature is secured for the female attendants: other bullocks have trunks, made purposely for this mode of transportation, slung across their backs; the tents become the load of camels, or an elephant, and light or fragile articles are carried either on men's heads or over their shoulders: nothing that will not bear jolting being entrusted to four-footed animals. The china and glass are packed in round baskets, and conveyed by *coolies* on their heads; looking-glasses, *chillum-chees*, (brass wash-basins,) and toilette-furniture, are tied upon a charpoy or bedstead, and carried by four men, and cooking-pots, gridirons, frying-pans, chairs, tables, stools, and bird-cages, are disposed of in a similar manner. The *meter* appears with his dogs in a string or strings; the shepherd drives his sheep before him, and cocks crow and hens cluck from the baskets in which they are imprisoned; spare horses are led by their *syces* or grooms, who never mount them, and the washer-men and the water-carriers are there with their bullocks. The head-servant, or *khansamah*, seldom compromises his dignity by marching on foot, but is generally to be seen amid the equestrians, the steed being some ragged, vicious, or broken-down *tattoo*, caparisoned *à la Rozinante:* the other domestics, khidmutghars, bearers, &c. either walk, or bestride the camels, if their drivers will permit them to mount, or take a cast in a hackery, or get on in any way that happens to present itself. All are well accustomed to the mode of travelling, and proceed with cheerfulness. The master of the family, if with his regiment, must be on horseback, unless the commandant should be sufficiently indulgent to permit him to drive his wife in a buggy. The lady sometimes rides on an Arab steed, and sometimes travels in a close carriage, or a palanquin, according as inclination or convenience may direct; the children, if there be any, are usually inclosed with their attendants in a peculiar kind of vehicle, called a palanquin-carriage, but different from those used by adults, and not very unlike the cage of a wild beast placed upon wheels. The nurse sits on the floor of this machine, with a baby upon her knees, and the larger fry peep through the prison-bars of the clumsy conveyance, which is drawn by bullocks, and

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moves slowly and heavily along, floundering over the rough roads, and threatening to upset at every jolt. The passage of such a cavalcade through the country is very amusing, but *griffins* only are seen to laugh at the droll appearance made by this gipsy mode of travelling; the natives are accustomed to it, and the immense multitude (the regiment itself scarcely formed a third part) move along without molestation, and with comparatively little difficulty, in consequence of the few enclosures which impede their progress.

The train of a family, amounting to three persons, will not consist of less than a hundred individuals, the wives and children of the servants included, who not unfrequently carry their aged parents along with them. The native officers belonging to sepoy regiments have their zenanas to convey, and few of the sepoys themselves are entirely destitute of attendants. Then there is the bazaar, which is invariably attached to a camp, to supply it with all the necessaries of life, and men, women, children, and animals abound in this ambulatory market for gram, ghee, flour, tobacco, spices, &c. When spare tents have been sent on, the family of an officer, on arriving at the encamping ground, find every thing ready for their reception; but if any accident should have retarded the route of the people, a tree must be the resource. Parties may be seen on horseback or on foot, or in palanquins, grouped under the shade of some friendly bough, waiting while their canvass abode is preparing for them. The rapid manner in which the multifarious materials which are to compose the temporary city, are reduced to order, and arranged in their proper places, is truly astonishing. It is both curious and interesting to watch the progress of the formation of a camp, from some neighbouring bungalow, when it occurs in the vicinity of cantonments. The desert appears to be peopled as if by magic; men and animals crowd upon the scene; the earth in every direction is strewed with uncouth packages and bundles; these, amid much gesticulation, and no small expenditure of lungs, assume graceful forms, and arise glittering in the sun like the pavilions of some fairy princess. Long lines of pent-house streets appear; banners are floating in the air; the elephant, who has trodden out the ground, and smoothed it for his master's tent, retires to his bivouac, and spacious enclosures, formed of *kanauts*, secure the utmost privacy to the dwellers of the populous camp. The exertions of a little army of followers have succeeded in imparting comfort and even elegance to interiors fitted up in haste in the midst of the wildest jungle. Palanquins and carriages begin to arrive; the ladies find their toilette-tables laid out; the gentlemen are provided with a bath; the khidmutghars are preparing breakfast, and the hookahbadars are getting the chillums in readiness; while camels, bullocks and their drivers, tent-pitchers, coolies, and all those who have been employed in fatiguing offices, are buried in profound repose. The sheep are lying down to rest, and the poultry are more peaceable than usual.

It is at these times that a kind master is rewarded for his attention to the comfort and well-being of those beneath him, by the devotion manifested by his servants. It seems to be a point of honour among faithful and respectable domestics to prevent their employers from suffering inconvenience or privation of any kind, while exposed to the difficulties which must necessarily occur upon a line of march. They will, upon such occasions, voluntarily perform duties not properly belonging to their respective stations in the household. They will assist with heart and hand upon any emergency; help to get the tent up, or to extricate the cattle and the baggage, should either stick fast upon the road; cheer and animate the exertions of others, and think their own credit is concerned in procuring all the wonted enjoyments of a permanent home. Where the head of the house has failed to secure the attachment of his dependants, he is made to feel how completely it is in their power to avenge themselves. They can always invent some excuse for the carelessness and neglect which are productive of serious annoyance to him. He has no remedy; for, accustomed to beating and abuse, they are not deterred, by fear of the consequences of his displeasure, from preferring their own ease to his comfort. They have little hope of good treatment, and are determined not to allow any opportunity for retaliation to escape them. He may awake in the morning and find that the whole set have abandoned him in the night, and in this event he is left in the most charming predicament imaginable, and can only vent his rage upon the awkward substitutes which the neighbouring village will supply, who, in turn, run away so soon as they can take their departure without danger of pursuit.

In parts of the country abounding in game, the sportsmen are scarcely settled in their quarters before they prepare to take the field. Their horses have been sent on over night, and as the grand objects of the chase, the wild boar and the tiger, are not hunted with dogs, they have only themselves and their cattle to put in order. Tigers can rarely be approached except upon an elephant; for, independent of the danger to the rider, few horses could be induced to face these terrific animals. But well mounted, and with spear in hand, a bold equestrian dashes forward on the scarcely less perilous pursuit of the bristly monsters of the plain. The dresses of the hunting party are various and characteristic; many old sportsmen array themselves in long flannel jackets, descending nearly to the saddle; they render their passage through jungles, overgrown by the prickly pear, easy, by encasing their knees in thick leathern caps, and they preserve their heads from too close a contact with mother-earth, a hard parent in a conker soil, by fastening a black or rather brown velvet jockey-cap, duly fenced with armour of proof in the inside, under their chins. Younger and gayer Nimrods appear in smart hunting-coats of scarlet or Lincoln green, with fashionable corded inexpressibles and

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top-boots; while tyros, eager for their first field, and unprovided with appropriate garments, exhibit in their accustomed suit, white jackets and trowsers, exceedingly ill adapted for the fell encounters which await them. Altogether, when thus equipped, the party attended by the numerous followers which a hunting match is sure to attract, make a gallant show, and set forward high in hope and in spirits. The return, though less splendid as regards the personal appearance and the habiliments of the cavalcade, is more imposing from the blood-stained trophies of the chase, brought in by an exulting band, who fight the battle o'er and o'er again. Some of the party are covered from head to foot with the mud of a marsh, in which they have been unceremoniously deposited; another re-enters the camp upon a tattoo, having left his best charger a victim to the murderous tusks of a desperate assailant; one has descended to the depths of an old well, and his chum has unwittingly explored the secret recesses of some ravine, treacherously concealed by brushwood and long grass. But where no more serious accidents have occurred to mar the triumphs of the day, the quarters of the slain, cooked to perfection by some liberal Moosulman,* are enjoyed without alloy at the tables of the camp; the ladies partaking in the excitement of the morning's sport, and the luxurious fare it has produced.

In well-regulated camps, the utmost quiet is maintained throughout the night, until the sound of the bugles long before day authorizes the striking of the tent-pins. Sleep is effectually banished by that dreadful note of preparation, and, starting from their slumbers, the European inhabitants make a hasty toilette, and superintend the irksome task of repacking those small and valuable articles essential to their comfort, which they are afraid of entrusting to other hands. The necessity of rising every day at a certain hour, and of performing certain duties whether the health and spirits be equal to them or not, is a great drawback to the pleasures of a march, to those who are not strong enough to cope with hardships which, though trifling in themselves, become distressing by their diurnal occurrence. To an invalid, it is desirable to make a bed of a palanquin, as in that case the noise around, to which a traveller will soon become accustomed, forms the only disturbance; the bearers take up the vehicle, and the period of rising is postponed until the close of the morning's journey. There are always *doolies* (palanquins enclosed with cloth curtains) belonging to the hospital in readiness for the officers or sepoys who may chance to be taken ill upon the road; but notwithstanding the strict precautions which are observed to prevent disagreeable consequences from such accidents, in long and difficult marches, delicate persons are sometimes exposed to fatigues and hardships of a very serious nature. A lady, travelling in a palanquin, relinquished it for the accommodation of her husband, who was seized with an attack of illness at too great a distance from the hospital conveyances to avail himself of them. The lady ventured to perform the morning's journey in the *hackery* which conveyed her female attendants, and, after suffering a martyrdom from the jolting of the vehicle, had the misfortune to be overturned upon the banks of a *nullah*. This accident obliged her to wade through the stream with her women, and to walk afterwards a distance of three miles in her wet clothes, at the risk of catching a fever: fortunately, no dangerous consequences ensued; but the bare idea of such a pilgrimage, amidst the wastes and wilds of an Indian jungle, must be terrifying to those who are acquainted with the effects which too frequently follow from exposure to the sun. Gentleman seldom attempt to walk to any distant point without having a horse or a palanquin behind them.

The dinner in camp is usually as well supplied with the products of the larder as the repast served up in a settled establishment; several very excellent dishes have been invented, which are peculiarly adapted to the cooking apparatus suited to a jungle or some unreclaimed waste hitherto unconscious of culinary toils. A *Burdwán* stew ranks high amongst these concoctions, and two sauces, which go under the name of *shikárree* (hunters') and camp-cause, are assuredly the most piquant adjuncts to flesh and fowl which the genius of a *gastronome* has ever compounded. Immediately after dinner, the khidmutghars, cooks, and mussaulchees, pack up the utensils belonging to their department, and set forward with the tent, which is to be the morrow's dwelling, leaving the bearers to attend at tea, or to furnish the materials for a stronger beverage for the evening's refreshment: their objection to the table-service extending only to repasts composed of animal food By these arrangements, the chances of being obliged to bivouac for hours under a tree are considerably lessened; but where no second tent can be afforded, the travellers must inevitably acquire experimental knowledge of the delectabilities of living in the fresh air. A young officer attached to the rear-guard, in coming late into camp, hot, dusty, and wearied to death, has occasionally the mortification of seeing his tent struck, by order of some rigid Martinet, perchance a temporary commandant, dressed in a little brief authority, who has discovered that it is not in its proper situation; another site is to be found; meanwhile, like Jacques, "under the shade of melancholy boughs," he takes a gloomy aspect of human nature, or if unused to the pensive mood, devotes the ruthless author of his misfortune to Zamiel, or some such classic personage. He has, in all probability, risen long before day-break, has performed the first part of his morning's duties shivering with cold, pierced through and through with the keen

* They are bigots and pretenders solely, who object to handle the flesh of hog in any state, cured or fresh. An orthodox believer has only to wash his hands and to repeat a prayer, to purify himself from the defilement.

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blasts of a cutting wind, though for the last four hours, his exposure to a burning sun has enabled him to compare the miseries of Nova Zembla with those of an Indian desert; and, unless from downright exhaustion, he has little patience left to await the time in which he may hope to stretch his aching limbs beneath the shelter of a tent.

Occasionally, during a long march, it is necessary to halt for a day or two upon the road, in order to refresh the weary frames of men and cattle toiling under the burden of the camp equipage. The close vicinity of a large station is most frequently chosen for this sojourn, as it enables the officers to replenish their stock of European supplies. The camp on these days presents a busy scene; the *dobies* seize the opportunity to wash and iron their masters' clothes; mending, making, and repairing of garments, saddles, harness, and tackle of all descriptions, take place, and if there has been a fall of rain, the wetted articles are dried in the sun. Should the station be celebrated for its gaiety, invitations for a ball and supper meet the regiment upon the road; something like a sensation is created by the prospect of entertaining strangers, and the officers of the corps marching through are not unwilling to diversify the monotony of a camp by entering into the festivities of a social cantonment. Sometimes the march is less agreeably retarded by a change of weather. When the breaking-up of the rains is protracted beyond the customary period, those regiments first appointed to take the field are exposed to the torrents which invariably mark the closing of the season. An Indian tent is so constructed as to keep out any ordinary quantity of water that may be showered upon it, but it cannot withstand a deluge; trenches are dug round to prevent the accumulation of pools and puddles on the floor,—too frequently a useless attempt, for when the canvass roof has been thoroughly soaked through, there is no possibility of keeping the interior dry. A wet camp is the most deplorable of all wretched places; groupes of miserable creatures huddle themselves together under some inefficient shed; coldness and discomfort reign in every part; there are few fires; the wood is wet, and will not burn; the cooking-places have been washed away, and still the floods pours down, giving no hope of abatement, no chance of dinner and dry beds. Happy may those persons esteem themselves who have palanquins or close carriages to repair to in these melancholy circumstances; they at least afford a refuge from the pelting rain, and biscuits and brandy supply the place of a regular meal. Three or four days of such weather prove a trial of strength and patience, which requires a more than ordinary portion of mental and bodily endurance to support: invention and ingenuity are taxed to the utmost for the means of existence for those delicate sufferers, ladies and children, who are compelled to bear the buffetings of the storm. At length, the sky clears up; men and beasts, looking more than half dead, emerge from their dripping lairs; fires are kindled upon the first dry spots, and gradually, under the vivifying influence of the sun, partial comfort, at least, is restored to the tents. There is no such thing as stirring during the continuance of the rain, and the dreadful state of the roads, cut up in every direction, will offer many impediments to the march, which must be renewed as soon as it is practicable to proceed.

A more common and more bearable misery sustained in a camp is caused by the strong winds, which sweep along the plains of Hindostan in the cold season. When these are very violent, although the tent may withstand their power, and maintain its erect position, it is impossible to keep out the dust: it makes its way through every crevice, and becomes at length an almost intolerable nuisance. But a canvass habitation is not always proof against a tornado: neither ropes nor pins can avail when the tempest lets loose all its force. The cordage cracks, the pins are torn up from the ground, away rolls the tent, demolishing in its progress the furniture it contained, and enveloping those unfortunates, who may not have made a timely escape, in clouds of canvass.

Long marches are, however, often performed without obstruction or accident of any kind, and it is very practicable to traverse the country in the rains, when they do not come down absolutely in torrents for days together: at least, a distance of a hundred miles may be compassed without much difficulty, especially as, in short marches, two stages may be performed at once without distressing the people or their beasts of burthen.

After a tedious sojourn in the jungles, an invitation to spend the season at a large station induced the writer and another lady to make an attempt to cross the country in the midst of the rains, escorted only by servants, and a guard of sepoys. We took twelve camels with us, and loaded them lightly with a couple of tents, as being necessary to make their burthens as little oppressive as possible. In order to guard against the uncomfortableness of sitting on damp earth, we had a wooden platform constructed, raised two inches from the ground, which our *dobee* afterwards secured for an ironing-board, and we took care to be well supplied with satringees and small mats. Our train consisted of a khansamah, who had the direction of the whole journey, three khidmutghars, a sirdar bearer, the tailor, the washerman, the water-carrier, the cook, and mussaulchees, twelve bearers for each palanquin, and *claishees* (tent-pitchers), banghie-bearers and coolies almost innumerable. Our two female attendants travelled in a hackery, with a favourite Persian cat, who seemed to be the most discomposed of the whole party by the journey. Our *cortège* preceded us by a day, and were directed to push on to a place about six-and-twenty miles distant. We followed before day-break the next morning, and, though many parts

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of the country were flooded, and our progress was necessarily slow, reached our little encampment before one in the day, having had no rain, and experiencing only trifling inconvenience from the heat. Our people had chosen a very picturesque spot, having pitched the tent in front of a small mangotope, opposite to a well, which was shaded by a magnificent tamarind-tree. An old Moosulman city, formerly a place of considerable importance, reared its time-worn walls to the left, while to the right, a rich tract beautifully wooded, and decked with silvery lakes, stretched itself far as the eye could reach. The city proved a very interesting object to strangers, who had hitherto only surveyed the towns of India from the rivers; it was surrounded by high battlemented walls of dark red stone, flanked with solid buttresses, and seemed to have been a place of great strength in other days. The fortifications had fallen to decay, and through gaps in the upper part of the massy walls, the domes of mosques were visible, while here and there an open copula reared its head, the decoration apparently of some wealthy native's mansion. A large archway, furnished with strong wooden gates, gave glimpses of the principal street; and the peaceable occupations of the inhabitants, and their songs which came in snatches on the breeze, harmonized soothingly with the calm aspect of the scene. Our four-and-twenty bearers, the instant they had given up the charge of the palanquins, flung themselves down upon the ground, and fell fast asleep; but the rest of our people were busy, some cooking their own meals, and others preparing for our refreshment. We found the tent furnished with a couch to repose upon during the day, and our breakfast *à la fourchette* was served up in excellent style: it was followed by an early dinner, and we were amused by the packing and departure of our second tent, with the party attached to it. The men girded up their loins, rolled their trowsers above their knees, and taking large staffs in their hands, set forward with an air of great resolution: the khansamah, as became his dignity, being mounted upon a tattoo, which seemed rather in a crazy condition; the women disposed themselves in their hackery, and we were left to the care of our sirdar-bearer, a couple of sepoys, and three *chokeydars* from the neighbouring city. We chose to make beds of our palanquins, which were brought into the tent, and the sirdar-bearer laid himself down in front, apparently unwilling to allow his charge to be out of his sight. He brought us tea at starting, and we proceeded very early in the morning, not expecting to see him or the tent again, as we had made up our minds, in consequence of having received letters urging despatch, on account of a call which was to take place in a few days, to wait at the houses of the thannadars of the villages while our bearers took their needful rest, rather than lose the expected gratification by lingering on the road. Our servants, with whom we could have very little oral communication, on account of our ignorance of Hindoostanee, were aware of our intention, through the medium of an epistle in Persian, forwarded to the khansamah, of which he seemed not a little proud; and the sirdar, who had never shewn much activity or energy before, performed wonders in the display of his gratitude for the remarkably easy life which he had been allowed to lead. It was twelve o'clock before we reached the tent, which had been sent on, and which we found pleasantly situated near a pagoda, and where we received a visit from a respectable person, handsomely attired, who made his *salaams*, and gave us to understand that he had been directed by the district judge to afford us every accommodation in his power. After partaking of a repast, in which the grilled fowl and chicken-broth were excellent, at four o'clock, our bearers being refreshed, we went on another march, and to our surprise and pleasure, found the tent, which we had left in the morning, ready to receive us. The sirdar must have broken up his encampment the instant we left it, and have gone forward without waiting to rest upon the road. He had fortunately chosen the close vicinity of a *serai* for our night's sojourn, since the clouds, which had hitherto befriended us, had now gathered in a portentous manner, and the rain soon began to descend in heavy and continuous showers. Our people found shelter in the before-mentioned *serai*, a handsome stone quadrangle, which we had had an opportunity of reconnoitring before the rain came on, and were therefore easy upon their account. The khansamah, who shortly afterwards arrived with the second tent, could not be prevailed upon to remain, but went off again almost immediately, being determined not to be outdone by the sirdar: he must have had a weary march of it, for the night was dreadfully dark, and the waters were out all over the low grounds. Another thannadar made his appearance, and earnestly recommended us, in consequence of the state of the country, not to depart before daylight; we took his advice, and prepared to spend the intervening hours as agreeably as the circumstances would admit. Our tent was impervious to the weather, and were it otherwise, we could not get wet in our palanquins. We had been advised that no baggage would be safe which was not under the immediate charge of a sentinel. It is the custom to pile every portable article on the outside of the tent, close to the guard; but as we feared they would not be water-proof, we had our trunks brought under cover, and directed the sepoy to enter the tent, and keep watch over them there. Our faithful sirdar took up his usual post by the side of the palanquins, and a chokeydar established himself at every opening. The tent was lined with dark cloth; a single lamp shed its solitary ray over the sleepers and the guard, and as I looked out upon the strange groupe with whom I was so closely associated, the *coup d'œil* reminded me of a scene in a melodrame, representing a robber's cave. We recommenced our journey on the following morning, in the

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midst of heavy rain, and made little progress through the floods, which had considerably increased since the preceding day. Our bearers seemed much distressed, and we were glad to allow them to rest occasionally: they were not unmindful of our comfort, but, when refreshing themselves, brought milk to the palanquin-doors, which we very thankfully accepted, as we had not provided ourselves with bottles of tea. About the middle of the day, we came up to the tent, which we quitted before night, as we found that relays of bearers had been engaged to carry us on to the place of our destination, which we reached at an early hour on the following morning. An invitation awaited us to dine at four o'clock with a friend in the neighbourhood: we dressed and went, not expecting to be attended by our own servants at table, but shortly after the commencement of the meal, all the khidmutghars made their appearance, attired in their best clothes, and not evincing any marks of fatigue from the extraordinary exertions they had made. During the whole of this journey, we were strongly impressed with a feeling of gratitude and good-will towards the natives of India, who, upon all occasions, manifested an anxious desire to assure us of their respect and attachment. The highly civilized state of the country, and the courteous manners of all classes of the people, render travelling both easy and agreeable to those persons who are contented with the performance of possibilities, and who are not inclined to purchase an ill name by acts of tyranny and oppression.

In the cold season, the civilians of India often realize those exquisite dreams raised by the charming pictures of the wood of Ardennes, in Shakespeare's enchanting delineation of sylvan life. They frequently live for weeks together "under the green-wood tree," a merry groupe of foresters, not even encountering an enemy "in winter and rough weather," for the finest period of the year is chosen for the visits to remote parts of their districts, and the climate is of the most desirable temperature: clear sunny skies, attended by breezes cool enough to render woollen garments, and the cheerful blaze of a fire, essential to comfort. Upon these occasions, large parties are invited to accompany the judge, or the collector, who, while he is engaged in business at his temporary kutcherry, amuse themselves with hunting, shooting, or playing at golf. Ladies are always ready to accompany their male relatives upon these excursions; they are glad to exchange the strict formalities of some dull station for a social circle composed of picked persons, bent upon enjoying any pleasure that may offer, and anxious to meet each other every day, and all day long. Double-poled tents, thickly carpeted, and containing numerous apartments, furnish all the luxuries of a settled home in these gay *pic-nics*, which afford the best display of the grandeur and magnificence of India which the Asiatic style of living can produce. It is peculiar to the country, and could not be surpassed by a congress of princes meeting in the open field. A guard of mounted *sazeers*, a train of elephants, and studs of horses of the finest breeds, are amid the most splendid accompaniments of the gorgeous tents, which spread their light pavilions under the embowering trees. The servants are all in their richest attire, and in such vast numbers as to appear like the myriads conjured up on the green sward by the magician of some fairy tale. A youth of a vivid imagination can scarcely be persuaded that the romantic scene before him is not a fanciful creation of the brain, a dream of enchantment, from which he must awake to sad and sober reality. Notwithstanding the evidence of his senses, it is difficult to convince him of the possibility of the actual existence of so much elegance and refinement in the centre of moss-grown rocks and apparently interminable forests; he is full of doubt and wonder, now delighted with some incident of savage life,—the rousing a huge elk from his lair,—and now solacing himself with the latest importation of Parisian perfumery, or the pages of a fashionable novel. His apartment is furnished with all the luxurious appendages which modern art has invented; his breakfast consists of delicate viands, exquisitely cooked; and after a day's delightful sport, rendered still more exciting by exposure to danger, perils faced and overcome, he returns to a lighted apartment, spread with a noble banquet, and filled with a charming assembly of graceful women, with whom, for the rest of the evening, he enjoys sweet converse, or listens to still sweeter songs. The ladies have their full share of the pleasures of the sylvan scene, and the unmarried females are doubly dangerous when appearing in the shape of wood-nymphs: many a determined bachelor has surrendered his heart to the fair one who has smiled sweetly on the tiger cub snatched by his daring hand from its enraged mother, and has made so great a pet of it, that he cannot bear to part them, or to leave her with so dangerous a playmate. There is no ball room flirtation half so hazardous to bachelorhood as the attentions which gentlemen are called upon to pay in the jungles of India; and could the dowagers of a London circle contrive such a spell-working propinquity for their daughters, the grand business of their lives would be achieved without further trouble or anxiety.

The wealthy natives, in the neighbourhood of a moving kutcherry or court, anxious to pay their respects to the great man who is at the head of it, make their appearance in the encampment, with all the pomp they can muster: in former times, when presents were permitted, the ladies had shawls and pearl necklaces laid at their feet, whenever a rajah or a nawaub approached them. Those golden days are over, and the communication between natives and Europeans has sustained a shock, in consequence of the total abolition of all *nuzzurs*. The natives are unwilling to present themselves without making some offering, however trifling, which they have been accustomed to consider a necessary mark of

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respect. It is in vain they are assured that they will be as welcome as if they came loaded with gifts; they cannot be persuaded to appear empty-handed; and the poor man, who saw his little offering of fruit or vegetables graciously received, now does not like to intrude upon the presence of his superior, though perhaps it was the pride of his heart to make his weekly salaams to the *saib*.

A dangerous vicinity to the fiercer tribe of wild animals does not deter ladies from accompanying their husbands or brothers in the tour of the district: no wildernesses less dreadful than the melancholy wastes of the Sunderbunds can appal their adventurous spirits. There the solitudes are too awful, the dominion of beasts of prey too absolute, and the *malaria*, arising from unreclaimed marshes and impenetrable woods, too perilous to be encountered by any person not compelled by duty to traverse the savage scene. Attended only by a few natives, whose services are indispensable, the civilians, whose appointments lead them to spend a part of the year in this desert spot, wear out the time not devoted to business in perfect loneliness. They describe the early *réveille* of the fierce denizens of the woods, the wild cries of the birds, the deep roar of prowling beasts, and the sullen echoes from rock, ravine, and morass, as awe-inspiring, even to accustomed ears; and no splendour of scenery, no luxuriance of vegetation, can reconcile them to an abode so completely usurped by tribes inimical to man. But, in less dreary scenes, troops of gay chasseurs live merrily "under the blossom that hangs on the bough;" their pleasures are enhanced by the news that a tiger stalks in the surrounding jungle, or that the rhinoceros, or the wild buffalo, has made his lair in the long grass. Their spears and rifles make deadly havoc amid these horrid monsters; the camp at night is blazing with fires, and the cattle secured by temporary stockades. The ladies sleep securely in the tents, and the servants are safely disposed between the outer and inner kanauts, which, the walls and roofs being double, form covered passages all around. Few accidents occur, where proper precautions have been taken; a sheep is sometimes carried off, and a party locating in the Rajmahal hills, rather surprised and somewhat alarmed by the constant visits of tigers, discovered that they had pitched their camp upon the track made by these animals to the Ganges, and had, in fact, established themselves upon one of the great thoroughfares of the brute nations around.

From the Asiatic Journal.

REMINISCENCES OF AN OLD INDIAN OFFICER.

No. I.

Bob. By St George I was the first person that entered the breach; and had I not effected it, I had been slain if I had had a million of lives.

Ed. Know 'Twas a pity you had not ten, your own and a cat's. But was it possible?

Bob. I assure you (upon my reputation) 'tis true, and yourself shall confess it. BEN JONSON.

By what absurd prudery is it, that a man, who tells his stories with a graphic boldness of description, is sure to be classed with the mere vulgar artificers of fiction;—that adventures, merely because they are sketched with a flowing, gigantic outline, and reflect a few bright hues of imagination, should be considered as no better than modifications of falsehood? For my own part, I agree with Madame de Stael, that real life abounds much more with romance than we are disposed to allow.

There seems to be much narrowness in the scepticism with which such extraordinary facts are received,—and worse than narrowness—a Vandalism, a Hunnish barbarism, levelling with its clumsy catapults and battering-rams the towering and aerial architecture, that at once fills the soul of the hearer, disciplines it to lofty conceptions of the vast and sublime, and lifts it above the common-place regularities of our dull "diurnal sphere," into an orb swarming with new races of inhabitants, where miracles, so far from being exceptions to the humdrum routine of human affairs, themselves constitute the general rule, to which every-day occurrences and common probabilities are the exceptions.

I shall never forget old Colonel T——, of the Honourable Company's service, and with how greedy an ear, with what a delight steeped in horror, a curiosity skirted with affright, I used to follow him through his long, tortuous details of the chances that befell him in his protracted military career. I had then but recently arrived in India, and being young, was naturally more interested in the stirring events and resolving vicissitudes related by that most pleasing of autobiographers—the long windings of his stories that now obscure and dubious, now suddenly emerging into sunshine, constituted the greater part of his adventures. Related, as they never failed to be, with the most picturesque fidelity, they kept me in constant vibration between hope and fear; sometimes making me tremble with a strange inconsistency, lest the tiger, with whom he was in actual conflict for two hours by his watch (one of Barraud's best chronometers), or the gulph of 800 feet and a few inches in perpendicular descent, to which he had spurred forwards his horse, in order to get at a detachment of the enemy by a shorter cut, should swallow him up, and snap asunder the yarn of his narrative. I mention this merely to shew the power of the historian; for it is what I actually felt even whilst I saw and heard him.

This extraordinary being had lived a life of sieges. The trenches, the "imminent deadly breach," the scarp and counterscarp, were the cradles that rocked his early love of military achievement:—the smoke of the field-pieces, the fumes of bursting stink-pots, and tumbrils taking fire;—the miasma of ditches dense with alligators, many of whom, dying with affright from the turmoil and uproar of the same, rendered the air still more putrid—all this was the atmosphere to which his organs were most familiar.

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In every respect, he seemed a man destined to the strange out-of-the-way occurrences, that cut so remarkable a figure in the morsels of biography with which he was accustomed to treat us. He lived in a good house, when I first knew him, in the neighbourhood of Chepauk, and was very hospitable, except in the article of wine: his claret and Madeira being of second-rate qualities, but his guests forgot that his wines were sour, whilst they listened to his adventures.

Colonel T——, in figure, was much below the ordinary stature, and though by no means slender, there was in his corpulence that which contradicted the notion of his being fat. The most remarkable, for it was the most engrossing, part of that figure, was his head, which, being enormously disproportioned to the rest of his person, gave him the shape of a turbot, of which the rhomboid was not interrupted by any thing resembling a neck; so that hardly any portion of his form stood out from the general context of the body, if I may be permitted such an expression. On the projecting promontory of a nose, to which bivouacking in the dry-land winds of the night, or reposing with his face upwards under a vertical sun in the day, had imparted a portentous redness, glared a huge carbuncle, around which, like the planets in a motionless orrery, were ranged, as if doing it homage, all the minor pimples of his countenance; or rather, like the sheristadars, duftadars, jemmidars, and chubdars, ranged round the nabob of Oude seated in his durbar. His eyes were small and greyish, and pierced apparently in an after-thought, nature having overlooked them in her original design; but they seemed to gleam with wonder at his escapes by flood and field, as they were reminded of the ten thousand shapes in which danger and death had flitted before them.

Such was my worthy friend Colonel T——, of the Honourable Company's service; and with so pleasing a fascination did his strange adventures beguile my attention, that I abjured the sight of the cold-blooded sceptics, male or female, who turned their noses up at his details, or threw their faces into affected distortions, as if there was something too hard to swallow, or hoisted on their idiotic features the customary signals, by which persons of no imagination denote their incredulity.

The colonel, after the manner of many other old officers in the Company's service, so long as he was in command, never failed, at the conclusion of an awakening accident, to call in the redundant testimony of his aide-de-camp: a most superfluous precaution, as I felt it to be, for his recitals, even when they snatched a grace or two beyond the reach of truth, were so entertaining, that even if they had not been true, they at least ought to have been so. Still, however, from a laudable wish to make out the case, as the lawyers say, he did occasionally make the appeal, which, being always affirmatively answered, became "confirmation strong as Holy Writ."

Never, then, was I more displeased with any living creature, than I was with that very aide-de-camp, who, for nearly two years, had gone on indorsing in blank so many of the colonel's stories, one after the other, but who, a short time after the colonel had resigned his command, being appealed to as usual,—after a pretty long description of a most disastrous march, and a most miraculous redemption of sixteen field-pieces that, in the heat of a pursuit, had stuck fast in a ravine upon the Pullitacherry ghauts, and were instantly surrounded by a stout body of Tippoo's horse,—actually deserted his comanding officer at his utmost need, by refusing to vouch for the transaction. "It seems an extraordinary escape," said the simple-hearted colonel, as he finished his relation, "but it's quite true—and Captain Simmer—there—was my aide-de-camp at the time, and will tell you the same. Captain Simmer, you remember it well, don't you?—"

"I beg pardon, colonel," replied the captain; "I am not your aide-de-camp *now*, and don't recollect a word about it." As if the coxcomb,—who, whilst he was eating the colonel's rice, and doing the honours of his board, had become the subscribing witness to matters much more surprising,—might not, out of pure good nature, have continued to render him the same trifling service. In truth, I found afterwards no reason to regret the circumstance; for from this time, my friend the colonel went on much the better from having no aide-de-camp to appeal to. He had a wider range of memory to wander over; and having nothing to fear from being deserted by his witness at a pinch, condescended no more to prop up his relations by such contemptible buttresses, but on the contrary reared them into the air with a towering magnificence of structure, that frowned like the bastions of a hill-fort on the puny intellects that doubted or distrusted him. It was wonderful, the incubus of which the mutinous reply of Captain Simmer relieved him; for it may be as well to observe that Captain Simmer was a King's officer, and naturally disposed to an envious incredulity of the achievements of the Company's army. My friend was now, therefore, infinitely more at his ease;—a Cæsar without a Marc Anthony to rebuke him; or rather like the horse in Homer, unyoked from the chariot, and gamboling and frisking over fresh pastures, without check or restraint.

And it has always struck me, if at any time I have used the privilege of an old Indian,—as I have occasionally done at the tea-table of a maiden aunt, who sometimes invited a small and select set to hear what I had to tell of that miraculous country, and when I have begun with some modest incident, fabulous indeed with regard to the rest of the earth, but natural and probable in India, it seemed to put the tea-cups and saucers into commotion, as if a thunder-cloud had burst on them;—I repeat, it has always struck me, as the height of absurdity to apply the rule and compass of common facts to a story of which the scene is laid there. Yet I related only matters of the stalest notoriety; of persons,

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for instance, who swallowed swords; of cobra di capellas that danced waltzes and quadrilles; and I told her that in India there were millions of human beings, who never in their lives drank any thing stronger than water. She received them all indeed politely, yet with an incredulous stare; but as to the water-drinkers, she frankly declared, it could not be true—it was impossible; there might be a few, but so many fools could never exist together in the same country and at the same time. Probably she was the more sceptical, as she loved from her heart an occasional glass of *eau de vie*, provided as it was of a good quality.

For India, perhaps Asia in general, is the seat of the most stupendous images and gigantic associations, that can fill the mind. It has been in all ages the theatre of what is vast or surprising in the history of the species; the cradle in which its infancy was nursed, and a country so teeming with life and population, that northern Europe, which has been called the *officina gentium*, is a mere costermonger's stall in the comparison. Every thing in India refuses to accommodate itself to the narrowness of European conceptions. The illimitable antiquity of its institutions; the faint and shadowy lines in which its history fades into its mythology; the mystic division of caste, like rivers coeval with the Indus and the Ganges, and flowing like them for ever apart; the awful and giddy pile of its chronology, hiding its head in the darkest mists of time; the beasts of prey, at whose roar the primeval forests tremble; elephants, on whose back battalions ride to combat; its serpents of immeasurable coil; its banian trees, each of them a forest;—all present to us the wildest exaggerations of nature, and discourse of the great and the infinite in a language intelligible to man. This taste for the vast and unbounded is better cultivated in India than any other part of the world, and I advise those who have a dull and uninteresting method of telling their facts, to travel thither and improve it.

For myself, I perceived the taste ripening within me, in the same ratio as I acquired the habit of believing the improbable, or rather the ἀναβμον, as the Greeks call it, of the old colonel's adventures. Nothing is so dull in general as military operations; but his campaigns were fruitful of the wildest combinations of fortune, and even in times of peace, his life abounded with episodes, of a less stirring character indeed, but equally strange and interesting.

One evening, a small party of us were sitting at his hospitable table. The bottle went languidly round, for, to speak the truth, his claret was unusually acrid, and the Madeira yielded no refuge, for if possible it was worse. But he soon drew our attention from so insignificant a circumstance, and began thus:—

"A mutiny broke out amongst the sepoys of a battalion I commanded at Trichinopoly,—the 2d battalion of the 5th regiment of native infantry." These particulars he never neglected,—they were fascines and gabions, as it were, to protect the cavities of his story. "There were few officers on duty with us, except three lieutenants, an ensign or two, and Captain Fire-worker Fondlepan, commanding a small corps of artillery at the same station. What was to be done? It was a critical exigency, and no time was to be lost. I had no one to consult with, for my juniors were mere boys, and when the time for decisive action came, I found Captain Fire-worker Fondlepan, who was a great epicure, standing over his mulligatawney, which was then on the fire. To have got him away from his stewpan would have been as hopeless as to remove a projector from his pots at the moment of projection. I was determined, however, to quell the mutiny at the hazard of my life. The chief cause of the discontent was a strong suspicion that the English were bent upon extirpating the Hindoo religion and establishing their own in its stead. I resolved, therefore, to remove the suspicion, taking it for granted that the sepoys, as soon as that was done, would return to their duty.

"Now, as good luck would have it, that very day was the grand festival of Jaggernaut, the day on which the immense car of the god is wheeled about, and thousands of his devotees rush to throw themselves down before it for the honour of being crushed into atoms as it passes over them. Now I well knew that what had principally given birth to the dissatisfaction of the sepoys was the sneering irreverent way in which English officers were accustomed to speak of that ceremony, calling those, who tried all they could to be killed on that occasion, so many fools and asses for their pains.

"What do you think, I did? You will swear it is incredible—but it is all true, and you may swear till you are black in your faces.

"Extraordinary evils require extraordinary remedies. I heard the rumbling of the dreadful chariot, and the roar and shouts of the myriads that thronged around it. I was prepared: for I marched up towards it at the head of my regiment, colours flying, drums beating. There was something truly terrific in the noise of that mighty machine. It was like mount Atlas moving upon wheels. At length it approached the place where I stood.

"'Make way!' said I, in four several languages, Hindostannee, Canarese, Tamul, Malaya, lum; 'make way! I will shew you all, that, though the English are attached to their own faith, they respect yours also, and venerate its mysteries.'

"So saying, I threw myself beneath the forewheel on the left side of the ponderous engine. At the same instant, loud murmurs of applause sounded in my ears like the rushing of many waters. It was a terrible moment. The chariot, indeed, did not do me much injury, for luckily my gorget gave way at the instant the forewheel

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passed over me, and by slipping on one side, turned the wheel also into another direction;—but the myriads of blockheads that ran over me, each eager to be crushed to death in honour of the god, were too much for endurance. Never can I forget the innumerable hoofs, some bare, some sandalled, that kneaded me that morning almost into clay.

"You will ask what supported me on this trying occasion?—The gratifying conscience, that I was saving the Company's dominions; for if that mutiny had not been quelled, there would have been a general insurrection of the native troops, through the whole peninsula. Besides, what is life to a brave man? I had eaten the Company's salt from my youth upwards. How then could I hesitate? It is inconceivable how these feelings kept up my spirits, whilst I lay motionless beneath the immense avalanches of human flesh, that came tumbling in succession over me. But—you would not think it—well, think as you like, but it is true every word of it,—I derived considerable encouragement from a circumstance, that seems a trifling one:—it was however a good omen, and I made the most of it.

"Every body knows the veneration cherished by the Hindoos for their monkeys. They lead a life of ease and indolence amongst the trees that surround the great pagoda of Trichinopoly, and to injure or destroy them is an inexpiable profanation. The spot I occupied, whilst my carcase was officiating as a trottoir to so many thousands of human beings, faced that celebrated pagoda, on the south-west angle. I omitted telling you that I had taken especial caution to hide my face, as well as I could, by keeping my right elbow over it, but in a position that enabled me to see from under it almost every thing that was going on. Amongst other things, I noticed in particular a brahminy monkey, who, from one of the projecting friezes of the temple, was looking down upon the bustling scene below, perhaps all the while laughing at it in his sleeve. He was in all respects an interesting personage, and calculated to inspire the respect due to age and experience. His long grey beard descended almost to his middle, and his cheeks were channelled as if by deep thought and meditation.

"Now it may seem odd,—but I'll be hanged, for all that, if it is not true, every word of it,—whenever I caught a glimpse of his countenance, it was lighted up with a peculiar smile of complacency; nay, he nodded to me with a look of approbation it was impossible to misinterpret. It seemed to tell me to be of good heart,—and once as I was endeavouring to shift myself a little on one side, he frowned when he saw what I was doing, and chattered loudly as if to desire me to lie still. Luckily, I took his hint. Had I changed my position I should have been trodden into powder, and there would have been no memorial of me but what a shovel might have swept up in the evening."

When the colonel had concluded his story, we all felt that he was drawing at a most prodigious rate on our credulity. I was unwilling, however, to express a single doubt, for I had arrived in India with a strong impression, that it was the theatre of extraordinary occurrences. The rest of the company consisted of two lieutenants, an ensign, and a cadet, new to the service, and they, not feeling quite assured to express disbelief of a superior officer's stories would not bring them within the articles of war, stared to the utmost stretch of their eyes, and said nothing.

It was plain that he perceived these symtoms of doubt. "Ah," said he, "you don't believe that I could have escaped death from the pressure of so many people. And it is extraordinary. But don't be in a hurry, and you'll find nothing incredible in it.

"I have always found an advantage," he continued, "in considering things philosophically.

"And what is philosophy but the application of those general rules of human action, which, being stored up by experience, are brought into use by accident or occasion? Often had I reflected on the superstitions of Hindostan. I knew that they supplied artificial maxims of conduct that ran counter to the genuine impulses of humanity. But I said to myself—granted, that there will be *many individuals* who, in the delirium of a false religion, will voluntarily rush upon martyrdom; yet it is contrary to sound philosophy, that *thousands* should concur, at the same moment, in one act of suicide.

"I always debate, however, such questions with an impartial attention to all that can be said on both sides;—and the European crusades of the tenth and eleventh centuries, when the pillars of the earth trembled under the feet of millions who never returned, stared my hypothesis in the face. 'Pshaw!' said I, 'that goes for nothing. Had they been all sure of perishing, there would have been no crusaders.' So I drew this conclusion—that though it was considered by the Hindoos as highly meritorious to throw themselves beneath the chariot of Jaggernaut, yet they all calculated upon escaping destruction.

"There was a devilish clever fellow of a pundit, who often visited me. He was ripely learned in the religion of his country, and while he conformed outwardly to its rites, he had too much acuteness not to see through its impostures. I took care, therefore, before I made up my mind to this hazardous experiment, to consult him confidently upon it.

"'Ramochund Roy,' said I, 'to-day is the holy procession of Jaggernaut."—"It is," said he, with a graceful salaam. 'And thousands upon thousands will strive for the privilege of being crushed to death beneath the chariot.'—"Undoubtedly," he replied, gravely; "they will thus get into paradise three millions of years before they would arrive there in the ordinary course of things. Besides that, they are by this means sure, in the next stage of their being, not to inhabit the bodies of obscene animals or beasts of prey, which to a Hindoo is very unpleasant.'

"'These are strong inducements,' I said. 'But

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my friend, Ramochund Roy, of those who throw themselves beneath the car, a few only can be killed. And are all the disappointed candidates for the same honour, who display an equal spirit of devotion and courage, to be exempted from the high rewards you speak of?' He paused—eyed me with a glance that half said, 'master has found out the secret,'—and said—'No. That makes no difference. Vishnu looks on actual death and the willingness to die, in his service, with equal approbation. And hence it is so many escape destruction.' As he said this, I observed a smile on his lips.

'"How is that?" said I to Ramochund Roy,' as if I had caught him. But he could not escape the horns of my dilemma. So he gave it up;—and looking round to see that no one was within hearing, unfolded a shawl that girded his loins, and drew from its folds something like a breast-plate, of an elastic substance resembling Indian rubber, but hard as adamant, and so light and portable, that it could easily be concealed under the exterior of the dress.

"It was the thing I wished for. I then revealed the experiment I contemplated 'to save his mother:' for the Hindoos in English pay look upon the company as their mamma. He assisted me in putting on the thorax, which he said was a secret known only to the brahmins, and assured me that, under its protection, the whole population of India might pass over me without injury. 'But halloa,' said I—for the chariot was fast approaching—'this will protect one part only of my person—other parts more vulnerable'—'Don't be alarmed,' he said, 'it will stretch at the rate of one-quarter of an inch for every hundredth person that goes over you, till it completely covers you.'"

Here the colonel looked at us, to observe whether our incredulity was cured. We testified our unanimous belief. "But," said I, "seeing what an unspeakable benefit you have rendered your country, you are of course in the enjoyment of a splendid pension for your gallantry in that astonishing affair?"—"Not at all," he replied. "True, I saved the British empire in India, and prevented the cutting of ten thousand British throats; counting ladies and all, we may say fifteen thousand. What of that? I had no interest at the presidency, or, as Major O' Neal of our regiment used to say, all the interest I had there was against me. For, the last time I was at Madras, whilst I was one morning paying my respects to the governor, his lady coming suddenly into the room, I moved somewhat too hastily towards her, and trod upon her ladyship's foot. Now I have it from good authority, that her ladyship the governess never forgot it. So I was at that time in bad odour at head-quarters. Yet they could not help taking some notice of my having saved India; so they voted me forty rupees a month in addition to my pay: scarcely half a pice for every foot that trod upon me in their service.

"But what will you think," continued the colonel, "when you hear that, as soon as it got wind in England that I had received a pension for what I did on that occasion, such a hubbub ensued, that a Court of Proprietors was instantly summoned, at which one of their orators made a long speech, enlarging upon the cruelty of the suttee, for the first hour or two; then upon the horrid abomination of Jaggernaut, accusing the Directors point-blank of conniving at, because they had imposed a heavy tax upon, the ceremony. At last he came to me and my bit of a pension.

"'Nay more,' said he; 'a British officer of great talents and high rank, and commanding at the station in sight of the pagoda whence the car proceeds on its infernal round,—I mean Colonel T——; this officer, because forsooth a mutiny had broke out among the native troops, on the alleged ground that the English were meditating the subversion of the Hindoo religion; this officer, I repeat, instead of exerting his influence, as became him, to show them the folly and heathenism of their execrable rights, gave them his express sanction, by casting himself under the wheels of the chariot. But it is said, he saved our Indian empire. What of that? An empire is dearly bought at the price of an acquiescence in superstitions that disgrace our nature. I go further: for this Colonel T——, who ought to have been dismissed the service, has been rewarded out of the Company's treasury by a most prodigal grant specifically for that day's exploit.' The orator, after speaking five hours by the Company's clock, sat down; but (such is the power of eloquence over the body to which he belonged) succeeded in carrying a vote of censure against the Directors and the Madras government. The consequence was, that, in their next despatches, there was a paragraph roundly rating the local government for their misapplication of the public treasure, and stopping my forty rupees a month for ever."

We expressed our thanks for the interesting adventures which our friend related to us, and, our palanquins being at the door, took our leave.

"Pooh," said he, "this is nothing. Promise to dine with me next Sunday, and you shall hear something more surprising." We did not require much persuasion, and gave our promise without hesitation.

From the Same.

REMINISCENCES OF AN OLD INDIAN OFFICER.

No. II.

When we next met at the hospitable table of our friend, the colonel, we found him not a little depressed; and began to be apprehensive that the state of his spirits would be inauspicious to the usual flow of his after-dinner narrations. The fact is, he had dined a day or two before with a member of council, at whose table he met two or three of those coxcombs, who glory in dissi-

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aipating the enchantment of an Anglo-Asiatic adventure, by finding the cracks and flaws of a story, and hunting out petty discrepancies and trivial incongruities: like the critics, who turn up their noses at Shakspeare, when he disdains to be fettered with the shabby unities of time and place. These blockheads, it seems, were young civilians, fresh from the matter-of-fact land of their birth, whose minds a long residence in India had not yet enlarged to the dimensions of the various prodigies, which are of almost daily occurrence in that country. Accordingly, after the colonel had treated them with one of the most amusing incidents he could pick out of his wallet, which, I need not say, was always well stuffed with singular and awakening facts, they shrugged their shoulders, tossed their heads, and exhibited the most obtrusive symbols of that unpolished incredulity, which had justly given him so much offence.

In the party assembled at the colonel's table there chanced to be a barrister of the Supreme Court, a well-informed man and polished in his manners, who endeavoured, by giving a pleasing turn to the conversation, to bring our good friend back to his wonted track of narrative, from which the impertinence he had lately experienced had nearly turned him aside. "It seems to me," said the barrister, "the most unequivocal symptom of a narrow intellect, to throw discredit upon any specific occurence, merely because it rises above the level of every-day experience; nor is anything more provoking than the foolish exclamations, on such occasions—how improbable! how incredible! as if 'improbable' and 'incredible' were convertible words; whereas that which seems improbable is not incredible, and that which seems incredible is by no means improbable. It is a mere logomachy, considered apart from false association.

"And do imagine, if you can, a mode of existence from which every thing improbable and incredible is excluded. What, in such a state of things, would become of the most active undying principle of our being,—curiosity? Gone; gasping for breath like the mouse in the philosopher's air-pump, when the receiver is exhausted. Figure to yourself the dead, cheerless void, the torpid, exanimate stupidity of such a world! The bare imagination of it comes over one with a sensation like that we experienced during the hot nights we have had lately;—an atmosphere so heavy, stagnant, and motionless, that it seemed as if the winds of heaven had sighed away their last breath.

"I go further. Blot out what you call the incredible and the improbable from real history; prune your ancient or modern records of every shoot and excrescence that strays beyond what you can easily believe or readily admit; what a miserable balance-sheet would the history of the world appear! what a paltry sum of insignificant items, when all the dignity of its agents, all that is dramatic in its transitions, or stirring and ennobling in its lessons, is struck out! I am not speaking of mere fables," continued the barrister; "of roaring, rampant prodigies,—the '*quicquid Græcia mendax*;' nay, I will give you up Mount Athos and the fleet that sailed through it,—though I believe Herodotus to be most shamefully slandered in this respect;—but, in the name of authentic history, I ask, what is to become of the whole catalogue of daring adventures, rank and file,

From Macedonia's madman to the Swede;

in a word, all the romance of history, which is the most credible part of it after all—the Corinthian capitals that crown it, the immortal friezes that stand out in such exquisite relief from its surface?

"And on the existing world, this most remorseless ostracism of incredible facts would be still more deadening in its effects than on the retrospective. You must have a new language. Every sentence must be decimated of its epithets; and as for the delightful gabble of the sex, when every adjective that glides from their lips is mulcted of its superlative, and every phrase implying intensity of feeling or thought is forbidden them—what a deathblow, I say, to that interesting gossip, which so well becomes them when they play the part of historians; those graceful tendrils of imagery and fancy, that twine round our hearts as we listen to their narrations! One sickens at the thought.

"But I go still further. I assert that the region of fact, strict literal fact, is commensurate with that of romance. Their territories are so curiously indented into each other that it is scarcely practicable to discriminate their exact boundaries. Examine the facts which constitute the daily questions that arise in courts of law. Facts that are enough to make you turn pale with astonishment, and to keep you so for the rest of your natural life, revolve there in a ceaseless circle; miracles are there solemnly attested beyond the reach of scepticism; the wildest anomalies are brought into juxta-position—the most jarring contradictions reconciled. A court of law is a stage, as it were, on which Fate herself is a mountebank, displaying all sorts of buffooneries to amuse, all sorts of juggling to perplex us;—a carnival of the strangest follies and the most incredible crimes. Are you conversant with that most amusing of all French books—the *Causes Célabres*? It is a collection of adjudged cases in the old provincial courts of France, carried by appeal to the provincial parliaments, sifted, analyzed, debated by minds trained to doubt, magnifying hairs into stone-walls, turning over every thing, first on one side, then on the other, with the keen inquisition of a watchmaker examining the wheels of a chronometer.

"And my own little experience in the Supreme Court of this presidency would be enough to furnish cases of so extraordinary a kind, involving delicate questions of testimony,—that testimony hanging together by so curious a contexture—so whimsical a joinery—you would sup-

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pose they had been strung together expressly for the Minerva press. Allow me to say, moreover, that nature is a more skilful artist than imagination. She pieces her work without seam or suture; she never overreaches herself, as fiction is apt to do, by stretching her arm too far. All, in her operations, is striking without absurdity, miraculous without exaggeration. I would, therefore, exhort the puppies, who laugh at the colonel's surprising adventures, merely because they transcend the circle of their own limited conceptions, to ponder a little upon some matter of fact, that will give their credulity a much rougher exercise; yet, resting upon the assured testimony of living witness, and upon circumstances which cannot err. And perhaps you will permit me to mention one, the first that comes into my recollection.

"It was one of the earliest briefs I ever held," said the barrister. "The cause was tried before three clever judges, and it made each particular hair of their head so to bestir itself, as to endanger the balance of their law-wigs. Indeed, the junior judge had just arrived from England with a new wig; but unfortunately it had feasted a convocation of cockroaches on the voyage, and there was a wide aperture on each side, through which his ear projected; and it was amusing to observe them becoming every minute more and more erect as the details of the case increased in interest.

"James Murdoch and William Nichol, privates in the Madras European regiment, were indicted for the murder of one Hawley, a serjeant in that regiment. The cantonments of Arcot, where the murder was committed, consists, as the colonel well knows, of a line of neat bungalows for the officers, at some distance from the barracks. Beyond the lines, and much behind the barracks, there are one or two huts, at a straggling pace from each other, where arrack, toddy, and other poisons are licensed to be vended, the sum paid for the license going into some pocket ready to receive it, as a perquisite for winking at the abuse. One evening, a party had stolen out, after gun-fire, to one of these dens of drunkenness, kept by a man and woman, neither of them bearing the best of characters. Their names were Alexander and Mary Britton. Their three guests, Murdoch, Nichol, and Serjeant Hawley, becoming by degrees maddened with a liquor remarkable for producing that effect without the intermediate one of inebriation, a quarrel took place, according to the statement of Britton and his wife, between the two privates and the serjeant, and afterwards an affray, which terminated in bloodshed; Hawley having fallen, in consequence of severe blows given him by Murdoch and Nichol, one of whom mortally wounded him with a bayonet.

"Such a scene, though accompanied with the noisy wrangling which is the usual prelude to blows, was too distant from the cantonments to attract observation. A sentinel, indeed, heard something like a shriek, but as the festivities of the place were generally drunken ones, noises above the ordinary pitch were neither unusual nor appalling circumstances. The serjeant was, of course, missed, and inquiries made for him in every direction.

"Before, however, any suspicions were directed to the hut, Britton and his wife appeared before the commanding officer, to whom they made the following statement. They were well acquainted with Hawley, who frequently came to their *boutique*, as well as with the two privates. All three came there on the preceding night, and after drinking rather freely, a violent dispute took place between Nichol and Hawley, arising from some jealous feelings entertained by the former as to certain attentions the serjeant was supposed to have paid his wife. Murdoch entered into the quarrel, having been aggrieved by some strokes of a rattan the serjeant had given him upon parade. In a short time after the commencement of the dispute, the two privates rushed upon Hawley, and Nichol, seizing a bayonet which had fallen on the ground on the scuffle, inflicted a mortal wound upon the serjeant, who died immediately without a groan.

"Being asked, why they made no effort to separate them during the struggle, or to give the alarm at the barracks, they declared they had made the strongest efforts with that intent, but that the two men being muscular and strong, and they themselves in a weak state of health, they were easily overpowered, and were subsequently afraid to leave the hut, inasmuch as Nichol, having armed himself with a horse-pistol loaded with slugs, which hung up in the hut as a protection from the Looties (a wandering tribe, some of whom constantly hovered about Arcot and the adjacent places), threatened them with instant death if they attempted to stir, and, moreover, forced them by intimidation to assist Murdoch in removing the body of the deceased to a small enclosure at the back of the hut, where they found a piece of tent-cloth, with which they covered it. They then went away, with the most horrid imprecations, and menacing them with immediate destruction if they dared to leave the hut; telling them also they would return in a short time to bury the body. On this information, Murdoch and Nichol were ordered to the guard-room, and the commandant, with the magistrate of the district, who happened to be then on a visit within the cantonment, proceeded back to the hut with the man and his wife.

"On entering it, they observed blood upon the floor, but much of it appeared to have been absorbed during the night; and proceeding to the back of the hut, where the witnesses described the body to have been left beneath a covering of tent cloth, they lifted up the cloth but the body was not under it. They looked minutely about the premises, but could not discover it. The cloth, indeed, was bloody in many places; but the surgeon, who took a part in the investigation, expressed surprise that there was no appearance of coagulated blood, which usually follows from a stab inflicted by a sharp instrument. But the most striking circumstance was the absence of the body itself. The witnesses testified surprise

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at this incident. Only one mode of accounting for it presented itself—that of the deceased having been carried off by the Looties, for the sake of his dress or any valuable article he might have upon his person; and this was the more probable, as the serjeant had a gold watch in his pocket at the time of the scuffle, and nothing of the kind had been found upon either of the prisoners. Being asked, why they did not secure his watch after his death, they replied that, in their alarm and distraction, they had not taken the precaution. In answer to a question, why they gave information at so late an hour, they said they were afraid of being killed by the prisoners, and dared not leave the place till eight o'clock the next morning.

"There were some singular things observable in their statements, but they adhered to them, at least in their general outline, with little or no variation. On the other hand, from the first to the last, Murdoch and Nichol denied the crime imputed to them. They acknowledged, indeed, that feeling anxious to get the serjeant out of the hut, knowing he had valuable property on his person, a gold watch in his fob, and a bag of 100 pagodas concealed in his dress, of which he had boasted in the course of the evening, they endeavoured to pull him forcibly away; but, having obstinately resisted for some time, he sunk down at last in a drunken stupor, in which state they left him to the care of the man and woman. They supposed it to have been about ten o'clock when they left the hut and returned to the barracks.

"It was a nice point:—for, the *corpus delicti* not being proved, it did not unequivocally appear that a murder had been committed. This defect, however, was supplied by the positive assertion of Britton and his wife, that they had seen the serjeant die, and that when the body was removed life was quite extinct. The hypothesis, therefore, of its abstraction by the Looties, was acquiesced in, as being the least improbable.

"The death of the serjeant, by the hands of Nichol and Murdoch, being thus sworn to, the prisoners were sent under a guard to Madras, to take their trial before the Supreme Court. They arrived there two days only before the sessions; but, prior to their final commitment to the gaol, they were confined, under the same guard which had brought them to the presidency, in a small arched room, beneath the ramparts of Fort St. George, which was occasionally used as a Company's godown. A strongly-barred window towards the sea was the only opening by which it was ventilated. The nights being sultry, the prisoners placed themselves as near the window as they could. Hence, in addition to the guard at the door opening into the fort-square, another had been stationed under the window looking to the sea. The sentinel, who did duty there, paced backwards and forwards on a kind of terrace formed by the stones piled up as a breakwater, to protect the fort from the incursions of the sea, which for many years had gained considerably upon it.

"It was about the hour of midnight; the same corporal who had brought the prisoners to Madras was on duty below the window of the room in which the prisoners were confined. He was nearly twenty feet beneath that window. The moon shone bright, but mistily. The corporal was much respected by his officers for steadiness and sobriety, and his courage had been tried on too many occasions to be questioned. Well!—about twelve o'clock—indeed, St. Mary's clock had not finished striking; it was an old weather-beaten storm-cradled clock, and always took time to tell its story; in this instance, it struck at longer intervals than usual, for I myself slept only three or four yards from it that night;—but the clock had not quite finished, when Corporal Hutchinson distinctly perceived a darkish body of vapour, which gradually increased in size, advancing through the surf. Suddenly, the vapour disappeared, and within two muskets' length marched Serjeant Hawley, in the regimentals,—red with yellow facings,—of the Madras European regiment. His head was bandaged, and the cloth which bound it bloody; it was apparently yet bleeding. The serjeant slowly advanced towards the sentinel.

"The corporal (as he told the story) felt at first a little nervous, it being a thing he had been never used to; but, knowing that no evil spirit could harm a good Christian, he tried to recollect the Lord's Prayer, but failing in that, succeeded in repeating a part of the Creed, when the serjeant came still closer to him, and told him not to be alarmed.

"'And can it be you, Serjeant Hawley?' demanded the corporal.

"'The same,' answered the serjeant. 'I belonged to your own company, George Hutchinson.'

"'You did so,' said the other. 'But what brings you back from the dead? And did these poor lads murder you?'

"'That's the business I am come about,' said the serjeant. "The lads are as innocent as babes unborn. The man and woman belonging to the hut murdered me half an hour after the poor fellows had gone home to their barracks. They then robbed me of my watch, and hid it in the winch-pillow of their cot, where I have no doubt it is now. They could not get at my pagodas, which were quilted in my cape; so I nabbed them there,' said he, with the same knowing wink (according to the corporal's story) he used to make when he was living.

"'But are you come from the dead?' asked the corporal.

"'Ask me no questions about that, George Hutchinson,' rejoined the serjeant. 'Only mind this,—that Jem Murdock and Bill Nichol are innocent. Lose no time, and get the saddle put upon the right horse.' So saying, Serjeant Hawthy marched slowly away towards the beach. A

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black vapour again rose over the surf, but he was visible no longer.

"'This is a pretty kettle of fish,' said the corporal; but although the two prisoners were at the window, and perhaps saw and heard all that passed, he knew his duty when on guard too well to exchange a word with either of them. Nor did he mention a syllable of what had happened till he reported it to the town-major the following morning.

"'How strange!" said the town-major.

"'It's quite true, for all that,' said Corporal Hutchinson.

"'But why,' said the town-major, 'why did you not detain him as a deserter?'

"'Detain a ghost for deserting!' exclaimed the corporal. 'No, that can never be. It can't be so in the Articles of War, your honour.'

"It was of no use debating the point with the corporal, who backed by the Articles of War, would not flinch from his argument. It is quite clear, then, thought the town-major, that the fellow, perhaps half asleep and half awake, saw and heard something that seemed to bear the semblance of the serjeant. Satisfied with his own hypothesis, the town-major thought no more about the matter.

"Early on the same morning, the prisoners were visited by a soldier, who carried them their breakfasts. He found them in the greatest consternation, and they positively assured him they had seen Hawley that night distinctly, and heard him conversing with the corporal, though by reason of the height of the window above the terrace, and the roaring of the surf, they could hear only the sound of voices, but could not distinguish what they talked about. The same story they repeated to the magistrates, by whom they were committed for trial; to the constable who conducted them to the prison in the Black Town; and to the gaoler, old Tom Eglan, when they arrived there. In the meanwhile, the bill of indictment was sent before the grand jury, and, on the oaths of Britton and his wife, returned 'a true bill;' those witnesses having adhered steadily to their original statement.

"The matter was much discussed, and, though the ghost-story was but slightly credited, some degree of sympathy began to be felt for the prisoners, especially as the man and woman were persons of notoriously bad characters. A small subscription having been set on foot to enable them to employ counsel, an attorney was sent into the prison to take down the heads of their defence. The men told him the same story they had told all along;—that observing Serjeant Hawley to be in a stupified state from drinking, and knowing he had property about him, they endeavoured to get him home; but finding him intractable, had left him in the care of Britton and his wife. They further assured him, with a solemnity of manners attesting at least the sincerity of their belief, that they had seen the serjeant with his head bandaged, but in other respects looking as usual; that they had neither seen nor conversed with Corporal Hutchinson on the subject, and that the reason of their watching so late at the window was the extreme closeness of the apartment in which they were shut up, and the musquitoes which prevented them from sleeping.

"'I'll see the corporal myself,' said the attorney, who was young in the profession, and starving for want of business. 'I may hammer a good defence out of this, and I'll retain ——, who is a shrewd fellow at cross-examination.' But I must suppress the compliment," said the barrister, "which he was pleased to pay your humble servant, and proceed with my story.

"In a short time the corporal was closeted with the attorney at his office. Hutchinson repeated the statement he had made to the town-major, but with one accessory circumstance, which he had then omitted. It was this: that when the serjeant's ghost first spoke to him, the corporal thought it smelt a little of brandy, as if it had just taken a dram. It did not, however, seem probable enough to be mentioned to the town-major, but he had since called it to mind, and the longer he thought about it the more he was convinced that his senses did not deceive him. The attorney came to one of these conclusions; either that the serjeant was still living, which was fortified by the smell which the corporal had perceived whilst he conversed with his ghost; or, that if murdered, he had been murdered by Britton and his wife, and that the corporal and the prisoners had been egregiously duped by their imaginations in regard to his re-appearance. 'Yet,' said the attorney, 'the watch in the winch-pillow! At any rate, it will be a case of robbery against the man and woman, even if the serjeant turns up, sufficient to discredit their evidence against these poor fellows. So, don't let us forget the watch.'

"And he did not forget it; for he sent off instantly relays of bearers to each of the three choultries between Madras and Arcot; and, having instructed me to move the court to put off the trial till the last day of the sessions, proceeded with the greatest expedition to that station, where he arrived late in the evening. Early the next morning, the magistrate with his peons attended him to the hut, the door of which they burst open. The winch-pillow was searched,—*and the watch found!* 'The ghost's word for a thousand pounds!" exclaimed the attorney; and having taken the precaution to subpœna the magistrate, he returned to the presidency.

"It was a singular case, and the defence was equally singular. It was threefold:—first, that the prisoners had not committed the murder; secondly, that it was committed by Britton and his wife; thirdly, that no murder had been committed at all, the serjeant being still living. In the meanwhile, the minutest search was made for Hawley,—in the Black Town, Vepery, Chepauk, and every suburbau hole and corner around Madras. Constables and peons dragged every punch-house; nay, the ships lying in the roads were searched, with the exception of H. M. ship

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Bellerophon, which fired a swivel at Tom Eglan's party, headed by himself, just as they were under her quarter, and preparing to go on board. 'Let *Bill Ruffian* alone,' said Tom, and wisely hauled off.

"In spite, however, of these perquisitions, Serjeant Hawley was not to be found; and the prisoners were put on their trial. I took care that the two witnesses for the Crown should be examined apart from each other. Britton, accordingly, was first sworn. In substance, he repeated what he had already sworn in his depositions. But though the cross-examination did not shake the main parts of his evidence, he became dreadfully agitated, pale as death itself, and the sweat ran profusely down his face. At the end of it he fell down, and was carried out of court in a state of mental agony and bodily exhaustion. All this, however, was so irreconcilable with the manner of a witness speaking the truth, that no one could give his testimony the least credit; nay, many, and I was of the number, jumped into an opposite extreme, and believed that he himself had either committed the murder or was privy to its perpetration. A confused murmur ran through the court-house when the woman appeared. But it is impossible to describe the sensation which pervaded bench, jurors, bar, and auditory, when, her hair floating in the wildest disorder over her face, which was lighted up with an expression that thrilled every heart with horror, the old sybil, in a voice between a scream and a groan, cried out, 'I saw him! I saw him! his wounds bleeding afresh as soon as he came up to me! Yes, with these eyes I saw him! The prisoners are innocent!' Whatever this might mean, the judges stopped the proceeding, and the two lads were acquitted.

"There was, however, another debt due to justice. The man and woman were conducted before two magistrates in the grand jury-room. They confessed the murder, and declared they had first stunned and afterwards stabbed their victim; that they had heard him boast of having money concealed about his person, but, from the hurry and confusion of the scene and the perturbation of their feelings, it had eluded their search; but they took his watch, which they hid in the winch-pillow of their bed, and dragged the body to the back of the hut, where they wrapped it up in a tent-cloth. In a short time a bill of indictment was prepared, and found by the grand jury. The next morning saw them arraigned at the bar: a memorable alternation almost without a precedent in the records of criminal jurisprudence! To the indictment they pleaded *guilty*. Their confessions, signed by the magistrates, were read. They received sentence of death, and the following day was appointed for their execution.

"The confessions that led to their conviction were the fruit of those compunctious visitings of nature, to which the most depraved are sometimes accessible. In this instance, they had been wrought to a full disclosure of their guilt, by a delusion akin to that which had been experienced by the corporal and the two soldiers—the phantasm that had cheated their senses under the guise of the deceased serjeant. For on the same night, when it was seen by Hutchinson and the prisoners, and nearly about the same hour, it was seen also by the wretched culprits. It shook its bloody head at them, and pointed at a ghastly wound in its breast. They had been walking on the beach near the Black Town, when the apparition advanced through the surf towards them, and after the dreadful and appalling gestures just described, vanished from their sight. Affrighted consciences might adequately account for such a phenomenon. Something, however, much more inexplicable took place afterwards.

"Never was so dense a multitude assembled to witness the awful consummation of the law. Never was less commiseration felt for its unhappy victims than for these persons, who had conspired to sacrifice two innocent men in the prime of life by an infamous complication of perjury and murder. Even that caste of the native population, who shrink with horror from the infliction of death upon the meanest reptile that crawls the earth, acknowledged its moral rightfulness in a case of such singular atrocity. The criminals had now ascended the scaffold, and while they were muttering a few inarticulate prayers for Divine mercy, and the chockly, who performs the degrading duty of executioner, was adjusting the cords to their necks—just at that moment, there arose a hollow murmur like the roar of winds pent up in rocks, and—side by side with the hangman—stood Serjeant Hawley, exactly as he appeared to the corporal, in regimentals red with yellow facings! The apparition, if apparition it was, drew a shriek of agony from the condemned wretches. In an instant the drop fell; they died without a struggle; but the serjeant disappeared, no one can tell how or where, and was never heard of from that moment. Yet he was seen on the scaffold by thousands, and by five and twenty at least of his comrades, who bore the most positive attestation to the fact. The executioner saw him also, but, busied in the sad duties of his office, marked not how he came or whither he vanished.

"For my own part," said the barrister, "I was never satisfied with that case. The serjeant's death was not proved very satisfactorily to my mind; but certain it is that he eluded every effort to discover him.

"A variety of theories were afloat. I had mine. The watch found in the place which the ghost had indicated; the disappearance of the body from the garden behind the hut where the murderers had left it; above all, the brandy, of which the serjeant was redolent when he 'revisited the glimpses of the moon,' during the corporal's guard, lent some confirmation to the surmise generally current, that it was the identical Serjeant Hawley himself, who had been *corporally* visible on each of these occasions. Nor were there wanting some who believed that the serjeant, stunned not killed by his supposed assassins, took to his heels, glad of the opportunity

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to desert, and having skulked to Madras, buried himself in the recesses of the Black Town for a time, and having in the early part of his life served in several ships of war, entered himself as an able-bodied seaman on board the *Bellerophon*, whose stern swivel fired, it may be remembered, so incourteous a salute to Tom Eglan's party. But how he could appear in those memorable *muters*, or pay such mysterious visits on shore, is a question that has baffled all conjecture. It has been suspected that what the corporal took for a vapour, hovering over the surf, was a massulah-boat, in which he he left the ship. Here, however, conjecture must pause. The problem was never solved, and I confess that I am not Œdipus enough to unravel it."

Here the barrister concluded. It had the effect for which he intended it. The cold reserves of our good friend the colonel were instantly thawed, if I may use the phrase. "It's a d—d odd story," he said, "but I can beat it. A circumstance happened when I was at the siege ———." but the colonel's story must be given in a future number.

From the Asiatic Journal.

SCENES IN THE MOFUSSIL.

No. III.

ETAWAH.

In the days of Moghul power, the native city of Etawah was a flourishing place, the abode of Omrahs and grandees belonging to the imperial court; but with the downfall of Moslem dominion it has sunk into insignificance, and possesses few, if any, attractions, excepting to the artist, who cannot fail to admire a splendid ghaut, one of the finest on the river Jumna, and several picturesque buildings, which latter, however, are falling fast into decay. The cantonments in the neighbourhood are peculiarly desolate, and exhibit in full perfection the dreary features of a jungle-station. Upon a wide sandy plain, nearly destitute of trees, half a dozen habitable bungalows lie scattered, intermixed with the ruins of others, built for the accomodation of a larger garrison than is now considered necessary for the security of the place, a single wing of a regiment of sepoys being deemed sufficient for the performance of the duties of this melancholy outpost. The civilian attached to it, who discharges the joint office of judge and collector, is seldom resident, preferring any other part of the district; and the few Europeans, condemned to linger out their three years of banishment in this wilderness, have amply opportunity to learn how they may contrive to exist upon their own resources. The bungalows of Etawah, though not in their primitive state,—for upon the first occupation of these remote jungles, doors and windows were not considered necessary, a *jaump*, or frame of bamboo covered with grass, answering the purpose of both,—are still sufficiently rude to startle persons who have acquired their notions of India from descriptions of the City of Palaces. Heavy ill-glazed doors, smeared over with coarse paint, secure the interiors from the inclemencies of the cold, hot and rainy seasons. The walls are mean and bare, and where attempts are made to colour them, the daubing of inexperienced workmen is more offensive to the eye than common whitewash. The fastenings of the doors leading to the different apartments, if their be any, are of the rudest description, and the small portion of wood employed is rough, unseasoned, and continually requiring repair.

The intercourse between the brute denizens of the soil and their human neighbours is of too close a nature to be agreeable. If the doors be left open at night, moveable lattices, styled *jaffrys*, must be substituted to keep out the wolves and hyenas, who take the liberty of perambulating through the verandahs; the gardens are the haunts of the porcupine, and panthers prowl in the ravines. The chopper, or thatch of a bungalow, affords commodious harbour for vermin of every description; but in large stations, which have been long inhabited by Europeans, the wilder tribes, retreating to more desolate places, are rarely seen; squirrils or rats, with an occasional snake or two, form the population of the roof, and are comparatively quiet tenants. In the jungles, the occupants are more numerous and more various; wild cats, ghosaumps, a reptile of the lizard tribe as large as a sucking pig; vis copras, and others, take up their abode amid the rafters, and make wild work with their battles and their pursuit of prey. These intruders are only divided from the human inhabitants of the bungalow by a cloth, stretched across the top of each room, from wall to wall and secured by tapes tied in a very ingenious manner behind a projecting cornice: this cloth forms the ceiling, and shuts out the unsightly rafters of the huge barn above; but it proves a frail and often insufficient barrier; the course of the assailants and the assailed may be distinctly traced upon its surface, which yields with the pressure of the combatants, shewing distinctly the outlines of the various feet. When it becomes a little worn, legs are frequently seen protruding through some aperture, and as the tapes are apt to give way during the rains, there is a chance of the undesired appearance of some hunted animal, who, in its anxiety to escape from its pursuers, falls through a yawning rent into the abyss below. Before the introduction of cloths, snakes and other agreeable visitants often dropped from the bamboos upon the persons of those who might be reposing beneath; but although, where there are no dogs or cats to keep the lower story clear of intruders, the dwellers of the upper regions will seek the ground-floor of their own accord, they cannot so easily descend as heretofore: there is quite sufficient annoyance without a closer acquaintance with the parties, for night being usually selected for the time of action, sleep is effectually banished by their gambols.

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The noise is sometimes almost terrific, and nervous persons, females in particular, may fancy that the whole of the machinery, cloth, fastenings and all, will come down, along with ten thousand combatants, upon their devoted heads. The sparrows in the eaves, alarmed by the hubbub, start from their slumbers, and their chirping and fluttering increase the tumult. In these wild solitudes, individuals of the insect race perform the part of nocturnal disturbers with great vigour and animation. At nightfall, a concert usually commences, in which the treble is sustained by crickets, whose lungs far exceed in power those of the European hearth, while the bass is croaked forth by innumerable toads. The bugle horns of the musquitos are drowned in the dissonance, and the gurgling accompaniment of the musk rats is scarcely to be distinguished. In the midst of this uproar, should sleep, long-wooed, descend at last to rest upon the weary eyelids, it is but too often chased away by the yells of a wandering troop of jackalls, each animal apparently endeavouring to outshriek his neighbour. A quiet night, in any part of India, is exceedingly difficult of attainment; the natives, who sleep through the heat of the day, protract their vigils far beyond the midnight hour, and however silent at other periods, are always noisy at night. Parties from adjacent villages patrol the roads, singing; and during religious festivals or bridal revelries, every sort of discordant instrument, gongs, and blaring trumpets six feet long, are brought in aid of the shouts of the populace.

Such is the usual character of a night in the jungles, and it requires nerves of no ordinary kind to support its various inflictions. Fortunately, the beds, as they are constructed and placed in India, afford a secure asylum from actual contact with invaders, the many-legged and many winged host, which give so lively an idea of the plagues of Egypt. The couch occupies the centre of the floor, and is elevated to a considerable height from the ground; the musquito-curtains, which are tightly tucked in all round, though formed of the thinnest and most transparent material, cannot easily be penetrated from without, and though bats may brush them with their wings, lizards innumerable crawl along the walls, and musk-rats skirt round the posts, admission to the interior is nearly impossible: on this account, as well as for the great preservative which they form against malaria, it is advisable to sleep under a musquito-net at all seasons of the year.

The noisome broods, nurtured in the desolate places around Etawah, have not yet been taught to fly from the abode of the European; but to counterbalance the annoyance which their presence occasions, the brighter and more beautiful inhabitants of the jungles fearlessly approach the lonely bungalow. In no other part of India, with the exception of the hill-districts, are more brilliant and interesting specimens of birds and insects to be seen: extremely small brown doves, with pink breasts, appear amid every variety of the common colour, green pigeons, blue jays, crested wood-peckers, together with an infinite number of richly-plumed birds, glowing in purple, scarlet, and yellow, less familiar to unscientific persons, flock around. A naturalist would luxuriate in so ample a field for the pursuit of his studies, and need scarcely go farther than the gardens, to find those feathered wonders, which are still imperfectly described in works upon ornithology. Here the lovely little tailor-bird sews two leaves together, and swings in his odorous nest from the pendulous bough of some low shrub. The fly-catcher, a very small and slender bird of a bright green, is also an inhabitant of the gardens, which are visited by miniature birds resembling birds of paradise, white, and pale brown, with tails composed of two long feathers. Nothing can be more beautiful than the effect produced by the brilliant colours of those birds, which congregate in large flocks; the ring necked paroquets, in their evening flight as the sun declines, shew rich masses of green, and the byahs or crested-sparrows, whose breats are of the brighest yellow, look like clouds of gold as they float along. Numbers of aquatic birds feed upon the shores of the neighbouring Jumna, and the tremendous rush of their wings, as their mighty armies traverse the heavens, joined to other strange and savage sounds, give a painful assurance to those long accustomed to the quietude of sylvan life in England, that they are intruders on the haunts of wild animals, who have never been subjected to the dominion of man. There is one sound which, though not peculiar to the jungles, is more wearying than in more thickly-inhabited places, on account of the extreme loudness of the note, and its never ceasing for a single instant during the day,—the murmuring of doves: the trees are full of them, and my ear, at least, never became reconciled to their continued moaning. At sunset, this sound is hushed, but the brief interval of repose is soon broken by the night-cries already described.

The roads around Etawah, if such they may (by courtesy) be called, are about the very worst in the world: they are the high-ways leading to the neighbouring stations, Mynpoorie, Futtyghur, Agra, and Cawnpore, and afford no picturesque views within the range of a day's excursion. There is little temptation to drive out in a carriage in the evening, the favourite method of taking air and exercise in India; a few mango-groves, skirting villages surrounded by high walls of mud, probably as a security against the incursions of wild beasts, alone diversify the bare and arid plains, while the ruts threaten dislocation, and the dust, that plague of Hindoostan, is nearly suffocating. The gardens afford a more agreeable method of passing the short period of daylight which the climate will permit to be spent in the open air. They are large and well-planted; but the *mallees* (gardeners) are extremely ignorant of the European methods of cultivation, not having the same opportunity of acquiring know-

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ledge as at larger stations. The pomegranate is of little value except for its rich red flowers, for the fruit—in consequence, no doubt, of either being badly grafted or not grafted at all—when ripe, is crude and bitter; it is greatly esteemed, however, by the natives, who cover the green fruit with clay, to prevent the depredations of birds. The pomegranates brought from Persia never appeared to me to merit their celebrity: whether any attempt has been made to improve them, by a graft from the orange, I know not, but I always entertained a wish to make the experiment. Sweet lemons, limes, oranges, and citrons, offer, in addition to their superb blossoms and delicious perfume, fruit of the finest quality, and grapes which are trained in luxuriant arcades, not only give beauty to a somewhat formal plantation, but afford a grateful banquet at a period of the year (the hot winds) in which they are most acceptable. Amongst the indigenous fruits of these jungles is a wild plum, which has found an entrance into the gardens, and which, if properly cultivated, would produce excellent fruit; in its present state, unfortunately, it is too resinous to be relished by unaccustomed palates. The melons, which grow to a large size, and are abundant in the season, are chiefly procured from native gardens, on the banks of the Jumna, as they flourish on the sands which border that river. Mangoes and jacks occupy extensive plantations, exclusive of the gardens, and are left, as well as custard apples, plantains, and guavas, to the cultivation of the natives, the ground in the neighbourhood of a bungalow being chiefly appropriated to foreign productions. The seeds of European vegetables are sown after the rainy season, and come to perfection during the cold weather; green peas, cauliflowers, and Cos lettuce, appear at Christmas, sustaining, without injury, night-frosts, which would kill them in their native climes, Either the cultivation is better understood, or the soil is more congenial to these delicate strangers, since they succeed better than the more hardy plants, celery beet-root and carrots, which never attain to their proper size, and are frequently deficient in flavour. To watch the progress of the winter-crop of familiar vegetables, and to inspect those less accurately known, cannot fail to be interesting, although the climate will not permit a more active part in the management of a garden.

The oleanders, common all over India, are the pride of the jungles, spreading into large shrubs, and giving out their delicate perfume from clusters of pink and white flowers. The baubool also boasts scent of the most exquisite nature, which it breathes from bells of gold; the delicacy of its aroma renders it highly prized by Europeans, who are overpowered by the strong perfume of the jessamine, and other flowers much in request with the natives. The sensitive plant grows in great abundance in the gardens of Etawah, spreading itself over whole borders, and shewing on a grand scale the peculiar quality whence it derives its name: the touch of a single leaf will occasion those of a whole parterre to close and shrink away, nor will it recover its vigour until several hours after the trial of its sensibility. Equally curious, and less known, is the property of another beautiful inhabitant of these regions; the flowers of a tree of no mean growth arrive to nearly the size of a peony; these flowers blow in the morning, and appear of the purest white, gradually changing to every shade of red, until as the evening advances, they become of a deep crimson, and falling off at night, are renewed in their bridal attire the following day, When gathered and placed in a vase, they exhibit the same metamorphosis, and it is the amusement of many hours to watch the progress of the first faint tinge, as it deepens into darker and darker hues.

Around every shrub, butterflies of various tints sport and flutter, each species choosing some particular blossoms, appearing as if the flowers themselves had taken flight, and were hovering over the parent bough: one plant will be surmounted by a galaxy of blue-winged visitants, while the next is radiant with amber or scarlet Immense winged grasshoppers, whose whole bodies are studded with emeralds which no jeweller can match, shining beetles, bedecked with ameythysts and topazes, and others which look like spots of crimson velvet, join the gay carnival These lovely creatures disappear with the last sun-beams, and are succeeded by a less desirable race. Huge vampire-bats, measuring four feet from tip to tip of their leathern wings, wheel round in murky circles; owls venture abroad, and the odious musk-rat issues from its hole.

The remaining twilight is usually spent upon the *chubootur*, a raised terrace or platform of chunam, generally commanding an extensive prospect. Chairs are placed for the accommodation of the females and their visiters, and the road beneath often presents a very lively scene. Native conveyances of all kinds, and some exceedingly grotesque, pass to and fro; fukeers are conveyed from the city to their residences in the neighbouring villages in a sort of cage, not larger than a modern hat-box, in which the wonder is how they can contrive to bestow themselves; these miniature litters are slung on a bamboo, and carried by two men; covered carts drawn by bullocks, camels and buffaloes returning home, with occasionally an elephant stalking majestically along, are the most common passengers; but native travellers of rank, attended by numerous trains of well-armed dependants, wedding and religious processions, composed of fantastic groupes, frequently attract the gazing eye, amusing by their novelty.

As night draws on, packs of jackalls may be dimly descried on the roads, looking like dark phantoms; and even while the bungalow is blazing with lights, the wolf may be seen prowling at a little distance, watching for some unguarded moment to snatch an infant from its mother's lap. Such catastrophes are not uncommon: frequently, while seated at tea, the party has been

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startled by the shouts of the servants, too late aware of the intruder's presence. Pursued by cries and the clattering of bamboos, the wretch is sometimes known to drop its prey; but in general he succeeds in carrying it off to some inaccessible spot. These occurrences take place just before nightfall, when the appearance of a wolf is not suspected, and if he should be seen he may be mistaken for a pariah dog. When the natives retire to their houses, every aperture is secured by strong lattices, and none venture to sleep outside who are not capable of protecting themselves. Europeans do not seem to consider wolves as worthy game; when a tiger makes his appearance in the neighbourhood of a cantonement, all the residents, civil and military, are astir, and it seldom happens that he is suffered to escape the crusade which is formed against him; the more ignoble animal is left to the natives, who, however, seldom claim the reward given by government of five rupees per head, in consequence of a superstition which prevails amongst them, that wherever a wolf's blood is spilled, the ground becomes barren: this notion is unfortunate, since they display both courage and conduct in the attack of fiercer beasts of prey. No sooner were the yells of two hyenas heard in the cantonments of Etawah, than a party of half-naked men, armed only with bamboos, went up to the lair which they had chosen, and after a severe struggle secured them alive. The victors bound their prizes to bamboos, and carried them round to each bungalow, where of course they received a reward in addition to that given by the judge.

The hyena of a menagerie affords a very faint idea of the savage of the jungles; these creatures, though severely injured, retained, even in their manacled state, all their native ferocity, unsubdued by long fasting and blows. A gentleman present, anxious to exhibit his skill with the broadsword, brandished a tulwur, with the intention of cutting off their heads: but he was disappointed; one of the expected victims snatched the weapon from his hand, and broke it in pieces in an instant; they were then less ostentatiously despatched.

It is unfortunate that beauty of prospect cannot be combined in India with the more essential conveniences necessary for the performance of military duties; while nothing can be more ugly than the tract marked out for the cantonements of Etawah, the ravines into which it is broken, at a short distance, leading to the Jumna, are exceedingly picturesque, affording many striking landscapes; the sandy winding steeps on either side are richly wooded with the *neem*, the *peepul* and a species of the palm, which in the upper provinces always stands singly, the soil being less congenial than lower grounds near the coast: in these situations, it is more beautiful than when it plants itself in whole groves. Sometimes, an opening presents a wide view over wild jungle; at others, it gives glimpses of the Jumna, whose blue waters sparkle in the beams of the rising or setting sun. These ravines can only be traversed upon horseback, or upon an elephant, and they must be visited by day-break to be seen to advantage. However beautiful the awakening of nature may be in other parts of the world, its balmy delights can never be so highly appreciated as in the climes of the east, where its contrast to the subduing heat of burning noon, renders it a blessing of incstimable value. The freshness of the morning air, the play of light and shade, which is so agreeable to the eye, the brightness of the foliage, the vivid hue of the flowers opening their variegated clusters to the sun, rife with transient beauty, for evening finds them drooping; the joyous matins of the birds, and the playful gambols of wild animals emerging from their dewy lairs, exhilarate the spirits, and afford the highest gratification to the lover of sylvan scenes. Every tree is tenanted by numerous birds; superb falcons look out from their lofty eyries, and wild peacocks fling their magnificent trains over the lower boughs, ten or twelve being frequently perched upon the same tree. The smaller birds, sparrow-hawks, green pigeons, blue jays, &c. actually crowd the branches; the crow pheasants whirrs as strange footsteps approach, and wings his way to deeper solitudes; while flocks of parroquets, upon the slightest disturbance, issue screaming from their woody coverts, and, spreading their emerald plumes, soar up until they melt into the golden sky above. At the early dawn, the panther and the hyena may be seen, skulking along to their dens; the antelope springs up, bounding across the path; the nylghau scours over bush and briar, seeking the distant plain; the porcupine retreats grunting, or stands at bay erecting his quills in in wrath at the intrusion; and innumerable smaller animals—the beautiful little blue-fox, the civet with its superb brush, and the humble mungoose—make every nook and corner swarm with life. Gigantic herons stalk along the river's shores; the brahmanee ducks hover gabbling above, and huge alligators bask on the sand-banks, stretched in profound repose, or watching for their prey.

As the jungles recede from the dwellings of man, they become wilder and more savage; large *jheells* (ponds) spread their watery wastes over the low marshes, and are the haunt of millions of living creatures. Small hunting parties frequently encamp during the cold season on the banks of these glassy pools, where, in addition to every description of smaller game, the wild boar, though not so common as in Bengal, may be ridden down and speard by the expert sportsman. The native-hunters (*shikarrees*) go out at all periods of the year, and are frequently retained in European establishments for the purpose of ensuring regular supplies for the table.

The equipments of these men would astonish the hero of a hundred *battus*; they are armed with an old rusty clumsy matchlock, which they never fire except when certain of their quarry, making up in skill and patience for the inefficency of their weapons. They go out alone, and

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never return empty-handed; and young men desirous of obtaining good sport, and of securing the shy and rare beasts of chase, prefer seeking their game attended by one of these men to joining larger parties, who are frequently disappointed of the nobler species, and are compelled to be contented with snippets.

The nylghau, when stall-fed, is more esteemed in India than it deserves, as the flesh resembles coarse beef, and when made into hams is apt to crumble; smaller venison, on the contrary, is not prized according to its merits, Europeans preferring the half-domesticated tenant of an English park to the wild flavour of the dweller in the jungles. There is the same prejudice against pea-chicks, which few are aware are considered a dainty at home (the grand criterion of Anglo-Indians), and they are neglected, though affording an excellent substitute for turkeys, which are dear and over-fed. This American importation does not thrive very well in India; so many die before they arrive at maturity, that the native breeders are obliged to put a high price upon the survivors, which are often sold for fifteen rupees each; they are generally encumbered with fat, and are in fact vastly inferior to young pea-fowl, which combine the flavour of the pheasant with the juiciness of the turkey. Guinea-fowl find a more congenial climate in India, and in many places run wild and breed in the woods. Common poultry also are found there in an untamed state; they go under the denomination of jungle-fowl, and are quite equal to any feathered game which is brought to table.

The river Jumna is well-stocked with fish, and during the rainy seasons numerous nullahs supply Etawah with many excellent sorts, including the finest, though not the largest, prawns to be had in India. The mutton and beef is of the best quality, the former being usually an appendage to each resident's farm. Native butchers feed cattle and sheep for European consumption, taking care, however, not to kill the former until all the joints shall be bespoken. A family who entertain will not find a whole bullock too much for their own use, slaughtered at Christmas; and the salting pieces reserved for the hot weather, when cured by experienced hands, will keep good for a whole year. The expedient in less favourable seasons to procure salt-beef when fresh killed, is to boil it in strong brine, and serve it up the same day.

There is no regular supply of European articles at Etawah; the residents are not sufficiently numerous to encourage a native to traffic in beer, wine, brandy, cheese, &c.; these things, together with tea and coffee, several kinds of spices, English pickles, and English sauces, must be procured from Cawnpore, a distance of ninety-six miles. A crash of glass or crockery cannot be repaired without recourse the same emporium, excepting now and then, when an ambulatory magazine makes its appearance, or the *dandies*, belonging to boats, which have ascended the Ganges from Calcutta, hawk about small investments, which they have either stolen, or purchased for almost nothing at an auction. On these occasions, excellent bargains are procured; boxes of eau-de-colonge, containing six bottles, being sold for a rupee, and anchovy-paste, mushroom-ketchup, &c. at less than the retail price in England; the true value of Brandy or Hollands is better known, and these articles are seldom sold much below the current price at Cawnpore. The female residents of Etawah must depend entirely upon their own stores, for they cannot purchase a single yard of ribbon, and are frequently in great distress for such trifling articles as pins, needles, and thread; shoes, gloves, everything in fact belonging to the wardrobe, must be procured from Cawnpore, the metropolis of the Upper Provinces.

In the cold season, strings of camels laden with the rich productions of Thibet and Persia pass on their way to Benares and Patna; some are freighted with costly merchandize, shawls, carpets and gems; others carry less precious articles, apples, *kistmists* (raisins), dried apricots, pomegranates, grapes, and pistachio-nuts. Upon the necks of these camels, beautiful little Persian kittens are seen seated, the venders finding a ready sale for their live cargo both at European and native houses. These silken-haired bushy-tailed cats make the prettiest and the most useful pets of an Indian establishment; they are capital mousers, and will attack snakes and the larger kind of lizards; a bungalow, tenanted by one of these long-furred specimens of the feline race and a terrier-dog, will soon be cleared of vermin. They are in great esteem all over the country, and will fetch from eight to fifty rupees, the latter price being offered at Calcutta, where they are not so easily procured as in the upper country. The common cat of Hindoostan is exceedingly ugly when unmixed with foreign breeds; but there is a very pretty and curious variety in the Indian islands, with a sleek coat and a short flat tail, square at the end. The Persian merchants also bring very beautiful greyhounds to India for sale, but they are always extremely high-priced, being much in request; the native, or pariah dogs, are a degenerate and useless race of mongrels, and infinite care is taken to preserve foreign breeds, which require great attention, the climate being very unfavourable to all except the hardiest sort of terriers.

The unsheltered site of Etawah affords ample opportunity for the contemplation of the changes of the atmosphere; in no part of India do the hot winds blow with greater fury. This terrible visitation takes place in March, and continues during the whole of April and May. The wind usually arises about eight o'clock in the morning, and if coming from the right point (the west), and strong enough to cause sufficient evaporation, the *tatties* are put up—thick mats, made of the roots of a fragrant grass (*cuscus*), upon bamboo-frames, fitting into the doors or windows; all the apertures in a contrary direction being closely shut. These tatties are kept constantly wet, by

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men employed to throw water upon them on the outside, and the wind which comes through them is changed into a rush of cold air, so cold sometimes as to oblige the party within to put on additional clothing. While the wind continues steady, the only inconveniences to be borne are the darkness—that second plague of Egypt common to Indian houses—and the confinement; for those who venture abroad pay dearly for their temerity; the atmosphere of a gasometer in full operation might as easily be endured; exhaustion speedily follows, the breath and limbs fail, and if long exposed to the scorching air, the skin will peel off. Yet this is the period chosen by the natives for their journies and revelries; they cover their faces with a cloth, and with this simple precaution brave the fiercest blasts of the simoon. These winds usually subside at sunset, though they sometimes blow to a later hour, and are known to continue all night. If they should change to the eastward, the tatties are useless, producing only a hot damp steam. In this event, the only means of mitigating the heat, is to exclude the wind by filling up the crevices, hanging thick curtains (*purdahs*) over the doors, and setting all the punkahs in motion: inefficient expedients, for, in despite of all, the atmosphere is scarcely bearable; excessive and continual thirst, langour of the most painful nature, and irritability produced by the prickly heat, render existence almost insupportable. Every article of furniture is burning to the touch; the hardest wood, if not well covered with blankets, will split with a report like that of a pistol, and linen taken from the draws appears as if just removed from a kitchen fire. The nights are terrible; every apartment being heated to excess, each may be compared to a large oven, in which M. Chaubert alone could repose at ease. Gentlemen usually have their beds placed in the verandahs, or on the *chubootur*, as they incur little risk in sleeping in the open air, at a season in which no dews fall, and there is scarcely any variation in the thermometer. Tornadoes are frequent during the hot winds; while they last, the skies, though cloudless, are darkened with dust, the sun is obscured, and a London fog cannot more effectually exclude the prospect. The birds are dreadful sufferers at this season; their wings droop, and their bills are open as if gasping for breath; all animals are more or less affected, and especially those which have been imported to the country. Our Persian cats were wont to coil themselves round the jars of water in the bathing-rooms, and to lie on the wet grass between the tatties, where they frequently received a sprinkling from the copious libations poured upon the frames without. If, tired of confinement, they ventured into the verandah, they would speedily return, looking quite aghast at the warm reception they had met with abroad.

The breaking-up of the hot winds affords a magnificent spectacle; they depart in wrath, after a tremendous conflict with opposing elements. The approaching strife is made known by a cloud, or rather a wall of dust, which appears at the extremity of the horizon, becoming more lofty as it advances. The air is sultry and still, for the wind, which is tearing up the sand as it rushes along, is not felt in front of the billowy masses, whose mighty ramparts, gather strength as they spread; at length the plain is surrounded, and the sky becomes as murk as midnight. Then the enchained thunder breaks forth; but its most awful peals are scarcely heard in the deep roar of the tempest; burst succeeds to burst, each more wild and furious than the former; the forked lightnings flash in vain, for the dust, which is as thick as snow, flings an impenetrable veil around them. The wind, having spent itself in a final effort, suddenly subsides, and the dust is as speedily dispersed by torrents of rain, which in a very short time flood the whole country. The tatties are immediately thrown down, and though they may have previously rendered shawls necessary, the relief experienced when breathing the fresh air of heaven, instead of that produced by artificial means, is indescribable. All the animal creation appear to be endued with fresh life and vigour, as they inhale the cooling breezes; the songs of the birds are heard again, and flocks and herds come forth rejoicing. Before the watery pools have penetrated into the parched earth, so rapid is the growth of vegetation, patches of green appear along the plain, and those who take up their posts in the verandah for an hour or two, may literaly see the grass grow. In the course of a single day, the sandy hillocks will be covered with verdure and in a very short time the grass becomes high and rank. While the clouds are actually pouring out their liquid treasures, the rainy season is not unpleasant; punkahs may be dispensed with, and the venetians may be removed without danger of being blinded by the glare; but the intervals between the showers are excessively hot, and the frequent changes of the atmosphere, and the malaria arising from the surrounding marshes, render it dreadfully unhealthy. Fever and ague are the common complaints; the former is often fatal, and the utmost vigilance is requisite to avoid the danger to which both natives and Europeans are continually exposed, since infection is frequently brought from distant places in currents of air.

The effects of these partial tornadoes is very curious; they are almost seen to traverse the plain, their course resembling that of a swollen river or a lava-flood. Persons at a very short distance may stand without, feeling the agitation of the elements, and behold the devastation which they cause; trees are torn up by the roots, roofs are stripped of their tiles, and the choppers of outhouses fly off like gigantic birds, being carried several yards beyond the place where they originally stood. I once witnessed a very amusing scene of this nature: the servants of a neighbour, anxious to preserve their master's property, on the roof of the cook-room taking wing, rushed out of their houses, and with great vigour and

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alacrity seized the ends of the flying bamboos ere they reached the ground, running along with their canopy until its impetus had ceased, and then restoring it to the deserted walls on which it had formerly rested.

The rains usually continue from the first or second week in June until the middle of October, and in some seasons are extremely violent; the desolation on the rivers' banks is frightful; whole villages are plunged into the flood, a catastrophe seldom attended by loss of life, as the natives usually have timely warning, and escape with their goods and chattles, taking care, however, like the Sicilians in the neighbourhood of Ætna, to build again in places equally exposed to inundation. Bungalows often sustain considerable damage during a very wet season; the pillars of the verandahs sink and lose their perpendicular, and out-offices and servants'-houses are frequently washed away, leaving nothing but fragments of mud-walls behind. The thunder and lightning which accompany these cataracts are terrific, filling the heavens with blue and crimson light, and carrying death into the plains, where herdsmen and shepherds frequently perish. The final fall is generally the heaviest, lasting three or four days, and bringing cold weather along with it. A sudden and grateful change of climate takes place upon the departure of the rains; the sun is deprived of its noxious power, and renders the heavens bright without being sultry; exercise may be taken on foot until ten o'clock in the day, in the upper provinces, and in a carriage at all times without inconvenience. While the weather is cloudy (generally during a few days in December), it is exceedingly practicable to walk out in the middle of the day in Etawah, and higher up, at Kurnaul, this gratification may be enjoyed for two months.

The climate all over India, even in Bengal, is delightful from October until March; all is brightness and beauty outside the house; summer gardens glow with myriads of flowers, native and exotic, while within, fires, especially in the evening, are acceptable, and blankets are necessary to ward off the inclemencies of the night. This is the gay season, and even Etawah loses part of its dulness, being visited by regiments on their march to and from other stations, who sometimes make it their halting-place for a couple of days. A canvas city starts up, as if by magic, on the bare plain; bullocks, camels, horses, and elephants are grouped amid the tents; sheep, cows, goats, and poultry, following the fortunes of their owners, occupy temporary farm-yards in the rear; and bazars are opened for the sale of all the necessaries of life. At day-break, the striking of tent-pins, the neighing of horses, the lowing of herds, and the grunt of the camels, mixed with the long roll of the drum and bugle-calls, give warning that the march is about to commence, and when the sun has risen, troops of hideous white vultures are seen feeding on the offal, where all the day before had been crowd and bustle.

SKETCHES OF INDIAN SOCIETY.

No. I.—Bengal Bridals and Bridal candidates.

Few opinions canbe more erroneous than those which prevail in Europe on the subject of Indian marriages. According to the popular idea, a young lady visiting the Honourable Company's territories, is destined to be sacrificed to some old, dingy, rich, bilious nawaub, or, as he is styled on this side of the Atlantic, "nabob," a class of persons unfortunately exceedingly rare: ancient subjects devoted to the interests of the conclave in Leadenhall-street, belonging to both services, are doubtless to be found in India, some dingy, and some bilious, but very few rich; and, generally speaking, these elderly gentlemen have either taken to themselves wives in their younger days, or have become such confirmed bachelors, that neither flashing eyes, smiling lips, lilies, roses, dimples, &c., comprehending the whole catalogue of female fascinations, can make the slightest impression upon their flinty hearts. Happy may the fair expectant account herself, who has the opportunity of choosing or refusing a *rara avis* of this nature,—some yellow civilian out of debt, or some battered brigadier, who saw service in the days of sacks and sieges, and who comes wooing in the olden style, preceded by trains of servants bearing presents of shawls and diamonds! Such prizes are scarce. The damsel, educated in the fallacious hope of seeing a rich antiquated suitor at her feet, laden with "barbaric pearl and gold," soon discovers to her horror that, if she should decide upon marrying at all, she will be absolutely compelled to make a love-match, and select the husband of her choice out of the half dozen subalterns who may offer: fortunate may she esteem herself if there be one amongst them who can boast a staff-appointment, the adjutancy or quarter-mastership of his corps. Formerly, when the importations of European females, were much smaller than at present, men grew grey in the service before they had an opportunity of meeting with a wife, there consequently was a supply of rich old gentlemen ready at every station to lay their wealth at the feet of the new arrival; and as we are told that 'mammon wins its way where seraphs might despair," it may be supposed that younger and poorer suitors had no chance against these wealthy wooers. The golden age has passed away in India; the silver fruitage of the rupee-tree has been plucked, and love, poverty-stricken, has nothing left to offer but his roses.

In the dearth of actual possessions, expectancies, become of consequence; and where old civilians are less attainable, young writers rank amongst the eligibles. A supply of these desirables, by no means adequate to the demand, is brought out to Calcutta every year, and upon the arival of a young man, who has been lucky enough to secure a civil appointment, he is immediately accommodated with a handsome suit of apartments in Tank-square, styled *par distinc-*

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„ *tion* the Buildings," and entered at the college, where he isc ondemned to the study of the Hindoostanee and Persian languages, until he can pass an examination which shall qualify him to become an assistant to a judge, collector, or other official belonging to the civil department. A few hours of the day are spent under the surveillance of a moonshee, or some more learned pundit, and the remainder are devoted to amusement. This is the dangerous period for young men bent upon making fortunes in India, and upon returning home. They are usually younger sons, disregarded in England on account of the slenderness of their finances, or too juvenile to have attracted matrimonial speculations. Launched into the society of Calcutta, they enact the parts of the young dukes and heirs-apparent of a London circle; where there are daughters or sisters to dispose of "the *great parti*" is caressed, fêted, dressed at, danced at, and flirted with, until perfectly bewildered; either falling desperately in love, or fancying himself so, he makes an offer, which is eagerly accepted by some young lady, too happy to escape the much dreaded horrors of a half-batta station. The writers, of course, speedily acquire a due sense of their importance, and conduct themselves accordingly: vainly do the gay uniforms strive to compete with their more sombre rivals; no dashing cavalry officer, feathered, and sashed, and epauletted, has a chance against the men priviledged to wear a plain coat and a round hat; and in the evening-drives in Calcutta, sparkling eyes will be tured away from the military equestrian, gracefully reining up his Arab steed to the carriage window, to rest upon some awkward rider, who sits his horse like a sack, and more attentive to his own comfort than to the elegance of his appearance, may, if it should be the rainy season, have thrust his white jean trowsers into jocky boots and introduced a black velvet waistcoat under his white calico jacket. Figures even more extraordinary are not rare; for, though the ladies follow European fashions as closely as circumstances will admit, few gentlemen, not compelled by general orders to attend strictly to the regulations of the service, are willing to sacrifice to the graces. An Indian dandy is generally a very grotesque personage; for where tailors have little sway, and individual taste is left to its own devices, the attire will be found to present strange incongruities.

When a matrimonial proposal has been accepted, the engagement of the parties is made known to the community at large by their appearance together in public. The gentleman drives the lady out in his buggy. This is conclusive; and should either prove fickle, and refuse to fulfil the contract, a breach of promise might be established in the Supreme Court, based upon the single fact, that the pair were actually seen in the same carriage, without a third person. The nuptials of a newly-arrived civilian, entrapped at his outset, are usually appointed to take place at some indefinite period, namely, when the bridegroom shall have got out of college. It is difficult to say whether the strength of his affection should be measured by a speedy exit, or a protracted residence, for love may be supposed to interfere with study, and though excited to diligence by his matrimonial prospects, a mind distracted between rose-coloured billet-doux, and long rolls of vellum covered with puzzling characters in Arabic and Persian, will not easily master the difficulties of Oriental lore.

The allowances of a writer in the Buildings are not exceedingly splendid; writers do not, according to the notion adopted in England, step immediately into a salary of three or four thousand a year, though very probably with the brilliant prospect before them which dazzled their eyes upon their embarkation, not yet sobered down to dull reality, they commence living at that rate. The bride-groom elect, consequently, is compelled to borrow one or two thousand rupees, to eqdip himself with household goods necessary for the married state, and thus lays the foundation for an increasing debt, bearing an interest of twelve per cent. at the least. The bride, who would not find it quite so easy to borrow money; and whose relatives do not consider it necessary to be very magnificent upon these occasions, either contrives to make her outfit (the grand expense incurred in her behalf) serve the purpose, or should that have faded and grown old-fashioned, purchases some scanty addition to her wardrobe. Thus the bridal paraphernalia, the bales of gold and silver muslins, the feathers, jewels, carved ivory, splendid brocades, exquisite embroidery, and all the rich products of the east, on which our imaginations luxuriate when we read of an Indian marriage, sinks down into a few yards of white sarsnet. There is always an immense concourse of wedding-guests present at the ceremony, but as invitations to accompany a bridal-party to the church, are of very frequent occurrence, they do not make any extraordinary display of new dresses and decorations. Sometimes, the company separate at the church-door; at others, there is some sort of entertainment given by the relatives of the bride; but the whole business, compared with the pomp and circumstance attending weddings of persons of a certain rank in England, is flat, dull, and destitue of show.

The mode of living in India is exceedingly adverse to bridal tours. Unless the parties should procure the loan of some friend's country mansion, a few miles from Calcutta, they must proceed straight to their own residence; for there are no hotels, no watering places, and no post-horses:—circumstances which detract materially from the eclat of a marriage. The poor bride, instead of enjoying a pleasant excursion, is obliged to remain shut up at home, and her first appearance in public creates very little sensation, probably from the absence of expectation on the score of new garments. In up-country stations, marriages are even more common-place affairs, and the clerk of a country church would be absolutely scandalized at the neglect of the cus-

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tomary observances. Some writer upon India has remarked that the ladies are over-dressed. That must have been the case in the by-gone days of splendour, when they could afford to give *carte blanche* to milliners in London or at the presidencies; much to their credit be it spoken, in the wildest jungles, they endeavour to make an appearance suitable to their rank and circumstances; but this is very frequently a matter of great difficulty. Patterns are sometimes useless from the want of materials to make them up, and materials nearly so from the impossibility of procuring patterns. Articles of British manufacture are exceedingly expensive, and often beyond the reach of narrow purses. The demand is not sufficiently great to induce a trader to keep a large assortment of goods, and he cannot afford to supply the few articles required by the small female community at low prices. The Indian market is frequently overstocked, and valuable articles knocked down at sales for little or nothing: but they seldom come very cheaply into the hands of the consumer, the climate, unlike that of Kippletringan, eulogized by Dominie Sampson, is exceedingly injurious to wearing apparel, and much waste and destruction is effected by the want of care of native dealers, who do not understand the method of preserving European manufactures from dust and decay. The contrast between the splendid dresses of a London ball-room, fresh in their first gloss, with the tarnished, faded, lustreless habiliments exhibited in Calcutta, is very striking to a stranger's eye; while, after a long residence in the upper provinces, the fair assemblages at the presidency appear to be decked in the utmost glory of sumptuous array. But although Indian weddings may be destitute of magnificence, they are generally productive of lasting happiness; they entail, comparatively speaking, little additional expense, and the small preparations which alone are considered essential, offer great facilities for early unions. A young man, depending, as he must do, for all his enjoyments, upon domestic comforts, naturally feels anxious to secure a companion to enliven his otherwise dull home; his resources out of doors are few; there may not be many houses in which he can lounge away his mornings in idle visits; the billiard-room does not suit all tastes, and however addicted he may be to field sports, during several hours of the day he must seek the shelter of a roof; his military duties occupy a very small portion of his time, and with little to interest, and nothing to divert him, he becomes anxiously desirous to taste the calm delights of wedded life. If he should be so fortunate as to be a successful wooer, the marriage speedily takes place. There are few regimental messes established in native regiments; the officers inhabit separate bungalows, and if two happen to chum together, the intended Benedict turns his friend out to make way for his bride. If he should chance to be rich enough, he may be seen at sales (for there is always some person quitting a station and selling off), purchasing looking-glasses, toilette-tables, and such unwanted luxuries in a bachelor's mansion. But they are not absolutely necessary, nor are they considered essential to connubial felicity; very frequently the whole of the preparations consist in the exit of the chum and his *petarrahs* (boxes which may be carried baughie, that is, suspended at either end of a bamboo slung across a bearer's shoulder), and the entrance of the bride and her wardrobe, crammed, to the splendid injury of the flounces and furbellows, into half a dozen square conical tin cases painted green. The *trousseau* of the bride varies according to the means and appliances of the station, and of her own or relatives' purses. There are a set of men in India, very closely resembling the pedlars and duffers of Scotland and England, denominated *box-wallahs*, who enact the character of *marchand des modes*, both in Calcutta and in the upper provinces. The box-wallah himself is a well-dressed respectable personage, frequently very rich; his goods are conveyed in large tin chests upon the heads of coolies, and instead of making a tour of shopping, the lady, desirous to add to her wardrobe, sends for all the box wallahs and examines the contents of their chests. The party thus formed presents a singular scene; nearly the whole are seated, the lady upon a chair, the merchants and ther ragged attendants upon the floor; each vender pulls out his own goods, and offers them for sale, with numerous but not noisy commendations, and the spirit of rivalry assumes a very amiable aspect; all the principals speak a little English; having to deal with new arrivals, young ladies who have made a very small progress in Hindoostanee, they find it to their advantage to acquire the means of bargaining with their fair customers. The prices of goods are regulated not so much by their intrinsic value, as by the stock in hand, and the demand. Ribbons, which are always called for, are never cheap; but rich silks and satins, blondes, gauzes and the like, are often sold at very low prices. Some attention to method is observed in the arrangement of the boxes; one contains a multifarious assortment of mercery and haberdashery, where we are often startled with the apparition of some obsolete manufacture, which, after having slumbered in an English warehouse during a quarter of a century, is sent out on a venture to India, under the idea that it may pass current in the upper provinces as a fashionable article. The poor deluded box-wallah is astonished and confounded at the contempt and horror which his Chamberry's, his Plowman's nets, and Picket muslins excite. In vain he endeavours to recommend them to notice; his English goes no farther than "I beg pardon, ma'am; very good thing—very handsome—no dear price—very rich lady—very poor man—you give what I ask." Frequently, during the course of the bargaining, the servants interfere in behalf of their mistresses, and procure more advantageous terms. Stationery, pen-knives, soap, lavender-water, tooth-brushes, hair-brushes, small looking-glasses, and

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minor articles of hard-ware, are deposited in another chest; these are taken out and displayed, until the whole floor is strewed with trumpery of various kinds, the sweepings of London shops, condemned to return to their boxes until, in some miserable time of scarcity, they are purchased for want of better things.

The bride makes her selection where there is probably little choice, and the dresses are handed over to the household tailor, the *dirzee* as he is called, who occupies a conspicuous place in the ante-room or verandah, seated upon a piece of white cloth with his work spread out around him. Should there be occasion for despatch, assistants are hired by the day; and with these poor substitutes for milliners and dress-makers, the bride must per-force be content: probably a bonnet comes up with the license from Calcutta, but as the latter is conveyed by dawk (post), and the former must travel dawk-banghie, a less rapid mode of transportation, it is not unfrequently dispensed with. Female ingenuity is severely taxed upon these occasions, and many and wearisome are the fittings on and the cuttings out, before the hat and pelisse can be made to resemble the patterns figure in *La belle Assemblée.*

The whole of the residents of the station, or, if it should be a large one, the greater part, are invited to witness the ceremony, and those ladies who consider white to be indispensable for a wedding, who think it proper to appear in full dress, and who are unable to obtain new vestments, exhibit to great disadvantage. A muslin gown is probably ironed out, and the betraying day-light not only reveals the spots and specks, which have been carefully ironed in, but also the discrepancies of the trimming, in which French white and pearl white, tolerably good matches by candle-light, disagree exceedingly in open day. No kind of etiquette is observed in the order of the celebration; the bridegroom, contrary to all established rule, is often seen to drive the bride in his buggy to church; the company, instead of being properly arranged, stand promiscuously round the altar, and the clerk, usually a soldier, is a person of no sort of authority. The parties are frequently very juvenile—a young ensign and a still younger partner; but such unions are not considered imprudent, for they are often the means of preventing extravagance, dissipation, and all their concomitant evils. Instances of domestic infelicity are comparatively rare in India; the value of a wife is known and appreciated, and, though there may be many bachelors from choice, the majority of Anglo-Indians are exceedingly anxious to obtain for themselves a security against the tedium and ennui of a solitary jungle, a being interested in their welfare, and not only attached to them by the tenderest and most sacred of all ties, but who supplies the place of relatives whom they may never hope to see again.

The greatest drawback upon the chances of happiness in an Indian marriage, exists in the sort of compulsion sometimes used to effect the consent of a lady. Many young women in India may be considered almost homeless; their parents or friends have no means of providing for them except by a matrimonial establishment; they feel that they are burthens upon families who can ill afford to support them, and they do not consider themselves at liberty to refuse an offer, although the person proposing may not be particularly agreeable to them. Mrs. Malaprop tells us, that it is safest to begin with a little aversion, and the truth of her aphorism has been frequently exemplified in India; gratitude and esteem are admirable substitutes for love—they last much longer, and the affection, based upon such solid supports, is purer in its nature, and far more durable, than that which owes its existence to mere fancy. It is rarely that a wife leaves the protection of her husband, and in the instances that have occurred, it is generally observed that the lady has made a love-match. But though marriages of convenience, in nine cases out of ten, turn out very happily, we are by no means prepared to dispute the propriety of freedom of choice on the part of the bride, and deem those daughters, sisters, and nieces most fortunate, who live in the bosoms of relatives not anxious to dispose of them to the first suitor who may apply. It is only under these happy circumstances that India can be considered a paradise to a single woman, where she can be truly free and unfettered, and where her existence may glide away in the enjoyment of a beloved home, until she shall be tempted to quit it by some object dearer far than parents, friends, and all the world beside.

There cannot be a more wretched situation than that of a young woman who has been induced to follow the fortunes of a married sister, under the delusive expectation that she will exchange the privations attached to limited means in England for the far-famed luxuries of the east. The husband is usually desirous to lessen the regret of his wife at quitting her home, by persuading an affectionate relative to accompany her, and does not calculate before-hand the expense and inconvenience which he has entailed upon himself by the additional burthen. Soon after their arrival in India, the family, in all probability, have to travel to an up-country station, and here the poor girl's troubles begin: she is thrust into an outer cabin in a budgerow, or into an inner room in a tent; she makes perhaps a third in a buggy, and finds herself always in the way; she discovers that she is a source of continual expense; that an additional person in a family imposes the necessity of keeping several additional servants, and where there is not a close carriage she must remain a prisoner. She cannot walk out beyond the garden or the verandah, and all the out-of-door recreations, in which she may have been accustomed to indulge in at home, are denied her. Tending flowers, that truly feminine employment, is an utter impossibility; the garden may be full of plants (which she has only seen in their exotic state) in all the abundance and beauty of native luxuriance, but except before the sun has risen, or after it has

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set, they are not to be approached; and even then, the frame is too completely enervated by the climate to admit of those little pleasing labours, which render the green-house and the parterre so interesting. She may be condemned to a long melancholy sojourn at some outstation, offering little society and none to her taste. If she should be musical, so much the worse, the hot winds have split her piano and guitar, or the former is in a wretched condition, and there is nobody to tune it; the white ants have demolished her music-books, and new ones are not to be had. Drawing offers a better resource, but it is often suspended from want of materials; and needle-work is not suited to the climate. Her brother and sister are domestic, and do not sympathize in her ennui; they either see little company, or invite guests merely with a view to be quit of an incumberance. If the few young men who may be at the station should not entertain matrimonial views, they will be shy of their attentions to a single woman, lest expectations should be formed which they are not inclined to fulfil. It is dangerous to hand a disengaged lady too often to table, for though no conversation may take place between the parties, the gentleman's silence is attributed to want of courage to speak, and the offer, if not forthcoming, is inferred. A determined flirt may certainly succeed in drawing a train of admirers around her: but such exhibitions are not common, and where ladies are exceedingly scarce, they are sometimes subject to very extraordinary instances of neglect. These are sufficiently frequent to be designated by a peculiar phrase; the wife or sister who may be obliged to accept a relative's arm, or walk alone, is said to be "wrecked," and perhaps an undue degree of apprehension is entertained upon the subject, a mark of rudeness of this nature reflecting more discredit upon the persons who can be guilty of it, than upon those subjected to the affront. Few young women, who have accompanied their married sisters to India, possess the means of returning home; however strong their dislike may be to the country, their lot is cast in it, and they must remain in a state of miserable dependence, with the danger of being left unprovided for before them, until they shall be rescued from this distressing situation by an offer of marriage.

The tie between husband and wife is the only one from which Anglo-Indians can hope to derive solid happiness; that between parents and children is subject to many shocks. The difficulty, amounting almost to impossiblity of educating young people in India, occasions early separation, which, in too many instances, proves fatal to the enjoyments of a reunion. After a long absence, parents and children meet as strangers: the latter, probably consigned to some large school, have not been brought up with any very exalted ideas upon the subject of filial duty. They are keen and quick observers of the faults and follies of those whom they have not been early accustomed to regard with respect; and the former are apt to exact too much submission. Both parties are disappointed, the younger having hoped to meet with unlimited indulgence, while the elder flatter themselves with erroneous expectations of obedience. Accomplished girls, fresh from England, are unprepared for the modes and habits of Indian life; the charm of novelty does not always reconcile them to things strange, and often uncouth; while mothers, to whom all around is familiar, are astonished and displeased to find that the young ladies do not readily fall into their ways, and are more prone to dictate than to obey. Where these differences of opinion do not create strife and contention, they are productive of coldness; each person feels deeply aggrieved by the conduct of others towards them; those who possess amiable dispositions make allowances for circumstances and situation, but seldom do we see the attached and happy familes which afford such beautiful pictures of domestic felicity in England.

That death and absence differ but in name, all who have been long separated from those whom they love best in the world must readily allow. Experience in India shews that even a mother's affection, perchance the strongest and most lasting sentiment, is not proof against it, or how can we account for the exceeding, and, it may be added, disgusting anxiety, continually manifested to get rid of daughters as rapidly as they are brought out? It is no unusual thing for persons who have accumulated a fortune, and who are desirous to spend the remainder of their days in luxury in England, to marry off the females of their family as fast as they possibly can, little caring to whom they are consigned, and leaving them to combat with every sort of hardship, without a hope of their ever meeting again. The condition of girls thus situated is far from enviable: overtures are made to their parents, and accepted by them without consulting the parties who are the most deeply concerned in the transaction; the young lady is simply told that a proposal has been made in which she must acquiesce, and she goes to the altar, if not unwilling, at least indifferent: many are so strongly impressed with the comfortless nature of their situation, that they gladly avail themselves of the first opportunity to effect a change, and nothing more disagreeable can readily be imagined than the condition of the last of four or five sisters, who by some inexplicable fatality remains single. She is frequently bandied about from one family to another, seeking rest and finding none. Whether she may have matrimonial views, or if perfectly guiltless of all design, it is the same thing, she is supposed to be manœuvring for a husband, and those whom she may fascinate do not always possess the moral courage requisite to acknowledge a partiality for a girl, who has failed to secure early offers, or the reputation of having refused them. At length, when her pretentions have almost become a jest, some candidate for her hand appears, and is of course successful: it is then discovered that she is a very fine young woman, and all agree that her protracted state of spinsterhood must have been a matter of choice.

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It is an amusing thing for a spectator to observe the straight-forward, business-like manner in which marriages in India are brought about. The opinion entertained by the princess Huncamunca, respecting the expediency of short courtships, seems to prevail. A gentleman, desirous to enter the holy pale, does not always wait until he shall meet with some fair one suiting his peculiar taste, but the instant that he hears of an expected arrival, despatches a proposal to meet her upon the road; this is either rejected *in toto*, or accepted conditionally; and if there should be nothing very objectionable in the suitor, the marriage takes place. Others travel over to some distant stations, in the hope of returning with a wife; and many visit the presidency on the same errand. Numbers return without achieving their object, and these unfortunates are said to be members of the "*juwaub* club," a favourite Indian phrase, which is exceedingly expressive of the forlorn state of bachelors upon compulsion. Young men who are qualifying themselves for interpreterships, or who expect staff-appointments, are often supposed to be quite guiltless of matrimonial designs; they may be attached to a large station without even entering into any of the gaities, are not seen at balls, plays, or races, and do not frequent the morning levees of ladies of distinction. Suddenly, upon obtaining the promised post, they appear at a ball, and some girl, who has been a leading belle, and who has flirted with half the station, is quietly approached. She, with more sense than sentiment, disengages herself from her butterfly-admirris, on whom the astounding fact of her approaching marriage acts like an electric shock; they look very foolishly at each other, and make a faint attempt to laugh.

The spinsterhood of India is composed of three different classes; the first consists of the daughters of civil and military servants, merchants, and others, settled in India, who have been sent to England for education, and who generally return between the the ages of sixteen and twenty; these may be said to belong to the country, and to possess homes, although upon the expectation of the arrival of a second or third daughter, they are often disposed of after a very summary fashion. In the second are to be found the sisters and near relatives of those brides who have married Indian officers, &c., during the period of a visit to the mother-country, and who, either through affectation for their relatives, or in consequence of having no provision in England, have been induced to accompany them to the eastern world. The third is formed of the orphan daughters, legitimate and illegitimate, of Indian residents, who have been educated at the presidencies. This latter class is exceedingly numerous, and as they are frequently destitute of family connexions, those who are not so fortunate as to possess relatives in a certain rank in life, see very little of society, and have comparatively little chance of being well-established. The progress of refinement has materially altered the condition of these young ladies, but has acted in a manner the very reverse of improvement, as far as their individual interests are concerned. Those who have no support excepting that which is derived from the Orphan Fund, reside at a large house at Kidderpore, about a mile and a half from Calcutta, belonging to that institution; others who may be endowed with the interest of a few thousand rupees, become parlourboarders at schools of various degrees of respectability, where they await the chance of attracting some young officers, the military being objects of consideration when civilians are unattainable. Formerly it was the practice to give balls at the establishment at Kidderpore, to which vast numbers of beaux were invited; but this undisguised method of seeking husbands is now at variance with the received notions of propriety, and the Female Orphan School has assumed, in consequence of the discontinuance of these parties, somewhat of the character of a nunnery. In fact, the young ladies immured within the walls have no chance of meeting with suitors, unless they should possess friends in Calcutta to give them occasional invitations, or the fame of their beauty should spread itself abroad. Every year, by increasing the number of arrivals educated in England, lessens their chance of meeting with eligible matches. The prejudices against "dark beauties" (the phrase usually employed to designate those who are the inheritors of the native complexion) are daily gaining ground, and in the present state of female intellectuality, their uncultivated minds form a decided objection. The English language has degenerated in the possession of the "countryborn;" their pronunciation is short and disagreeable, and they usually place the accent on the wrong syllable: though not so completely barbarized as in America, the mother, or rather the father tongue, has lost all its strength and beauty, and acquired a peculiar idiom. There are not many heiresses to be found in India, and those who are gifted with property of any kind, almost invariably belong to the dark population, the daughters or grand-daughters of the Company's servants of more prosperous times, the representatives of merchants of Portuguese extraction, or the ladies of Armenian families. These latter named are frequently extremely handsome, and nearly as fair as Europeans; but though adopting English fashions in dress, they do not speak the language, and sing in Hindoostanee to their performances on the piano. They mix very little in the British society of Calcutta, and usually intermarry with persons belonging to their own nation, living in a retired manner within the bosoms of their families, without being entirely secluded like the females of the country in which their ancestors have been so long domiciled. The daughters and wives of the Portuguese, a numerous and wealthy class, are quite as tawny, and not so handsome, as the natives; they usually dress in a rich and tawdry manner, after the European fashion, which is particularly unbecoming to them: they form a peculiar circle of their own; and though the spinster portion of this community are said to prefer British officers to husbands of Portuguese extraction, unions between them are extremely rare.

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From Blackwood's Magazine.

THE FALL OF TURKEY.*

The long duration and sudden fall of the Turkish Empire is one of the most extraordinary and apparently inexplicable phenomena in European history. The decay of the Ottoman power had been constantly the theme of historians; their approaching downfall, the unceasing subject of prophecy for a century; but yet the ancient fabric still held out, and evinced on occasions a degree of vigour which confounded all the machinations of its enemies. For eighty years, the subversion of the empire of Constantinople had been the unceasing object of Moscovite ambition: the genius of Catherine had been incessantly directed to that great object; a Russian prince christened after the last of the Paleologi expressly to receive his throne, but yet the black eagle made little progress towards the Danube; the Mussulman forces arrayed on its banks were still most formidable, and a host arrayed under the banners of the Osmanleys, seemingly capable of making head against the world. For four years, from 1808 to 1812, the Russians waged a desperate war with the Turks; they brought frequently 150,000, sometimes 200,000 men into the field; but at its close they had made no sensible progress in the reduction of the bulwarks of Islamism: two hundred thousand Mussulmans had frequently assembled round the banners of the Prophet; the Danube had been stained with blood, but the hostile armies still contended in doubtful and desperate strife on its shores; and on the glacis of Schumla the Moscovites had sustained a bloodier defeat than they ever received from the genius of Napoleon. In the triumph of the Turks at that prodigious victory, the Vizier wrote exultingly to the Grand Seignior, that such was the multitude of the Infidel heads which he had taken, that they would make a bridge for the souls of the Faithful from earth to heaven.

But though then so formidable, the Ottoman power has within these twenty years rapidly and irrecoverably declined. The great barrier of Turkey was reached in the first campaign of the next war, the Balkan yielded to Russian genius in the second, and Adrianople, the ancient capital of the Osmanleys, became celebrated for the treaty which sealed for ever the degradation of their race. On all sides the provinces of the Empire have revolted: Greece, through a long and bloody contest, has at length worked out its deliverance from all but its own passions; the ancient war-cry of Byzantium, Victory to the Cross, has been again heard on the Egean Sea;† and the Pacha of Egypt, taking advantage of the weakness consequent on so many reverses, has boldly thrown off the yoke, and advancing from Acre in the path of Napoleon, shown to the astonished world the justice of that great man's remark, that his defeat by Sir Sidney Smith under its walls made him miss his destiny. The victory of Koniah prostrated the Asiatic power of Turkey; the standards of Mehemet Ali are rapidly approaching the Seraglio; and the discomfited Sultan is driven to take refuge under the suspicious shelter of the Russian legions. Already the advanced guard of Nicholas has passed the Bosphorus; the Moscovite standards are floating at Scutari; and, to the astonishment alike of Europe and Asia, the keys of the Dardanelles, the throne of Constantine, are laid at the feet of the Czar.

The unlooked for rapidity of these events, is not more astonishing than the weakness which the Mussulmans have evinced in their last struggle. The Russians, in the late campaign, never assembled 40,000 men in the field. In the battle of the 11th June, which decided the fate of the war, Diebitsch had only 36,000 soldiers under arms; yet this small force routed the Turkish army, and laid open the far-famed passes of the Balkan to the daring genius of the leader. Christendom looked in vain for the mighty host which, at the sight of the holy banner, was wont to assemble round the standard of the Prophet; the ancient courage of the Osmanleys seemed to have perished with their waning fortunes; hardly could the Russian outposts keep pace with them in the rapidity of their flight; and a force, reduced by sickness to twenty thousand men, dictated peace to the Ottomans within twenty hours' march of Constantinople. More lately, the once dreaded throne of Turkey has become a jest to its ancient provinces; the Pasha of Egypt, once the most inconsiderable of its vassals, has compelled the Sublime Porte, the ancient terror of Christendom, to seek for safety in the protection of Infidel battalions; and the throne of Constantine, incapable of self-defence, is ultimately destined to become the prize for which Moscovite ambition and Arabian audacity are to contend on the glittering shores of Scutari.

But if the weakness of the Ottomans is surprising, the supineness of the European powers is not less amazing at this interesting crisis. The power of Russia has long been a subject of alarm to France, and having twice seen the Cossacks at the Tuileries, it is not surprising that they should feel somewhat nervous at every addition to its strength. England, jealous of its maritime superiority, and apprehensive—whether reasonably or not is immaterial—of danger to her Indian possessions, from the growth of Russian power in Asia, has long made it a fixed principle of her policy to coerce the ambitious designs of the Cabinet of St. Petersburg, and twice she has saved Turkey from their grasp. When the Russians and Austrians, in 1786, projected an alliance for its partition, and Catherine and Joseph

* Travels in Turkey, by F. Slade, Esq. London, 1832.

† When the brave Canaris passed under the bows of the Turkish admiral's ship, to which he had grappled the fatal fireship, at Scio, the crew in his boat exclaimed, "Victory to the Cross!" the old war-cry of Byzantium.—Gordon's *Greek Revolution*, i. 274.

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had actually met on the Wolga to arrange its details, Mr. Pitt interposed, and by the influence of England, prevented the design: and when Diebitsch was in full march for Constantinople, and the insurrection of the Janissaries only waited for the sight of the Cossacks to break out, and overturn the throne of Mahmoud, the strong arm of Wellington interfered, put a curb in the mouth of Russia, and postponed for a season the fall of the Turkish power. Now, however, every thing is changed;—France and England, occupied with domestic dissensions, are utterly paralysed; they can no longer make a show of resistance to Moscovite ambition; exclusively occupied in preparing the downfall of her ancient allies, the Dutch and the Portuguese, England has not a thought to bestow on the occupation of the Dardanelles, and the keys of the Levant are, without either observation or regret, passing to the hands of Russia.

These events are so extraordinary, that they almost make the boldest speculator hold his breath. Great as is the change in external events which we daily witness, the alteration in internal feeling is still greater. Changes which would have convulsed England from end to end, dangers which would have thrown European diplomacy into agonies a few years ago, are now regarded with indifference. The progress of Russia through Asia, the capture of Erivan and Erzeroum, the occupation of the Dardanelles, are now as little regarded as if we had no interest in such changes; as if we had no empire in the East threatened by so ambitious a neighbour; no independence at stake in the growth of the Colossus of northern Europe.

The reason is apparent, and it affords the first great and practical proof which England has yet received of the fatal blow, which the recent changes have struck, not only at her internal prosperity, but her external independence. England is now powerless; and, what is worse, the European powers know it. Her Government is so incessantly and exclusively occupied in maintaining its ground against the internal enemies whom the Reform Bill has raised up into appalling strength; the necessity of sacrificing something to the insatiable passions of the Revolutionists is so apparent, that every other object is disregarded: the allies, by whose aid they overthrew the constitution, have turned so fiercely upon them, that they are forced to strain every nerve to resist these domestic enemies. Who can think of the occupation of Scutari, when the malt tax is threatened with repeal? Who care for the thunders of Nicholas, when the threats of O'Connell are ringing in their ears? The English Government, once so stable and steadfast in its resolutions, when rested on the firm rock of the Aristocracy, has become unstable as water since it was thrown for its support upon the Democracy: its designs are as changeable, its policy as fluctuating, as the volatile and inconsiderate mass from which it sprung; and hence its menaces are disregarded, its ancient relations broken, its old allies disgusted, and the weight of its influence being no longer felt, projects the most threatening to its independence are without hesitation undertaken by other states.

Nor is the supineness and apathy of the nation less important or alarming. It exists to such an extent as clearly to demonstrate, that not only are the days of its glory numbered, but the termination even of its independence may be foreseen at no distant period. Enterprises the most hostile to its interests, conquests the most fatal to its glory, are undertaken by its rivals not only without the disapprobation, but with the cordial support, of the majority of the nation. Portugal, for a century the ally of England, for whose defence hundreds of thousands of Englishmen had died in our own times, has been abandoned without a murmur to the revolutionary spoliation and propagandist arts of France. Holland, the bulwark of England, for whose protection the great war with France was undertaken, has been assailed by British fleets, and threatened by British power; and the shores of the Scheldt, which beheld the victorious legions of Wellington land to curb the power of Napoleon, have witnessed the union of the Tricolor and British flags, to beat down the independence of the Dutch provinces. Constantinople, long regarded as the outpost of India against the Russians, is abandoned without regret; and, amidst the strife of internal faction, the fixing of the Moscovite standards on the shores of the Bosphorus, the transference of the finest harbour in the world to a growing maritime power, and of the entrepot of Europe and Asia to an already formidable commercial state, is hardly the subject of observation.

The reason cannot be concealed, and is too clearly illustrative of the desperate tendency of the recent changes upon all the classes of the Empire. With the Revolutionists the passion for change has supplanted every other feeling, and the spirit of innovation has extinguished that of patriotism. They no longer league in thought, or word, or wish, exclusively with their own countrymen; they no longer regard the interests and glory of England, as the chief objects of their solicitude; what they look to is the revolutionary party in other States; what they sympathize with, the progress of the Tricolor in overturning other dynasties. The loss of British dominion, the loss of British colonies, the downfall of British power, the decay of British glory, the loss of British independence, is to them a matter of no sort of regret, provided the Tricolor is triumphant, and the cause of revolution is making progress in the world. Well and truly did Mr. Burke say, that the spirit of patriotism and Jacobinism could not coexist in the same state; and that the greatest national disasters are lightly passed over, provided they bring with them the advance of democratic ambition.

The Conservatives, on the other hand, are so utterly desperate in regard to the future prospects of the Empire, from the vacillation and violence of the Democratic party who are in-

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stalled in sovereignty, that external events, even of the most threatening character, are regarded by them but as dust in the balance, when compared with the domestic calamities which are staring us in the face. What although the ingratitude and tergiversation of England to Holland have deprived us of all respect among foreign States? That evil, great as it is, is nothing to the domestic embarrassments which overwhelm the country from the unruly spirit which the Whigs fostered with such sedulous care during the Reform contest. What although the empire of the Mediterranean, and ultimately our Indian possessions, are menaced by the ceaseless growth of Russia; the measures which Government have in contemplation for the management of that vast dominion, will sever it from the British Empire before any danger is felt from external foes; and long ere the Moscovite eagles are seen on the banks of the Indus, the insane measures of Ten Pounders will have banished the British standards from the plains of Hindostan.

Every thing, in short, announces that the external weight and foreign importance of Great Britain are irrecoverably lost; and that the passing of the Reform Bill has truly been the death-warrant of the British Empire. The Russians are at Constantinople! the menaces, the entreaties of England, are alike disregarded; and the ruler of the seas has submitted in two years to descend to the rank of a second-rate power. That which a hundred defeats could have hardly effected to old England, is the very first result of the innovating system upon which new England has entered. The Russians are at Constantinople! How would the shade of Chatham, or Pitt, or Fox, thrill at the announcement! But it makes no sort of impression on the English people: as little as the robbery of the Portuguese fleet by the French, or the surrender of the citadel of Antwerp to the son-in-law of Louis Philippe. In this country we have arrived, in an inconceivably short space of time, at that weakness, disunion, and indifference to all but revolutionary objects, which is at once the forerunner and the cause of national ruin.

But leaving these mournful topics, it is more instructive to turn to the causes which have precipitated, in so short a space of time, the fall of the Turkish Empire. Few more curious or extraordinary phenomena are to be met with in the page of history. It will be found that the Ottomans have fallen a victim to the same passion for innovation and reform which have proved so ruinous both in this and a neighbouring country; and that, while the bulwarks of Turkey were thrown down by the rude hand of Mahmoud, the States of Western Europe were disabled, by the same frantic course, from rendering him any effectual aid. How well in every age has the spirit of Jacobinism and revolutionary passion aided the march, and hastened the growth of Russia!

The fact of the long duration of Turkey, in the midst of the monarchies of Europe, and the stubborn resistance which she opposed for a series of ages to the attacks of the two greatest of its military powers, is of itself sufficient to demonstrate that the accounts on which we had been accustomed to rely of the condition of the Ottoman Empire were partial or exaggerated. No fact is so universally demonstrated by history as the rapid and irrecoverable decline of barbarous powers, when the career of conquest is once terminated. Where is now the Empire of the Caliphs or the Moors? What has survived of the conquests, one hundred years ago, of Nadir Shah? How long did the Empire of Aurengzebe, the throne of the Great Mogul, resist the attacks of England, even at the distance of ten thousand miles from the parent state? How then did it happen that Turkey so long resisted the spoiler? What conservative principle has enabled the Osmanleys so long to avoid the degradation which so rapidly overtakes all barbarous and despotic empires; and what has communicated to their vast empire a portion of the undecaying vigour which has hitherto been considered as the grand characteristic of European civilization? The answer to these questions will both unfold the real causes of the long endurance, and at length the sudden fall, of the Turkish Empire.

Though the Osmanleys were an Asiatic power, and ruled entirely on the principles of Asiatic despotism, yet their conquests were effected in Europe, or in those parts of Asia in which, from the influence of the Crusades, or of the Roman institutions which survived their invasion, a certain degree of European civilization remained. It is difficult utterly to exterminate the institutions of a country where they have been long established; those of the Christian provinces of the Roman Empire have in part survived all the dreadful tempests which for the last six centuries have passed over their surface. It is these remnants of civilization, it is the institutions which still linger among the vanquished people, which have so long preserved the Turkish provinces from decay; and it is these ancient bulwarks, which the innovating passions of Mahmoud have now destroyed.

1. The first circumstance which upheld, amidst its numerous defects, the Ottoman Empire, was the rights conceded on the first conquest of the country by Mahomet to the *dere beys* or ancient nobles of Asia Minor, and which the succeeding Sultans have been careful to maintain inviolate. These dere beys all capitulated with the conqueror, and obtained the important privileges of retaining their lands in perpetuity for their descendants, and of paying a *fixed tribute* in money and men to the Sultan. In other words, they were a hereditary noblesse; and as they constituted the great strength of the empire in its Asiatic provinces, they have preserved their privilege through all succeeding reigns. The following is the description given of them by the intelligent traveller whose work is prefixed to this article:—

"The dere beys," says Mr. Slade, "literal-

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ly lords of the valleys, an expression peculiarly adapted to the country, which presents a series of oval valleys, surrounded by ramparts of hills, were the original possessors of those parts of Asia Minor, which submitted, under feudal conditions, to the Ottomans. Between the conquest of Brussa and the conquest of Constantinople, a lapse of more than a century, chequered by the episode of Tamerlane, their faith was precarious; but after the latter event, Mahomet II. bound their submission and finally settled the terms of their existence. He confirmed them in their lands, subject, however, to tribute, and to quotas of troops in war; and he absolved the head of each family for ever from personal service. The last clause was the most important, as thereby the Sultan had no power over their lives, nor consequently, could be their heirs, that despotic power being lawful over those only in the actual service of the Porte. The families of the dere beys, therefore, became neither impoverished nor extinct. It would be dealing in truisms to enumerate the advantages enjoyed by the districts of these noblemen over the rest of the empire; they were oases in the desert: their owners had more than a life interest in the soil, they were born and lived among the people, and, being hereditarily rich, had no occasion to create a private fortune, each year, after the tribute due was levied. Whereas, in a pashalick, the people are strained every year to double or treble the amount of the impost, since the pasha, who pays for his situation, must also be enriched. The devotion of the dependents of the dere beys was great: at a whistle, the Car'osman-Oglous, the Tchapan-Oglous, the Elleazar-Oglous, (the principal Asiatic families that survive,) could raise, each, from ten thousand to twenty thousand horsemen, and equip them. Hence the facility with which the Sultans, up to the present century, drew such large bodies of cavalry into the field. The dere beys have always furnished, and maintained, the greatest part; and there is not one instance, since the conquest of Constantinople, of one of these great families raising the standard of revolt. The pashas invariably have. The reasons, respectively, are obvious. The dere bey was sure of keeping his possessions by right; the pasha of losing his by custom, unless he had money to bribe the Porte, or force to intimidate it.

These provincial nobles, whose rights had been respected during four centuries, by a series of 24 sovereigns, had two crimes in the eyes of Mahmoud II.: they held their property from their ancestors, and they had riches. To alter the tenure of the former, the destination of the latter, was his object. The dere beys—unlike the seraglio dependents, brought up to distrust their own shadows—had no causes for suspicion, and therefore became easy dupes of the grossest treachery. The unbending spirits were removed to another world, the flexible were despoiled of their wealth. Some few await their turn, or, their eyes opened, prepare to resist oppression. Car'osman Oglou, for example, was summoned to Constantinople, where expensive employment, forced on him during several years, reduced his ready cash; while a follower of the seraglio resided at his city of Magnesia, to collect his revenues. The peasants, in consequence, ceased to cultivate their lands, from whence they no longer hoped to reap profit; and his once flourishing possessions soon became as desolate as any which had always been under the gripe of pashas."

This passage throws the strongest light on the former condition of the Turkish Empire. They possessed an *hereditary* noblesse in their Asiatic provinces; a body of men whose interests were permanent; who enjoyed their rights by succession, and, therefore, were permanently interested in preserving their possessions from spoliation. It was their feudal tenantry who flocked in such multitudes to the standard of Mahomet when any great crisis occurred, and formed those vast armies who so often astonished the European powers, and struck terror into the boldest hearts in Christendom. These hereditary nobles, however, the bones of the empire, whose estates were exempt from the tyranny of the Pashas, have been destroyed by Mahmoud. Hence the disaffection of the Asiatic provinces, and the readiness with which they opened their arms to the liberating standards of Mehemet Ali. It is the nature of innovation, whether enforced by the despotism of a sultan or a democracy, to destroy in its fervour the institutions on which public freedom is founded.

2. The next circumstance which contributed to mitigate the severity of Ottoman oppression was the privileges of the provincial cities, chiefly in Europe, which consisted in being governed by magistrates elected by the people themselves from among their chief citizens. This privilege, a relic of the rights of the *municipia* over the whole Roman Empire, was established in all the great towns; and its importance in moderating the otherwise intolerable weight of Ottoman oppression was incalculable. The Pashas or temporary rulers appointed by the Sultan had no authority, or only a partial one in these free cities, and hence they formed nearly as complete an asylum for industry in Europe as the estates of the dere beys did in Asia. This important right, however, could not escape the reforming passion of Mahmoud; and it was accordingly overturned.

"In conjunction with subverting the dere beys, Mahmoud attacked the privileges of the great provincial cities, (principally in Europe,) which consisted in the election of ayans (magistrates) by the people, from among the notables. Some cities were solely governed by them, and in those ruled by pashas, they had, in most cases, sufficient influence to restrain somewhat the full career of despotism. They were the protectors of rayas, as well as of Mussulmans, and, for their own sakes, resisted exorbitant imposts. The change in the cities where their authority has been abolished (Adrianople, *e. g.*) is deplorable; trade has since languished, and population has diminished. They were instituted by Solyman (the lawgiver), and the protection which they have invariably afforded the Christian subjects of the Porte entitles them to a Christian's good word. The crime, that of the dere beys, was being pos

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sessed of authority not emanating from the Sultan.

"Had Mahmoud II. instructed the government of the provinces to the dere beys, and strengthened the authority of the ayans, he would have truly reformed his empire, by restoring it to its brightest state, have gained the love of his subjects, and the applauses of humanity. By the contrary proceeding, subverting two bulwarks (though dilapidated) of national prosperity—a provincial nobility and magistracy—he has shown himself a selfish tyrant."

3. In addition to an hereditary nobility in the dere beys, and the privileges of corporations in the right of electing their ayans, the Mussulmans possessed a powerful hierarchy in the *ulema;* a most important body in the Ottoman dominions, and whose privileges have gone far to limit the extent of its despotic government. This important institution has been little understood hither to in Europe; but they have contributed in a most important manner to mitigate the severity of the Sultan in those classes who enjoyed no special protection.

"In each of the Turkish cities," says Mr. Slade, "reside a muphti and a mollah. A knowledge of Arabic, so as to to be able to read the Koran in the original, is considered sufficient for the former, but the latter must have run a legal career in one of the medressehs, (universities of Constantinople.) After thirty years probation in a medresseh, the student becomes of the class of murderis, (doctors at law,) from which are chosen the mollahs, comprehended under the name of ulema. Students who accept the inferior judicial appointments can never become of the ulema.

"The ulema is divided into three classes, according to a scale of the cities of the empire. The first class consists of the cazi-askers, (chief judges of Europe and Asia;) the Stamboul effendisi, (mayor of Constantinople;) the mollahs qualified to act at Mecca, at Medina, at Jerusalem, at Bagdat, at Salonica, at Aleppo, at Damascus, at Brussa, Caiaro, at Smyrna, at Cogni, at Galata, at Scutari. The second class consists of the mollahs qualified to act at the twelve cities of next importance. The third class at ten inferior cities. The administration of minor towns is intrusted to cadis, who are nominated by the cazi-askers in their respective jurisdiction, a patronage which produces great wealth to these two officers.

"In consequence of these powers the mollah of a city may prove as great a pest as a needy pasha; but as the mollahs are hereditarily wealthy, they are generally moderate in their perquisitions, and often protect the people against the extortions of the pashas. The cadis, of the minor towns, who have not the advantage of being privately rich, seldom fail to join with the aga to skin the 'serpent that crawls in the dust.'

"The mollahs, dating from the reign of Solyman—zenith of Ottoman prosperity—were not slow in discovering the value of their situations, or in taking advantage of them; and as their sanctity protected them from spoilation, they were enabled to leave their riches to their children who are brought up to the same career, and were, by privilege, allowed to finish their studies at the medresseh in eight years less time than the prescribed number of years, the private tuition which they were supposed to receive from their fathers making up for the deficiency. Thus, besides the influence of birth and wealth, they had a direct facility in attaining the degree of muderi, which their fellow-citizens and rivals had not, and who were obliged in consequence to accept inferior judicail appointments. In process of time the whole monopoly of the ulema centred in a certain number of families, and their constant residence at the capital, to which they return at the expiration of their term of office, has maintained their power to the present day. Nevertheless, it is true that if a student of a medresseh, not of the privileged order, possess extraordinary merit, the ulema has generally the tact to admit him of the body: wo to the cities to which he goes as mollah, since he has to create a private fortune for his family. Thus arose that body—the peerage of Turkey—known by the name of ulema, a body uniting the high attributes of law and religion; distinct from the clergy, yet enjoying all the advantages connected with a church paramount free from its shackles, yet retaining the perfect odour of sanctity. Its combination has given it a greater hold in the state than the dere beys, who, though possessed individually of more power, founded too on original charters, sunk from a want of union."

The great effect of the ulema has arisen from this, that its lands are safe from confiscation or arbitrary taxation. To power of every sort, excepting that of a triumphant democracy, there must be some limits; and great as the authority of the Sultan is, he is too dependent on the religious feelings of his subjects to be able to overturn the church lands. The consequence is that the vacouf or church lands have been always free both from arbitrary taxation and confiscation; and hence they have formed a species of mortmain or entailed lands in the Ottoman dominions, enjoying privileges to which the other part of the empire, excepting the estates of the dere beys, are entire strangers. Great part of the lands of Turkey, in many places amounting to one-third of the whole, were held by this religious tenure; and the device was frequently adopted of leaving property to the ulema in trust for particular families, whereby the benefits of secure hereditary descent were obtained. The practical advantages of this ecclesiastical property are thus enumerated by Mr. Slade.

"The vacouf (mosque lands) have been among the best cultivated in Turkey, by being *free from arbitrary taxation.* The mektebs (public schools) in all the great cities, where the rudiments of the Turkish language and the Koran are taught, and where poor scholars receive food gratis, are supported by the ulema. The medressehs, imarets, (hospitals,) fountains, &c. are all maintained by the ulema; add to these the magnificence of the mosques, their number, the royal sepultures, and it will be seen that Turkey owes much to the existence of this body, which has been enabled, by its power and its union, to resist royal cupidity. Without it, where would be the establishments above

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mentioned? Religious property has been an object of attack in every country. At one period, by the sovereign, to increase his power; at another, by the people, to build fortunes on its downfall. Mahomet IV. after the disastrous retreat of his grand vizir, Cara Mustapha, from before Vienna, 1683, seized on the riches of the principal mosques, which arbitrary act led to his deposition. The ulema would have shewn a noble patriotism in giving its wealth for the service of the state, but it was right in resenting the extortion, which would have served as a precedent for succeeding sultans.—In fine, rapid as has been the decline of Ottoman empire since victory ceased to attend its arms, I venture to assert, that it would have been *tenfold more rapid but for the privileged orders*—the dere beys and the ulema. Without their powerful weight and influence—effect of hereditary wealth and sanctity—the Janissaries would long since have cut Turkey in slices, and have ruled it as the Mamelukes ruled Egypt.

"Suppose, now, the influence of the ulema to be overturned, what would be the consequence? The mollaships, like the pashalicks, would then be sold to the highest bidders, or given to the needy followers of the seraglio. These must borrow money of the bankers for their outfit, which must be repaid, and their own purses lined, by their talents at extortion."*

It is one of the most singular proofs of the tendency of innovation to blind its votaries to the effects of the measures it advocates, that the ulema has long been singled out for destruction by the reforming Sultan, and the change is warmly supported by many of the inconsiderate Franks who dwell in the East. Such is the aversion of men of every faith to the vesting of property or influence in the church, that they would willingly see this one of the last barriers which exist against arbitrary power done away. The power of the Sultan, great as it is, has not yet ventured on this great innovation; but it is well known that he meditates it, and it is the knowledge of this circumstance which is one great cause of the extreme unpopularity which has rendered his government unable to obtain any considerable resources from his immense dominions.

4. In every part of the empire, the superior felicity and well-being of the peasantry in the mountains is conspicuous, and has long attracted the attention of travellers. Clarke observed it in the mountains of Greece, Mariti and others in Syria and Asia Minor, and Mr. Slade and Mr. Walsh in the Balkan, and the hilly country of Bulgaria. "No peasantry in the world," says the former, "are so well off as that of Bulgaria. The lowest of them has abundance of every thing—meat, poultry, eggs, milk, rice, cheese, wine, bread, good clothing, a warm dwelling, and a horse to ride. It is true he has no newspaper to kindle his passions, nor a knife and fork to eat with, nor a bedstead to lie on; but these are the customs of the country, and a pacha is equally unhappy. Where, then, is the tyranny under which the Christian subjects of the Porte are generally supposed to groan? Not among the Bulgarians certainly. I wish that in every country a traveller could pass from one end to the other, and find a good supper and a warm fire in every cottage, as he can in this part of European Turkey."† This description applies generally to almost all the mountainous provinces of the Ottoman Empire, and in an especial manner to the peasants of Parnassus and Olympia, as described by Clarke. As a contrast to this delightful state of society, we may quote the same traveller's account of the plains of Romelia. "Romelia, if cultivated, would become the granary of the East, whereas Constantinople depends on Odessa for daily bread. The burial-grounds, choked with weeds and underwood, constantly occurring in every traveller's route, far remote from habitations, are eloquent testimonials of continued depopulation. The living too are far apart; a town every fifty miles, and a village every ten miles, is close, and horsemen meeting on the highway regard each other as objects of curiosity. The cause of this depopulation is to be found in the pernicious government of the Ottomans."† The cause of this remarkable difference lies in the fact, that the Ottoman oppression has never yet fully extended into the mountainous parts of its dominions; and, consequently, they remained like permanent veins of prosperity, intersecting the country in every direction, amidst the desolation which generally prevailed in the pashalicks of the plain.

5. The Janissaries were another institution which upheld the Turkish Empire. They formed a regular standing army, who, although at times extremely formidable to the Sultan, and exercising their influence with all the haughtiness of Prætorian guards, were yet of essential service in repelling the invasion of the Christian Powers. The strength of the Ottoman armies consisted in the Janissaries, and the delhis and spahis; the former being the regular force, the latter the contingents of the dere beys. Every battle-field, from Constantinople to Vienna, can tell of the valour of the Janissaries, long and justly regarded as the bulwark of the empire; and the Russian battalions, with all their firmness, were frequently broken, even in the last war, by the desperate charge of the delhis. Now, however, both are destroyed; the vigorous severity of the Sultan has annihilated the dreaded battalions of the former—the ruin of the dere beys has closed the supply of the latter. In these violent and impolitic reforms is to be found the immediate cause of the destruction of the Turkish Empire.

Of the revolt which led to the destruction of this great body, and the policy which led to it, the following striking account is given by Mr. Slade:

"Every campaign during the Greek war a body was embarked on board the fleet, and landed in small parties, purposely unsupported, on the theatre of war: none returned, so that only a few thousand remained at Constantinople, when, May 30, 1826, the Sultan issued a hatti scheriff concerning the formation of 'a new victorious army.' This was a flash of lightning in the eyes of the Janissaries. They saw why their companions did not return from Greece; they saw that the old, hitherto abortive policy, dormant since eighteen years, was revived; they saw that their existence was threatened; and they resolved to resist, confiding in the prestige of their name. June 15,

* Slade, ii. 97.

† Ibid. 15.

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following, they reversed their soup-kettles, (signal of revolt,) demanded the heads of the ministers, and the revocation of the said firman. But Mahmoud was prepared for them. Husseyin, the aga of the Janissaries, was in his interests, and with him the yamaks, (garrisons of the castles of the Bosphorus,) the Galiondgis, and the Topchis. Collecting, therefore, on the following morning, his forces in the Atmeidan, the sandjack scheriff was displayed, and the ulema seconded him by calling on the people to support their sovereign against the rebels. Still, noways daunted, the Janissaries advanced, and summoned their aga, of whom they had no suspicion, to repeat their demands to the Sultan, threatening, in case of non-compliance, to force the seraglio gates. Husseyin, who had acted his part admirably, and with consummate duplicity, brought them to the desired point—open rebellion—flattering them with success, now threw aside the mask. He stigmatized them as infidels, and called on them in the name of the prophet, to submit to the Sultan's clemency. At this defection of their trusted favourite chief, their smothered rage burst out; they rushed to his house, razed it in a moment, did the same by the houses of the other ministers, applied torches, and in half an hour Constantinople streamed with blood beneath the glare of flames. Mahmoud hesitated, and was about to conciliate; but Husseyin repulsed the idea with firmness, knowing that to effect conciliation, his head must be the first offering. 'Now or never,' he replied to the Sultan, 'is the time! Think not that a few heads will appease this sedition, which has been too carefully fomented by me, —the wrongs of the Janissaries too closely dwelt on, thy character too blackly stained, thy treachery too minutely dissected,—to be easily laid. Remember that this is the second time that thy arm has been raised against them, and they will not trust thee again. Remember, too, that thou hast now a son, that son not in thy power, whom they will elevate on thy downfall. Now is the time! This evening's sun must set for the last time on them or us. Retire from the city, that thy sacred person may be safe, and leave the rest to me.' Mahmoud consented, and went to Dolma Bachtchè, (a palace one mile up the Bosphorus,) to await the result. Husseyin, then free to act without fear of interruption, headed his yamaks, and vigorously attacked the rebels, who, cowardly as they were insolent, offered a feeble resistance, when they found themselves unsupported by the mob, retreated from street to street, and finally took refuge in the Atmeidan. Here their career ended. A masked battery on the hill beyond opened on them, troops enclosed them in, and fire was applied to the wooden buildings. Desperation then gave them the courage that might have saved them at first, and they strove with madness to force a passage from the burning pile; part were consumed, part cut down; a few only got out, among them five colonels, who threw themselves at the aga's feet, and implored grace. They spoke their last."

Five thousand fell under this grand blow; twenty-five thousand perished throughout the whole empire. The next day a hatti scheriff was read in the mosques, declaring the Janissaries infamous, the order abolished, and the name an anathema.

This great stroke made a prodigious sensation in Europe, and even the best informed were deceived as to its effects on the future prospects of the Ottoman Empire. By many it was compared to the destruction of the Strelitzes by Peter the Great, and the resurrection of Turkey anticipated from the great reform of Mahmoud, as Moscovy arose from the vigorous measures of the Czar. But the cases and the men were totally different. Peter, though a despot, was practically acquainted with his country. He had voluntarily descended to the humblest rank, to make himself master of the arts of life. When he had destroyed the Prætorian guards of Moscow, he built up the new military force of the empire, in strict accordance with its national and religious feelings, and the victory of Pultowa was the consequence. But what did Sultan Mahmoud? Having destroyed the old military force of Turkey, he subjected the new levies which were to replace it to such absurd regulations, and so thoroughly violated the political and religious feelings of the country, that none of the Osmanleys who could possibly avoid it would enter his ranks, and he was obliged to fill them up with mere boys, who had not yet acquired any determinate feelings—a wretched substitute for the old military force of the empire, and which proved totally unequal to the task of facing the veteran troops of Russia. The impolicy of his conduct in destroying and rebuilding, is more clearly evinced by nothing than the contrast it affords to the conduct of Sultan Amurath, in originally forming these guards.

"Strikingly," says Mr. Slade, "does the conduct of Mahmoud, in forming the new levies, contrast with that of Amurath in the formation of the Janissaries; the measures being parallel, inasmuch as each was a mighty innovation, no less than the establishment of an entire new military force, on the institutions of the country. But Amurath had a master mind. Instead of keeping his new army distinct from the nation, he incorporated it with it, made it conform in all respects to national usages; and the success was soon apparent by its spreading into a vast national guard, of which, in later times, some thousands usurped the permanence of enrolment, in which the remainder, through indolence, acquiesced. Having destroyed these self-constituted battalions, Mahmoud should have made the others available, instead of outlawing them, as it were; and, by respecting their traditionary whims and social rights, he would easily have given his subjects a taste for European discipline. They never objected to it in principle, but their untutored minds could not understand why, in order to use the musket and bayonet, and manœuvre together, it was necessary to leave off wearing beards and turbans."

"But Mahmoud, in his hatred, wished to condemn them to oblivion, to eradicate every token of their pre-existence, not knowing that trampling on a grovelling party is the surest

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way of giving it fresh spirit; and trampling on the principles of the party in question, was trampling on the principles of the whole nation. In his ideas, the Oriental usages in eating, dressing, &c. were connected with the Janissaries, had been invented by them, and therefore he proscribed them, prescribing new modes. He changed the costume of his court from Asiatic to European; he ordered his soldiers to shave their beards, recommending his courtiers to follow the same example, and he forbad the turban,—that valued, darling, beautiful head-dress, at once national and religious. His folly therein cannot be sufficiently reprobated: had he reflected that Janissarism was only a branch grafted on a wide-spreading tree, that it sprung from the Turkish nation, not the Turkish nation from it, he would have seen how impossible was the more than Herculean task he assumed, of suddenly transforming national manners consecrated by centuries,—a task from which his prophet would have shrunk. The disgust excited by these sumptuary laws may be conceived. Good Mussulmans declared them unholy and scandalous, and the Asiatics, to a man, refused obedience; but as Mahmoud's horizon was confined to his court, he did not know but what his edicts were received with veneration."

"If Mahmoud had stopped at these follies in the exercise of his newly-acquired despotic power, it would have been well. His next step was to increase the duty on all provisions in Constantinople, and in the great provincial cities, to the great discontent of the lower classes, which was expressed by filling the city to such an extent that in the first three months six thousand houses were consumed. The end of October, 1826, was also marked by a general opposition to the new imposts; but repeated executions at length brought the people to their senses, and made them regret the loss of the Janissaries, who had been their protectors as well as tormentors, inasmuch as they had never allowed the price of provisions to be raised. These disturbances exasperated the Sultan. He did not attribute them to the right cause, distress, but to a perverse spirit of Janissarism, a suspicion of harbouring which was death to any one. He farther extended his financial operations by raising the miri (land-tax) all over the empire, and, in ensuing years, by granting monopolies on all articles of commerce to the highest bidder. In consequence, lands, which had produced abundance, in 1830 lay waste. Articles of export, as opium, silk, &c. gave the growers a handsome revenue when they could sell them to the Frank merchants, but at the low prices fixed by the monopolists they lose, and the cultivation languishes. Sultan Mahmoud kills the goose for the eggs. In a word, he adopted in full the policy of Mehemet Ali, which supposed the essence of civilization and of political science to be contained in the word *taxation*; and having driven his chariot over the necks of the dere beys, and of the Janissaries, he resolved to tie his subjects to its wheels, and to keep them in dire slavery. Hence a mute struggle began throughout the empire between the Sultan and the Turks, the former trying to reduce the latter to the condition of the Egyptian fellahs, the latter unwilling to imitate the fellahs in patient submission. The Sultan flatters himself (1830) that he is succeeding, because the taxes he imposed, and the monopolies he has granted, produce him more revenue than he had formerly. The people, although hitherto they have been able to answer the additional demands by opening their hoards, evince a sullen determination not to continue doing so, by seceding gradually from their occupations, and barely existing. The result must be, if the Sultan cannot compel them to work, as the Egyptians, under the lashes of task-masters, either a complete stagnation of agriculture and trade, even at a low ebb in Turkey, or a general rebellion, produced by misery."

The result of these precipitate and monstrous innovations strikingly appeared in the next war with Russia. The Janissaries and dere beys were destroyed—the Mussulmans everywhere disgusted; the turban, the national dress—the scymitar, the national weapon, were laid aside in the army; and instead of the fierce and valiant Janissaries wielding that dreaded weapon, there was to be found only in the army boys of sixteen, wearing caps in the European style, and looked upon as little better than heretics by all true believers.

"Instead of the Janissaries," says Mr. Slade, "the Sultan reviewed for our amusement, on the plains of Ramis Tchiftlik, his regular troops, which were quartered in and about Constantinople, amounting to about four thousand five hundred foot, and six hundred horse; though, beyond being dressed and armed uniformly, scarcely meriting the name of soldiers. What a sight for Count Orloff, then ambassador extraordinary, filling the streets of Pera with his Cossacks and Circassians! The Count, whom the Sultan often amused with a similar exhibition of his weakness, used to say, in reference to the movements of these successors of the Janissaries, that *the cavalry were employed in holding on, the infantry knew a little, and the artillery galloped about as though belonging to no party.* Yet over such troops do the Russians boast of having gained victories! In no one thing did Sultan Mahmoud make a greater mistake, than in changing the mode of mounting the Turkish cavalry, which before had perfect seats, with perfect command over their horses, and only required a little order to transform the best irregular horse in the world into the best regular horse. But Mahmoud, in all his changes, took the mask for the man, the rind for the fruit. European cavalry rode flat saddles with long stirrups; therefore he thought it necessary that his cavalry should do the same. European infantry wore tight jackets and close caps; therefore the same. Were this blind adoption of forms only useless, or productive only of physical inconvenience, patience; but it proved a moral evil, creating unbounded disgust. The privation of the turban particularly affected the soldiers; first, on account of the feeling of insecurity about the head with a fez on; secondly, as being opposed to the love of dress, which a military life, more than any other, engenders."

"Mahmoud," says the same author, "will learn that in having attacked the customs of his nation,—customs descended to it from Abra-

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ham, and respected by Mohammed,—he has directly undermined the divine right of his family, that right being only so considered by custom,—by its harmonizing with all other cherished usages. He will learn, that in having wantonly trampled on the unwritten laws of the land, those traditionary rights which were as universal household gods, he has put arms in the hands of the disaffected, which no rebel has hitherto had. Neither Ali Pasha nor Passwan Oglou could have appealed to the fanaticism of the Turks to oppose the Sultan. Mehemet Ali can and will. Ten years ago, the idea even of another than the house of Othman reigning over Turkey would have been heresy: the question is now openly broached, simply because the house of Othman is separating itself from the nation which raised and supported it. Reason may change the established habits of an old people; despotism rarely can."

How completely has the event, both in the Russian and Egyptian wars, demonstrated the truth of these principles! In the contest in Asia Minor, Paskewitch hardly encountered any opposition. Rage at the destruction of the Janissaries among their numerous adherents—indignation among the old population, in consequence of the ruins of the dere beys, and the suppression of the rights of the cities—lukewarmness in the church, from the anticipated innovations in its constitution—general dissatisfaction among all classes of Mahometans, in consequence of the change in the national dress and customs, had so completely weakened the feeling of patriotism, and the Sultan's authority, that the elements of resistance did not exist. The battles were mere parades—the sieges little more than the summoning of fortresses to surrender. In Europe, the ruinous effects of the innovations were also painfully apparent. Though the Russians had to cross in a dry and parched season the pathless and waterless plains of Bulgaria; and though, in consequence of the unhealthiness of the climate, and the wretched arrangements of their commissariat, they lost 200,000 men by sickness and famine in the first campaign, yet the Ottomans, though fighting in their own country, and for their hearths, were unable to gain any decisive advantage; and in the next campaign, when they were conducted with more skill, and the possession of Varna gave them the advantage of a seaport for their supplies, the weakness of the Turks was at once apparent. In the battle of the 11th June, the loss of the Turks did not exceed 4000 men, the forces on neither side amounted to 40,000 men, and yet this defeat proved fatal to the empire. Of this battle, our author gives the following characteristic and graphic account:

"In this position, on the west side of the Koulevscha hills, Diebitsch found himself at daylight, June 11th, with thirty-six thousand men and one hundred pieces of cannon. He disposed them so as to deceive the enemy. He posted a division in the valley, its right leaning on the cliff, its left supported by redoubts; the remainder of his troops he drew up behind the hills, so as to be unseen from the ravine; and then, with a well-grounded hope that not a Turk would escape him, waited the grand vizir, who was advancing up the defile totally unconscious that Diebitsch was in any other place than before Silistria. He had broke up from Pravodi the day before, on the receipt of his despatch from Schumla, and was followed by the Russian garrison, which had been reinforced by a regiment of hussars; but the general commanding it, instead of obeying Diebitsch's orders, and quietly tracking him until the battle should have commenced, harassed his rear. To halt and drive him back to Pravodi caused the vizir a delay of four hours, without which he would have emerged from the defile the same evening, and have gained Schumla before Diebitsch got into position.

"In the course of the night, the vizir was informed that the enemy had taken post between him and Schumla, and threatened his retreat. He might still have avoided the issue of a battle, by making his way transversely across the defiles of the Kamptchik, sacrificing his baggage and cannon; but deeming that he had only Roth to deal with, he, as in that case was his duty, prepared to force a passage; and the few troops that he saw drawn up in the valley on gaining the little wood fringing it, in the morning, confirmed his opinion. He counted on success; yet, to make more sure, halted to let his artillery take up a flanking position on the north side of the valley. The circuitous and bad route, however, delaying this manœuvre, he could not restrain the impatience of the delhis. Towards noon, 'Allah, Allah her,' they made a splendid charge; they repeated it, broke two squares, and amused themselves nearly two hours in carving the Russian infantry, their own infantry, the while, admiring them from the skirts of the wood. Diebitsch, expecting every moment that the vizir would advance to complete the success of his cavalry—thereby sealing his own destruction—ordered Count Pahlen, whose division was in the valley, and who demanded reinforcements, to maintain his ground to the last man. The Count obeyed, though suffering cruelly; but the vizir, fortunately, instead of seconding his adversary's intentions, quietly remained on the eminence, enjoying the gallantry of his delhis, and waiting till his artillery should be able to open, when he might descend and claim the victory with ease. Another ten minutes would have sufficed to envelope him; but Diebitsch, ignorant of the cause of his backwardness, supposing that he intended amusing him till night, whereby to effect a retreat, and unwilling to lose more men, suddenly displayed his whole force, and opened a tremendous fire on the astonished Turks. In an instant the rout was general, horse and foot; the latter threw away their arms, and many of the nizam dgeditt were seen clinging to the tails of the delhis' horses as they clambered over the hills. So complete and instantaneous was the flight, that scarcely a prisoner was made. Redschid strove to check the panic by personal valour, but in vain. He was compelled to draw his sabre in self-defence: he fled to the Kamptchik, accompanied by a score of personal retainers, crossed the mountains, and on the fourth day re-entered Schumla.

"This eventful battle, fought by the cavalry on one side, and a few thousand infantry on the other, decided the fate of Turkey;—immense in its consequences compared with the trifling loss sustained, amounting, on the side of the Russians, to three thousand killed and wounded; on that of the Turks, killed, wounded, and prisoners, to about four thousand. Its effect, however, was the same as though the whole Turkish army had been slain."

We have given at large the striking account of this battle, because it exhibits in the clearest point of view the extraordinary weakness to which a power was suddenly reduced which once kept all Christendom in awe. Thirty-six thousand men and a hundred pieces of cannon decided the fate of Turkey; and an army of Ottomans forty thousand strong, after sustaining a loss of four thousand men, was literally annihilated. The thing almost exceeds belief. To such a state of weakness had the reforms of Sultan Mahmoud so soon reduced the Ottoman power. Such was the prostration, through innovation, of an empire, which, only twenty years before, had waged a bloody and doubtful war with Russia, and maintained for four campaigns one hundred and fifty thousand men on the Danube.

6. Among the immediate and most powerful causes of the rapid fall of the Ottoman Empire unquestionably must be reckoned the Greek Re-

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volution, and the extraordinary part which Great Britain took in destroying the Turkish navy at Navarino.

On this subject we wish to speak with caution. We have the most heartfelt wish for the triumph of the Cross over the Crescent, and the liberation of the cradle of civilization from Asiatic bondage. But with every desire for the real welfare of the Greeks, we must be permitted to doubt whether the Revolution was the way to effect it, or the cause of humanity has not been retarded by the premature effort for its independence.

Since the wars of the French Revolution began, the condition and resources of the Greeks have improved in as rapid a progression as those of the Turks have declined. Various causes contributed to this.

These causes fostered the Greek Insurrection, which was secretly organized for years before it broke out in 1821, and was then spread universally and rendered unquenchable by the barbarous murder of the Greek patriarch, and a large proportion of the clergy at Constantinople, on Easter Day of that year. The result has been, that Greece, after seven years of the ordeal of fire and sword, has obtained its independence; and by the destruction of her navy at Navarino, Turkey has lost the means of making any effectual resistance on the Black Sea to Russia. Whether Greece has been benefited by the change, time alone can show. But it is certain that such have been the distractions, jealousies, and robberies of the Greeks upon each other since that time, that numbers of them have regretted that the dominion of their country has passed from the infidels.

But whatever may be thought on this subject, nothing can be more obvious than that the Greek Revolution was utterly fatal to the naval power of Turkey; because it deprived them at once of the class from which alone sailors could be obtained. The whole commerce of the Ottomans was carried on by the Greeks, and their sailors constituted the entire seamen of their fleet. Nothing, accordingly, can be more lamentable than the condition of the Turkish fleet since that time. The catastrophe of Navarino deprived them of their best ships and bravest sailors; the Greek revolt drained off the whole population who were wont to man their fleets. Mr. Slade informs us that when he navigated on board the Captain Pasha's ship with the Turkish fleet in 1829, the crews were composed almost entirely of landsmen, who were forced on board without the slightest knowledge of nautical affairs; and that such was their timidity from inexperience of that element, that a few English frigates would have sent the whole squadron, containing six ships of the line, to the bottom. The Russian fleet also evinced a degree of ignorance and timidity in the Euxine, which could hardly have been expected, from their natural hardihood and resolution. Yet, the Moscovite fleet, upon the whole, rode triumphant; by their capture of Anapa, they struck at the great market from whence Constantinople is supplied, while, by the storming of Sizepolis, they gave a *point d'appui* to Diebitsch on the coast within the Balkan, without which he could never have ventured to cross that formidable range. This ruin of the Turkish marine by the Greek Revolution and the battle of Navarino, was therefore the immediate cause of the disastrous issue of the second Russian campaign; and the scale might have been turned, and it made to terminate in equal disasters to the invaders, if five English ships of the line had been added to the Turkish force; and addition, Mr. Slade tells us, which would have enabled the Turks to burn the Russian arsenals and fleet at Swartopol, and postponed for half a century the fall of the Ottoman Empire.

Nothing, therefore, can be more instructive than the rapid fall of the Turkish power; nor more curious than the coincidence between the despotic acts of the reforming Eastern Sultan and of the innovating European democracies. The measures of both have been the same; both have been actuated by the same principles, and both yielded to the same ungovernable ambition. The Sultan commenced his reforms by destroying the old territorial noblesse, ruining the privileges of corporations, and subverting the old military force of the kingdom; and he is known to meditate the destruction of the Mahometan hierarchy, and the confiscation of the property of the church to the service of the public treasury. The Constituent Assembly, before they had sat six months, had annihilated the feudal nobility, extinguished the privileges of corporations, uprooted the military force of the monarchy, and confiscated the whole property of the church. The work of destruction went on far more smoothly and rapidly in the hands of the great despotic democracy, than of the Eastern Sultan; by the whole forces of the State drawing in one direction, the old machine was pulled to pieces with a rapidity to which there is nothing comparable in the annals even of Oriental potentates. The rude hand even of Sultan Mahmoud took a lifetime to accomplish that which the French democracy effected in a few months; and even his ruthless power paused at devastations which they unhesitatingly adopted amidst the applause of the nation. Despotism, absolute despotism, was the ruling passion of both; the Sultan proclaimed the principle that all authority flows from the throne, and that every influence must be destroyed which does not emanate from that source; "The Rights of Man" publicly announced the sovereignty of the people, and made every appointment, civil and military, flow from their assemblies. So true it is that despotism is actuated by the same jealousies, and leads to the same measures on the part of the sovereign as the multitude: and so just is the observation of Aristotle. "The character of democracy and despotism is the same. Both exercise a despotic authority over the better class of citizens; decrees are in the first, what ordinances and arrests are in the last. Though placed in different ages or countries, the court favourite and democrat are in reality the same characters, or at least they always bear a close

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analogy to each other; they have the principal authority in their respective forms of government; favourites with the absolute monarch, demagogues with the sovereign multitudes."*

The immediate effect of the great despotic acts in the two countries, however, was widely different. The innovations of Sultan Mahmoud being directed against the wishes of the majority of the nation, prostrated the strength of the Ottomans, and brought the Russian battalions in fearful strength over the Balkin. The innovations of the constituent Assembly being done in obedience to the dictates of the people, produced for a time a portentious union of revolutionary passions, and carried the Republican standards in triumph to every capital of Europe. It is one thing to force reform upon an unwilling people: it is another and a very different thing to yield to their wishes in imposing it upon a reluctant minority in the state.

But the ultimate effect of violent innovations, whether proceeding from the despotism of the Sultan or the multitude, is the same. In both cases they totally destroy the frame of society, and prevent the possibility of freedom being permanently erected, by destroying the classes whose intermixture is essential to its existence. The consequences of destroying the dere beys, the ayans, the Janissaries and ulema in Turkey, will, in the end, be the same as ruining the church, the nobility, the corporations, and landed proprietors in France. The tendency of both is identical, to destroy all authority but that emanating from a single power in the state, and of course to render that power despotic. It is immaterial whether that single power is the primary assemblies of the people, or the Divan of the Sultan; whether the influence to be destroyed is that of the church or the ulema, the dere beys or the nobility. In either case there is no counterpoise to its authority, and of course no limit to its oppression. As it is impossible, in the nature of things, that power should long be exercised by great bodies, as they necessarily and rapidly fall under despots of their own creation, so it is evident that the path is cleared, not only for despotism, but absolute despotism, as completely by the innovating democracy as the resistless Sultan. There never was such a pioneer for tyranny as the Constituent Assembly.

It is melancholy to reflect on the deplorable state of weakness to which England has been reduced since revolutionary passions seized upon her people. Three years ago, the British name was universally respected; the Portuguese pointed with gratitude to the well-fought fields, where English blood was poured forth like water in behalf of their independence; the Dutch turned with exultation to the Lion of Waterloo, the proud and unequalled monument of English fidelity; the Poles acknowledged with gratitude, that, amidst all their sorrows, England alone had stood their friend, and exerted its influence at the Congress of Vienna to procure for them constitutional freedom; even the Turks, though mourning the catastrophe of Navarino, acknowledged that British diplomacy had at length interfered, and turned aside from Constantinople the sword of Russia, after the barrier of the Balkan had been broke through. Now, how woful is the change! The Portuguese recount, with undisguised indignation, the spoliation of their navy by the Tricolor fleet, then in close alliance with England; and the fostering, by British blood and treasure, of a cruel and insidious civil war in their bosom, in aid of the principle of revolutionary propagandism: the Dutch, with indignant rage, tell the tale of the desertion by England of the allies and principles for which she had fought for a hundred and fifty years, and the shameful union of the Leopard and the Eagle, to crush the independence and partition the territories of Holland: the Polish exiles in foreign lands dwell on the heart-rending story of their wrongs, and narrate how they were led on by deceitful promises from France and England to resist, till the period of capitulation had gone by: the Eastern nations deplore the occupation of Constantinople by the Russians, and hold up their hands in astonishment at the infatuation which has led the mistress of the seas to permit the keys of the Dardanelles to be placed in the grasp of Moscovite ambition. It is in vain to conceal the fact, that by a mere change of ministry, by simply letting loose revolutionary passions, England has descended to the rank of a third-rate power. She has sunk at once, without any external disasters, from the triumphs of Trafalgar and Waterloo, to the disgrace and the humiliation of Charles II. It is hard to say whether she is most despised or insulted by her ancient allies or enemies; whether contempt and hatred are strongest among those she aided or resisted in the late struggle. Russia defies her in the east, and, secure in the revolutionary passions by which her people are distracted, pursues with now undisguised anxiety her long-cherished and stubbornly-resisted schemes of ambition in the Dardanelles; France drags her a willing captive at her chariot-wheels, and compels the arms which once struck down Napoleon to aid her in all the mean revolutionary aggressions she is pursuing on the surrounding states; Portugal and Holland, smarting under the wounds received from their oldest ally, wait for the moment of British weakness to wreak vengeance for the wrongs inflicted under the infatuated guidance of the Whig democracy. Louis XIV., humbled by the defeats of Blenheim and Ramillies, yet spurned with indignation at the proposal that he should join his arms to those of his enemies, to dispossess his ally, the King of Spain; but England, in the hour of her greatest triumph, has submitted to a greater degradation. She has deserted and insulted the nation which stood by her side in the field of Vittoria; she has joined in alliance against the power which bled with her at Waterloo, and deserted in its last extremity the ally whose standards waved triumphant with her on the sands of Egypt.

The supineness and weakness of Ministers in the last agony of Turkey, has been such as would

* Arist. de Pol. iv. c. 4.

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have exceeded belief, if woful experience had not taught us to be surprised at nothing which they can do. France acted with becoming foresight and spirit; they had an Admiral, with four ships of the line, to watch Russia in the Dandanelles, when the crisis approached. What had England? *One ship of the line* on the way from Malta, and a few frigates in the Archipelago, were all that the mistress of the waves could afford, to support the honour and interests of England, in an emergency more pressing than any which has occurred since the battle of Trafalgar. Was the crisis not foreseen? Every man in the country of any intelligence foresaw it, from the moment that Ibrahim besieged Acre. Can England only fit out one ship of the line to save the Dardanelles from Russia? Is this the foresight of the Whigs, or the effect of the dock-yard reductions? Or has the Reform Act utterly annihilated our strength, and sunk our name?

It is evident that in the pitiful strifes to which Government is now reduced, foreign events of the greatest magnitude, have no sort of weight in its deliberations. Resting on the quicksands of popular favour; intent only on winning the applause or resisting the indignation of the rabble; dreading the strokes of their old allies among the Political Unions; awakened, when too late, to a sense of the dreadful danger arising from the infatuated course they have pursued; hesitating between losing the support of the Revolutionists and pursuing the anarchical projects which they avow; unable to command the strength of the nation for any foreign policy; having sown the seeds of interminable dissension between the different classes of society, and spread far and wide the modern passion for innovation in lieu of the ancient patriotism of England; they have sunk it at once, and apparently for ever in the gulf of degradation. By the passions they have excited in the Empire, its strength is utterly destroyed, and well do foreign nations perceive its weakness. They know that Ireland is on the verge of rebellion; that the West Indies, with the torch and the tomahawk at their throats, are waiting only for the first national reverse to throw off their allegiance; that the splendid Empire of India is shaking under the democratic rule to which it is about to be subjected on the expiry of the Charter; that the dock-yards, stripped of their stores to make a show of economy, and conceal a sinking revenue, could no longer fit out those mighty fleets which so recently went forth from their gates, conquering and to conquor. The foreign historians of the French revolutionary war deplored the final seal it had put upon the maritime superiority of England, and declared that human sagacity could foresee no possible extrication of the seas from her resistless dominion: but how vain are the anticipations of human wisdom! The fickle change of popular opinion subverted the mighty fabric; a Whig Ministry succeeded to the helm, and before men had ceased to tremble at the thunder of Trafalgar, England had become contemptible on the waves!

The attention of all classes in this country has been so completely absorbed of late years by the progress of domestic changes, and the march of revolution, that little notice has been bestowed on the events we have been considering; yet they are more important to the future fate of the species, than even the approaching dismemberment of the British Empire. We are about to witness the overthrow of the Mahometan religion; the emancipation of the cradle of civilization from Asiatic bondage; the accomplishment of that deliverance of the Holy Sepulchre, for which the Crusaders toiled and bled in vain; the elevation of the Cross on the Dome of St Sophia, and the walls of Jerusalem.

That this great event was approaching has been long foreseen by the thoughtful and the philanthropic. The terrors of the Crescent have long since ceased: it received its first check in the Gulf of Lepanto: it waned before the stars of Sobieski under the walls of Vienna, and set in flames in the Bay of Navarino. The power which once made all Christendom tremble, which shook the imperial throne, and penetrated from the sands of Arabia to the banks of the Loire, is now in the agonies of dissolution: and that great deliverance for which the banded chivalry of Europe fought for centuries, and to attain which millions of Christian bones whitened the fields of Asia, is now about to be effected through the vacillation and indifference of their descendants. That which the courage of Richard Cœur de Lion' and the enthusiasm of Godfrey of Bouillon, could not achieve; which resisted the arms of the Templars and the Hospitallers, and rolled back from Asia the tide of European invasion, is now in the act of being accomplished. A more memorable instance was never afforded of the manner in which the passions and vices of men are made to work out the intentions of an overruling Providence, and of the vanity of all human attempts to prevent that ceaseless spread of religion which has been decreed by the Almighty.

That Russia is the power by whom this great change was to be effected, by whose arm the tribes of Asia were to be reduced to subjection, and the triumph of civilization over barbaric sway effected, has long been apparent. The gradual but unceasing pressure of the hardy races of mankind upon the effeminate, of the energy of Northern poverty on the corruption of Southern opulence, rendered it evident that this change must ultimately be effected. The final triumph of the Cross over the Crescent was secure from the moment that the Turcoman descended to the plains of Asia Minor, and the sway of the Czar was established in the deserts of Scythia. As certainly as water will ever descend from the mountains to the plain, so surely will the stream of a permanent conquest, in every age, flow from the northern to the southern races of mankind.

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From Blackwood's Magazine.

THE FACTORY SYSTEM.

THERE are few apophthegms more pregnant than "Charity begins at home." There it is born and bred. It gets its education by the fireside. One of its first lessons is, to rock the cradle of infancy, lisping or singing a prayer; another, almost as early, to minister silently by the bed of age. And thus gradually expanding to its perfect growth, it becomes the religion of the hearth—the guardian genius of domestic life—the spirit that imbues and embalms all our best human affections. Thus trained within holy walls, it delights to walk through their neighbourhood. It makes as yet no long excursions, but keeps within the vicinage of its beloved birth-place. It is never at a loss to find there objects having a natural claim on its tender solicitude; and towards them its heart yearns "with loves and longings infinite." The circle of its cares continues to widen and widen; and it sees that they may eventually embrace the uttermost ends of the earth. But it never ceases to feel that the light within it, which assuredly is from heaven, must be concentrated before it be diffused—that otherwise there will ensue loss or extinction of the celestial flame. Charity is but another name for love. And love is founded "in reason, and is judicious," intuitively discerning ends and means, and achieving those by following these, as if obedient to a holy instinct. Its home is now its natal land. It hears the voice of God—the still small voice of conscience—bidding it busy itself with the concerns of that region. In one great sense we are all brethren—brethren of mankind. "The blue sky bends over us all." But dearest—such is nature's fiat—is still the visible horizon! If we shut our eyes to the sights it encircles, our imaginations shall not prosper of those lying beyond; if we shut our ears to the sounds close beside us, can we hope to please Providence, by listening to those that come across the seas? Let us not seek to reverse the order of nature. Our duties extend from the shadow of our own house "to the farthest extreme of the poles." But all the duties that lie near, are comparatively clear and easy; the distant are often doubtful and difficult; and they who strive earnestly or passionately to effect first what should be attempted last, can have read to little purpose the New Testament. Let us not fly away as on wings on aerial voyages of discovery, while disregarded miseries are lying thick around our feet!

Never at any time of our social state was there more for man to do for man than now. There has been a breaking up of the entire system. It may all be for our ultimate good. But this is certain, that the love of money is the ruling passion of the rich—of the poor, the mere love of life. Here we behold the splendour of ease, affluence, and luxury—there the squalor of toil, want, and hunger. The lower orders—for godsake quarrel not with the word lower, for they are as low as tyranny can tread them down—are in many places as much parts of machinery as are spindles. Thousands are but cogs. The more delicate parts of the machinery soonest wear out; and these are boys and girls. You can have no conception of the waste of infants. The weak wretches are soon worn out and flung away. True that they are not expensive. They are to be purchased from their parents at a low price. The truth is, they are too cheap. Their very bodies are worth more than they bring; and then there is one error in the calculation, which, great as it seems to us, has been seldom noticed,—seldom has buyer or seller thought of inserting their souls.

This brings us at once into the Factories. It was the introduction of Sir Richard Arkwright's invention,—Mr. Sadler remarks, in his noble speech, on moving the second reading of the Factories' Regulation Bill,—that revolutionized the entire system of our national industry. Previously to that period, the incipient manufactures of the country were carried on in the villages, and around the domestic hearth. That invention transferred them principally to the great towns, and almost confined them to what are now called Factories. Thus children became the principal operatives; and they no longer performed their tasks, as before, under the parental eye, and had them affectionately and considerately apportioned, according to their health and capacities; but one universal rule of labour was prescribed to all ages, to both sexes, and every state and constitution. But a regulation, therefore, it might have been expected, would have been adapted to the different degrees of physical strength in the young, the delicate, and especially the female sex. But instead of that, it was doubled in many cases, beyond what the most athletic and robust men in the prime and vigour of life can with impunity sustain. Our ancestors would not have supposed it possible, exclaims this benevolent, enlightened, and eloquent statesman—posterity will not believe it true, that a generation of Englishmen could exist that would labour lisping infancy, of a few summers old, regardless alike of its smiles or tears, and unmoved by its unresisting weakness, eleven, twelve, thirteen, fourteen, sixteen, hours a-day, and through the weary night also, till, in the dewy morn of existence, the bud of youth faded and fell ere it was unfolded. "Oh! cursed lust of gold!" Oh! the guilt which England was contracting in the kindling eye of heaven, when nothing but exultations were heard about the perfection of her machinery, the want of her manufactures, and the rapid increase of her wealth and prosperity!

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Yes—"true it is and of verity," that few of our political economists have suffered their eyes to see such things; and in that voluntary blindness have their hearts been hardened. But the wonder and the pity and the shame is, that the people of England have suffered themselves to be hood-winked by such false "friends of humanity." They have among them wiser instructors. Still they pin their faith to the dicta that drivel in dust from the cold hard lips of an oracle of dry bones, such as Peter Macculloch, when they may hear, if they will but choose to listen, responses from the inner shrine of the sacred genius of William Wordsworth!

"'I have lived to mark
A new and unforeseen Creation rise
From out the labours of a peaceful Land,
Wielding her potent Enginery to frame
And to produce, with appetite as keen
As that of War, which rests not night or day,
Industrious to destroy! With fruitless pains
Might one like me *now* visit many a tract
Which, in his youth he trod, and trod again,
A lone Pedestrian with a scanty freight,
Wished for, or welcome, wheresoe'er he came,
Among the tenantry of Thorpe and Vill;
Or straggling Burgh, of ancient charter proud,
And dignified with battlements and towers
Of some stern Castle, mouldering on the brow
Of a green hill or bank of rugged stream.
The foot-path faintly marked, the horse-track wild,
And formidable length of plashy lane,
(Prized avenues ere others had been shaped,
On easier links connecting place with place,)
Have vanished,—swallowed up by stately roads,
Easy and bold, that penetrate the gloom
Of England's farthest Glens. The Earth has lent
Her waters; Air her breezes; and the Sail
Of traffic glides with ceaseless interchange,
Glistening along the low and woody dale,
Or on the naked mountain's lofty side.
Meanwhile, at social Industry's command,
How quick, how vast an increase! From the germ
Of some poor Hamlet, rapidly produced
Here a huge Town, continuous and compact,
Hiding the face of earth for leagues—and there,
Where not a Habitation stood before,
The Abodes of men irregularly massed
Like trees in forests—spread through spacious tracts,
O'er which the smoke of unremitting fires
Hangs permanent, and plentiful as wreaths
Of vapour glittering in the morning sun.
And, wheresoe'er the Traveller turns his steps,
He sees the barren wilderness erased,
Or disappearing; triumph that proclaims
How much the mild Directress of the plough
Owes to alliance with these new-born Arts!
—Hence is the wide Sea peopled,—and the Shores
Of Britain are resorted to by Ships
Freighted from every climate of the world
With the world's choicest produce. Hence that sum
Of keels that rest within her crowded ports,
Or ride at anchor in her sounds and bays;
That animating spectacle of Sails
Which through her inland regions, to and fro
Pass with the respirations of the tide,
Perpetual, multitudinous! Finally,
Hence a dread arm of floating Power, a voice
Of Thunder, daunting those who would approach
With hostile purposes the blessed Isle,
Truth's consecrated residence, the seat
Impregnable, of Liberty and Peace.

"'And yet, O happy Pastor of a Flock!
Faithfully watched, and by that loving care
And Heaven's good providence preserved from taint!
With You I grieve, when on the darker side
Of this great change I look; and there behold,
Through strong temptation of those gainful Arts,
Such outrage done to Nature, as compels
The indignant Power to justify herself;
Yea to avenge her violated rights
For England's bane.—When soothing darkness spreads
O'er hill and vale,' the Wanderer thus expressed
His recollections, 'and the punctual stars
While all things else are gathering to their homes,
Advance, and in the firmament of heaven
Glitter—but undisturbing, undisturbed,
As if their silent company were charged
With peaceful admonitions for the heart
Of all-beholding Man, earth's thoughtful Lord;
Then, in full many a region, once like this
The assured domain of calm simplicity
And pensive quiet, an unnatural light,
Prepared for never-resting Labour's eyes,
Breaks from a many-windowed Fabric huge;
And at the appointed hour a Bell is heard—
Of harsher import than the Curfew-knoll
That spake the Norman Conqueror's stern behest,
A local summons to unceasing toil!
Disgorged are now the Ministers of day;
And, as they issue from the illumined pile,
A fresh Band meets them, at the crowded door,—
And in the courts—and where the rumbling Stream,
That turns the multitude of dizzy wheels,
Glares, like a troubled Spirit, in its bed
Among the rocks below. Men, Maidens, Youths,
Mother and little children, Boys and Girls,
Enter, and each the wonted task resumes
Within this Temple—where is offered up
To Gain—the Master Idol of the Realm,
Perpetual sacrifice. Even thus of old
Our Ancestors, within the still domain
Of vast Cathedral or Conventual Church,
Their vigils kept; where tapers day and night
On the dim altar burned continually,
In token that the House was evermore
Watching to God. Religious men were they;
Nor would their Reason, tutored to aspire
Above this transitory world, allow
That there should pass a moment of the year,
When in their land the Almighty's Service ceased.

"'Triumph who will in these profaner rites
Which We, a generation self-extolled,

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As zealously perform! I cannot share
His proud complacency; yet I exult,
Casting reserve away, exult to see
An Intellectual mastery exercised
O'er the blind Elements; a purpose given,
A perseverance fed; almost a soul
Imparted—to brute Matter. I rejoice,
Measuring the force of those gigantic powers,
Which by the thinking Mind have been compelled
To serve the Will of feeble-bodied Man.
For with the sense of admiration blends
The animating hope that time may come
When strengthened, yet not dazzled, by the might
Of this dominion over Nature gained,
Men of all lands shall exercise the same
In due proportion to their Country's need;
Learning, though late, that all true glory rests,
All praise, all safety, and all happiness,
Upon the Moral law. Egyptian Thebes;
Tyre by the margin of the sounding waves;
Palmyra, central in the Desart, fell;
And the Arts died by which they had been raised.
—Call Archimedes from his buried Tomb
Upon the plain of vanquished Syracuse,
And feelingly the Sage shall make report
How insecure, how baseless in itself,
Is that Philosophy, whose sway is framed
For mere material instruments:—how weak
Those Arts, and high Inventions, if unpropped
By Virtue.—He with sighs of pensive grief,
Amid his calm abstractions, would admit
That not the slender privilege is theirs
To save themselves from blank forgetfulness.'"

There you have Poetry, and Moral Philosophy, and Christianity, and Political Economy, all in one—Truth—the pure bright ore of Truth. You know where to go for the dross of falsehood.

What, then, is the object of that Bill, which Mr. Sadler, alas, in vain! implored the House to sanction with its authority? The liberation of children and other young persons employed in the mills and factories of the United Kingdom, from that over-exertion and long confinement which common sense, as well as experience, has shown to be utterly inconsistent with the improvement of their minds, the preservation of their morals, and the maintenance of their health—in a word, to rescue them from a state of suffering and degradation.

Mr. Sadler separates the parents, who, in their free agency, send their children to infantile slavery, into two classes; those who by extreme indigence are driven to do so with great reluctance and bitter regret; those, who dead to all the instincts of nature, instead of providing for their offspring, make their offspring provide for them, and not only for their necessity, but for their intemperance and profligacy. The first class, say we, are not to be pitied only, but to be protected; they must not be blamed; their "poverty but not their will consents;" and many, perhaps most of them, do what they can to cheer their children's lot, but they have little in their power. They see them often so utterly wearied and worn out at night, that they have to beat them to keep them from falling asleep before they have had their scanty supper. The most affectionate heart ceases at last to send up to the eyes useless tears, the well-spring itself is dried up, and where all is arid, love weakens and dies. The other class, Mr. Sadler strongly says, count upon their children as upon their cattle, and they make the certainty of having offspring the indispensable condition of marriage, that they may breed what he calls a generation of slaves—what men, in their own conceit wiser than he, call a race of free agents. Such is the disgusting state of degradation to which the system leads. It shows us fathers "without the *storge* of the beast or the feelings of the man;" and all this wickedness and woe must be suffered to wax wider and wider, rather than revoke the principle of non-interference!

The great invention of Sir Richard Arkwright originally used for the spinning of cotton, has at length been applied, with the necessary adaptations, to a similar process in all our manufactures; and he holds that it would be the grossest injustice, as well as insult, to argue that those engaged in the cotton-trade (where Parliament has several times seen it necessary to regulate the labour of children) were one whit less humane and considerate than those engaged in spinning any other material. The same law should apply to all. It is against the system he fights—not against the men who have got involved in it by the operation of causes hard to resist, and which he thoroughly understands. The evil has been progressive; competition, not with foreign markets, but between capitalists at home, has carried it to a height which it cannot perhaps exceed, for it has reached the limit set by Nature's self, and flesh and blood would "thaw, and resolve itself into a dew," under any severer misery.

The evidence in the Report will be called *ex parte*, it is such as we cannot by any power of fancy imagine to be rebutted. If it be, we shall rejoice over the dilapidated falsehood as it falls into rubbish.

No desire have we—any more than Mr. Sadler—to make out a case *against* the mill-owners. So far from it, we freely and fully admit that there are many evils necessarily inherent in the labour in factories. They will endure for ever. No legislative enactments—no regulations, however wise and humane—will entirely remove them—while the beings working there breathe by lungs, and their blood circulates from their hearts. The atmosphere must be hot, and dusty, and polluted; and therefore does humanity demand for them who must inhale it, a few more gulps of fresh air. Sickness and sorrow enough, and too much, will there be under a Ten Hour's Bill—but many will then escape death,

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who now wither away out of a languid life, old-looking dwarfs though yet in their teens. The engine will, under any bill, clutch up boy or girl, and dash out their brains against the ceiling, or crush them into pancakes by pressure against the walls, or seem to be devouring them, as, in horrid entanglement, mutilated body and deformed limbs choke the steam-fed giant, till, for a few moments he coughs—rather than clanks—over his bloody meal, and threatens even all at once to stop, when away he goes again, free from all impediment, as if fresh-oiled with that libation, and in scorn of his keeper, who, in consternation, has been shivering amidst the shrieks like the ghost of a paralytic. But we shall not have to shudder so often at the thought of "some *sleeping* killed;" nor be then justified in exclaiming, "All murdered!"

It is impossible, Mr. Sadler tells us, to furnish any uniform account of the hours of labour endured by children in the Factories, and he is careful not to represent extreme cases as general ones. Yet is it the bounden duty of Parliament to provide against such extreme cases, just as it provides against atrocious crimes. The following were the hours of labour imposed upon the children employed in a Factory at Leeds the summer before last. On Monday morning, work commenced at six o'clock; at nine, half an hour for breakfast; from half-past nine till twelve, work. Dinner, one hour; from five till eight, work; rest for half an hour. From half-past eight till twelve (midnight), work; an hour's rest. From one in the morning till five, work; half an hour's rest. From half-past five till nine, work; breakfast. From half-past nine till twelve, work; dinner; from one till half-past four, work. Rest half an hour; and work again from five till nine on Tuesday evening, when the labour terminated, "*and the party of adult and infant slaves*" are dismissed for the night, after having toiled thirty-nine hours, with brief intervals (amounting only to six hours in the whole) for refreshment, but none for sleep. On Wednesday and Thursday, *day-work only*. From Friday morning till Saturday night, the same labour repeated, but closed at five—to show that even such masters can be merciful. This is one of the extreme cases—but they are not of very rare occurrence; ordinarily the working hours vary from twelve to fourteen; they are often extended to sixteen; but in some mills (are we right in saying so?) they seldom exceed twelve for children.

The length of labour varies according to the humanity of the employer, and the demand for his goods at particular seasons. Thus sometimes the operatives, mostly children, are worked nearly to death; at other times, they are thrown partially or totally out of work, and left to beggary or the parish. Averaged throughout the year, their work may not seem excessive. But is it just, asks Mr. Sadler, that the owners should be allowed to throw out of employment all these children at a few days' notice, and to work them at an unlimited number of hours the moment it suits their purpose? Just or unjust, it is—say we—a lamentable condition for the children—and we do think with Mr. Sadler, that, if the effect of his bill were in some measure to equalize the labour, and thereby prevent those distressing fluctuations, distressing in both extremes, it would so far accomplish a most beneficial object.

A Factory child—say, a *smally* girl, "Simon's sickly daughter"—must be at her work—say at four o'clock of a snowy winter-morning—else she will be cursed—fined—or strapped. Her father's house is a long mile from the mill—and has no clock. To ensure punctuality, the smally sickly wretch ("nature," says Mr. Sadler, "is not very wakeful on a short night's rest, after a long day's labour,") has been roused much too early, by one of her parents shaking the sleeper, "more in sorrow than in anger;" and with the sleet in her face, away she sets off to the town just as the cock, after his first few faint crows, has again put his head under his wing, on his perch between his favourite partlets. 'Tis no uncommon case; "whoever," says Mr. Sadler, "has lived in a manufacturing town, must have heard, if he happened to be awake many hours before light on a winter's morning, *the patter of little pattens on the pavement*, lasting perhaps for half an hour together, though the time appointed for assembling was the same." She works for some hours before breakfast, after what some folks would have called no supper—and then what a breakfast—covered with dust! Nor is she allowed to eat it, such as it is, sitting; but must swallow a mouthful now and then as best she may, standing and working at the beck of that engine. Her work, it is true, may not be of a very hard or heavy kind. Nay, it is even light. But her eye must be quick, and her hand nimble, and her mind on the alert—for if she have "a bad-side," smack comes the strap across her shoulders. It is not so much the degree of the wretch's labour that wears her out, as its duration. Wearisome uniformity, continued position, constant and close confinement—these are cruel to body and mind, and these are her portion. A cockney in a counting-house "wielding his delicate pen," as he "pens a stanza while he should engross," is wearier at nightfall in his embroidered vest, than the naked coalheaver who has hoisted from the hold of a Newcastler a ton of black diamonds to each of his twelve pots of porter. At midday "to dinner with what appetite she may," and some hours after, a cup of thin sugarless tea, for nothing else will stay on her stomach. There is a demand—and work must go on till midnight. She gets drowsy, and lies down on the floor to snatch some sleep. The overlooker espies her white face

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upon her thin arm for a pillow—blue eyelids shut—pale lips apart; and, to cure that lazy trick, dashes over her head and neck, and breast, and body, a bucketful of water. And now the whole gang of small sweaty sickly slaves is at work in spite of the stupor of sleepiness,—and how think ye do they contrive to keep themselves awake? By all manner of indecencies of look, speech, and action, possible in purgatory. Fathers have sworn to it, and wished they had been childless. Weak, sickly, rickety, chicken-breasted, crooked, decrepit, spine-distorted Sally, scarcely nine years old, to that leering deformed dwarf Daniel, answers obscenity to obscenity, at which the street-walking prostitute would shudder, and fear the downfall of the day of judgment!

Yet it is maintained by some that the factories are *healthy*. Let us speak first of the health of the body—afterwards of the soul.

Medical men were examined before the Committee of 1818——Winstanley, Ashton, Graham, Ward, Bellot, Dean, Dudley, Boutflower, Simmons, Jarrold, and Jones; all highly respectable, some of them of the highest eminence. They spoke out like honest and skilful men, and gave their opinions which were wanted; and they stated facts, too, and melancholy ones—"which made them shudder." Dr. Winstanley says, that in general the children in Cotton Factories are sickly and small in stature, and unhealthy in their general appearance, with sallow complexion, showing a great debility of constitution, and a want of muscular strength; that, on examination of about a hundred of them in a Sunday school, he found forty-seven had received considerable, three very considerable, and others greater or less injuries; and that when the Factory children were separated from the rest, the difference in the appearance as to health and size was striking at first sight. Dr. Ashton gave in a report, shewing that, in six Factories he visited with other medical men, the aggregate number was 824, of whom 163 were healthy, 240 delicate, 43 much stunted, 100 with enlarged ankles or knees, and 37 distorted in the inferior extremities, and 258 unhealthy; and he took alternately a dirty and a clean Factory, in order to satisfy himself—three reported to be the cleanest, and three the dirtiest, in the town of Stockport. He visited Church-gate Sunday school containing 1143 children. Of that number there were 291 girls and 275 boys employed in Factories; and their countenances betrayed such sickliness, wanness, and ill-health, that he could at once distinguish, without giving the masters the trouble to separate them from the rest employed differently, who were blooming and ruddy. All those authorities agreed that employment in Cotton Factories brings on disease and shortens life. Dr. Simmons says, that the children look so much worse than others, that, in the general population of Manchester, he could almost unerringly point them out on the streets. They are all IN POSSESSION OF FACTS; but independently of facts, they all deliver opinions founded on their knowledge of the nature of things, without hesitation and without doubt, as to the pernicious and deadly effects of those occupations, on which the above audacious blockheads persisted in declaring their incapacity to form any judgment. Dr. Perceval, "a name equally dear to philosophy and philanthropy," who saw the rise, progress, and effects of the system, and closely connected though he was with many who were making rapid fortunes by it, expressed himself upon the subject, says Mr. Sadler, as a professional man and a patriot, in terms of the strongest indignation. He says, even of the large Factories, which some suppose need little regulation, that they "are generally injurious to the constitution of those employed in them, even when no particular diseases prevail, from the close confinement which is enjoined, from the debilitating effects of hot or impure air, and from the want of the active exercises which nature points out as essential to childhood and youth. The untimely labour of the night, and the protracted labour of the day, not only tend to diminish future expectation as to the general run of life and industry, by impairing the strength, and destroying the vital stamina of the rising generation; but it too often gives encouragement to idleness, extravagance, and profligacy, in the parents, who contrary to the order of nature, subsist by the oppression of their offspring." He afterwards asserts the necessity of establishing "a general system of laws for the wise, humane, and equal government of all such works."

The evidence of the distinguished Medical Men examined before the Committee last summer, is all to the same effect. Mr. Samuel Smith, surgeon in Leeds, says, that the digestive organs of the children are soon materially impaired in their powers—extreme debility and lassitude follow—so that although the body is not reduced to a state of actual disease, and though there may not be any decided organic change in any particular viscera of the body, yet still it is very different from a state of health. They are "out of condition;" and when the body is reduced to that state, there is a continual tendency to disease. He has no hesitation in saying, that if a number of Factory children should be attacked by the cholera, the mortality would be greater and more sudden, than among the same number of children in other employments. There is never a year passes—but he sees several instances where children "are in the act of being worn to death by thus working at Factories." Nor does he hesitate to confess his belief, after much scientific detail, as laid before the Committee—that if the same causes continue to operate a few generations more,

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the manufacturers of Yorkshire, instead of being what they were fifty years ago, as fine a race of people as were to be found throughout the country, will be a very diminutive and degenerated race. Mr. Thackrah, surgeon, Leeds, says, in reference to the more dusty occupations, that the lungs are sooner or later seriously altered in their capacities, and the power of respiration diminished; that after middle age, inflammatory affections or change of structure are found in the lungs and air tube, and a number of maladies of other parts are connected with or result from those changes of the pulmonary organs. He found men who had attained the age of from forty to fifty (in dusty occupations) almost universally diseased. With respect to the children in mills, if you ask them, "Are you well?" They say, "Yes." They have not any particular ailment, but if you examine them, they have not that degree of health, that muscular power, and that buoyancy of spirits to be found in children not confined and congregated in mills. The insufficiency of the period of sleep, he thinks a very great cruelty of the system. And the same time of labour in mills he thinks more injurious than it would be in private houses, or the house manufacture. In the present state of things he thinks that physical education, or the improvement of health, is most urgently required; and that is impossible, without some regulation that could give air and exercise.

The evidence of Sir Anthony Carlisle shows a master mind. At every blow he knocks the right nail on the head. From forty years' observation and practice, he is satisfied that vigorous health, and the ordinary duration of life cannot be generally maintained under the circumstances of twelve hours' labour, day by day. He speaks not of children, but of adults. But during the growth and formation of the young creature, its liability to deviate from the natural standard is much greater than in the adult. Unless the young creature be duly exercised and not overlaboured, duly fed, and properly treated with regard to the needful regulations of life, all will go wrong. All domesticated creatures that are kept in close confinement, and worked at too early an age, or too severely, become deteriorated in form and vigour, and are more or less injured, so as to unfit them for the performance of their ordinary and habitual labours. And are the young of the human race an exception from the general law of life? We must not, he says, be deluded by outward show. Children brought up from early life in warm rooms, may enjoy an apparent degree of health until almost the age of maturity, but they never obtain vigorous health. They are unfit to carry on a succeeding generation of healthy human beings; nor is there any thing more hereditary than family tendencies, particularly such as are engendered by such habits as are hurtful to the first formation of physical structures.

When asked if he does not think that the general custom of society, which abridges the duration of labour during half the year, six winter months, (in factories how small the difference!) is dictated by the nature and condition of human beings—he answers, that it arises from the Law of Animal Life. In the winter season the whole animal creation requires greater rest than in the summer season. The whole creation, man, animals, birds, fishes, insects, rise, if they be day-creatures, with the rising sun, and go to rest with the setting sun, winter and summer. Even the nocturnal creatures do not wander all night; they only go out at twilight, and early in the morning. During the stillness of midnight, the whole creation is at rest. Dr. Blundell, on the same subject, says simply and finely, "day-labour, I think, is more consistent with health than night-labour. Many animals are by nature nocturnal; man is not; to them the star-light is, I presume, agreeable, but man finds it a pleasant thing to behold the light of the sun."

All these are truths which it might seem any one might know; but enunciated by men of science, they strike the sides of a bad system like cannon-balls. Do you think that a child under nine years of age ought to be doomed to habitual long labour in a Factory? You or I say no—and employers laugh at us; Sir Anthony Carlisle says no; and they frown and bite their lips. But he says more than —no; he says, "My own opinion is, as a matter of feeling, that to do so is to condemn and treat the child as a criminal; it is a punishment which inflicts upon it the ruin of its bodily and moral health, and renders it an inefficient member of the community, both as to itself and its progeny. It is to my mind an offence against nature, which, alas! is visited upon the innocent creature instead of its oppressor, by the loss of its health, or the premature destruction of its race." A sixty-two pound shot—from a carronade—at point-blank distance—whiz—through the Factories. Children demand legislative protection, in his opinion, for their own sakes, and for the sake of future generations of English labourers; because every succeeding generation will be progressively deteriorated, if we do not stop these sins against nature and humanity. Nature has been very wise in punishing all the offences we commit against her in our own person. If young persons between nine and eighteen are worked longer than twelve hours, including two for meals, their employers, he adds, must consider them machines, or mere animals, not moral beings. Sir Anthony does himself great honour by the spirit in which he speaks of the poor. On Sabbath let the children, he says, go to church—let the church be well ventilated, and there, from a good scholar and divine, let them derive instruc-

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tion, moral and religious. He cannot, as matters now are, approve of Sunday schools. It is only changing the week-day labour of the body, for the Sunday labour of the mind. Let the little worn-out creatures have some little time for repose, for domestic enjoyment and instruction, and for the exercise of the domestic and kindred affections. For

"Gravely says the mild physician,"

"I am of opinion that the instinctive and natural affections of the industrious classes of society are more pure, more sincere, and more active, than among the educated classes; I have witnessed sacrifices on the part of people in the lowest condition of life, which I never saw among people educated artificially from the commencement of life. The yearnings of those people after their progeny, and their filial affections, disparage the heartless manners and cold morals which too often prevail in fashionable life." And is it not, in great measure, for sake of people in fashionable life, with their "heartless manners and cold morals," that the Factory-System, by its unnatural labours, dulls and deadens those affections in the hearts of the poor, which this man of experience and wisdom so truly and beautifully describes?

Dr. Blundell, on being asked what he thinks of some of the extreme cases of long-continued labour, without intermission for sleep, which have sometimes occurred for months together at factories, involving children and young persons, replies, that to convince him that it could be endured without great injury, would require evidence unbiassed and cumulative, and of several consentient witnesses; and that, after all, he would wish *for the evidence of his own sight* and touch. Sir William Bliggard, we perceive, on being asked a somewhat similar question, answers, "Horribly so." From such labour, and from labour not nearly approaching it in continuance, such as is common in factories, Dr. Blundell would expect dyspeptic symptoms, and all its consequences; nervous diseases; stunted growth; languors; lassitude; general debility; and a recourse to unusual stimulants to rid the mind of its distressing feelings. "I look," says he, "upon the factory towns as nurseries of feeble bodies and fretful minds."

The evidence of Dr. Farre is at once a medical and a moral lecture; nor is it possible to peruse it without loving and venerating the man. To the usual questions about air and exercise, with due intervals for rest and meals, he says all that need or can be said in one line —"they are so essential that without them medical treatment is unavailing;" and then he says solemnly—"Man can do no more than he is allowed or permitted to do by nature, and in attempting to *transgress the bounds Providence has pointed out to him*, he abridges his life in the exact proportion in which he transgresses the laws of nature and the Divine command." There is to us something sublime in its simplicity, in the following answer to the question, if twelve-hours-a-day labour be as much as the human constitution can sustain without injury? "It depends upon the kind and degree of exertion; for the human being is the creature of a day, and it is possible for the most athletic man, under the highest conflicts of body or mind, and especially of both, to exhaust in one hour the whole of his nervous energy provided for that day, so as to be reduced, even in that short space of time, to a state of extreme torpor, confounded with apoplexy, resembling, and sometimes terminating in death. The injury is in proportion to the exhaustion of the sensorial power. Let me take the life of a day to make myself clearly understood. It consists of alternate action and repose; and repose is not sufficient without sleep. The alternation of the day and night is a beautiful provision in the order of Providence for the healing of man, so that the night repairs the waste of the day, and he is thereby fitted for the labour of the ensuing day. If he attempt to live two days in one, or to give only one night and two days' labour, he abridges his life in the same, or rather in a greater proportion—for as his days are, so will be his years."

Dr. Farre was in his youth engaged in medical practice in the West Indies—in the island of Barbadoes. He informs us, that there the labour of children and very young persons consisted in exercising them in gathering in the green crops for the stock—not in digging or carrying manure. Such long continued labour as that by which the children in our factories are enslaved, would not have been credited in Barbadoes. The employment of the Negro children was used only as a training for health and future occupation. Perhaps the selfishness of the owners saved them from sacrifice. Be it so. Here the selfishness of the employers sends them to sacrifice. Dr. Farre boldly speaks the truth—"In English factories every thing which is valuable in manhood, is sacrificed to an inferior advantage in childhood. You purchase your advantage at the price of infanticide; the profit thus gained is death to the child." Political Economy, he urges, ought not to be suffered to trench on Vital Economy. The voice of the profession would maintain that truth, and never assent to life being balanced against health. That the life is more than the meat, is a divine maxim, which we are bound to obey. The vigour of the animal life depends upon the perfection of the blood, and the balance preserved between the pulmonary and aortic circulation; but in the aortic circulation, there is also a balance between the arterial and the venous systems, and the heart is the regulating organ of the whole. If the arterial circulation be too much exhausted, an accumulation takes place on the venous side; the blood is deteriorated, and organic diseases

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are produced, which abridge life. But there is another, and a higher effect, for man is to be considered as something vastly better than an animal; and the effect of diminishing the power of the heart and arteries, by over-labour in a confined atmosphere, is to deteriorate the blood, and thus to excite, in the *animal* part of the mind, gloomy and discontented trains of thought, which disturb and destroy human happiness, and lead to habits of over-stimulation. The reflecting or spiritual mind gradually becomes debased; and unless education interpose to meet the difficulties of the case, the being is necessarily ruined, both for the present and for future life. Ventilation, exercise, and diminished exertion in the factories, are therefore the most obvious means of doing so, joined to the change of ideas resulting from an education adapted to the spiritual nature of man. Dr. Farre therefore views remission of the hours of labour imposed upon children and young persons in Factories, not only as a benefit, but as a duty; and emphatically adds, that, speaking not only as a physician, a Christian, and a parent, but also from the common sympathies of a man, the State is bound to afford it.

The sentiments and opinions of Mr. Surgeon Green, of St. Thomas's Hospital, are equally excellent. They do honour to his head and heart. He denounces the system which demands uniform, long-continued, unintermitted, and therefore wearisome, though perhaps "light" work, from children, (or adults,) without air or exercise—and with meals hurried and often scanty. He draws a frightful picture of the maladies that must be engendered by such a kind of life—and fears that this country will have much to answer for in permitting the growth of that system of employing children in Factories. They should not be suffered to become "victims of avarice." We do not believe that there is a medical man of any character in Britain, who would hesitate one moment to declare his belief, that the average labour, the year through, for a full-grown, strong, and healthy man, ought not to exceed twelve hours, meals included. From nine to twelve, Mr. Green thinks six hours in the twenty-four enough; and that from twelve upwards, the hours should be gradually increased to the maximum. All the eminent medical men, whose evidence is given in the report, are of one opinion respecting infant labour. Eight hours' work, eight hours' sleep, and eight hours' recreation, is the allotment of the twenty-four, which seems most agreeable to nature to some of them, for adults. But to the great majority of employers of all kinds of labour, such a humane division of the day must seem very preposterous; for as man was born to trouble, as the sparks fly upwards, so, according to their creed, was he born to labour, as the sweat drops downwards. Are not the poor the "working classes?" Then let them work—work—work. If they are to rest hours and hours on week-days, pray, what is the use of the Sabbath? Work is the Chief End and whole Duty of Man.

Nobody dreams, that in Britain labour can now be apportioned to men, women, and children, according to the laws of nature. We are in a most unnatural state. But we ought, nevertheless, to remember that there are laws of nature; and sometimes in extremity even to consult them, that nature may not, seeing we have flung off our allegiance, abdicate the throne, and leave us to grope our groaning way through the empire of Chaos and old Night.

It is a general rule without exception, that all writers are blockheads who sign themselves Vindex. The Vindex of the Halifax and Huddersfield Express, is the First Blockhead of his year. There has been much said, says he, "about the length of the hours of labour. I will, for the information of the public, lay before you an account of the customs of our manufacturing neighbours of both continents. In the States of New York, Ohio, Jersey, Pennsylvania, and generally through the United States of America, the hours of labour in mills are from sunrise to sunset. The bell rings at three o'clock A.M., the mill begins to run at four, and continues till eleven A.M.; they rest two hours during the heat of the day, (which they *do not* in Halifax or Huddersfield,) and run from one P.M., to seven P.M. or thirteen hours per day. In the winter half-year, they commence at half-past five A.M., and run till twelve o'clock; dinner one hour, and run from one P.M. to half past seven P.M. *i. e.* thirteen hours and a half per day." Very well—they run too long, and probably too fast—and what does all this running prove as to the right time and ratio of running? But Vindex thinks he has gained a great victory over something, and thus brays the Ass of the Express. "This is the routine in the land of liberty and equality, the chosen land of freedom and independence, where personal and public liberty are enjoyed in a perhaps greater extent than in any other nation of the world." Is he sarcastic on Jonathan? No! he is as serious as a chamberpot—as Mr. Twiss. In "the chosen land of freedom and independence," men work from sunrise to sunset, thirteen hours all summer, and half an hour longer all winter—and therefore it is right. Does he not see, that by his own statement they are steam-driven slaves?

In Germany, the Netherlands, and France, again, he says, "they run from five A.M. till eight P.M., with one hour interval—fourteen hours per day. They receive their wages every fortnight, on Saturday afternoon, when they stop at five P.M.; but on the alternate Saturdays they work up the three hours, and actually run till ten o'clock at night. This, let it be noted, is seventeen hours' labour for that day."

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Yes! let it be noted. We hope—we suspect—that it is not true. If it be, who set them running seventeen hours every alternate Saturday? and who desires not that they should stop? They beat the "routine in the land of liberty and equality" all to sticks.

We have read a Pamphlet by Dr. James Philip Kaye, on the Moral and Physical Condition of the Working Classes employed in the Cotton Manufacture in Manchester.

We respect Dr. Kaye's character, and we admire his talents,—and shall enrich our Article with an extract from his Pamphlet. He thinks that the evils affecting the working-classes in Manchester, so far from being the necessary results of the manufactory system, furnish evidence of a disease which impairs its energies, if it does not threaten its vitality.

We thank Dr. Kaye for the following powerful picture:—

"Political economy, though its object be to ascertain the means of increasing the wealth of nations, cannot accomplish its design, without at the same time regarding their happiness, and, as its largest ingredient, the cultivation of religion and morality. With unfeigned regret, we are therefore constrained to add, that the standard of morality is exceedingly debased, and that religious observances are neglected amongst the operative population of Manchester. The bonds of domestic sympathy are too generally relaxed; and as a consequence, the filial and paternal duties are uncultivated. The artisan has not time to cherish those feelings, by the familiar and grateful arts which are their constant food, and without which nourishment they perish. An apathy benumbs his spirit. Too frequently the father, enjoying perfect health, and with ample opportunities of employment, is supported in idleness on the earnings of his oppressed children; and on the other hand, when age and decrepitude cripple the energies of the parents, their adult children abandon them to the scanty maintenance derived from parochial relief.

"That religious observances are exceedingly neglected, we have had constant opportunities of ascertaining, in the performance of our duty as physician to the Ardwick and Ancoats Dispensary, which frequently conducted us to the houses of the poor on Sunday. With rare exceptions, the adults of the vast population of 84,147, contained in Districts Nos. 1, 2, 3, 4, spend Sunday either in supine sloth, in sensuality, or in listless inactivity. A certain portion only of the labouring classes enjoy even healthful recreation on that day, and a very small number frequent the places of worship.

"Having enumerated so many causes of physical depression, perhaps the most direct proof of the extent to which the effect coexists in natural alliance with poverty, may be derived from the records of the medical charities of the town. During the year preceding July 1831—21,196 patients were treated at the Royal Infirmary—472 at the House of Recovery—3163 at the Ardwick and Ancoats Dispensary, of which (subtracting one-sixth as belonging to the township of Ardwick) 2636 were inhabitants of Manchester—perhaps 2000 at the Workhouse Dispensary, and 1500 at the Children's, making a total of 28,804, without including the Lock Hospital and the Eye Institution. 'If to this sum,' says Mr. Roberton, engaged in making a similar calculation, 'we were further to add the incomparably greater amount of all ranks visited or advised as private patients by the whole body (not a small one) of professional men; those prescribed for by chemists and druggists, scarcely of inferior pretension; and by herb doctors and quacks; those who swallow patent medicines; and lastly, the subjects of that ever flourishing branch—domestic medicine; we should be compelled to admit that not fewer, perhaps, than three-fourths of the inhabitants of Manchester annually are, or fancy they are, under the necessity of submitting to medical treatment."

"Ingenious deductions, by Mr. Roberton, from facts contained in the records of the Lying-in-Hospital of Manchester, prove, in a different manner, the extreme dependence of the poor on the charitable institutions of the town. The average annual number of births, (deducted from a comparison of the last four years,) attended by the officers of the Lying-in Charity, is four thousand three hundred; and the number of births to the population may be assumed as one in twenty-eight inhabitants. This annual average of births, therefore, represents a population of 124,400 and assuming that of Manchester and the environs to be 230,000, more than one-half of its inhabitants are, therefore, either so destitute or so degraded, as to require the assistance of public charity in bringing their offspring into the world.

"The children thus adopted by the public, are often neglected by their parents. The early age at which girls are admitted into the factories, prevents their acquiring much knowledge of domestic economy; and, even supposing them to have had accidental opportunities of making this acquisition, the extent to which women are employed in the mills, does not, even after marriage, permit the general application of its principles. The infant is the victim of the system; it has not lived long, ere it is abandoned to the care of a hireling or neighbour, whilst its mother pursues her accustomed toil. Sometimes a little girl has the charge of the child, or even of two or three collected from neighbouring houses. Thus abandoned to one whose sympathies are not interested in its welfare, or whose time is too often also occupied in household drudgery, the child is ill-fed, dirty, ill-clothed, exposed to cold and neglect; and, in consequence, more than one-half of the offspring of the poor (as may be proved by the bills of mortality of the town) die before they have completed their fifth year. The strongest survive; but the same causes which destroy the weakest, impair the vigour of the more robust; and hence the children of our manufacturing population are proverbially pale and sallow, though not generally emaciated, nor the subjects of disease. We cannot subscribe to those exaggerated and unscientific accounts of the physical ailments to which they are liable, which have been lately revived with an eagerness and haste equally unfriendly to taste and truth; but we

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are convinced, that the operation of these causes, continuing unchecked through successive generations, would tend to depress the health of the people; and that consequent physical ills would accumulate in an unhappy progression.

"We have avoided alluding to evidence which is founded on general opinion, or depends merely on matters of perception; and have chiefly availed ourselves of such as admitted of a statistical classification. We may, however, be permitted to add, that our own experience, confirmed by that of those members of our profession, on whose judgment we can rely with the greatest confidence, induces us to conclude, that diseases assume a lower and more chronic type in Manchester, than in smaller towns and in agricultural districts; and a residence in the Hospitals of Edinburgh, and practice in the Dispensaries amongst the most debased part of its inhabitants, enables us to affirm with confidence, that the diseases occurring here admit of less active antiphlogistic or depletory treatment, than those incident to the degraded population of the old town of that city."

Mr. Roberton has proved, that "the nature of the present employment of the people of Manchester renders existence itself, in thousands of instances, one long disease." We have seen in the extract from Dr. Kaye's Pamphlet, from proofs given by Mr. Roberton, that during 1830, the patients admitted at the four great dispensaries amounted to 22,626, independently of those assisted at other charitable institutions, such as the Infirmary, amounting at least to 10,000 more. To this he adds many other calculations, which bring him to this conclusion, that "not fewer, perhaps, than three-fourths of the inhabitants of Manchester annually are, or fancy they are, under the necessity of submitting to medical treatment." To the evils of the Factory System his observant eyes are wide open, and especially to the "astounding inebriety." The present manufacturing system, he shows, "has not produced a healthy population, but one, on the contrary, where there always exists considerable, and sometimes general poverty, and an extraordinary amount of petty crime; that in several respects, they are in a less healthy, and a worse condition than at any period within the two last centuries."

Dr. Kaye, referring to the frequent allusions that have been made to the supposed rate of mortality in Manchester, as the standard by which the health of the manufacturing population may be ascertained, well observes, that from the mortality of towns their comparative health cannot be invariably deduced. For there is a state of physical depression which does not terminate in total organic changes, which, however, converts existence into a prolonged disease, and is not only compatible with life, but is proverbially protracted to an advanced senility.

But Mr. Sadler goes into the very heart of his melancholy subject, and compares the proportion of those buried under and above the age of forty in Manchester (that part of it in which the registered burials are given together with the ages of the interred) with the corresponding interments of the immensely larger cities of London and Paris. What are the results? To every 100,000 interments under forty, there would be above that age, in London 63,666; in Paris, 65,109; in Manchester only 47,291,—*in other words*, 16,375 *fewer would have survived that period in Manchester than in London, and* 17,818 *fewer than in Paris.* The operative spinners complain that few of themselves survive forty! It is quite true. Calculating the mean duration of life from mortality registers, it is in London about 32 years, in Paris 34, in Manchester 24 1-10 years only! In other towns where the same system prevails, it is still less; in Stockport, it is 22 years only, that town not having increased so rapidly as Manchester from immigration.

We have already touched incidentally on the Cruelties perpetrated in the Factories. What is a billy-roller? A billy-roller is a heavy rod from two to three yards long, and of two inches diameter, with an iron pivot at each end. Its primary and proper function is to run on the top of the cording over the feeding cloth. Its secondary and improper function is to rap little children "on the head, making their heads crack, so that you may hear the blow at the distance of six or eight yards, in spite of the din and rolling of the machinery." Mr. Whitehead, clothier at Scholes, near Holmfirth, a most respectable and trustworthy man, tells the Committee, that often when a child, so fatigued as not to know whether it is at work or not, falls into some error, the billy-spinner takes the billy-roller and says, "Damn thee, little devil, close it," and then smites it over the head, face, or shoulders. It is very difficult, he adds, to go into a mill in the latter part of the day—particularly winter, when the children are weary and sleepy—and not to hear some of them crying for being thus beaten. A young girl has had the end of a billy-roller jammed through her cheek; and a woman in Holmfirth was beaten to death. We have been taking another glance over the cruelties, as described by scores of witnesses, not a few of whom had been sufferers, but any detailed account of them would be sickening—so we refrain. Suffice it to say, that unless the witnesses be all liars of the first magnitude, the billy-roller is in active employment in many factories—that black strap is at frequent work in them all—that cuffs from open and blows from clenched hands are plentiful as blackberries—that samples are shown of every species of shaking—and that there is no dearth of that perhaps most brutal of all beastly punishment, kicking.

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To be billy-rollered or strapped, after perhaps having been bucketed for falling asleep, is bad to endure; still it seems to be insensate matter that gives the pain—wood or leather. A blow from the fist is hateful; yet the hand being in common use, the degradation is not in such cases utter. The boy wipes his bloody nose, and he forgives the fist of the overlooker. But a foot—a large, stinking, splay-foot—flung suddenly out "*with a fung*," ere a boy has time by crouching to elude or supplicate, savage as it is, is yet more insulting, and sends to the core of the heart the shame of slavery, that can be extinguished but by undying hatred and deadly revenge. We wonder there are no murders. But what if the kicked be—a girl! We do not mean a little girl, eight or ten years' old, for that is not the precise kind of brutality we are thinking of in a kicking to such a one as she; the worst of a kick in her case is, that it may kill her on the spot, or make her a cripple for life. We mean a girl who, approaching to puberty, and in those heated regions they too soon reach it, has something of the pride of sex, perhaps of beauty; and in presence of her sweetheart, she herself being chaste and not immodest, and many such there are even in Factories, feels her whole being degraded beneath that of a brute-beast, in her person suddenly assailed by such shameful outrage from the hoof of a fiend grinning the while like a satyr. Mr. Sadler—exhibiting some black, heavy, leathern thongs, one of them fixed in a sort of handle, the smack of which, when struck upon the table, resounded through the House—exclaimed, "Sir I should wish to propose an additional clause in this bill, enacting, that the overseer who dares to lay the lash on the almost naked body of the child, shall be sentenced to the tread-mill for a month; and it would be right, if the master, who knowingly tolerates the infliction of this cruelty on abused infancy, this insult on parental feeling, this disgrace on the national character, should bear him company, though he roll to the house of correction in his chariot." A month in the tread-mill! Why, many a dishonest fellow gets that and more for picking a bumpkin's fob of his watch, or the pocket of his great-coat of a purse at the door of a theatre. The man who kicks a girl must not be suffered to pollute the steps of a tread-mill, or to violate the feelings of vagrants. He must be flogged privately and publicly, his raw back denied plaster,—his head shaved,—and his carcass clothed in some ingeniously ignominious dress, of a substance suited to be spit upon, and a board adjusted to his posteriors, that his life may not be sacrificed by the continual kicking legalized by the legislative wisdom of the State, nor yet the feet of its inflictors soiled by contact with the "shameful parts of his constitution."

If there be truth in the account we have thus far given of the Factory System, what must be the Morality—we mean the immorality of the boys and girls! Mr. Drake, a worthy manufacturer, says, "As far as I have observed with regard to morals in the Mills, there is every thing about them that is disgusting to every one conscious of correct morality. Their language is very indecent; and both sexes take great liberties with each other in the Mills, without being at all ashamed of their conduct." Another witness says, "They are immoral in all their conduct. Going to the Factories is like going to a school, but it is to learn every thing that is bad." Mr. Benjamin Bradshaw, a witness of great intelligence, and a pious man, a preacher among the Methodists, says, "They are, generally speaking, ignorant and wicked, proverbially so; to hear them in the Factory, and see their conduct, would move any body with commiseration that had any thing like a feeling of concern for the morals of his fellow-creatures; they are, in general, bad to an extreme." —But here the details are far more painful than of the cases of cruelty, and some of them truly horrible. Many Factories are the worst of brothels. * * * * *

Fathers wept before the Committee, thinking of their own daughters. The contagion of vice in the heated and huddled Factory is dreadful, and the disease is rank among very childhood. * * * * *

Yet think not that even the Factory System has utterly eradicated all virtue from the female character. Many masters there are who do all they can for their children. It may seem, but it is not, invidious, to mention by name one out of many—Mr. John Wood, junior, of Bradford, of whom the Rev. G. S. Bull, of Bierly, thus spoke a few days ago at a great Factory Bill meeting held at Nottingham. "I have the honour of living in the same parish with that distinguished and benevolent individual; I have the honour of superintending a day-school established by him, and I inform this assemblage, that he has lately taken on 60 additional hands, in order that 60 children might be left at liberty to attend that school. It is impossible to describe the delight felt by him in putting that school on its legs, and he said to me, 'SIR, THAT IS THE BEST ROOM IN MY WORKS.' The affection that subsists between the employer and the children in the whole of Mr. Wood's establishment, is more beautiful than I can express." And who is the Rev. G. S. Bull? The man who, next to Mr. Sadler—not forgetting his admirable lay brother, Richard Oastler—has most strenuously exerted himself—soul and body—in this holy cause. He had, at the time he was examined, Sunday-schools under his superintendence, containing 516 scholars, one-third of them being engaged in Factories. He has been led to conclude, from an observation of the different classes, that there is much more demoralization arising from the Factory System, than from any

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other system of employment for the children of the poor. But he says with great earnestness, in another part of his most instructive evidence, "I should do injustice to many young persons who are brought up in the Factory System, if I did not say, that their industry, neatness, and disposition to improve themselves, are beyond the powers of my commendation. I know several such. I have several such females employed, under my superintendence, as Sunday-school teachers, for whom I do, and ought to entertain the greatest respect; but I would say, that these are exceptions to the generality of young persons brought up in Factories."—The generality of them, he says, are as unfit as they possibly can be to fill the important station of a cottager's wife. Many cannot even mend a hole in their garments, or darn a stocking; and he knew of one little girl whose father was so anxious that she should acquire the use of the needle, that "when he was confined at home himself by a lameness, he sat over her, after her return from work, with a little light rod in his hand, and insisted on her mending her stockings, though she was falling asleep continually, and when she nodded over it, he gave her a very gentle tap upon the head with the rod."—"The Factory-dolls," as a working-man calls them, can in no case make or mend their own clothes, nor in any way supply the wants of a family when they become mothers.

In a letter in defence of the Cotton Factories, addressed to Lord Althorp, by Mr. Holland-Hoole, we find this passage: "The week which follows Whitsunday is a universal holyday in Manchester, and is celebrated by processions of Sunday-school children, assembled to the number of 25 to 30,000. Your Lordship might there see 'the miserable victims of the Cotton Factory System,' well clad, and often even elegantly dressed, in full health and beauty, a sight to gladden a monarch—not to be paralleled, perhaps, in the whole of the civilized world; and your Lordship would, I firmly believe, draw this conclusion, that the hands employed in Cotton Factories, so far from being degraded below their neighbours of the same rank in society, far exceed them in comfort, in order, and even in health."

This is very amiable. Mr. Holland Hoole is a good-hearted, nor do we doubt, an enlightened man, and the spectacle he speaks of is, we know, very beautiful. We have seen it. Many of the girls at Factories are of an interesting appearance—not a few lovely; many of the boys good-looking—not a few handsome; and the whole together, in their best array, make a pleasant show. They are English. But there is much wan smiling there, and many wo-begone faces, that "vainly struggle at a smile;" hundreds white as plaster of Paris; and scores of an indescribable colour,—of which the ground looks yellow glimmered over by blue,—less like death than consumption. They are, in general, neatly clad; and strange if, on such an occasion, it were otherwise in Lancashire; too "elegantly dressed," many of the girls are, we fear; yet we must not be harshly critical on such a holyday.

One of the witnesses,—Thomas Daniel, an acute man,—says before the Committee, "as to the appearance of health of the children, (who walk in Whitsunday-week procession,) they are the most delicate and the most feeble-looking; and as to their dresses, it may be thought very fine with them, and it certainly is attended with some expense, but it is of no value; and the dresses are principally of white calico or cambric frocks, that make them look fine, and they take great pride in them, I have no doubt." Thomas is no great admirer of Whitsun-week holydays. And far better, think we, were they distributed. In most places, there are but two holydays in the whole year. As for Lord Althorp, he is perhaps a better judge of fat cattle at a show in Smithfield, than of lean Factory boys and girls in a Whitsunday festival in Manchester. He might, therefore, draw from such a sight such a conclusion as Mr. Holland Hoole firmly believes he would; but such conclusion would be illogical. The "comfort" and "order" apparent in that well-garbed and well-marshalled assemblage, transitory as a slow-floating beautiful summer-cloud, seem almost to belong to a visionary world, before the eyes of him who has seen the discomfort and disorder of the real world, in which the creatures of that pageantry are glad to get kicked and strapped, so that from his throne descends not the billy-roller.

Contrast the picture painted by Mr. Holland Hoole, with one of a similar kind by Ebenezer Elliot,—"Preston Mills," a Jubilee in celebration of the Reform Bill. We take it from this year's Amulet, an Annual always full of good things. Ebenezer Elliot is next—not behind Crabbe—the greatest Poet of the Poor. And he calls poetry (did not we ourselves use the same words before him in the Noctes?) "impassioned truth."

"The day was fair, the cannon roar'd,
Cold blew the bracing north,
And Preston's mills, by thousands pour'd
Their little captives forth.

"All in their best they paced the street,
All glad that they were free;
And sang a song with voices sweet—
They sang of liberty!

"But from their lips the rose had fled,
Like 'death-in-life' they smiled;
And still as each pass'd by, I said,
Alas! is that a child?

"Flags waved, and men—a ghastly crew—
March'd with them side by side;
While hand in hand, and two by two,
They moved—a living tide.

"Thousands and thousands—oh, so white!
With eyes so glazed and dull!

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Alas! it was indeed a sight
Too sadly beautiful!

"And, oh, the pang their voices gave,
Refuses to depart!
'This is a wailing for the grave!'
I whisper'd to my heart.

"It was as if, where roses blush'd,
A sudden, blasting gale,
O'er fields of bloom had rudely rush'd,
And turn'd the roses pale.

"It was as if, in glen and grove,
The wild birds sadly sung;
And every linnet mourn'd its love,
And every thrush its young.

"It was as if, in dungeon gloom,
Where chain'd Despair reclined,
A sound came from the living tomb,
And hymn'd the passing wind.

"And while they sang, and though they smiled,
My soul groan'd heavily—
Oh! who would wish to have a child!
A mother who would be!"

The contagion of vice spreads from the Factories. They are, many of them, nurseries of prostitution. In bad times—and how long is it since they have been good?—in bad times, which are, like demons' visits, many and short between—shoals are sent into the streets, to shame, sin, and death. So says the evidence—and is it possible to disbelieve it? That evil is in the Factory System; and, alas! in many a system besides. Is it, therefore, to be denied, overlooked, let alone, given up as hopeless? God forbid we should calumniate the poor creatures—we but believe in sorrow what their parents have told us;—and we do not, like Mr. Mill, call on "legislation," or the "powerful agency of popular sanction," to "direct an intense degree of disapprobation" on such sufferers and sinners; but we call on both to do what they can for their protection from such wo and such wickedness.

We call not even "for an intense degree of disapprobation" on the overlookers and others, who, it has been proved, are too frequently guilty of very great barbarities. Their temper, their patience, must be often severely tried. Nay, sometimes they are cruel from a sense of duty. The strap rouses the soundest sleeper—the most callous feel the billy-roller. Slaves will grow up into tyrants. With more sleep and more rest, there would be far less punishment—there would then be no call for cruelty;—the supply, we presume, would be regulated by the demand. We call not even "for an intense degree of disapprobation" on the supporters of the system out of which such evils inevitably arise. But we denounce the system itself, as it now works; and we call down blessings on the heads of all men who are striving to reform it. Some of "the modes in which legislation can weaken the tendency of such evils to increase" have been shown; and though the regulations it may enact will leave many evils to be bewailed, some—much—nay, great diminution of them may before very long be effected;—enough to justify still better and brighter hopes of the distant future.

Such is the Factory System which Mr. Sadler has so nobly striven—with some noble coadjutors—to deprive of its sting. But how will that be done by his Bill? The sting will still be in the monster; but much of the venom will be taken from it, and what is left will not be mortal. For first of all, it prohibits the labour of infants under the age of nine years. How much may, in time, be learned at home or at school, before the expiration of that period, now worse than lost! How many little domestic arts and appliances, in which children of the same tender years are so skilful, "among the rural villages and farms!" And better far even than these, how much of filial affection sweetening the sense of duty, a sense, alas! in those districts within many miserable families utterly unknown! Children may then learn to say their prayers, and their parents will be happy to hear them doing so—to see their little arms and hands in the attitude of prayer, unscarred and undiscoloured by cruel wounds. Now, prayer must seem to too many wretched parents a mockery—or worse than a mockery from such livid lips; and how can the poor creatures get through a prayer under a load of weariness—struggling, or sinking without a struggle, in the short respite of a sleep!

Then to all between nine and eighteen years, actual work, exclusive of meals and refreshment, is to be limited to—ten hours. Ten hours! limited to ten hours! "Is there not, Sir,"—indignantly exclaims the eloquent Children's Friend—"something inexpressibly cruel, most disgustingly selfish, in thus attempting to ascertain the utmost limits to which infant labour and fatigue may be carried, without their certainly occasioning misery and destruction!—the full extent of profitable torture that may be safely inflicted, and in appealing to learned and experienced doctors to fix the precise point, beyond which it would be murder to proceed!" To the humane mind, somewhat inconsiderate in its merciful disposition, it at first seems as if Mr. Sadler's own Bill were barbarous. It cuts off but one hour—or two—(aye, in many cases, three and four, and five,) from the weary working-day, and still leaves children slaves. But poor people, young and old, must work, and they are willing to work. Even in one hour may then be developed many blessings. In one hour are now crowded countless curses. Put on or take off twenty pounds, when a strong man's back bears 200, and he slackens his pace in pain, or increases it with pleasure, beneath the loaded, or the lightened burden.

But the mercy is to be shown not to their mere bodies, but to their minds. Yes! they have minds—and what is more, hearts, and immortal souls. Many who harangue and scribble about the education of the people,

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forget that,—or perhaps they do not believe it. We, who have been called lovers of intellectual darkness among the lower ranks, have wished to see the torch of knowledge lighted at the sun of Revelation, that it may burn, a shining and a saving light, over all the land, undimmed by mists, and steady in storms.

But what minds—to say nothing of hearts and souls—can there be in those Factories? Many of extraordinary—of surpassing worth. They have sent witnesses to the Committee who are an honour to England. They have sent delegates over great part of the north, whom to despise would prove the proudest aristocrat to be despicable, man to man. "What lessons had they known?" There is the mystery. But in that clamorous and doleful region they found silence and light, in which the powers and faculties of their minds grew up to no unstately strength; as one sometimes sees trees green and flourishing, though their leaves be somewhat dimmed with dust, and their knotted boles begrimed with the smoke—with the soot of cities.

And what are their hearts? We have seen them, and groaned to see, withered and rotten, or when crushed, full of ashes. But all are not such. Nature's holiest affections have, in thousands of cases, there survived both the mildew and the blight. The profligate boy, who may have cursed his own father to his face, and broken his mother's heart, grown up to be a man, has outgrown the vices that once seemed festering in his own heart, and to blacken its very blood. He has become a good husband to the wife, whom when almost a child he had basely seduced; and rather than see his boy such a boy as he was, his girl such a girl as once was the mother that bore him, would he see them both buried in one grave, and pray that their parents too might be dust to dust.

How much unassisted human nature may thus do by means of its own affections, for its own purification, we know not; but let in upon the forsaken soul even some small stray light of religion, like a few broken sun-rays through a chink in the window of a room lying in deserted darkness, and in both there shall be the same vital change. Perhaps a few plants in flower-pots had been left by the tenants on going away, to die on the floor in their worthlessness; and they were almost dead. But they lift up their leaves at that faint touch of light, and look towards the day. Thus will they live lingeringly on, and wondrously survive in that less than twilight. Let in more sun, and with it too the blessed breath of heaven, and they will recover some tinge of beauty. Fling open the shutters, and show them all the sky, and in a few weeks green as emerald is the foliage, and bright are the blossoms as rubies. Even so is it with the flowering plants—the thoughts and feelings in that soul—the soul of an operative in a Factory or Cotton-mill; and if you think the illustration out of place as too poetical, you can feel nothing for the glory that is seen by the inner eye, sometimes stealing over the degradation of our fallen nature.

As the Factory System now works, all who do get any education, get it under dismal difficulties and disadvantages; the most any get can be but little; and thousands on thousands get none. The very young, wearied and worn out as they must be, do not need to be sent to bed; but if the power of cruelty could forward them on their last legs, to school, we defy it to keep the leaden lids from closing over the dim eyes in sleep. By the time they might, by possibility, go to school, what inclination will they have to learn? A schoolroom filled at sunset with children, who have been employed as they have been since sunrise, would be a shocking spectacle, and we devoutly trust there are few such places of punishment in a Christian land. But under Mr. Sadler's Bill, school education, which had been going on with many before nine years of age, might be continued, in some measure, after that period, and all might have some instruction. A wish for it, perhaps a desire, might spring up among the children themselves; and those parents who have now not only an excuse for their indifference, but in nature and reason a right of scorn, when you talk to them about reading and writing, would be ashamed of their own ignorance, and look better after their children in all things. They would be proud and happy to see them getting a month's schooling now and then, and small, after all has been done, must be the scholarship that can ever be acquired, except what nature teaches, in those Factories.

Under the present system,—sorry are we to say it, but it is true,—little good is done by Sunday-schools. Under Mr. Sadler's Bill, great good might be done by them—good incalculable; for they would entirely change their character. Now, they are the only means of education. The Rev. G. S. Bull says, that "Children cannot obtain any thing like a knowledge of letters suitable for a cottage education, except on Sunday." That excellent man has been a Sunday-school teacher ever since he was sixteen years of age, and has scarcely ever spent a Sunday without attending them personally. In seven Sunday-schools in his own neighbourhood, there are 1135 scholars. But he confesses that their effects have not been great, in counteracting the immoral and irreligious tendencies that exist in human nature, throughout the manufacturing districts. Their failure, he says, is mainly attributable to the "lassitude of the scholars." The poor creatures cannot command their attention. Besides, the time during which they are instructed is quite insufficient to produce the desired effect;—two hours before divine service, in

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summer, one hour in winter, and another hour before divine service in the afternoon. But from the time of instruction have to be deducted the intervals of marking attendance, giving out books and taking them in, and preparing to attend divine service, which is a very considerable diminution of time. During nearly the whole time, they are occupied with the mere machinery of reading,—the A, B, C part of it; and as to impressing religious precepts, or explaining religious doctrines, it is next to impossible. Then there is great difficulty in finding proper teachers. They belong to that class who have to make long and laborious exertions during the preceding week, to earn their own maintenance. And they, asks the chairman of the committee, "nevertheless, seeing the total destitution in which the children would be otherwise left, devote their only day of leisure or of domestic enjoyment, to the noble purpose of giving some little instruction or information to those poor deserted children?" And the Rev. G. S. Bull replies, "I would say that I, as a clergyman, am almost entirely indebted to the labouring classes for the assistance by which 516 children are, in some degree, religiously educated under my care; and I would also add, that it is the lamentation of many of my teachers—their own spontaneous lamentation—that the circumstances of their youth, I was going to say infancy, the continuous labour to which they have been accustomed, and the little leisure they have had for improvement, render them far less efficient than they would wish." At a meeting of 48 Sunday-school teachers, of various denominations, (a teacher being voted to the chair, who was himself part-owner of a Factory,) they came to a unanimous resolution, that the Factory System, as at present conducted, decidedly interfered with their plans of religious instruction, and that the amelioration which had been proposed, was absolutely necessary, that they might have any chance of producing those effects which they desired to see, as the result of their labours. We can add nothing to the simple statement of these simple men. Under Mr. Sadler's Bill, evening schools would arise, children would then learn to read, and then Sunday-schools would be schools of religion.

But while children continue to be employed in the Factories, say twelve hours and a half a-day, exclusive of meals and recreation, it must be a painful thing to all minds, as it has often been to the mind of the good clergyman from whom we have been quoting, "to consider the manner in which we confine the children on the Sabbath-day, after the very close confinement of the week. They may think that our system on the Sabbath-day is a sort of justification of the system in the week-day; for we, while they are stowed up in the mills during six days of the week, confine them in our crowded Sunday-school rooms on the Sabbath-day." One and all of the medical witnesses—Blundell, Carlisle, Brodie, Roget, Blizzard, Elliotson, Tuthill, Green, Key, Guthrie, Bell, Travers,—speak in the strongest terms of the certain and great injury to the health of children who have been working all the week twelve hours a-day and more, in heated Factories, from being shut up again in crowded schools on the Sabbath. Under the present system, the most conscientious and pious men can hardly bring themselves to believe Sunday-schools should be encouraged; under another, no conscientious and pious man could for a moment doubt that they would be a precious blessing to the poor.

We have no room now—to enter at any length into the politico-economical view of the question. It would appear that some Mill-owners have declared they cannot abridge "the long and slavish hours of infant-labour," because of the Corn Laws. Suppose they were just to try. We do not see any very great difficulty they would have to encounter in getting on tolerably well with the abridgment and the Corn Laws. Were not many of them once very poor—who are now very rich men—in spite of the Corn Laws? During their progress to opulence (the wealth of some of them to the imagination of a poor man like us seems enormous) were wages always progressive too, and the operatives well off? But has it never occurred to them, that "many of them owe every farthing they possess to these little labourers?" They may complain, then, of the Corn Laws; but not employ them as an argument against their showing gratitude to their benefactors. Grant they suffer some loss. Is the sight of smiles spread over five hundred human faces no recompense to a rich or well-to-do man for the loss of a shilling or two in the pound? To men of commonplace—common run humanity—we think it might; and among the Mill-owners there are many men whose characters are up to that mark,—many far above it, who will not oppose—but we trust support, Mr. Sadler's Bill, and afterwards with a safe conscience, if such be their way of thinking, they may try to crack the heads of the Corn Laws with their billy-rollers.

But they are afraid that the loss will fall upon the poor. This is taking up new ground—a change of position. They surely can consent—if they choose—to an abridgment of the wages of the poor—in spite of the Corn Laws.

But grant that the operatives under a Ten-Hour Bill will get less wages, because they will then produce less. How much less will they produce? As a man works better when he is not tired than when he is, he will, it is admitted on and by all hands, do as much, *minus one-twelfth part*, in ten hours as in twelve; and is a twelfth-part of his weekly wages a price that he would grudge to pay for some domestic happiness every evening,

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some rest and something better than rest every Sabbath.

But as he will suffer less under ten hours' work than under twelve or more, so he will cost himself less in keeping himself alive. Doctor's fees, one item of his expenses, will dwindle down to next to nothing. The children will have time to go home to meals. That is no small saving. And Joseph Sadler, the Rev. Mr. Bull, and other witnesses, point out many savings besides—which taken together, might more than counterbalance the loss of a twelfth-part of wages.

But what if, in ten hours, operatives in Factories were to do as much as they now do? Then would they be "healthy, wealthy, and wise;" and they would owe it all to Mr. Sadler.

The wealth of a nation can never be increased by the sacrifice of the strength and lives of the people employed in one great branch of its manufactures. Pauperism is not a source of national wealth. In Factories you see few operatives above forty years old. Have they gone to their graves, or the workhouse?

Many to the workhouse—more to the grave.

In the Appendix to the Report, there is a Comparative Table of the duration of life. We have the number of persons buried, and at what age buried, during fifteen years, (1815 to 1830,) in certain counties and places; namely, in Rutland, Essex, London, Chester, Norwich, and Carlisle; the several parishes of Bolton-le-Moors, Bury, Preston, Wigan, Bradford, (in Yorkshire,) Stockport and Macclesfield; the town of Leeds, and the townships of Holbeck and Beeston, in the parish of Leeds; showing the number buried under five years of age, from 5 to 10, from 10 to 15, from 15 to 20, from 20 to 30, and so for each decennary period to the end of life: with decimal results annexed, for the purpose of comparison. It is a most instructive nest of Tables, and here are results.

In every 10,000 of the persons buried, there died—

	Under 20 Years old.	Under 40 Years old.	Lived to 40 and upwards.
In the Healthy County,	3756	5031	4969
In the Marshy County,	4279	5805	4105
In the Metropolis,	4580	6111	3889
In the City of Chester,	4538	6066	3934
In the City of Norwich,	4962	6049	3951
In the City of Carlisle, (former state)	5319	9325	3674
In the City of Carlisle, (present state)	5668	6927	3071
In the Town of Bradford, (Worsted Spinning)	5896	7061	2939
In the Town of Macclesfield, (Silk Spinning and Throwing)	5889	7300	2700
In the Town of Wigan, (Cotton Spinning, &c.)	5911	7117	2883
In the Town of Preston, (ditto)	6083	7462	2538
In the Town of Bury, (ditto)	6017	5319	2681
In the Town of Stockport, (ditto)	6005	7367	2633
In the Town of Bolton, (ditto)	6113	7459	2541
In the Town of Leeds, (Woollen, Flax, and Silk Spinning, &c.)	6213	7441	2559
Holbeck, (Flax Spinning)	6133	7337	2663

So that about as many have died *before their twentieth year*, where the Factory system exclusively prevails, *as before their fortieth year* elsewhere.

But are the operatives themselves afraid of a fall in their wages under a Ten-Hour Bill? No. Men, women, and children, are unanimous for release from slavery. Many believe there will be no fall, many that there will; but though as a class they are degraded, they are yet human; they feel, though you treat them as such, that they are neither machines nor brutes.

Seeing and feeling the subject in all its bearings, Mr. Sadler, towards the close of his speech, broke forth into the following fine strain of eloquence:—"The industrious classes are looking with intense interest to the proceedings of this night, and are demanding protection for themselves and their children. Thousands of maternal bosoms are beating with the deepest anxiety for the future fate of their long oppressed and degraded offspring. Nay, the children themselves are made aware of the importance of your present decision, and look towards the House for succour. I wish I could bring a group of these little ones to that bar,—I am sure their silent appearance would plead more forcibly in their behalf than the loudest eloquence. I shall not soon forget their affecting presence on a recent occasion, when many thousands of the people of the north were assembled in their cause—when in the intervals of those loud and general acclamations which rent the air, while their great and unrivalled champion, Richard Oastler, (whose name is now lisped by thousands of these infants, and will be transmitted to posterity with undiminished gratitude and affection;)—when this friend of the Factory children was pleading their cause as he alone can plead it, the repeated cheers of a number of shrill voices were heard, which sounded like echoes to our own; and on looking around, we saw several groups of little children, amidst the crowd, who raised their voices in

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the fervour of hope and exultation, while they heard their sufferings commiserated, and, as they believed, about to be redressed. Sir, I still hope, as I did then, that their righteous cause will prevail. But I have seen enough to mingle apprehension with my hopes. I perceive the rich and the powerful once more leaguing against them, and wielding that wealth which these children, or such as they, have created, against their cause. I have long seen the mighty efforts that are made to keep them in bondage, and have been deeply affected at their continued success; so that I can hardly refrain from exclaiming with one of old, 'I returned, and considered all the oppressions that are done under the sun, and beheld the tears of such as were oppressed, and on the side of the oppressors there was power, but they had no comforter!' "

[*The Westminster Review contains an article on the same subject, from which we make a few extracts.*]

For the degree of labour which is demanded from the working classes, and the meagreness of the remuneration which most of them receive, thanks may be given to the opponents of free trade, and the partisans of monopoly. The increase of population, though it has been little subjected to the wholesome control of moral restraint, has never been so rapid as the augmentation of the resources of the country might have been, had its commerce been unrestricted. But devoid of education, rendered reckless by want and extreme toil, tempted by the boon practically offered by the law for the increase of the population, the most wretched of the working classes have married at the earliest period; and while commerce has overtaken the limits prescribed to it by the law, the population has surpassed all that under such limitation is consistent with the due reward of the labourer. * *

If the statements recently published in the public journals, from the evidence given before a Committee of the House of Commons are adduced as proofs of the general physical condition of the children of the manufacturing poor, they are utter and groundless exaggerations. The depression of health among the manufacturing population results more from municipal, social, domestic, and moral evils, than from the nature of their employment. The collecting of the cases where health has been depressed by the combined influence of these and accidental causes, and exhibiting the exceptions as evidence against the rule, was an obvious measure to one so versed in political tactics as the late member for Newark. In the country, under judicious management, Dr. Kay proves, by a reference to some interesting statistical evidence relative to the works of Mr. Thomas Ashton of Hyde, that "the present hours of labour do not injure the health of a population *otherwise favourably situated*, but that when evil results ensue, they must chiefly be ascribed to the combination of this *with other causes of moral and physical depression.*"

The hours of labour in mills are, especially in towns, hostile to the improvement of the moral and physical condition of the working classes. The just inference from which is, that the whole laws of trade must speedily be subjected to so thorough a revision, that our manufactures may be successfully conducted, without demands being made on the labour of the working classes which are inconsistent with their permanent well-being.

The present hours of labour in the manufacturing districts have been gradually introduced, as the pressure of the several restrictions and burdens upon commerce was felt. The tax in support of West-Indian slavery added one portion to the hours of infant labour,—the East India monopoly another,—the Corn Laws run up the total of fifteen;—yet so dull is the manufacturer's perception, so gullible the English animal, that this very fact is pounced upon by the supporters of these abuses as what shall be made to aid their purpose. The direct and visible object of the inventor and mover of the Factory Bill, was to run his Bill against Parliamentary Reform, Slave Emancipation, and the removal of the Corn Laws; and the Mirror of Parliament is there to prove it. Yet the manufacturing population run headlong into the snare, and support the schemes of their oppressors for the beggarly boon of being directed how many hours their children may work to escape the artificial famine the same men are making for them. Profits have been gradually diminished,—the rapidity of production, transmission, and return have constantly increased, the most persevering industry and the most subtle sagacity have been racked for expedients to maintain the contest. The question presented has been whether our manufacturers would be able to meet their foreign competitors in the market; and the alternative, the loss of their capital, and the ultimate non-employment and destitution of the population dependent upon them. In these struggles the hours of labour have been gradually increased. The cotton trade is even now in a critical position; and the only way to relieve the workmen from the evils of oppressive toil, is to remove the burthens which render that toil necessary to the support of the commercial portion of the country, and consequently to the continuance of employment and subsistence to the people.

Our vaunted advantage in machinery is declining. The latest machines introduced into the cotton trade are of foreign invention; and even in the remotest part of the Continent, machinery on the English plan is invariably employed. The chance of gaining and keeping the manufacture for the Continent of Europe, was thrown away the day it was determined that none but a landholder should sit in the British Parliament. * * *

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The Bill introduced into Parliament by Mr. Sadler, strikes at the root of none of the evils which affect the poor. The opponent of almost every other measure which has been advocated for promoting the elevation of the people;—content to leave them still uneducated, and uninstructed in domestic economy;—horror-stricken at the thought of their being politically enlightened;—the advocate of their improvident marriages;—the protector of the poor laws;—and the champion of restrictions on trade;—he would add, to the benefactions of his microscopic benevolence, the paltry boon of reducing the hours of the labour of the ill-paid poor; thus making them still poorer.

This law would be extremely defective in its practical operation. No restriction of the hours of labour can be extended to all branches of trade, and unless extended to all, it would be unequal and unfair to impose it on any. The best general measure which could be devised to restrict the hours of labour, would be partial in its practical operation. Where manufactories are most subjected to public inspection, and therefore to the influence of public opinion, and where they are consequently best regulated, restrictive laws would, from similar causes, act with the greatest force; but in remote districts, where the present laws are infringed because there public opinion has little power, all future laws would be equally inoperative. Those manufactories which are therefore least amenable to the control of public principles, and are consequently worst managed, would have their sinister advantages increased to the prejudice of superior establishments. Even if the restriction were placed on the moving power, an extent of interference which few would probably be prepared to support, the enactment would be evaded, as all others have been, by mutual consent of master and workman, because it is inimical to the obvious interests of both. Unless a special preventive police were established to enforce the law, it would be disobeyed, as the present law is, by an agreement on the part of the workmen to indemnify the master for any penalty to which he might be subjected for disobedience. This statement supersedes all commentary. Legislature, in the depth of its wisdom, enacts, that under an artificial scarcity of that legislature's own creation, you shall not work a man's children above twelve hours per day, lest their health should be injured; and the man himself, preferring not to starve, guarantees you against penalties inflicted upon you for evading the law passed for the protection of his children.

How will such an enactment, supposing it to be efficient, affect the operatives themselves? One of three events must occur. Either all children under the prohibited age (eighteen,) will be immediately dismissed, and their places supplied by adults who will be worked thirteen or fourteen hours per day; or all mills will work ten hours, and the production be consequently one-sixth less than at present, and proportionably more costly;—or the masters will contrive, by employing machinery instead of men, by stimulating their workmen to greater exertions, by increasing the speed of their machinery, to render the law nugatory by producing as much in ten hours as they do in twelve.

Suppose all children under eighteen years of age to be dismissed. The number of individuals now employed in cotton factories in England is about 170,000, of which about 70,000 are children under the prescribed age. The loss to the industrious classes of the community for their non-employment, would be about equal to £15,700 in weekly wages. If the limitation extended to cotton factories alone, many of those dismissed might find employment in woollen, flax, silk, and other establishments; but the result would be a reduction of the general remunerating price of all labour which could be performed by adolescents, in consequence of the immensely increased competition. On the other hand, if, as impartiality would dictate, the restrictive law were extended to all factories, the number dismissed from employment would be far greater than has been above calculated, and they would be unable to find any other occupation, but would be sent adrift to drain the bitter cup of poverty and destitution, or to activate every vicious propensity in the sch[illegible] idleness.

It might be supposed, by those ignorant of the practical regulations of trade, that an equal number of adults would be employed to supply the places of these dismissed children. An adult would, however, frequently be expected and obliged to do the work of two children, and he would not receive, even then, much higher wages, for the profits of trade would not admit of such increase in his remuneration. On the other hand, adults would be obliged to purchase any augmentation of their wages which might occur, by an increase in the quantity and the duration of their labour, in comparison with which the present system is an easy burthen.

According to the present alternative, all mills would work ten hours instead of twelve; the production would be diminished one-sixth; the wages would, after a short interval, be reduced in proportion; more mills would be built to compensate for the diminished supply from those already in operation; a larger number of workmen would thus become dependent on the manufacturer; and, after a certain period of feverish excitement, the market of the trade would be reduced within narrower limits by the increased cost of production, and the wages of the augmented population would be seriously reduced. To what extent this diminution in the reward of labour might proceed, would be determined by the power we might still possess of entering into competition with

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foreign manufacturers. The injury resulting from restrictions on trade, accumulates however in a rapid ratio, and is especially felt when the danger of the success of foreign rivals is imminent. When the balance is wavering, feathers turn the scale.

Lastly, masters would employ machinery in operations where they now employ men. The limitation of the hours of labour would introduce the self-acting mule throughout the trade, and many thousands of the most highly paid hands would be dismissed from employment.

Or masters would introduce improvements by which they would be enabled to "speed" their machinery; by which measure, *cæteris paribus*, much greater exertion and attention would be required from the operative. The number of threads which used to break some years ago in certain operations, was thirteen per cent.; it is now reduced to three per cent.; and other improvements by which the speed of machinery might be increased without a deterioration in the quality of the yarn, would naturally ensue in a season of commercial embarrassment. Thus Throstle spindles used to run 4500 turns per minute; they now run in many cases 5400 turns, and mule spindles have been "speeded" in a similar proportion. The American throstles have been introduced, which run 7500 turns per minute. Other machinery has been "speeded" from ten to twenty per cent. If the Factory Bill occasions the working of machinery at an increased speed, an intensity of application will be required from the operatives, which will at least balance any advantages arising from the diminution of the hours of labour.

Has legislation no better remedy for the evils suffered by the working classes, than this new restrictive blunder? Are we still to continue the slaves of the pernicious school which has manacled our commerce from head to foot? What have the opponents of retrenchment, reform, and free trade to do with the interests of the working classes? Long ago have they proved how ignorant they were of even the elementary principles concerned in the advancement of the social state, and after this bill has caused a reduction of wages,—an increase of mills, and consequently of population,—a "speeding" of machinery, and a substitution of machinery for men,—will they even then be content to abandon their measure; will they not rather favour us with some new restrictive nostrum for the evils their short-sighted policy has entailed upon the people;—fresh bleeding and more warm water? What remedy would they propose, when necessity had compelled the resumption of the hours of labour;—when production had still further surpassed the demand;—when prices had fallen,—profits were reduced,—wages diminished,—extensive failures had occurred,—multitudes had been dismissed from employment,—and the poor-rates had become more oppressive than ever;—what panacea would they find for these evils;—how would they allay general dismay, discontent, turbulence, and crime?

Are the miseries which have been exposed, to be tolerated without any effort being made for their removal? By no means. Remove the Corn Laws; and as a preliminary, let Mr. Sadler be brought as evidence before a Committee of the House of Commons to prove their consequences. A woeful day was it for his employers, when he bethought himself of raking into the consequences of their legislation. Evils undoubtedly there are, though they have been exaggerated; and they must be mended at the right time. But two inferences will force themselves on all whose powers of thought are above the lowest standard. First, that *every man is either dishonest, or the victim of dishonesty*, who, when one reform is demanded, thrusts forward the absence of another as a reason for refusing it; and Secondly, that when the two nuisances have been abated which the Factory Bill was brought forward as the stalking-horse to cover and protect,—the Corn-Laws and West-Indian slavery,—then and not till then, the government should take the Factory question in hand, and give the country the measure of its talents, by the judgment and despatch with which it applies the remedy.

[*The Examiner gives us the result of the Debate in Parliament as follows.*]

The Bill for the Regulation of Infant Labour in Factories is thrust out for the Session by the commission of inquiry moved for by Mr. W. Patten, and carried by a majority of two. The evidence on this subject is considerably more copious than that on the state of Ireland, but nevertheless it would not satisfy a Legislature content to coerce on the vague plea of notoriety, eked out with a score of vamped up instances. The difference of conduct is referable to the difference of the cause. The Factory Bill was for the restraint of the mastery; the Coercion Bill is for the restraint of a people. The offences of the many against the few are intolerable to an aristocratic Legislature; the offences of the few against the many have their secret sympathies. The people are yet in a small minority of the Commons House, and these decisions which so jar on the national sentiment, most offensively show that is not their instrument. Ministers pointed to their majority as evidence of the complete working of the Reform Bill; that majority is set against every object dear to the people, and is composed for the most part of the false, the foolish, and the servile, the parasites of power wherever it is deposited. The first stage of the session is now passed, and let it be recorded of the House, self-called Reformed, that its first act was the measure of tyranny for Ireland, and

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its last vote the denial of present protection to the helpless martyrs to avarice in the factories. We heartily agree with Mr. Wynn, that "if there were not a tittle of evidence the Bill would be highly desirable in order to limit the hours which children might be compelled to work by their parents." When the limitation so strenuously resisted is to ten hours' labour, what must be the excess to be prevented! need we further evidence to judge of it? might we not safely conjecture the enormous extent of the abuse from the opposition to such a measure of restriction? Mr. Gisborne, a worthy mouth-piece for such a cause, said with a spirit illustrative of what humanity has to grapple with:—

"There might be a necessity occasionally for greater exertions than usual, but was not this the case with all classes? Was it not the case with the soldiers?"

The case of soldiers put upon a footing with the case of children!—of soldiers, picked, able men, with all their powers developed, their capacities of endurance mature—this case instanced in justification of the extraordinary demands on the labour of childhood needing strength for growth, and recreation as the very food of their spirits! Surely we need not dissert on the spirit which upbears the man with great exertions incident to his profession, and the strain on industry which breaks down the spirit of the child—these reflections will occur to all but the task-masters, and such as Mr. Gisborne, who aptly represent their cruelty of thoughtless custom. Beautifully has Godwin, in his *Fleetwood*, described the injuries to humanity in the bud which are unblushingly advocated:—

"Almost all that any parent requires of a child consists in negatives: stand still: do not go there: do not touch that. He scarcely expects or desires to obtain from him any mechanical attention. Contrast this with the situation of the children I saw: brought to the mill at six in the morning; detained till six at night; and, with the exception of half an hour for breakfast, and an hour at dinner, kept incessantly watchful over the safety and regularity of fifty-six threads continually turning. By my soul, I am ashamed to tell you by what expedients they are brought to this unintermitted vigilance, this dead life, this inactive and torpid industry!

"Consider the subject in another light. Liberty is the school of understanding. This is not enough adverted to. Every boy learns more in his hours of play than in his hours of labour. In school he lays in the materials of thinking; but in his sports he actually thinks: he whets his faculties, and he opens his eyes. The child, from the moment of his birth, is an experimental philosopher: he essays his organs and his limbs, and learns the use of his muscles. Every one who will attentively observe him, will find that this is his perpetual employment. But the whole process depends upon liberty. Put him into a mill, and his understanding will improve no more than that of the horse which turns it. I know that it is said that the lower orders of the people have nothing to do with the cultivation of the understanding; though for my part I cannot see how they would be the worse for that growth of practical intellect which should enable them to plan and provide, each one for himself, the increase of his conveniences and competence. But be it so! I know that the earth is the great bridewell of the universe, where spirits descended from heaven are committed to drudgery and hard labour. Yet I should be glad that our children, up to a certain age, were exempt; sufficient is the hardship and subjection of their whole future life; methinks, even Egyptian task-masters would consent that they should grow up in peace, till they had acquired the strength necessary for substantial service.

"Liberty is the parent of strength. Nature teaches the child, by the play of the muscles, and pushing out his limbs in every direction, to give them scope to develop themselves. Hence it is that he is so fond of sports and tricks in the open air, and that these sports and tricks are so beneficial to him. He runs, he vaults, he climbs, he practises exactness of eye and sureness of aim. His limbs grow straight and taper, and his joints well knit and flexible. The mind of a child is no less vagrant than his steps: it pursues the gossamer, and flies from object to object, lawless and unconfined: and it is equally necessary to the development of his frame, that his thoughts and his body should be free from fetters. But then he cannot earn twelve sous a week. These children were uncouth and ill-grown in every limb, and were stiff and decrepit in their carriage, so as to seem like old men. At four years of age they could earn salt to their bread; but at forty, if it were possible that they should live so long, they could not earn bread to their salt. They were made sacrifices, while yet tender; and, like the kid, spoken of by Moses, were seethed and prepared for the destroyer in their mother's milk. This is the case in no state of society but in manufacturing towns. The children of gipsies and savages have ruddy cheeks and a sturdy form, can run like lapwings, and climb trees with the squirrel."

The law, which will not allow a pheasant's egg to be stolen or destroyed, permits the child to be robbed of the man—to be cheated of the present strength which should feed his growth, develop his frame, and make him a hale, healthy being, capable of labour and the enjoyment of rest. Of this (according to the intention of nature) future self, the factory child is swindled in a fraudulent bargain, and the miserable being is unconsciously, unconsentingly, repugnantly, made spendthrift of manhood in infancy.

Stupidly, injuriously, the law forbids usury in money, but not usury in the blood of life; not the usury which for the wages of a child anticipates and exhausts the energies that should have made the man, stunting into dwarfishness or decrepitude what would otherwise be the hale, healthy being. The law will not permit the infant heir to squander his

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estate, but it sees without interference the poor child whose only inheritance is labour, making ruin of his future self, and that not in reckless enjoyment, but in present misery.

We have instanced the case of the male sufferers, but the females, girls of the tenderest ages, are victims of the same system, and with the same cruel consequences.

This is one of the rare cases for the interference of the law with the engagements of individuals; for though moral considerations might be of force to prevent some parents from sacrificing their children, their very forbearance would improve the market for others less scrupulous, and it is only by putting a rule upon all that the protection for humanity can be had. The limitation to time seems to us insufficient; it should extend to age, (14 or 15 we should say,) and exempt the more tender years of childhood. Lord Althorp was not present at the debate on Wednesday; had he been so, he would have had a grand opportunity for his favourite doctrine of *experience*. He would have argued that the masters' experience as to the fitness of the system was of the highest authority, and one to which the judgment of the House must bow. The master is as competent a judge of the propriety of infant labour as the Chancellor of the Exchequer is of partial taxation, or officers in the army of the necessity for the cat o'nine tails.

From the Annual Biography.

JEREMY BENTHAM, ESQ.

"From time to time, in the history of mankind, at far distant intervals, men have arisen, who have silently, and almost imperceptibly, changed the whole face of some great department of human knowledge; but who, though destined to effect these great revolutions, and to be followed by succeeding generations as founders of a new and improved philosophy, have by their contemporaries been comparatively unknown. These are the master-minds among mankind. Others, in their day, may attain more renown, may attract more notice from the crowd, who are able to appreciate those labours which produce immediate good, but pass by with neglect every exertion which can be followed by beneficial effects only at some distant period. The philosopher, though he may produce incalculable good, can only do so by degrees almost impalpable to common observation; each step of his progress is slow, though certain, and not till years have passed away do we perceive the important changes he has wrought. It is he, however, who is the great light to his fellow-men; and him, as the real fountain of the blessings which mankind are hereafter to enjoy, we ought principally to honour. That within a few years a change has taken place in moral and jurisprudential science, must be obvious even to those who are incapable of estimating the importance of its consequences. Definite conceptions are beginning to be entertained of the ends to which those sciences are directed; and established principles, upon which all reasonings connected with them must be founded, begin to be acknowledged. The political, moral, and jurisprudential writings of the day, have generally assumed a ratiocinative character. What was before vague, wavering, and undetermined, begins to be clear, definite and systematic. Appeals to passion, prejudice, and sentiment, are going out of fashion; and the understanding of the reader must be convinced, before we can hope to influence either his actions or his opinions. This is a mighty change in the feelings of society; a change, the effects of which are only beginning to be felt, but which is destined eventually to work a complete alteration in the whole frame of the civilized world. Mr. Bentham's writings may certainly be classed among the most efficient causes of this great revolution. For years they have been extending their power silently and gradually; under their influence, men of every shade of opinions —men, many of whom are ignorant almost of the names of these writings—have grown up and formed their habits of reasoning and thinking. A fashion has been set, which all are obliged to follow, though many are ignorant of the source from whence it originated. These men, thus formed, are coming fast and thick upon the stage; and some already hold the very highest rank among the leading intellects of the day; those who will stamp the character of the age in which we live."*

Jeremy Bentham was the eldest son of Mr. Jeremiah Bentham, attorney; and was born at his father's house, in Red Lion Street, Houndsditch, adjacent to Aldgate Church, February 15, (Old Style) 1747-8. His grandfather, who had followed the same profession, and had occupied the same two houses in the city and at Barking, was clerk to the Company of Scriveners. The name of Jeremy was derived from an ancestor, Sir Jeremy Snow, a banker in the reign of Charles the Second. The late General Sir Samuel Bentham, of the Russian service, who died April 30, 1831, was his brother. His father married, secondly, Sarah, widow of the Rev. John Abbot, D.D., Rector of All Saints, Colchester, and mother of the late Lord Colchester. She died September 27, 1809, and was buried in Westminster Abbey. About the year 1765, Mr. Jeremiah Bentham purchased the house in Queen's Square Place, Westminster, where he and his son both passed the remainder of their lives. It had previously been the residence of the notorious courtesan, Theresa

* Westminster Review, January, 1828; Critique on Bentham's "Rationale of Judicial Evidence."

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Constantia Phillips, author of "Memoirs," in three vols. 1761.

Mr. Bentham was remarkably forward in his youth. Soon after he was three years of age he read Rapin's History of England as an amusement; and at seven he read Télémaque in French. At eight he played the violin,—an instrument on which, at a subsequent period of his life, he became remarkably proficient. He was very distinguished at Westminster School. During one of the vacations, he read Helvetius's celebrated work on the Mind; from which he first obtained a glimpse of that principle, which at a subsequent period he so powerfully developed. At the age of thirteen he was admitted a member of Queen's College, Oxford, where he at once engaged in public disputations in the Common Hall, and excited, by the acuteness of his observations, the precision of his terms, and the logical correctness of his inductions, the surprise and admiration of all who heard him. At the age of sixteen he took his degree of A.B., and at the age of twenty that of A.M., being the youngest graduate that had at that time been known at either of the Universities. He afterwards entered at Lincoln's Inn, of which Society he became a bencher in 1817.

From early childhood, such was the contemplative turn of his mind, and the clearness and accuracy with which he observed whatever came under his notice, that at the age of five years he had already acquired the name of "the Philosopher," being familiarly called so by the members of his family; and such, even in youth, were the indications of that benevolence to which his manhood and his old age were consecrated, that a celebrated statesman, who at that period had conceived an affection for him, and with whom he spent much of his time after he was called to the Bar, speaks of him, in a letter to his father, in these remarkable words:—"His disinterestedness, and his originality of character, refresh me as much as the country air does a London physician."

Many incidents of his early life mark the extent of his connexion with the last century. He was accustomed to relate with great pleasure, that, when he was a boy, he was taken to drink tea with Hogarth, whose works he greatly admired. He was one of the class who attended the lectures of Sir William Blackstone, when they were delivered at Oxford; and young as the mind of Bentham was, it even then revolted at the reasoning of the Professor. As a Law student, he took notes of the speeches of Mansfield; and he was a member of the club ruled by Johnson, whom he never liked, considering him to be a gloomy misanthropist.

An occurrence at Oxford, related in his own words, will illustrate the acuteness of his perception, and a portion of his moral character which became more strongly developed in after life:—

"Of the University of Oxford I had not long been a member, when, by a decree of the Vice Chancellor in his court, five students were, under the name of Methodists, expelled from it. Heresy and frequentation of *conventicles* were the only offences charged upon them. Taking the word *conventicle* for the place of meeting—these conventicles were so many private rooms, the small apartments of the several poor students; for poor they were. The congregation consisted of these same poor and too pious students, with the occasional addition of one and the same ancient female. The offence consisted in neither more nor less than the reading and talking over the Bible. The heresy consisted in this—viz., that, upon being, by persons sent to examine them, questioned on the subject of the Thirty-nine Church of England Articles, the sense which they put upon these same Articles was found to be in some instances different from the sense put upon these same Articles by those their interrogators."—After having forcibly depicted the iniquity of this sentence, he proceeds thus:—"By the sentence by which those readers of the Bible were thus expelled from the University, that affection which at its entrance had glowed with so sincere a fervour—my reverence for the Church of England, her doctrine, her discipline, her Universities, her ordinances, was expelled from my youthful breast. I read the controversy: I studied it: and, with whatsoever reluctance, I could not but acknowledge the case to stand exactly as above. Not long after—(for at my entrance, that immaturity of age, which had excused me from the obligation of signature, had excused me from the necessity of perjury)—not long after came the time for attaching my signature to the *Thirty-nine Articles*. Understanding that of such signature the effect and sole object was—the declaring, after reflection, with solemnity and upon record, that the propositions therein contained were, in my opinion, every one of them true; what seemed to me a matter of duty was—to examine them in that view, in order to see whether that were really the case. The examination was unfortunate. In some of them, no meaning at all could I find; in others, no meaning but one, which, in my eyes, was but too plainly irreconcilable either to reason or to Scripture. Communicating my distress to some of my fellow collegiates, I found them sharers in it. Upon inquiry, it was found that among the fellows of the College there was one to whose office it belonged, among other things, to remove all such scruples. We repaired to him with fear and trembling. His answer was cold; and the substance of it was—that it was not for uninformed youths, such as we, to presume to set up our private judgments against a public one, formed by some of the holiest as well as best and wisest men that ever lived. When, out of the multitude of his attendants, Jesus chose twelve for his

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Apostles, by the men in office he was declared o be possessed by a devil; by his own friends, t the same time, he was set down for mad. The like fate, were my conscience to have howed itself more scrupulous than that of he official casuist, was before my eyes. Be- ore the eyes of Jesus stood a comforter—his 'ather—an Almighty one. Before my weak yes stood no comforter. In *my* father, in whom in other cases I might have looked for comforter, I saw nothing but a tormentor: y my ill-timed scruples, and the public dis- race that would have been the consequence, is fondest hopes would have been blasted, he expenses he had bestowed on my educa- on bestowed in vain. To him, I durst not o much as confess those scruples. I signed: ut by the view I found myself forced to take f the whole business, such an impression was ade, as will never depart from me but with fe."

Mr. Bentham entered upon his profession ith a prospect amounting almost to a cer- inty of the highest success. His father's actice and influence as a solicitor were con- derable, and his (the son's) draughts of bills equity were at once distinguished for their perior execution. In one of his pamphlets Indications respecting Lord Eldon") Mr. ntham thus notices the circumstances which d to his retirement from the Bar:—

"By the command of a father, I entered to the profession, and, in the year 1772, or ereabouts, was called to the Bar. Not long er, having drawn a bill in Equity, I had to fend it against exceptions before a Master Chancery. 'We shall have to attend on ch a day,' said the solicitor to me, naming day a week or two distant; 'warrants for r attendance will be taken out for two in- vening days; but it is not customary to at- nd before the third.' What I learnt after- rd was—that though no attendance more n *one* was ever bestowed, *three* were on ery occasion regularly charged for; for each the two falsely pretended attendances, the nt being by the solicitor charged with a for himself, as also with a fee of 6*s.* 8*d.* d by him to the Master: the consequence s—that for every attendance, the Master, tead of 6*s.* 8*d.*, received 1£; and that, even nclined, no solicitor durst omit taking out three warrants instead of one, for fear of not-to-be-hazarded displeasure of that su- dinate judge and his superiors. True it is, solicitor is not under any *obligation* thus charge his client for work not done. He however, sure of *indemnity* in doing so: it ecordingly done of course. * * * These igs, and others of the same complexion, in h immense abundance, determined me to t the profession; and, as soon as I could ain my father's permission, I did so: I nd it more to my taste to endeavour, as I e been doing ever since, to put an end to n, than to profit by them."

Between Mr. Bentham's coming of age, and the commencement of the French Revolution —a period of nearly twenty years—he was thrice on the Continent, and every time re- sided chiefly in Paris. In his second visit to the Gallic capital, he formed an acquaintance with the celebrated but unfortunate Brissot, then better known by the name of Wanville, and who soon after that period produced the following powerful sketch of him:—

"If the reader has ever endeavoured to pic- ture in his imagination those rare men whom Heaven sometimes sends upon the earth to con- sole mankind for their sufferings, and who, un- der the imperfections of the human form, con- ceal the brightness of an ethereal nature, such men, for example, as Howard or Benezet—he may perhaps conceive some idea of my friend Bentham. Candour in the countenance, mild- ness in the looks, serenity upon the brow, calmness in the language, coolness in the movements, imperturbability united with the keenest feelings; such are his qualities. In describing Howard to me one day, he descri- bed himself. Howard had devoted himself to the reform of prisons, Bentham to that of the laws which peopled those prisons. Howard said nothing, thought of nothing, but prisons; and to better their condition, renounced all pleasures, all spectacles. Bentham has imi- tated this illustrious example. Selecting the profession of the law, not with the design of practising it, or of acquiring honours and gaining money, but for the purpose of pene- trating to the roots of the defects in the juris- prudence of England—a labyrinth through the intricacies of which none but a lawyer can penetrate—and having descended to the bot- tom of this Trophonian cavern, Bentham was desirous, before proposing his reforms, of ren- dering himself familiar with the criminal ju- risprudence of the other nations of Europe. But the greater number of these codes were accessible only in the language of the people whom they governed. What difficulties can deter the man who is actuated by a desire to promote the public good? Bentham succes- sively acquired nearly the whole of those lan- guages. He spoke French well; he under- stood the Italian, the Spanish, the German, and I myself saw him acquire the Swedish and the Russian. When he had examined all these wrecks of Gothic law, and collected his ma- terials, he applied himself to the construction of a systematic plan of civil and criminal law, founded entirely upon reason, and having for its object the happiness of the human race." *

* This account was written by Brissot in the year 1793. The editor of the works of Brissot, in the year 1830, adds this commentary:—"A few years ago, Jeremy Bentham was in Paris. We had then the opportunity of ascertaining that the por- trait which Brissot has given of him is by no means exaggerated. Never did a nobler countenance, or a more venerable head, present to the eye the ma- terial type of loftier virtues or a purer soul; nor

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There were several strong points of resemblance between Brissot and Bentham, which will account for the warmth of their friendship; added to which, the aspects of the time gave occasion, first to a correspondence, and afterwards to a residence with each other, which tended much to strengthen their mutual attachment. It is well known that some few years before the French Revolution, Brissot fixed his abode in London, in prosecution of a design of conducting a periodical, entitled "A Universal Correspondence on Points interesting to the Welfare of Man and of Society." London was chosen as the centre, where information was to be collected from all points, and from which he could diffuse it in all directions through the medium of his publication. In this way, Brissot thought it possible to evade the restriction upon the press in France, and to illuminate that country by means of the more elastic press of England. The design, however, failed; and the cost of the experiment subjected Brissot to an arrest in London, from which he was freed by the generosity of a friend, generally supposed to be Mr. Bentham. When Brissot returned to Paris, and rose into popularity, he testified his gratitude to Mr. Bentham, by nominating him, without his consent or knowledge, a member of the Second National Assembly.

Between the years 1784 and 1788, Mr. Bentham took an extensive European tour. Leaving France by way of Montpellier, Marseilles, and Antibes, he sailed to Genoa, and thence to Leghorn. From Leghorn he passed with letters of introduction to Florence, and spent several days in the hospitable mansion of the late Sir Horace Mann, who had been for some years the British Envoy in that city. From Leghorn he resolved upon a passage to Smyrna, in a vessel owned and commanded by a captain with whom he had previously formed an intimate friendship in London. In the voyage, a storm drove the ship into a narrow straight, near the island of Mitelene, where she passed the night, and where, in the morning, he obtained a full view of the beautiful but ill-fated Isle of Scio. Mr. Bentham stayed three weeks at Scio, and thence proceeded in a Turkish ship to Constantinople, where he remained about double that time. His ultimate destination was Crechoff, in Russia, where his brother, Sir Samuel Bentham, was quartered as commandant of an independent battalion of a thousand men, and in which neighbourhood was the estate of the prime-minister of Russia, Prince Potemkin. Mr. Bentham reached his brother's house in the beginning of the year 1786; but, unfortunately, the latter was on an excursion to Cherson, where he was detained for the defence of the country against the threatened invasion of the Capitan Pacha. With characteristic industry, Mr. Bentham sat down in his absent brother's study, and wrote his "Letters on the Usury Laws." There, also, he wrote the first portion of his "Panopticon." After about three years absence, he returned home through Poland, Germany, and the United Provinces, in February, 1788.

The death of his father, in 1792, left Mr. Bentham with a moderate fortune, and the free choice of his course of life; when he wholly abandoned all prospect of professional emoluments and honours, and devoted himself entirely to the composition of his laborious and valuable works.

Availing himself of the truce of Amiens, Mr. Bentham again visited Paris, in 1802, accompanied by Sir Samuel Romilly. At that very time M. Dumont was publishing Mr. Bentham's works in French.* This circum-

was so prodigious a reputation ever more justly merited. Bentham should not only be regarded as one of the profoundest lawyers that ever lived, but as one of those philosophers who have done most for enlightening the human race, and for the advancement of liberty in his own times."

* Mr. Bentham became acquainted with M. Dumont during one of his visits to Bowood, the seat of the Marquess of Lansdowne. It was there that M. Dumont first proposed to become the editor of his MSS. on Legislation; and the result was, the celebrated "Traites de Legislation Civile et Penale," in three volumes, of which above four thousand copies have been sold in Paris. The following passage, written by M. Dumont a few days before his death, shows the high opinion which he had formed of Mr. Bentham.

"What I most admire is, the manner in which Mr. Bentham has laid down his principle, the development he has given to it, and the vigorous logic of his inductions from it. The first book of the 'Treatises on Legislation' is an act of reasoning upon this principle,—of distinguishing it from the false notions which usurp its place, of analysing evil, and of showing the strength of the legislator in the four sanctions—natural, moral, political, and religious. The whole is new, at least with regard to method and arrangement; and they who have attacked the principle generally, have taken good care not to make an especial attack upon the detailed exposition of the system. Egotism and materialism,—how absurd! Nothing but vile declamation, and insipid mummery. Look into the catalogue of pleasures for the rank which the author assigns to those of benevolence; and see how he finds in them the germ of all social virtue! His admirable 'Treatise upon the Indirect Means of preventing Crime,' contains, among others, three chapters sufficient to pulverize all those miserable objections. One is on the cultivation of benevolence; another, on the proper use of the motive of honour; and the third, on the importance of religion when maintained in a proper direction; that is to say, of that religion which conduces to the benefit of society. I am convinced that Fenelon himself would have put his name to every word of this doctrine. Consider the nature and number of Mr. Bentham's works; see what a wide range he has taken in legislation; and is it not acknowledged that no man has more the character of originality, independence, love of public good, disinterestedness, and noble courage in braving the danger and persecutions which have more than once threatened his old age? *His moral life is one*

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stance considerably aided the purpose of his Parisian friends in electing him a member of the French Institute, to which he was eligible in consequence of the citizenship of France having previously been conferred upon him. When it is remembered that only three vacancies existed, and that one was reserved for the nomination of Buonaparte, then First Consul of France, Mr. Bentham's election must be considered as no slight proof of the estimation in which he was held by the savans of Paris. Nor were the circumstances which attended his last visit to the French capital, in 1825, when he went for the benefit of his health, less flattering. He was received with the greatest enthusiasm; and on casually visiting one of the supreme courts, the whole body of the advocates rose and paid him the highest marks of respect, and the Court invited him to the seat of honour.

The qualities which, in youth, formed the charm of Mr. Bentham's character, and which grew with his growth and strengthened with his strength, were truth and simplicity. Truth was deeply founded in his nature as a principle; it was devoutly pursued in his life as an object; it exercised, as we have seen, even in early life, an extraordinary influence over the operations of his mind and the affections of his heart; and it was the source of that moral boldness, energy, and consistency, for which, from the period of manhood to the close of life, he was so distinguished. There was nothing in the entire range of physical, moral, or legislative science; nothing whatever relating to any class of subjects that could be presented to his understanding; nothing, however difficult other men thought it, or pretended to think it, or with whatever superstitious, political, or religious reverence and awe they regarded, or affected to regard it; which he did not approach without fear; to the very bottom of which he did not endeavour to penetrate; the mystery regarding which he did not strive to clear away; the real, the whole truth of which, he did not aim to bring to light. Nor was there any consideration, whether of a personal nature or not, that could induce him to conceal any conclusion at which he had arrived, and of the correctness of which he was satisfied: even though, by the desertion of friends and the clamour of foes, the very cause he advocated might to some have appeared to be endangered by his so doing. It was not possible to apply his principle to all the points and bearings of all the subjects included in the difficult and contested field of legislation, government, and morals; to apply it as he applied it, acutely, searchingly, profoundly, unflinchingly, without consequences at first view startling, if not appalling, even to strong minds and stout hearts. They startled not, they appalled not him, mind or heart. He had confidence in his guide; he was satisfied that he might go with unfaltering step wherever it led; and with unfaltering step he did go wherever it led. Hence his singleness of purpose; hence, in all his voluminous writings, in all the multiplicity of subjects which have come under his investigation, as well those which he has exhausted, as those which he has merely touched; as well those which are uncomplicated by sinister interests and the prejudices which grow out of them, as those which are associated with innumerable false judgments and wrong affections: hence, in regard to not one of them does a single case occur in which he has swerved from his principle, or faltered, or so much as shown the slightest indication of faltering, in the application of it.

On one occasion, the Emperor Alexander sent him a present by the hands of his ambassador: without opening the packet to see what it contained, Mr. Bentham politely declined accepting it. This was done, not from any personal disrespect towards the Emperor, but in order that he might feel himself perfectly unshackled, should he at any time have found it necessary to blame the acts of that Sovereign, or of his Government: it also prevented the world from suspecting him to be capable of being influenced by any such marks of court favour. The packet, it is supposed, contained a diamond ring.

That he might be in the less danger of falling under the influence of any wrong bias, he kept himself as much as possible from all personal contact with what is called the world. Had he engaged in the active pursuits of life—money-getting, power-acquiring pursuits—he, like other men so engaged, must have had prejudices to humour, interests to conciliate, friends to serve, enemies to subdue; and therefore, like other men under the influence of such motives, must sometimes have missed the truth, and sometimes have concealed or modified it. But he placed himself above all danger of this kind, by retiring from the practice of the profession for which he had been educated, and by living in a simple manner on a small income allowed him by his father: and when, by the death of his father, he at length came into the possession of a patrimony which secured him a moderate competence, from that moment he dismissed from his mind all further thought about his private fortune, and bent

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beautiful as his intellectual. Mr. Bentham passes in England, whether with justice or not I am unable to determine, for the chief, I mean the spiritual chief, of the radical party. His name, therefore, is not in good repute with those in power, or those who see greater danger than advantages in a reform, especially a radical reform. I do not pretend to give an opinion either for or against; but it must be understood that he has never enjoyed the favour either of government or of the high aristocracy; and this must guide, even in other countries, those who desire not to commit themselves; for Mr. Bentham's ensign leads neither to riches nor to power."—Genevese Editor's Preface to Dumont's 'Recollections of Mirabeau.'

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the whole powers of his mind without distraction to his legislative and moral labours. Nor was he less careful to keep his benevolent affections fervent, than his understanding free from wrong bias. He surrounded himself only with persons whose sympathies were like his own, and whose sympathies he might direct to their appropriate objects in the active pursuits of life. Though he himself took no part in the active business of legislation and government, yet, either by personal communication or by confidential correspondence, he guided the minds of many of the most distinguished legislators and patriots, not only of his own country, but of all countries in both hemispheres. To frame weapons for the advocates of the reform of the institutions of his own country, was his daily occupation and his highest pleasure; and to him resorted, for counsel and encouragement, the most able and devoted of those advocates; while the patriots and philanthropists of Europe, as well as those of the New World,—the countrymen of Washington, Franklin, and Jefferson, together with the legislators and patriots of South America,—speak of him as a tutelary spirit, and declare the practical application of his principles to be the object and end of their labours.

While he availed himself of every means in his power of forming and cherishing a friendship with whoever, in any country, indicated remarkable benevolence; while Howard was his intimate friend—a friend delighted alike to find and to acknowledge in him a superior beneficent genius; while Romilly was not only the advocate of his opinions in the Senate, but the affectionate and beloved disciple in private; while for the youth Lafayette, his junior contemporary, he conceived an affection which, in the old age of both, was beautiful for the freshness and ardour with which it continued to glow; while there was no name in any country known and dear to Liberty and Humanity which was not known and dear to him, and no person bearing such name that ever visited England who was not found at his social board;—he would hold intercourse with none of any rank or fame, whose distinction was unconnected with the promotion of human improvement, and much less whose distinction arose from the zeal and success with which they laboured to keep back improvement. That the current of his own benevolence might experience no interruption or disturbance, he uniformly avoided engaging in any personal controversy; he contended against principles and measures, not men; and for the like reason he abstained from reading the attacks made upon himself; so that the ridicule and scoffing, the invective and malignity, with which he was sometimes assailed, proved as harmless to him as to his cause. By the society he shunned, as well as by that which he sought, he endeavoured to render his social intercourse subservient to the cultivation, to the perpetual growth and activity, of his benevolent sympathies.

With such care over his intellectual faculties and his moral affections, and with the exalted direction which he gave to both, his own happiness could not but be sure. Few human beings have enjoyed a greater portion of felicity; and such was the cheerfulness which this internal happiness gave to the expression of his countenance and the turn of his conversation, that few persons ever spent an evening in his society, however themselves favoured by fortune, who did not depart with the feeling of satisfaction at having beheld such an object of emulation. Even in his writings, in the midst of profound and comprehensive views, there oftentimes break forth a sportiveness and a humour, no less indicative of gaiety of heart, than the most elaborate and original of his investigations are of a master mind: but this gaiety was characteristic of his conversation, in which he seldom alluded, except in a playful manner, to the great subjects of his labours. A childlike simplicity of manner, combined with a continual playfulness of wit, made you forget that you were in the presence of the most acute and penetrating genius; made you conscious only that you were in the presence of the most innocent and gentle, the most consciously and singularly happy, of human beings. And from this, the true source of politeness, a benevolent and happy mind endeavouring to communicate the pleasure of which it is itself conscious, flowed those unobtrusive, but not the less real and observant, attentions, of which every guest perceived the grace and felt the charm. For the pleasures of the social board he had a relish as sincere, and perhaps as acute, as those who are capable of enjoying no others; and he partook of them freely, as far as they are capable of affording their appropriate good, without any admixture of the evils which an excessive indulgence in them is sure to bring. After dinner, it was his custom to enter with his disciple or friend (for seldom more than one, and never more than two, dined with him on the same day) on the discussion of the subject, whatever it might be, which had brought them together; and it was at this time also, that, in the form of dictation in relation to those subjects which admit of this mode of composition,—his disciple writing down his words as he uttered them,—he treated of some of the subjects which have occupied his closest attention, and in the investigation of which he has displayed the greatest degree of originality and invention.

He was capable of great severity and continuity of mental labour. For upwards of half a century he devoted seldom less than eight, often ten, and occasionally twelve hours of every day, to intense study. This was the more remarkable, as his physical constitution was by no means strong. His health, during the periods of childhood, youth, and adoles-

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cence, was infirm; it was not until the age of manhood that it acquired some degree of vigour: but that vigour increased with advancing age; so that during the space of sixty years he never laboured under any serious malady, and rarely suffered even from slight indisposition; and at the age of eighty-four he looked no older, and constitutionally was not older, than most men are at sixty;* thus adding another illustrious name to the splendid catalogue which establishes the fact, that severe and constant mental labour is not incompatible with health and longevity, but conducive to both, provided the mind be unanxious and the habits temperate.

He was a great economist of time. He knew the value of minutes. The disposal of his hours, both of labour and of repose, was a matter of systematic arrangement; and the arrangement was determined on the principle that it is a calamity to lose the smallest portion of time. He did not deem it sufficient to provide against the loss of a day or an hour: he took effectual means to prevent the occurrence of any such calamity to him: but he did more; he was careful to provide against the loss even of a single minute; and there is on record no example of a human being who lived more habitually under the practical consciousness that his days are numbered, and that "the night cometh, in which no man can work."

The last days of the life even of an ordinary human being are seldom altogether destitute of interest; but when exalted wisdom and goodness have excited a high degree of admiration and love, the heart delights to treasure up every feeling then elicited, and every word in which that feeling was expressed. It had long been his wish that his friend Dr. Southwood Smith should be present with him during his last illness. There seemed to be on his mind an apprehension, that, among the organic changes which gradually take place in the corporeal system in extreme old age, it might be his lot to labour under some one, the result of which might be great and long-continued suffering. In this case, he knew that Dr. Smith would do every thing in his power to diminish pain and to render death easy; the contributing to the *euthanasia* forming, in Dr. Smith's opinion, as Mr. Bentham knew, no unimportant part of the duty of the physician. On the possible protraction of life, with the failure of the intellectual powers, he could not think without great pain; but it was only during his last illness, that is, a few weeks before his death, that any apprehension of either of these evils occurred to him. From the former he suffered nothing; and from the latter, as little as can be, unless when death is instantaneous. The serenity and cheerfulness of his mind, when he became satisfied that his work was done, and that he was about to lie down to his final rest, was truly affecting. On that work he looked back with a feeling which would have been a feeling of triumph, had not the consciousness of how much still remained to be done, changed it to that of sorrow that he was allowed to do no more: but this feeling again gave place to a calm but deep emotion of exultation, as he recollected that he left behind him able, zealous, and faithful minds, that would enter into his labours and complete them.

The last subject on which he conversed, related to the permanent improvement of the circumstances of a family, the junior member of which had contributed in some degree to his personal comfort; thus exhibiting an affecting contrast between the selfishness and apathy so often the companions of age, and the generous care for the welfare of others, of which his heart was full.

Among the very last things which his hand penned, in a book of memoranda, in which he was accustomed to note down any thought or feeling that passed through his mind, for future revision and use, if susceptible of use, was found the following passage:—"I am a selfish man, as selfish as any man can be. But in me, somehow or other, so it happens, selfishness has taken the shape of benevolence. No other man is there upon earth, the prospect of whose sufferings would to me be a pleasurable one: no man is there upon earth, the sight of whose sufferings, would not, to me, be a more or less painful one: no man upon earth is there, the sight of whose enjoyments, unless believed by me to be derived from a more than equivalent suffering endured by some other man, would not be of a pleasurable nature rather than of a painful one. Such in me is the force of sympathy."

And this "force of sympathy" governed his very last hour of consciousness. Some time before his death, when he firmly believed he was near that last hour, he said to one of his disciples, who was watching over him,—"I now feel that I am dying: our care must be to minimize the pain. Do not let any of the servants come into the room, and keep away the youths: it will be distressing to them, and they can be of no service. Yet I must not be alone: *you* will remain with me, and you only; and then we shall have reduced the pain to the least possible amount."

Such were his last thoughts and feelings; so perfectly, so beautifully, did he illustrate, in his own example, what it was the labour of his life to make others!

Mr. Bentham's death took place at his house in Queen's Square Place, Westminster, on the 6th of June, 1832. He was in the 85th year of his age.

A striking instance of Mr. Bentham's invariable attention to the great interests of the human race remains to be told. He had a great regard for the science of medicine. He knew that the basis of medicine is anatomy,

* The morbid changes observable in the body after death coincided with this. The state of the blood-vessels and of the viscera was that of a man of sixty years of age, rather than of eighty-five.

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and that the only means of acquiring a knowledge of anatomy is through dissection. He had an utter contempt of the prejudices which withhold the means of pursuing dissection. He was satisfied that there was but one way of putting those prejudices down; and that is, that those who are above them should prove it by giving their own bodies for dissection. He therefore determined to set the example. He was aware of the difficulties that might obstruct his purpose: he provided against them. He chose three friends, to whom he was tenderly attached, and on whose firmness he thought he might rely. He prepared them for opposition, and even for obloquy. He asked them whether their affection for him would enable them to brave whatever portion of either, or of both, might fall to their share in carrying his wish into effect. They assured him, that neither opposition nor obloquy should deter them from performing what he required to the letter. "Then," said he, "I charge you, by your affection for me, to be faithful to this pledge." They *were* faithful; and Mr. Bentham's body was, in consequence, transferred to the Webb Street School of Anatomy and Medicine; at which place Dr. Southwood Smith delivered an admirable lecture over it, on the 9th of June 1832.* From that lecture, with the addition of a few paragraphs from other quarters, and some obligiug communications from a gentleman intimately acquainted with Mr. Bentham, we have derived the foregoing memoir; and from that lecture we subjoin an able and comprehensive view of the great practical principle which directed all Mr. Bentham's efforts.

"Nature has placed mankind under the governance of two sovereign masters, Pain and Pleasure; these two masters govern us in all we do, in all we say, in all we think. It is for these sovereign masters to point out what we ought to do, as well as to determine what we shall do. This their authority is secured in and by our very nature as sentient beings. Sentient beings are impelled to action either by their sensations, or by the copies of their sensations, termed ideas. Sentient beings do and must prefer the state of pleasurable sensations, and the presence of pleasurable ideas, to the state of painful sensations, and the presence of painful ideas. Sentient beings seek, as the ultimate object and end of all their actions, the attainment of the former and the avoidance of the latter. Man is governed by the same law as all other sentient creatures. The only actual, as well as the only right and proper end of action, in every individual man, is the ultimate attainment of his own greatest happiness: the all-comprehensive, as well as the only right and proper end of the social union, or of the combination of individual men into that great aggregate which constitutes a community, is the attainment of the maximum of the aggregate of happiness—the attainment of the maximum of the aggregate of happiness by the attainment of the maximum of individual happiness.

"This, then, is the principle which this philosopher assumed as the standard of, and the guide to, every thing that is good in relation to human beings—CONDUCIVENESS TO THE MAXIMUM OF THE AGGREGATE OF HAPPINESS. This principle he laid down as the foundation on which to establish morals, legislation and government.*

"Now, what the principle of gravitation is to the whole field of physical science, the principle of felicity is to the whole field of moral science; and what Newton did when he discovered that the countless phenomena of the physical world have the former for their cause and governance, that Bentham did when he discovered that the countless phenomena of the moral world would have the latter for their cause and governance. As Newton saw that the apple falls from the tree to the ground by the operation of the same power that moves the planets in their course, so Bentham saw that, as his own greatest happiness at each moment is the only actual end of action in every sentient creature, so it is the pursuit of this end that can alone secure the maximum of the aggregate of happiness. In the former principle the great philosopher of physical nature discovered the source and the solution of all the complicated phenomena that fixed his delighted attention on the earth and in the heavens. In the latter principle, the great philosopher of human nature discovered the sure and certain guide to the attainment of the ultimate object of all sound morality; all wise legislation, and all good government—the improvement of the human being, the security and augmentation of human enjoyment. The principle of gravitation was known before Newton lived, but the extent of its operation was not perceived: the grand benefit which this philosopher achieved for the science of physics was, that he showed this principle to

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* This disposal of his body, by the deceased, was not, however, a recent act. By a will dated as far back as the year 1769, it was left for the same purpose to his friend Dr. Fordyce. The reason at that time assigned for this, is expressed in the following remarkable words;—"This my will and special request I make, not out of affectation of singularity, but to the intent and with the desire that mankind may reap some small benefit in and by my decease, having hitherto had small opportunities to contribute thereto while living." By a memorandum affixed to this document, it is clear that it had undergone his revision as lately as two months before his death, and that this part of it was deliberately and solemnly confirmed.

"* This principle is designated 'the Greatest Happiness Principle;' and it is called 'all comprehensive,' because it includes every interest of every individual. It is also termed 'the Principle of Felicity;' a much better name for it than 'Utility,' by which also it is, perhaps, the most commonly denominated."

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be what it really is, all-comprehensive; that he applied it not only to the exposition of the phenomena observable in all bodies in the immediate neighbourhood of the earth, but also to the exposition of the phenomena observable in the heavenly bodies; that he assumed it as the great cause not only of the motions and situations of the several component parts of bodies, but also as the great cause of the motions and situations of all bodies whatsoever, considered as wholes, or each in its totality. In like manner, the fact that every sentient being aims in all his actions at his own greatest happiness, and that the object of enlightened benevolence is to promote and secure the greatest happiness of the greatest number, was known and recognised before Bentham wrote; but the grand benefit which this philosopher achieved for the science of morals was, that he demonstrated this principle to be what it really is, but what it had never before been recognised as being, all-comprehensive; the sole foundation of morals, the sole test of every thing that is good, and of every thing that is evil, in individual or private conduct, in legislative enactment, in the form or the measures of government—in a word, in the totality of human aim and action.

"The discovery and application of the true physical law at the foundation of all physical phenomena, has produced a total revolution in the philosophy of physics. The discovery and application of the true psychological law, equally at the foundation of all mental phenomena, is destined to produce a like revolution in the philosophy of morals. Before the principle announced by Newton, as affording the true exposition of the constitution and motion of all physical bodies, has already fallen every other theory, how remote soever the antiquity in which it took its origin, how plausible soever the solution it gave of apparent but deceptive phenomena, how great soever the ability with which it had been defended, and the authority by which it had been sanctioned: before the principle announced by Bentham, as affording the only true theory, and directing to the only right and proper object and end of morals, legislation, and government, is destined to fall every INSTITUTION, however ancient, how much soever eulogised, how deeply soever venerated, by whomsoever pronounced to be the perfection of human reason, which is not really conducive to human happiness; every LAW, constitutional, civil, and penal, with whatever danger to partial and sinister interests its abrogation may be pregnant, which is not conducive to security, to liberty, and to justice; every MODE OF PROCEDURE in the administration of the law, which does not render justice accessible, speedy, and cheap—which does not minimise delay, vexation, and expense; every RULE OF CONDUCT, whether relating to public or to private life, the observance of which does not tend to educe from the source of pleasure it is intended to regulate and control, the largest obtainable amount of felicity, and to exclude, in the completest degree, the corresponding pain with which almost every pleasure is but too apt to be linked; every SANCTION, physical, judicial, moral, and religious, which does not secure, at the smallest cost of suffering, the most perfect and uniform conformity of the general will and action to the appointed rule.

"And, in like manner, upon this same principle, will ultimately be established whatever institution, law, procedure, rule and sanction, human sagacity and experience may prove to be productive of happiness and exclusive of misery, however its adoption may be obstructed for a time by ignorance, by sinister interest, and by prejudice growing out of such interest.

"And had the human mind applied itself with all its faculties, with all the energy which those faculties are capable of putting forth, with sincerity of purpose, and with perseverance, to the adoption of institutions, laws, procedures, rules, and sanctions, having such, and only such ends in view; had it devoted itself to this pursuit, from that point of civilization in the history of our race which is compatible with labour of this sort, up to the present hour, what would now have been the condition of human society! What would now have been the amount of obtainable felicity—felicity actually and hourly enjoyed by the millions of human beings that make up that vast aggregate!

"If, in every community, in proportion as it advanced in civilization, every institution, constitutional and social; every law, civil and penal; every mode of procedure, judicial and criminal; every rule of action, public and private; every sanction, physical, penal, moral, and religious; had been framed with the sole purpose of securing 'the greatest happiness of all its members,—the greatest happiness of all of them, without exception, in as far as possible, and the greatest happiness of the greatest number of them on every occasion in which the nature of the case renders the provision of an equal quantity of happiness for every one of them impossible;' framed with this view, with all the intellectual power which might have been engaged in this service, aided by all the experience accumulated from generation to generation, and to the stores of which every hour of every day must, without ceasing, add; framed, that is, with all the wisdom at all times at command, wisdom necessarily approximating to perfection, with the progression of time;—had this been done, not to speak of new sources of pleasure which might, and which probably would have been opened, but of which we have now no conception; not to speak of new creations of felicity, the existence of which, however within the range of possibility, must be admitted to be imaginary, until actually in existence; not to speak of any pleasures, the reality and the value of which are

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not well known and duly appreciated; had the real, the uniform purpose, been what I have been supposing, how many pleasures, now within the reach only of the few, would then have been in the possession of the many; and how many pains, from which only the few have now the means of security, would then have been averted from all!

"The contrast thus presented to the mind, between the condition of the great mass of human beings as it is, as it might have been, and as it actually would have been, had legislators and moralists aimed at the right end, and pursued it with singleness and sincerity, will be contemplated by every man with a degree of pain proportioned to the strength of his understanding, and the intensity of his sympathy.

"At an age when the intellectual power which he felt within him was in its freshness —when the moral affections which warmed his heart were unchilled by contact with the world—when the affectionate sympathy for his fellow-beings, which formed so large a part of his consciousness, and which subsequently became the ruling passion of his life, was in its first ardour, this contrast, in its full force, was brought before the view of this illustrious man. Destined by the will of his father to the study and practice of the English law, he commenced the study, and entered on the practice. But what was the position in which he found himself placed? What, when examined by a simple and clear understanding—what when the practical operation of it came to be witnessed by a pure and benevolent heart—was the English law? Like every one else, for ages past, he had been told that it was the perfection of human reason. According to those who taught it, according to those who practised it, according to those who subsisted by it, according even to those who suffered by it—suffered evils countless in number and measureless in extent—it was matchless alike for the purity of its aims, and the efficiency of the means provided for their accomplishment; it was a fabric reared by the most exalted intellects; reared with incredible labour, through a long succession of ages, with a difficulty not to be estimated, yet with a skill so admirable, and a result so felicitous, as had never before been witnessed in any work merely human. The understanding that did not bow down before it, that did not worship it with prostrate reverence, was low and base; the hand that was raised to touch so much as a single particle of it, to change it, was profane. It was the master-production of the matured, experienced, and virtuously disposed human mind; it was the wonder and perfection of civilization; it gave to this blessed country that amazing amount of felicity, by the enjoyment of which its people have been so long distinguished from all other people in the world, making them the glory of the earth, the envy of the surrounding nations.

"Such was the language universally held, and the doctrine universally inculcated; and that not merely with religious ardour, but with enthusiast zeal; and inculcated alike from the humble desk of the village school, and the pulpit, the bar, the bench, the senate, and the throne.

"And yet the English law thus idolized, when the substance of it came to be examined by a simple and clear understanding—when the mode of administering it came to be witnessed by a pure and benevolent heart—what was it found to be? The *substantive* part of it, whether as written in books or expounded by judges, a chaos, fathomless and boundless; the huge and monstrous mass being made up of fiction, tautology, technicality, circuity, irregularity, and inconsistency: the *adminis-trative* part of it, a system of exquisitely contrived chicanery; a system made up of abuses; a system which constantly places the interest of the judicial minister in opposition to his duty, that in the very proportion in which it serves his ends, it defeats the end of justice; a system of well authorized and unpunishable depredation; a system which encourages mendacity, both by reward and by punishment; a system which puts fresh arms into the hands of the injurer, to annoy and distress the injured;—in a word, a system which maximises delay, sale, and denial of justice

"'Shall I hold up this vile system?' said this just and benevolent man. 'Shall the prospect of obtaining wealth, shall the hope of being what is called rewarded with titles and honours, tempt me to assist in perpetuating it? Shall I do what in me lies to extend the wide-spread misery which flows from it? No. I will exhibit it in its true shape; I will strip off the veil of mystery which has so long concealed its deformity; I will destroy it. I will do more. For this chaos I will substitute order; for this darkness, light; for this evil, good. THE MAXIMUM OF THE AGGREGATE OF HAPPINESS—by this test I will try evil and good; this shall be my standard, this my guide. I will survey the entire range of human feelings and volitions—such, at least, as can assume the shape of actions; and as they pass in review before me, I will determine by this rule what shall be sanctioned, and what prohibited. I will rear the fabric of felicity by the hands of reason and of law!'

"With powers of mind fitted for an undertaking thus stupendous, such as in no age or country had ever before been equalled, or even so much as approached; with an ardour and energy such as in no cause, bad or good, had ever been surpassed; he betook himself to the accomplishment of this work. No difficulty stopped him; no danger appalled him; no labour exhausted him; no temptation, whether assuming the shape of good or of evil, moved him; fortune he disregarded; the pursuit of what is called pleasure he renounced; praise could as little bend him from his course, as blame could check it; human

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fear, human favour, had no control, no influence over him; human happiness was his object, judicial institution his means; and the completeness with which he has succeeded in developing the means, is comparable only to the beneficence of the end.

"In order to create, it was necessary that he should destroy; in order to build up, it was necessary that he should pull down; in order to establish law as it ought to be, it was necessary that he should demolish law as it is. Alone he went to the assault—alone he carried it on; every weapon, every mode of attack—ridicule, reasoning, invective, wit, eloquence, sarcasm, declamation, demonstration—all were pressed into his service, and each in its turn became in his hands a powerful instrument. His efforts were regarded first with astonishment, next with indignation. When he was no longer looked upon as a madman, he was hated as an enemy. He was endeavouring to subvert the most glorious of human institutions—institutions which had raised his country to the highest pinnacle of power and happiness—institutions which time, and the experience which time matures, had shewn to be at least the nearest approach to perfection which the wit of man had ever devised. Such declarations (and such declarations were made in abundance, and were reiterated with all the eloquence which large bribes given now, and larger bribes promised in future, could secure) did but redouble his efforts to expose the delusion; to show that reason had seldom any thing to do in the construction of the institutions thus idolised; that they seldom aimed at the right end, and still seldomer provided adequate means to accomplish the end even as far as the aim was right. Long and earnestly did he labour without any apparent effect; but at last some impression was made; the scales fell from the eyes of men of powerful intellects in commanding stations; the imposture became palpable; the monstrous idolatry before which men had allowed their understandings and their affections to fall prostrate, was seen in its true shape. A revulsion of feeling followed. Point after point was submitted to rigorous examination. Champion after champion stood forth in defence of each; champion after champion was driven from his position, however impregnable he thought it: and now, scarcely a single champion remains. The cumbrous fabric is abandoned; it totters to its fall; it is undermined; it is known to be so. The general admission is, that the law of England, as it is, cannot stand; that it must be taken down and reconstructed. Glory to the hand that has destroyed it! Glory to the hand that has built up the beautiful structure reared in its place!

"I will endeavour, in few words, to give you some conception of the foundation of this new structure; of its main compartments; of its form, such as it has assumed in the hands of its architect, now capable of no further labour. Happily, however, as you will see, what remains to complete the edifice can be furnished by other hands.

"Comprehending in his view the entire field of legislation, this legislator divided it into two great portions—internal law, and international law: internal law, including the legislative ordinances that concern an individual community; international law, those that concern the intercourse of different communities with each other. His chief labour was directed to the construction of an all-comprehensive system or code (that is, law written and systematic) of internal law. Under the term PANNOMION, a term derived from two Greek words, signifying 'the whole body of the laws,' he has constructed such a code. This all-comprehensive code is divided into four minor codes: the constitutional, the civil, the penal, and the administrative. The constitutional code includes the several ordinances which relate to the form of the supreme authority, and the mode by which its will is to be carried into effect. The civil code includes the several ordinances which relate to the creation or constitution of rights, and is termed the *right*-conferring code. The penal code includes the several ordinances which relate to the creation or constitution of offences, and is termed the *wrong*-repressing code. The administrative code includes the several ordinances which relate to the mode of executing the whole body of the laws, and is termed the code of procedure. CONDUCIVENESS TO THE MAXIMUM OF THE AGGREGATE OF HAPPINESS—that is the end in view. Each code is a distinct instrument especially adapted to secure this end. Each code has not, indeed, been left by him in a state of completeness; but in no part of either, as far as it has been developed, is place given to a single enactment which has not for its object, immediately or remotely, the production of pleasure and the exclusion of pain. In no part, either of what he has himself done, or marked out to be done by others, is any thing commanded—in no part is any thing forbidden—but as it is, and in as far as it is, conducive to or subversive of happiness;—no constitutional provision, determining the form of the government and the mode of its operation—no action, bearing the seal of approbation or disapprobation, selected as the subject of reward or of punishment—which is not brought to this standard and tried by this test. It is only as the details under these two great divisions are studied, that it is possible to form a conception of the steadiness with which this end is kept in view, and the wisdom with which the means devised are adapted to secure it. To the civil code he has done the least; but even of this he has laid the foundation, and provided important materials for building up the fabric. For the constitutional code he has done enough to render its completion compa-

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ratively easy; while the all-important branches of Offences, of Reward and Punishment, of Procedure, of Evidence, have been worked out by him with a comprehensiveness and minuteness which may be said to have exhausted these subjects, and to have left little or nothing in relation to them for any other man to do or to desire.

"But his labours did not terminate here. He found the science of morals in the same state of darkness as that of legislation. The Fitness of Things, the Law of Nature, Natural Justice, Natural Equity, Good Order, Truth, the Will of God—such were the tests of good and evil, the standards of right and wrong, heretofore assumed by moralists. Every different moralist had a different fancy which he made his standard, and a different taste which he made his test of good or evil; and the degree of conformity or non-conformity to that taste, the indication of the degree of desert, and consequently the measure of reward and punishment.

"But by establishing the foundation of morals on the principle of felicity; by showing that every action is right or wrong, virtuous or vicious, deserving of approbation or disapprobation, in proportion to its tendency to increase or to diminish the amount of happiness, this philosopher supplied what was so much needed in morals—at once an infallible test and an all-powerful motive. Happiness is the standard and the test, happiness is equally the motive; can there be, if this be not, a certain test? can there be, if this be not, an all-powerful motive? Conduciveness to happiness—this it is that constitutes the goodness of an action; this it is that renders an action a duty; this it is which supplies a motive to the performance of duty not to be resisted. I am satisfied that a particular course of conduct will conduce to my happiness: do I need any other inducement to make me pursue that course? can I resist the influence of this inducement? No. As long as this is my conviction, as long as this conviction is present to my mind, it is no more possible for me to refrain from pursuing the course of conduct in question, than it is possible for my body to refuse to obey the law of gravitation.

"The object of the science of morals, then, is to show what is really conducive to happiness; the happiness of every individual man; the happiness of all men taken together, considered as forming one great aggregate; the happiness of all beings whatever, that are capable of the impression: for the science, in its enlarged sense, embraces not only the human race, but the whole of the sentient creation.

"According to the felicitarian philosophy, there is no contrariety, and there never can be any real contrariety, between happiness and duty. In the true and comprehensive sense of those terms, happiness and duty are identical; always so; and always necessarily so. They do not always appear to be so; but it is the business of the moralist to show, that whenever an apparent contrariety exists, the appearance is delusive. When he has accomplished this, he has effected his end; because, when he has accomplished this, my will, my action as necessarily follows in the direction which it is his purpose to guide it, as a stone projected from the earth necessarily falls to the earth again.

"And the apparent contrariety between happiness and duty—from what does it arise? Either from the representation of that as happiness which is not happiness, or from the representation of that as duty which is not duty. And what is at the bottom of this misrepresentation? Either I take into view *only* my own gratification, to the exclusion of the gratification of others; or I take into view only my *immediate* gratification, to the exclusion of a higher gratification at some future period; or I commit both errors at once. Now, it is the business of the moralist to prevent me from falling into either; to make me acquainted with the cases in relation to which the gratification of others is essential to my own—in relation to which my own gratification must necessarily flow from the gratification of others—in relation to which, if I attempt to pursue my own gratification, without taking into account the gratification of others, and more especially at the expense of their gratification, instead of securing happiness to myself, I shall be sure to involve myself in suffering: to make me acquainted in like manner with the cases in relation to which it is necessary that I should take a comprehensive view of happiness; that I should consider not merely the pleasure of the moment or the hour, but the pleasure of the year, or the remainder of my life. To make these matters as clear to my understanding as the light of day is visible to my eye, is the business of the moralist; often, no doubt, a difficult task, because, although the connexion between a certain course of conduct, and happiness and misery, may be quite as real and quite as invariable as that between light and vision, yet, not being so immediate, the invariableness of the sequence is not so clearly seen by the mind. To bring this sequence out from the obscurity in which it may be involved, and to make it manifest; to discover and to show what moral antecedents are invariably followed by what moral sequents; to establish in the mind a conviction of this invariableness of connexion between the one and the other;—this is the province of the moralist. As he multiplies the antecedents and sequents, in regard to which he makes out the fact that there is this invariableness of relation, he enlarges his science; in proportion to the completeness with which he fixes in the mind a conviction of this relation, he fulfils its end.

"It is this which our great legislator and moralist ever kept steadily in view. What-

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ever it is for a man's happiness to do, or to abstain from doing, that, as a legislator, he commands or forbids; whatever it is for a man's happiness to do, or to abstain from doing, that, as a moralist, he makes it his duty to pursue or to avoid.

"In selecting, as a legislator, the subjects of reward and punishment, he is invariably guided by this principle,—that if, by misrepresentation of consequences, by erroneous reasoning, or by fear of punishment, whether physical, moral, political, or religious, a man be prohibited from the enjoyment of any real pleasure, from whatever source derived, an injury is inflicted upon him equal in amount to the balance of pleasure of which he is deprived. For this reason, in no single instance, in any law proposed by him, is any thing commanded, which is not, in some shape or other, conducive to pleasure; nor any thing forbidden, which is not, in some shape or other, conducive to pain.

"In like manner, in deciding, as a moralist, what is proper or improper, right or wrong, virtuous or vicious, he is guided by the principle, that every one must determine from his own experience what is pleasurable and what is painful; that no one has a right to insist, that what is gratification to him, and only what is gratification to him, shall be gratification to another; that for any man, in the capacity of a moralist, to say—'If I do this, I shall get no preponderance of pleasure; but if you do this, you may get a preponderance of pleasure, yet it is not proper that you should do it,' is absurdity: that if such moralist apply evil in any shape to prevent the act, it is injustice and injury; that if he call in the powers of government to prevent the act, it is tyranny: that nevertheless there are pleasures which are pure, that is, unmixed with pain; pleasures which are lasting; pleasures which are cumulative, the very capacity for enjoying them continually increasing with the indulgence: that these are the truest, because the greatest pleasures; that these deserve the most careful cultivation: but that to imagine that any pleasure can come from a bad source; that whatever yields pleasure, that is, *preponderance* of pleasure, is not good—good for that reason, and in that proportion;—is to despise one pleasure because it is not another, to despise a smaller pleasure because it is not a greater; which is absurd. What a cultivation of happiness is here! What true husbandry of it! What a thorough rooting-out of the tares so often sown with the wheat while the legislator and the moralist have slept!"

Mr. Bentham's works were published in the following order:—

A Fragment on Government; being an Examination of what is delivered on the subject in Blackstone's Commentaries. 1776. 8vo.

A View of the Hard Labour Bill; being an Abstract of a Pamphlet entitled, "Draught of a Bill to punish by Imprisonment and Hard Labour certain Offenders; and to establish proper Places for their Reception." Interspersed with Observations relative to the subject of the above Draught in particular, and to Penal Jurisprudence in general. 1778.

An Essay on the Usefulness of Chemistry, translated from the original of Bergman. 1783.*

Defence of Usury; showing the Impolicy of the present legal Restraints on the Terms of Pecuniary Bargains. In a series of Letters to a friend. To which is added, a Letter to Adam Smith, Esq., L.L.D., on the Discouragement opposed by the above Restraints to the Progress of inventive Industry. 1787.

Letter to a Member of the National Convention. 1787.

An Introduction to the Principles of Morals and Legislation. 4to. Printed in 1780; published in 1789.

Draught on a new Plan for the Organization of the Judicial Establishments in France. 1790.

Panopticon, or the Inspection-house; containing the idea of a new principle of construction, applicable to any sort of establishment in which persons of any description are to be kept under inspection, with a plan of management adapted to the principle. 1791. 2 vols. 8vo.†

Essay on Politcal Tactics; containing six of the principal rules proper to be observed by a political assembly, in the process of forming a decision, with the reasons on which they are grounded, and a comparative application of them to British and French practice; being a fragment of a larger work, a sketch of which is subjoined. 1791. 4to.

Truth *versus* Ashurst; or, Law as it is, contrasted with what it is said to be. Written in December, 1792; printed 1823.

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* Mr. Bentham was at one time passionately fond of chemistry, and formed one of a very small class who attended Dr. Fordyce's lectures in Essex Street. The progress of chemical knowledge, however, was so rapid, and required such constant attention, that Mr. Bentham was forced reluctantly to give up the pursuit, as he found it materially interfered with his more important studies. His love of botany he indulged in to the last, and took great delight in his garden, which, with the exception of those belonging to the king, is the most extensive in the metropolis.

† Mr. Pitt entertained the highest opinion of Mr. Bentham; and immediately abandoned a scheme of his own for meliorating the condition of our prisons, when Mr. Bentham's "Panopticon" was laid before him. Acts of Parliament were passed for the purpose of establishing this plan, but in the mean time George the Third discovered that Mr. Bentham had been his antagonist in a controversy in one of the newspapers, and refused to put his name to some document, to which his signature was essential. The Minister was unable to overcome the royal disinclination; in consequence, an Act of Parliament was passed to repeal former acts; and thus was a plan which promised to produce the most beneficial results entirely frustrated.

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Supply without Burden; or, Escheat *vice* Taxation; 1795: to which was prefixed a Protest against Law Taxes, which had been printed in 1793.

Traité de Législation Civile et Pénale, publiées en François d'après les MSS. par Etienne Dumont. 3 vols. 8vo. 1802.

First and Second Letters to Lord Pelham; giving a comparative View of the System of Penal Colonization in New South Wales, and the Home Penitentiary System, prescribed by two acts of Parliament of the years 1794 and 1799.

A Plea for the Constitution; also directed against the New South Wales Colony, of which he recommended the abandonment. 1803.

Scotch Reform considered, with reference to the Plan proposed for the Courts and the Administration of Justice in Scotland, with Illustrations from English Non-Reform; in letters to Lord Grenville. 1808.

Defence of Economy against Burke. 1810—17

Defence of Economy against the Right Honourable George Rose. 1810—17.

Elements of the Art of Packing as applied to Special Juries. 1810—21.

Théorie des Peines et des Récompenses, redigée en François par Etienne Dumont. 2 vols. 1812.

On the Law of Evidence. 1813.

Essai sur la Tactique des Assemblées Politiques, par Dumont. 2 vols. 1816.

"Swear not at all;" containing an exposure of the needlessness and mischievousness, as well as anti-Christianity, of the ceremony of an oath, with proof of the abuses of it, especially in the University of Oxford. Printed 1813; published 1817.

Table of Springs of Action. Printed 1815. published 1817.

Chrestomathia. Part I. explanatory of a proposed school for the extension of the new system of instruction to the higher branches of learning, for the use of the middling and higher ranks of life, 1816. Part II. being an Essay on Nomenclature and Classification; including a critical examination of the Encyclopedical table of Lord Bacon, as improved by D'Alembert. 1817.

Plan of Parliamentary Reform, with Reasons for each Article; and an Introduction, showing the necessity of radical, and the inadequacy of moderate Reform. 1817.

Papers relative to Codification and Public Instruction; including Correspondence with the Russian Emperor, and divers constituted Authorities in the American United States. 1817.

The Rationale of Reward, 1825. Translated by a friend from M. Dumont's "Traités des Récompenses," as above, with the benefit of some parts of the original, which were in English.

Church-of-Englandism and its Catechism examined; preceded by strictures on the exclusionary system, as pursued in the National Society's Schools; interspersed with parallel views of the English and Scottish Established Churches; and concluding with remedies proposed for abuses indicated; and an examination of the parliamentary system of Church Reform lately pursued, and still pursuing, including the proposed new churches. Printed 1817; published 1818.

Bentham's Radical Reform Bill; with reasons in notes. 1819.

Observations on the Restrictive and Prohibitory Commercial System, Especially with a reference to the Decree of the Spanish Cortes of July, 1820. From the MSS. of Jeremy Bentham, Esq. By John Bowring.

Three Tracts on Spanish and Portuguese Affairs. 1821.

Letters to Count Toreno, on the proposed Penal Code delivered in by the Legislation Committee of the Spanish Cortes, April 25, 1821; written at the Count's request. 1822.

Codification Proposal, addressed to all Nations professing liberal Opinions. 1822. Supplement, 1827.

Preuves Judiciares, par Dumont. 2 vols. 1823.

Leading Principles of a Constitutional Code for any State. 1823.

The Book of Fallacies; from unfinished papers of Jeremy Bentham. By a Friend. 1824.

Rationale of Judicial Evidence, specially applied to English Practice. Five thick 8vo. volumes. 1827.

Indications respecting Lord Eldon. 1827.

Rationale of Punishment. 1829.

Constitutional Code, Vol. I. 1830.

Book of Church Reform. 1830.

Dispatch-Court proposal. 1830.

Official Aptitude maximised; Expense minimised. 1830.

Justice and Codification Petitions. 1830.

Jeremy Bentham to his French Fellow Citizens, on the Punishment of Death. 1831.

Jeremy Bentham to the French Chamber of Peers. 1831.

Parliamentary Candidates' Declaration of Principles. 1831.

On the Bankruptcy Bill; or, Lord Brougham displayed. 1832.

In the second volume of Mr. Barker's "Parriana," p. 1—40, is printed a letter of Mr. Bentham to Mr. Bowring, respecting John Lind, the celebrated writer; the Rev. Dr. Nathaniel Forster, of Colchester; and the Rev. Dr. Samuel Parr. Five lively letters of Mr. Bentham to Dr. Parr are printed in Parr's Life and Works, vol. i. p. 548—550; vol. viii. p. 4—12.

Several of the most important works, such as the "Traités de Legislation," have been translated into most of the European languages. Two translations of the Traités were published in Russia; one of them from the

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Government press. Repeated proposals have been made to publish a complete edition of Mr. Bentham's works. A few weeks before his death, Prince Talleyrand, who at all times professed his high admiration of the author, made proposals to have a complete edition of all his works in French published in Paris.

In "The Examiner" of the 10th of June, 1832, appeared the following eloquent article, evidently from the pen of one intimately acquainted with Mr. Bentham and his works:—

"Jeremy Bentham is no more! In him, the world has lost the great Teacher and Patriarch of his time; the man who, of all men who were living on the day of his death, has exercised and is exercising over the fortunes of mankind the widest and most durable influence; and who is even now in some sort governing the world, although not yet recognised and looked up to as their leader by those who are daily obeying the impulse which he gave; no unusual fate of the real guides and rulers of mankind, especially in these latter days.

"Had such a man died at an earlier period of his life of usefulness, when much of his task yet remained for him to perform, and many years of possible existence to perform it in, there would have been room for sorrow and lamentation. It is one of the evils of the untimely death of a great man, that it mixes other feelings with those with which alone the thought of a departed sage or hero ought to be associated—joy and pride that our nature has been found capable of again producing such a man, and affectionate gratitude for the good which we and our posterity have received from him. Such feelings only can find a fitting place near the tomb of Jeremy Bentham; nor know we, since all must die, what happier or more glorious end could have been desired for him, than to die just now, after living such a life. He has died full of years, and (so far as regards all minds throughout the world, which are yet fitted for appreciating him) of honours. He has lived to see many of the objects of his life in a train of accomplishment, and the realization of the remainder rendered certain at no remote period. He has achieved the hardest, but the noblest of problems—that of a well-directed and victorious existence; and has now finished his work and lain down to rest.

"This is not the time for a complete estimate of the results of his labours. He is not like one of those who go to their grave and are no more thought of. The value of such a life to mankind, which is even now insensibly making itself acknowledged, will be felt more and more, as men shall become more capable of knowing the hand which guides them. Nor need we fear any lack of opportunities for commemorating what philosophy owes to him, when all which has been doing for ten years in English politics and legislation, and all which shall be done for twice ten more, proclaims and will proclaim his name and merits, in no inaudible voice, to all who can trace the influence of Opinion upon Events, and of a great mind upon Opinion. These things, however, are worthy of notice at the present hour, chiefly as they conduce to a due appreciation of his life; and under this aspect also, as under so many others, will they continue valuable, not for to-day or to-morrow only, but (so far as eternity can belong to any thing human) for ever.

"Let it be remembered what was the state of jurisprudence and legislation, and of the philosophy of jurisprudence and legislation when he began his career. A labyrinth without a clue—a jungle, through which no path had ever been cut. All systems of law then established, but, most of all, that in which he himself was nurtured, were masses of deformity, in the construction of which reason, in any shape whatever, had had little to do—a comprehensive consideration of ends and means, nothing at all: their foundation, the rude contrivances of a barbarous age, even more deeply barbarous in this than in aught else; the superstructure, an infinite series of patches, some larger, some smaller, stuck on in succession wherever a hole appeared, and plastered one over another, until the monstrous mass exceeded all measurable bulk, and went beyond the reach of the strongest understanding and the finest memory. Such was the practice of law: was its theory in any better state? And how could it be so? for of what did that theory consist, but either of purely technical principles, got at by abstraction from these established systems, (or rather, constructed, generally in utter defiance of logic, with the sole view of giving something like coherence and consistency in appearance to provisions which, in reality, were utterly heterogeneous,) or of vague cloudy generalities arbitrarily assumed *à priori*, and called laws of nature or principles of natural law.

"Such was existing jurisprudence; and that it should be such, was less surprising than the superstition by which, being such, it was protected. The English people had contrived to persuade themselves, and had, to a great degree, persuaded the rest of the world, that the English law, as it was when Mr. Bentham found it, was the perfection of reason. That it was otherwise, was the only political heresy which no one had been found hardy enough to avow. Even the English constitution you might (as you did it very gently) speak ill of,—but none the English law. Whig, Tory, and Democrat joined in one chorus of clamorous admiration, whenever the law or the courts of justice were the subject of discourse; and to doubt the merits of either, appeared a greater stretch of absurdity than to question the doctrine of gravitation.

"This superstition was at its height, when Mr. Bentham betook himself to the study of English law, with no other object than the

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ordinary one of gaining his living by practising a liberal profession. But he soon found that it would not do for him, and that he could have no dealing or concern with it in an honest way, except to destroy it. And there is a deep interest now, at the close of his life, in looking back to his very first publication—the "Fragment on Government"—which appeared considerably more than half a century ago, and which exhibits, at that remote period, a no less strong and steady conviction than appears in his very latest production, that the worship of the English law was a degrading idolatry—that, instead of being the perfection of reason, it was a disgrace to the human understanding—and that a task worthy of him, or any other wise and brave man, to devote a life to, was that of utterly eradicating it, and sweeping it away. This, accordingly, became the task of his own existence: glory to him! for he has successfully accomplished it. The monster has received from him its death wound. After losing many a limb, it still drags on, and will drag on for a few years more, a feeble and exanimate existence; but it never will recover. It is going down rapidly to the grave.

"Mr. Bentham has fought this battle for now almost sixty years; the greater part of that time without assistance from any human being, except latterly what M. Dumont gave him in putting his ideas into French; and for a long time almost without making one human being a convert to his opinions. He exhausted every mode of attack: he assailed the enemy with every weapon, and at all points: now he fell upon the generalities, now upon the details; now he combated evil by stripping it naked, and showing that it was evil; and now by contrasting it with good. At length his energy and perseverance triumphed. Some of the most potent leaders of the public became convinced; and they, in their turn, convinced or persuaded others; until at last the English law, as a systematic whole, is given up by every body; and the question, with all thinking minds even among lawyers, is no longer about keeping it as it is, but only whether, in re-building, there be a possibility of using any of the old materials."*

"Mr. Bentham was the original mover in this mighty change. His hand gave the impulse which set all the others at work. To him the debt is due, as much as any other great work has ever been owing to the man who first guided other men to the accomplishment of it. The man who has achieved this, can afford to die. He has done enough to render his name for ever illustrious.

"But Mr. Bentham has been much more than merely a destroyer. Like all who discredit erroneous systems by arguments drawn from *principles*, and not from mere *results*, he could not fail, even while destroying the old edifice, to lay a solid foundation for the new. Indeed, he considered it a positive duty never to assail what is established, without having a clear view of what ought to be substituted. It is to the intrinsic value of his speculations on the philosophy of law in general, that he owes the greater part of his existing reputation; for by these alone is he known to his continental readers, who are far the most numerous, and by whom, in general, he is far more justly appreciated than in England. There are some most important branches of the science of law, which were in a more wretched state than almost any of the others when he took them in hand, and which he has so exhausted, that he seems to have left nothing to be sought by future inquirers; we mean the departments of Procedure, Evidence, and the Judicial Establishment. He has done almost all that remained to perfect the theory of punishment. It is with regard to (what is the foundation of all) the civil code, that he has done least, and left most to be done. Yet even here his services have been invaluable, by making far clearer and more familiar than they were before, both the ultimate and the immediate ends of civil law; the essential characteristics of good law; the expediency of codification, that is, of law *written* and *systematic;* by exposing the viciousness of the existing language of jurisprudence, guarding the student against the fallacies which lurk in it, and accustoming him to demand a more precise and logically constructed nomenclature.

"Mr. Bentham's exertions have not been limited to the field of jurisprudence, or even to that of general politics, in which he ranks as the first name among the philosophic radicals. He has extended his speculations to morals, though never (at least in his published works) in any great detail; and on this, as on every other subject which he touched, he cannot be read without great benefit.

"Some of his admirers have claimed for him the title of founder of the science of morals, as well as of the science of legislation, on the score of his having been the first person who established the principle of general utility, as the philosophic foundation of morality and law. But Mr. Bentham's originality does not stand in need of any such exaggeration. The doctrine of utility, as the foundation of virtue, he himself professes to have derived from Hume: he applied it more consistently, and in greater detail, than his predecessors; but the idea itself is as old as the earliest Greek philosophers, and has divided the philosophic world, in every age of philosophy, since their time. Mr. Bentham's real merit, in respect to the foundation of morals, consists in his having cleared it more thoroughly

* "We mean the old technical terms and distinctions; for the substantive provisions of that, or any other system of law, must of course consist, in the far greater proportion, of things useful or objectionable."

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than any of his predecessors from the rubbish of pretended natural law, natural justice, and the like, by which men were wont to consecrate as a rule of morality, whatever they felt inclined to approve of, without knowing why.

"The most prominent moral qualities which appear in Mr. Bentham's writings, are love of justice, and hatred of imposture: his most remarkable intellectual endowments, a penetrating deep-sighted acuteness, precision in the use of scientific language, and sagacity and inventiveness in matters of detail. There have been few minds so perfectly original. He has often, we think, been surpassed in powers of metaphysical analysis, as well as in comprehensiveness and many-sidedness of mind. He frequently contemplates a subject only from one or a few of its aspects; though he very often sees further into it, from the one side on which he looks at it, than was seen before even by those who had gone all round it. There is something very striking, occasionally, in the minute elaborateness with which he works out, into its smallest details, one half-view of a question, contrasted with his entire neglect of the remaining half-view, though equally indispensable to a correct judgment of the whole. To this occasional one-sidedness, he failed to apply the natural cure; for, from the time when he embarked in original speculation, he occupied himself very little in studying the ideas of others. This, in almost any other than himself, would have been a fault; in him, we shall only say, that, but for it, he would have been a greater man.

"Mr. Bentham's style has been much criticised; and undoubtedly, in his later writings, the complicated structure of his sentences render it impossible, without some familiarity, to read them with rapidity and ease. But his earlier, among which are some of his most valuable productions, are not only free from this defect, but may even, in point of ease and elegance, be ranked among the best English compositions. Felicity of expression abounds even in those of his works which are generally unreadable; and volumes might be filled with passages selected from his later as well as his earlier publications, which, for wit and eloquence, have seldom been surpassed.

"Few persons have ever lived, whose lot in life, viewed on the whole, can be considered more enviable than that of Mr. Bentham. During a life protracted far beyond the ordinary length, he enjoyed, almost without interruption, perfect bodily health. In easy circumstances, he was able to devote his whole time and energies to the pursuits of his choice —those which exercised his highest faculties, moral and intellectual, and supplied him with the richest fund of delightful excitement. His retired habits saved him from personal contact with any but those who sought his acquaintance because they valued it. Few men have had more enthusiastic admirers: and if the hack writers of his day, and some who ought to have known better, often spoke of him with ridicule and contempt, he never read them, and therefore they never disturbed his tranquillity. Along with his passion for abstruser studies, and the lively interest which he felt in public events, he retained to the last a child-like freshness and excitability, which enabled him to derive pleasure from the minutest trifles, and gave to his old age the playfulness, light-heartedness, and keen relish of life, so seldom found except in early youth. In his intercourse with his friends he was remarkable for gaiety and easy pleasantry; it was his season of relaxation; and in conversing he seldom touched upon the great subjects of his intellectual exertions."

For the following graphic description of Mr. Bentham, we are indebted to the kindness of a young friend:—

"The person of Mr. Bentham, during the latter years of his life, was eminently striking: simplicity was the main feature in his appearance; and that feature was so strongly impressed upon those who casually beheld him, as to trench somewhat on those bounds to which simplicity is so nearly allied. Who can read the 'Werther,' without feeling that it verges on the very borders of the ridiculous? and who, at the same time, is not softened into womanhood at the powerful picture of despair and hopelessness drawn in that simple garb? So it was with Mr. Bentham: there were persons who did not scruple to intrude upon the old man's privacy, for the purpose of drawing an unworthy caricature; but there were others who approached him with reverence, and who departed, as did the visiters of the Prophet of old, with peace in their hearts.

"I recollect well the day on which I first saw him. A parcel of us were playing at rackets in a small court attached to his grounds at Westminster, and we were also making a huge noise of laughter at the bad jokes of one who is now no more. Presently we heard a loud voice shout some words out of a window, which I misinterpreted into 'Don't make that noise,'—but which, when I enjoined quietness, were laughingly translated into 'D——e, you may come and make a noise;' meaning that his secretary, who was with us, might go and play on the organ, as the morning's studies were concluded. Shortly afterwards the old philosopher came out, leaning on the arm of his 'dear friend and quondam pupil,' R. D——e. His apparel hung easily about him; and consisted chiefly of a gray coat, light breeches, and white woollen stockings hanging loosely about his legs; whilst his venerable locks, which floated over the collar and down his back, were surmounted with a straw hat of most grotesque and indescribable shape, communicating to his appearance a strong

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contrast to the quietude and sobriety of his general aspect. He winded round the walks of his garden at a pace somewhat faster than a walk, yet not quite so quick as a trot; his supporter having some little difficulty in keeping up with him. As he approached where I stood, D——e beckoned me to come forward, which I did; when he introduced me by name to his venerable instructor, who smiled upon me, and held out one of his hands, which I was only prevented from treating as subjects do those of emperors, by a feeling of false shame, lest my action should excite the ridicule of my racket companions. He spoke a few words to me and then passed on, leaving a trace on my mind of the most pleasing description, yet not untinged with melancholy at the thought that his career was so nearly concluded. I often saw him after that time; and was wont to take up a position in one corner of the grounds whence I could see him without being observed. I never looked upon his face without feeling the truth of the remark which has brought together the extremes of human life, and found a similitude between age and infancy. There was a settled expression of bland and pleasing thought, altogether free from any thing like the slightest indication of passion. He seemed to have passed through life unscathed by those turbulent feelings which result from an indulgence of the passions: the lines of his countenance were well defined and deeply engraved; but there was no scowl on the brow; there were no marks of contempt or scorn about the mouth: an open and somewhat laughing aspect seemed to intimate the quiet meditation in which his manhood and age had passed away. Yet was he by no means unapt, or unobservant of what passed around him. His table-talk partook largely of reminiscences of by-gone days, but he would now and then indulge in some lively sally upon those who were his guests. To one of them, a gentleman alike distinguished by the honesty and earnestness of his opinions, and by the talent with which he supports them with his pen, but to whose conversation Garrick's joke on Goldsmith might be applied—'He writes like an angel, but talks like poor poll'—he once said, whilst at table,—'J——, take that pen in your hand.' The pen was taken. 'There; now, J——, your'e one of the cleverrest fellows in England. Put it down.' The pen was laid down. 'There; now, J——, you're one of the greatest noodles I know of. Dont *talk*, J——, dont *talk*. *Write! write!*'

"He passed the evening of his days surrounded by friends and admirers, who were delighted to pay him that homage which was his due; and he sunk at last into the repose of the grave, with the conviction that his life had been useful to his fellow creatures, blameless to others, and pleasing to himself."

Mr. Bentham's will is dated the 30th of May, 1832, and is signed in a firm hand. He appoints Dr. Bowring, "who for these twelve years or thereabouts has been my most intimate and confidential friend, my executor; and in the event of and during his incapacity, by reason of absence, infirmity, or any other cause, from taking possession of my effects or my body, I appoint my dear friend Edwin Chadwick, barrister-at-law, to officiate in his stead." He then gives directions in detail for the disposition of his body by his dear friend Dr. Southwood Smith, and by his executor, for the advancement of the medical science, to which we have already adverted. He gives to Dr. Bowring his interest in "The Westminster Review" and "whatever sum may be found requisite for the publication of a complete collection of all my works, and the completion of such of them as are not yet published." He also gives to Dr. Bowring all his manuscripts and books relating to finance, political economy, parliamentary reform, emancipation of the colonies, and Panopticon. He gives to his nephew, George Bentham, all his manuscripts relating to logic and nomography, and all his collections relating to language. He gives to his friend Edwin Chadwick all his books and works relating to jurisprudence and his collections for legislation, also his pamphlets on the poor laws; he gives him, moreover, a legacy of 100*l.* as one of his executors. He gives to his dear friend and quondam amanuensis and pupil, Richard Doane, barrister-at-law, all his books on English law, and also his organ. He gives to John Herbert Koe, barrister-at-law, one of his former amanuenses, the books which he had lent him, and which are now in his possession. The remainder of his books are left to the London University. He gives rings bearing his effigy, and containing portions of hair, to several of his friends and distinguished individuals, amongst whom are the following: La Fayette; Jose del Valle, formerly President of the Republic of Guatemala; M. Van der Weyer, Ambassador from his Belgic Majesty; Jean Baptiste Say, the French Political economist; Felix Bodin, Member of the Chamber of Deputies; Messrs. Bickersteth, Chadwick, Doane, and Tyrrel, barristers-at-law; Dr. Bowring; Dr. Southwood Smith; Dr. Arnot; General Miller; Mrs. Austin, wife of the Professor of Jurisprudence at the London University; Joseph Parkes, of Birmingham; Albany Fonblanque; Francis Place; John Stuart Mill, the son of the historian of British India; Col. Thompson; William Tait, of Edinburgh; and George Wheatly, of Whitehaven. A very handsome provision is made for his servants. His freehold property he leaves by the ordinary law of descent to go to his nephew: his leasehold and other property he leaves in equal shares to his nephew and his two nieces, the children of his late brother, Sir Samuel Bentham. In conclusion, he makes his nephew residuary legatee; charging him "to co-operate cordially with my executor, and lend him all the aid in his power in the execution of his trust."

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From the same.

CHARLES BUTLER, ESQ.

Mr. Butler was celebrated for his great researches in the jurisprudence not only of this but of foreign countries. Few men surpassed him in the extent of his reading on legal subjects. He possessed a great power of illustrating the complex and difficult subject of our laws of real property. But the high reputation of this distinguished man was not based upon his professional attainments alone. He was an accomplished literary and scientific scholar. An ardent lover of freedom, he warmly sympathised with the oppressed people of Ireland; and during the latter years of Catholic exclusion gave practical proofs of the deep interest he felt in the struggle for religious toleration.

He was born on the 15th of August, 1750, at the house of his father, Mr. James Butler, who carried on the trade of a linen draper in Pall Mall. His uncle was the Reverend Alban Butler, the author of "The Lives of the Saints," and several other able works.

No one ever discovered a passion for literature at an earlier period of life. Bred up in the Roman Catholic religion, he was in the first instance sent for education to an academy kept by a Roman Catholic at Hammersmith, and afterwards removed to an English Catholic college in the university of Douay, under the care of secular priests. This was one of the seminaries of education, which, as education at home was denied them, the piety of the Roman Catholics founded on the Continent. Their design was to educate, for the ecclesiastical state, a succession of youths, who might afterwards be sent on the English mission; but the Catholic gentry availed themselves of these seminaries for the education of their children.

Having highly distinguished himself at Douay, Mr. Butler returned to England, and was entered at Lincoln's Inn in the year 1775. Soon afterwards he became the pupil of Mr. Holliday, well known as a conveyancer of that day. About this period he formed an intimate acquaintance with Lord Eldon; and it will be seen that that eminent person did not forget his early friend when he had an opportunity of serving him.

When Mr. Butler quitted the chambers of Mr. Holliday, the legal prospect for one holding his religious opinions was sufficiently bounded. A Roman Catholic could not be called to the bar, or hold any official situation whatever. Under these circumstances, Mr. Butler selected that branch of the law which he considered as most suited to his taste, and the exercise of his abilities, and commenced practice under the bar as a conveyancer; which part of the profession was then becoming particularly celebrated, and counted amongst its members the eminent names of Fearne, Booth, Duane, Shadwell, and others.

Mr. Butler soon obtained a very considerable practice, and acquired the esteem and respect of his profession: indeed his mild and conciliatory manners, his varied information, and his extensive knowledge, could not fail to make his acquaintance and friendship much sought for.

In the act Geo. 3, c. 32, (an act passed for the relief of the Catholics) a clause was inserted, § 6, as it is understood, by the instrumentality of Lord Eldon, then Solicitor-General, for dispensing with the necessity of a barrister taking the oath of supremacy, or the declaration against transubstantiation, substituting a declaration in another form. Soon after the passing of this act, Mr. Butler availed himself of its provisions, and in the year in which it was passed he was called to the bar; being the first Catholic barrister since the revolution in 1688. He took this degree, however, rather for the sake of the rank than with any intention of going into Court; and we believe that he never argued any case at the bar except the celebrated case of *Cholmondeley* v. *Clinton*, before Sir Thomas Plumer and the House of Lords; and his argument is reported at great length in the reports of Mr. Merivale and Messrs. Jacob and Walker, and the other reporters of that case. He had for a long period enjoyed a very large practice as a conveyancer: and his ability as a draftsman and chamber-counsel was universally acknowledged. Early in the year 1832, the Lord Chancellor informed him, that if he chose to accept a silk gown, he was desirous of giving it to him; and he was accordingly called within the bar, and made a bencher of Lincoln's Inn. He took this honour, however, without any view to practice, and has, we believe, never appeared in Court, except on the day on which he received his rank, when the Lord Chancellor departed from the common rule, and complimented him on his advancement. This honour was thrown open to him by the Catholic Relief Act.

Mr. Butler was a very voluminous author. The following is a list of his principal publications;—

An anonymous "Essay on Houses of Industry," a pamphlet intended to ameliorate the condition of the poor. It was published in 1773; was written at the request of Sir Harbord Harbord (afterwards Lord Suffield) and Mr. Chad, in reply to a pamphlet recommending the Houses of Industry, the production of Mr. Potter the editor of Æschylus; and had particular reference to the county of Norfolk. "An Essay on the Legality of impressing Seamen," which appeared in 1778, and went through two editions. The object of this pamphlet, which was undertaken at the request of Mr. Astle, who had been desired by Lord North to procure such a work, was to bring forward all the reasons which could be urged in favour of the practice of impressment, and to prove that it was unques

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tionably legal, and warranted as well by ancient as by modern usage. This pamphlet introduced the writer to the acquaintance of the Earl of Sandwich, then the first Lord of the Admiralty; and some pages in the second edition were written by his Lordship. It was dedicated to Lord Loughborough, at that time Solicitor-General, and procured for Mr. Butler repeated instances of the good will of that distinguished person. The arguments, however, being principally taken from a speech of Sir Michael Foster, Mr. Butler did not include it in the collection of his works. In 1779 Mr. Butler was intrusted by the Earl of Sandwich with his defence against the attack of the Duke of Richmond in the House of Lords; and he prepared the speech which his Lordship delivered on that occasion. About the same time, Mr. Butler amused himself, in conjunction with his friend the celebrated Mr. Wilkes, in an inquiry on the authorship of Junius; and having communicated the result in a letter to a friend, it was inserted, without his knowledge, in the Anti-jacobin Review. "Notes to Coke upon Littleton," Mr. Butler's most celebrated professional work. In 1785, Mr. Hargrave relinquished his part of this undertaking, having annotated down to folio 190, being nearly one half of the work, which consists of 893 folios. The other half was undertaken by Mr. Butler, and published in 1787. The merits of this edition of Lord Coke's first Institute have been proved by numerous reprints; and Mr. Butler's notes have been universally considered the most valuable part of the work. They were the first attempts to render clear and simple the doctrines relating to real property; and they have in this an additional value, as having led the way for the other elementary and practical works, which have lightened so considerably the labours of the student. They are as admirable in style as they are profound in information; and have the great and almost unequalled merit, of rendering some of the most abstruse learning plain and easy of comprehension. Their only fault is the form in which they are given, being necessarily unconnected and unarranged. Although much has since been written on the same subject, in them will still be found the best and clearest account of the doctrine of uses and trusts; and on many points they contain the most valuable information.* In 1797, Mr. Butler first printed his "Horæ Biblicæ" a work of great ability, written with the design of calling greater attention to Biblical literature, and of communicating the result of the author's researches on the subject. The first part contains an historical and literary account of the original text, early versions, and printed editions of the Old and New Testament, or the sacred books of the Jews and Christians; the second part contains an historical and literary account of the Koran, Zend-Avesta, Kings, and Edda, or the works accounted sacred by the Mahometans, the Parsees, the Hindus, the Chinese, and the Scandinavian nations. To these are added two tracts; the one "A dissertation on a supposed general Council of Jews, held at Angeda, in Germany, in 1650:" the other, "An Historical Account of the controversy respecting the 1 John, chap. v. ver 7,—commonly called the Verse of the Three Heavenly Witnesses." There have been five editions of the Horæ Biblicæ; and it forms the first volume of Mr. Butler's collected works. It has also been translated into French. In 1804, Mr. Butler published his "Horæ Juridicæ Subsecivæ; being a connected Series of Notes respecting the Geography, Chronology, and Literary History of the principal Codes and original Documents of the Grecian, Roman, Feudal, and Canon Laws." This valuable work was reprinted in 1807, and is included in the second volume of Mr. Butler's works. In 1806, when the Emperor of Austria publicly renounced the empire of Germany, a question arose on its territorial extent. This led Mr. Butler to investigations, which produced his "Succinct History of the geographical and political Revolutions of the Empire of Germany, or the principal States which composed the Empire of Charlemagne, from his Coronation in 800 to its Dissolution in 1806; with some Account of the Imperial House of Hapsburgh, and of the six secular Electors of Germany; and Roman, German, French, and English nobility." Of this work there were three editions; and it forms part of the second volume of Mr. Butler's collected works. In 1809, Mr. Butler edited the sixth edition of Fearne's "Essay on Contingent Remainders and Executory Devises;" the study of which profound and useful work he greatly facilitated by his clear arrangement and intelligent notes. Essay on the Character of Lord Mansfield; written at the request of Mr. Seward, for insertion in his Anecdotes.

Mr. Butler was a constant advocate of his own religious community; although he was in some respects so opposed to the more rigid portion of it, that Bishop Milner, on one occasion, angrily spoke of him as "a decided enemy to the hierarchy of his church." His earliest writings connected with his religious party were in the three Blue Books privately circulated among the Roman Catholics in 1790—1792, and which were jointly written by Mr. Joseph Wilkes, a Benedictine Monk, and Mr. Butler. "An Historical Account of the Laws respecting Roman Catholics" was published by Mr. Butler in 1795. "A Letter to an Irish Nobleman on a proposed Repeal of the Penal Laws against the Irish Catholics;"

* The long annotation on feuds, which was inserted in this work, was an enlargement of the first literary composition Mr. Butler had ever sat down seriously to compose,—a History of the Feudal Law, a succinct outline of which had been completed in manuscript before the year 1772.

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and "A Letter to a Nobleman on the Coronation Oath," both in 1801. "A Letter to a Catholic Gentleman on Bonaparte's projected Invasion," 1808; and "A Letter to an Irish Gentleman on the Fifth Resolution of the English Catholics, at their Meeting, January 31, 1810." In 1813, when a vigorous effort was made for the removal of the restrictive laws, Mr. Butler published an "Appeal to the Protestants of Great Britain and Ireland;" several thousands of which were sold or circulated. The author, in his Reminiscences, says that "it gave universal satisfaction to the Catholics, and did not offend Protestants." A tolerable crop of answers to it appeared; but none obtained much public attention. The ablest was published by a society of gentlemen, who styled themselves "The Protestant Association:" the late worthy and learned Mr. Granville Sharpe was their president. It expressed some of the prejudices of the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries, but was written with temper and moderation." In 1815 Mr. Butler delivered an "Inaugural Oration, on occasion of the Ceremony of laying the first stone of the London Institution:" it was published at the request of the managers, and he had the honour of being appointed standing Counsel to the establishment. He subsequently drew up the Act of Parliament which secured its prosperity. He soon after published his "Historical Memoirs of the Church of France, in the Reigns of Louis the Fourteenth, Lewis the Fifteenth, Lewis the Sixteenth, and the French Revolution," in one volume, octavo. The same studies led him to several biographical works, which were published in the following order:—"The Life of Fenelon, Archbishop of Cambray; to which are added, the Lives of St. Vincent of Paul, and Henrie-Marie de Boudon; a Letter on Ancient and Modern Music; and Historical Minutes of the Society of Jesus," 1810, 8vo. "The Life and Writings of J. B. Bossuet, Bishop of Meaux," 1812. "The Lives of Dom. Armand-Jean le Bonthillier de Ransé, of the Monastery of La Trappe; and of Thomas à Kempis. With some account of the principal Religious and Military Orders of the Roman Catholic Church," 1814, 8vo. "Biographical Account of the Chancellor l'Hôpital and of the Chancellor d'Aguesseau, with a short Historical Notice of the Mississippi Scheme," 1814. Mr. Butler's subsequent works were, "An Historical and Literary Account of the Formularies, Confessions of Faith, or Symbolic Books of the Roman Catholic, Greek, and principal Protestant Churches," 1816, 8vo. Appended to this were four essays: 1. "An Historical Account of the Monastic Orders of the Church of Rome." 2. "Essay on the Discipline of the Church of Rome, respecting the general Perusal of the Scriptures in the vulgar Tongue by the Laity." 3. "On the Work intituled, 'Roman Catholic Principles in reference to God and the King,' published in 1680." 4. "An Essay on the Re-union of Christians;" which Essay exposed him to some severe animadversions from the violent of all parties. In a letter to Dr. Parr he says, "The chief aim of all my writings has been to put Catholic and Protestant into good humour with one another, and Catholics into good humour with themselves."—"I never had any notion that the re-union of Christians was practicable." "Historical Memorials respecting the English, Irish, and Scottish Catholics, from the Reformation to the present Time," 1819, two vols. 8vo. "Dissertation on Mystical Devotion;" published in the Retrospective Review, 1820. "An Inquiry, whether the Declaration against Transubstantiation, contained in Act 30, Charles II., could be conscientiously taken by a sincere Protestant," 1822. "Reminiscences of Charles Butler, Esquire, of Lincoln's Inn," (chiefly consisting of the history of his literary labours, and additional reflections on the same subjects,) 1822; second volume, 1827. "A continuation of the Rev. Alban Butler's Lives of the Saints to the present Time, with some Biographical Accounts of the Holy Family, Pope Pius the Sixth, Cardinal Ximenes, Cardinal Bellarmine, Bartholomew de Martyribus, and St. Vincent of Paul: with a Republication of his Historical Memoirs of the Society of Jesus," 1823. "The Book of the Roman Catholic Church; in a Series of Letters addressed to Robert Southey, Esquire, on his 'Book of the Church,'" 1825, 8vo. Mr. Butler, in the second volume of his Reminiscences, enumerates ten replies, which were elicited by this work; to which he rejoined in the two following publications; "A Letter to the Right Rev. C. J. Blomfield, Bishop of Chester, in Vindication of a Passage in 'The Book of the Roman Catholic Church,' censured in a Letter addressed to the Author by his Lordship," 1825; and "Vindication of 'The Book of the Roman Catholic Church,' against the Rev. George Townsend's "Accusations of History against the Church of Rome,' with Notice of some Charges brought against 'The Book of the Roman Catholic Church,' in the Publications of Dr. Phillpotts, the Rev. J. Todd, the Rev. J. B. White, and in some anonymous Publications; with Copies of Dr. Phillpotts' Fourth Letter to Mr. Butler, containing a Charge against Dr. Lingard; and a Letter of Dr. Lingard to Mr. Butler, in Reply to the Charge," 1826, 8vo. After the appearance of the Vindication, six additional replies were published by the writers on the Protestant side of the question, in reference to which Mr. Butler published an Appendix to his Vindication. "The Life of Erasmus; with Historical Remarks on the State of Literature between the Tenth and Sixteenth Centuries," 1825. "The Life of Hugo Grotius; with brief Minutes of the Civil, Ecclesiastical, and Literary History of the Netherlands," 1826. "Reply to the Quarterly Re-

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view, on the Revelations of La Sœur Nativité," 1826. "A Letter on the Coronation Oath; with a Notice of the recently published Letters of the late King to Lord Kenyon, and his Lordship's Answers; and Letters of Mr. Pitt to the King, and his Answers," 1827, 8vo. "A Short Reply to Dr. Phillpotts' Answer (in his 'Letters to a Layman') to Mr. Butler's Letters on the Coronation Oath," 1828, 8vo. "A Memoir of the Catholic Relief Bill, passed in 1829, being a Sequel and Conclusion of the 'Historical Memoirs of the English, Irish, and Scottish Catholics,'" 1829, 8vo. "Memoir of the Life of Henry-Francis d'Aguesseau: with an Account of the Roman and Canon Law," 1830, 8vo. "Mr. Butler had always been an admirer of D'Aguesseau, and it must have been a solace to his old age, to trace the history of that great man's life. In the latter part of it he takes an opportunity to glance at the state of law-reform in our own country, and praises the labours of Sir Robert Peel, the Law Commissioners, Mr. Humphreys, and Mr. Sugden. He states the arguments briefly for and against a Code, and seems rather to lean in favour of a sort of codification. Thus he proposes that a code of the law of Contingent Remainders and Executory Devises should be made, by enacting that all the principles in Mr. Fearne's celebrated book on these subjects should be declared to be law. He deplores the numerous points in which the law of England is open to doubt; and says, that "the cases of *Doe* v. *Hilder*, and *Doe* v. *Burdett*, have thrown the law on outstanding estates and interests into an uncertainty that cries to Heaven."

Some letters of Mr. Butler to Dr. Parr are printed in Parr's Life and Works, vol. viii. pp. 505—512; followed by a long letter from Dr. Parr to Mr. Butler, full of a variety of remarks on his "Reminiscences." The correspondence was also published in the second volume of the "Reminiscences," pp. 188—262, where some variations may be observed in Mr. Butler's Letters; and there are some letters of Dr. Parr not in his Works.

Two works which Mr. Butler commenced and left unfinished, were a "Life of Christ, or Paraphrastic Harmony of the Gospels;" and a "History of the Binomeal Theorem." He mentions in his "Reminiscences" that some of his happiest hours of study were those devoted to mathematics; but that he divorced himself from them because he found they interfered with his professional duties.

Mr. Butler's habits of life were remarkably temperate and regular; and his application to intellectual pursuits was unremitting. M. Pelisson, in his account of M. Huet, the celebrated Bishop of Avranches, observes of that prelate, that from his earliest years he gave himself to study; that, at his rising, his going to bed, and during his meals, he was reading, or had others to read to him; that neither the fire of youth, the interruption of business, the variety of his employments, the society of his friends, nor the bustle of the world, could ever moderate his ardour for study. These expressions Mr. Butler applied to his uncle, Mr. Alban Butler, the author of "The Lives of the Saints," and says, "he believes that, with some justice at least, he may also apply them to himself;" adding, however, that his love of literature never seduced him from his professional duties. "Very early rising, a systematic division of his time, abstinence from all company, and from all diversions not likely to amuse him highly,—from reading, writing, or even thinking on modern party politics,—and, above all, never permitting a bit or scrap of time to be unemployed, —have supplied him with an abundance of literary hours. His literary acquisitions are principally owing to the rigid observance of four rules: to direct his attention to one literary object only at a time; to read the best book upon it, consulting others as little as possible; when the subject was contentious, to read the best book on each side; to find out men of information, and, when in their society, to listen, not to talk." In another place, he observes, "It cannot be said of him, as of M. Tessier, that he was so absorbed in his literary pursuits, that his wife was frequently obliged to drag him from his library to his bureau. To this necessity, the loved and revered person to whom the Reminiscent owes thirty-seven years of happiness, was never exposed."

Mr. Butler married a lady of the name of Eyston, and has left two surviving daughters: the elder married to Colonel Stoner, the younger to Andrew S. Lynch, Esq., the Chancery Barrister. He preserved to the last the faculties of his mind; but his bodily health had of late much declined. His last illness, however, was of short duration. He died at his house in Great Ormond Street, on the 2d of June, 1832, aged nearly 82; universally respected and lamented.

The materials of this Memoir have been derived principally from Mr. Butler's own "Reminiscences," and from "The Legal Observer."

From the Athenæum.

FROM CAPT. J. E. ALEXANDER'S TRANSATLANTIC SKETCHES.

The following is an account of a great natural curiosity, the Lake of Asphaltum, in Trinidad:—

"At Point La Braye are seen masses of pitch, which look like black rocks among the foliage. At the small hamlet of La Braye a considerable extent of coast is covered with pitch, which runs a long way out to sea, and forms a bank under water. The pitch lake is situated on the side of a hill, eighty feet above the level of the sea, from which it is distant three-quarters of a mile; a gradual ascent leads to it, which is

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covered with pitch in a hardened state, and trees and vegetation flourish upon it.

"The road leading to the lake runs through a wood, and on emerging from it the spectator stands on the borders of what at a first glance appears to be a lake, containing many wooded islets, but which on a second examination proves to be a sheet of asphaltum, intersected throughout by crevices three or four feet deep and full of water. The pitch at the sides of the lake is perfectly hard and cold, but as one walks towards the middle, with the shoes off in order to wade through the water, the heat gradually increases, the pitch becomes softer and softer, until at last it is seen boiling up in a liquid state, and the soles of the feet become so heated that it is necessary to dance up and down in a ridiculous manner. The air is then strongly impregnated with bitumen and sulphur, and as one moves along the impressions of the feet remains in the surface of the pitch.

"During the rainy season, it is possible to walk over the whole lake nearly, but in the hot season a great part is not to be approached. Although several attempts have been made to ascertain the depth of the pitch, no bottom has ever been found. The lake is about a mile and a half in circumference; and not the least extraordinary circumstance is, that it should contain eight or ten small islands, on which trees are growing close to the boiling pitch.

"In standing still on the lake near the centre for some time, the surface gradually sinks, till it forms a great bowl as it were, and when the shoulders are level with the general surface of the lake it is high time to get out. Some time ago, a ship of war landed casks to fill with the pitch, for the purpose of transporting it to England; the casks were rolled on the lake, and the hands commenced filling, but a piratical-looking craft appearing in the offing, the frigate and all hands went in chase—on returning to the lake, all the casks had sunk and disappeared. * * *

"Science is at a loss how to account for such an extraordinary phenomenon as this pitch lake, for it does not seem to occupy the mouth of an exhausted crater, neither is the hill on which it is situated of volcanic origin, for its basis is clay.

"The flow of pitch from the lake has been immense, the whole country around, except near the Bay of Grapo, which is protected by a hill, being covered with it, and it seems singular that no eruption has taken place within the memory of man, although the principle of motion still exists within the centre of the lake. The appearance of the pitch which had hardened, is as if the whole surface had boiled up into large bubbles, and then suddenly cooled; but where the asphaltum is still liquid, the surface is perfectly smooth.

"Many experiments have been made for the purpose of ascertaining whether the pitch could be applied to any useful purpose. Admiral Cochrane, who was possessed of the enterprising and speculative genius of his family, sent two ship-loads of it to England, but after a variety of experiments, it was ascertained, that in order to render the asphaltum fit for use, it was necessary to mix such a quantity of oil with it, that the expense of the oil alone would more than exceed the price of pitch in England. A second attempt was made by a company styled the Pitch Company, who sent out an agent from England, but finding that Admiral Cochrane had failed, and being convinced that any further attempt would be useless, he let the matter drop."

Forty miles distant from the Lake of Asphaltum, is another natural curiosity, an assemblage of mud volcanoes, of which the largest is about 150 feet in diameter:—

"They are situated in a plain, and are not more than four feet elevated above the surface of the ground, but within the mouth of the crater, boiling mud is constantly bubbling up; at times, when the old craters cease to act, but when that is the case, new ones invariably appear in the vicinity, the mud is fathomless, yet does not overflow, but remains within the circumference of the crater. From what I recollect of the Crimea, I should say that there are remarkable similarities between it and Trinidad, geologically speaking: in both there are mud volcanoes; in both there are bituminous lakes; and both have been frequently visited with earthquakes."

The account of the Havanna is interesting; and a very choice place it appears to be.

"In a city, the population of which is so mixed, the habits of the lower classes so demoralized, among whom gambling, and its concomitant, drunkenness, is so prevalent—in a city where there is no police, and where, by paying the priests handsomely, absolution may be obtained for the most atrocious crimes, no wonder that robberies and assassinations are of almost daily occurrence. Some time ago no fewer than seven white people were murdered in different parts of the city in one day. * * *

"People are robbed in open day in the following manner: Two villains come on each side of a pedestrian, displaying long knives under their arms while a third deliberately takes out his watch, purse, gold shirt-buttons, &c., and whispers that if the least noise is made, the knife will do its office; and though the plundered individual may afterwards recognise the robbers, he is afraid to give evidence against them, and must just put up with his loss. * * *

"When the least scuffle takes place in the streets all the doors and windows are hastily closed in the neighbourhood; the inmates of the houses are so much afraid of being called upon to give evidence in case of a murder. * *

"The bodies of the murdered are exposed for a day in the street, behind the gaol, in order that their relatives may claim them. One forenoon I happened to be passing the government house with my friend Mr. Jackson, and observed a small crowd collected; we looked over the shoulders of the people, and saw a ghastly sight. In an open bier, with legs and handles to it, lay the corpse of a white man, about forty years of age, rather good-looking, and wearing a grim smile on his countenance. A dreadful gash was in his throat, his hands were also cut in the death-struggle, and his trowsers and shirt were torn, and literally steeped in gore. This was a Gallician shopkeeper, who had been

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murdered in his own store, two or three hours before. * * * All this took place within a few yards of the custom-house guard, with perfect impunity to the murderers."

The following boarding-house keeper seems to us just suited to the place;—and with this portrait we shall conclude.

"One of the most remarkable characters in Havanna, was Nic, the keeper of a boarding-house, frequented principally by English and American captains and supercargoes. He was a Yorkshireman of low extraction, vulgar in his appearance and language, shrewd and mercenary in his character. * * * Nic was an undertaker as well as a tavern-keeper, and had a loft, or larder, as he called it, of ready-made coffins of all sizes, with which he could accommodate his guests at the shortest notice; and he had also a private burial-ground. 'Take care of Nic's stick,' became a current saying in Havanna; for when a stranger arrived Nic would talk to him, and all the while be measuring him with a short stick, in case a coffin was required.

"An acquaintance told me that he lived for some time at Nic's house, and there got acquainted with a very pleasant young man, an English supercargo, who was full of health and spirits, and fondly anticipated the successful result of a mercantile speculation. One day my acquaintance missed him, and he asked Nic what had become of him. 'He is in the next room,' said Nic coolly; 'we'll go in and see him after dinner.' When the coffee had been discussed, and the cigars lighted, Nic asked the company to follow him; they did so, and found the supercargo a yellow corpse in his bed-room, and laid out for interment; he had just succumbed to the demon of the West. My acquaintance was shocked beyond measure at such a sudden and awful event, for he really had a regard for the young man. Nic made a joke of the matter, and, rubbing his hands, jeeringly said, 'Well, who's for a rubber at whist?'"

From the Literary Examiner.

THE SLAVE TRADE AS IT NOW EXISTS.*

The Western Coast of Africa is a country where no European can live long: we nevertheless maintain several settlements there, the greatest of which is Sierra Leone. In this colony no man shakes hands with his friend with any full assurance that he will find him "stirring" next morning; where it is usual to ask at the door, not, Is your master at home? but, Is he alive? the answer being most frequently, "No, Sir, he was buried yesterday." Ostensibly this is for the sake of the blacks, and in our abhorrence of the slave trade. Sierra Leone is the place to which captured slaves are sent to be liberated —that is to say, apprenticed. But in all this zeal for the suppression of the slave trade, which has in Sierra Leone, Cape Coast Castle, Gambia, and elsewhere, cost millions of money, and hundreds of thousands of white lives, (probably not worth much to begin with,) the slave trade is not put down; on the contrary it flourishes, and the more so that we have driven the dealers to expedients to avoid our feeble interference. The job at Sierra Leone is a Black Job, it is true, but it is nevertheless a true job. If that settlement and all the proceedings connected with it had been honest, the slave trade in these Western African seas would have been put down and utterly extinguished years ago. It is pretended we wish to destroy the slave traffic, and yet with the Portuguese we make a treaty that we will not interfere with their man-dealing but on *one* side of the Equator: with the Spanish we make a treaty that we will only seize such traders as have slaves on board, so they drown their captives as soon as our cruisers chance to appear; with the French we make a treaty that they shall look into their own slave vessels themselves; so they send a squadron to amuse itself between Ascension Island and the Canaries by way of practice in sailing. The slave vessels under French colours consequently insult our slave-suppressing frigates with crowds of slaves aboard, and sometimes by hoisting false colours, act as decoys and draw our vessels away from a course in which some true quarry is about to rise. In the mean time, we are keeping up extensive and most expensive establishments, in various parts of the coast, and now a new one is started more fatal than the rest, in the island of Fernando Po; and in addition to all this, a number of national ships, supported at great cost, and which, owing to the fatal sickness of the crews, are obliged to be continually replaced.

It has been some consolation hitherto, that though we were wasting our own money, and sacrificing our own countrymen, that still it was in the cause of humanity. Here Mr. Surgeon Leonard steps forward, and proves that very much on the contrary, we do indeed stop two out of sixty thousand slaves per annum, and send them to apprenticeship in Sierra Leone, but then it appears we aggravate the lot of all the rest—the fifty-eight thousand that remain. The slave trade is now, as regards the British cruisers—smuggling; smugglers are never ceremonious with their cargo; if they cannot *run* it, they throw it overboard. But by this teasing of the trade, for it is absurd to call it even an attempt at suppression, the wretched slaves are far worse treated than they would be under the mere stimulus of cupidity; the slavers are chased and run down on account of these slaves, and the brutality of captains and sailors rises up against the innocent cause of their danger. The risk of capture, moreover, is just enough to make each slave captain so earnest to cram his ves-

* *Records of a Voyage to the Western Coast of Africa, in his Majesty's Ship Dryad, and of the service on that station for the suppression of the Slave Trade, in the years* 1830, 1831, and 1832. By Peter Leonard, Surgeon, Royal Navy. Edinburgh. William Tait. 1833.

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sel to the very utmost, that in case of escape his cargo may pay him or his owner for other losses. Hence, crowding, overloading, chains, not to hold the poor creatures safe, but to keep them in small space; and as a man may be packed horizontally in a less space than in any other position, hence the dreadful crushing of victims between two-foot decks, such as we hear of in Mr. Leonard's records.

Some of the facts which fell almost immediately under Mr. Leonard's cognizance, will speak more directly to the hearts of the humane, than any general statement of the atrocities permitted by our blundering, or else dishonest diplomates. It is not the fault of our seamen.

On the 22d of February, the Primeira was detained by the Black Joke; the schooner had three hundred and eleven slaves on board.

"The tender on first seeing the Primeira, fired several blank cartridges to bring her to, but paying no attention to this mild injunction, shot was had recourse to, one of which took effect, *killing two slaves* and the cook of the vessel, *and wounding two slaves*, the mate, and four of the crew. The slaves consisted of 111 men, 45 women, 98 boys, 53 girls, and four infants at the breast, one of whom was born since the period of capture, whose mother, unhappy creature, sickly and emaciated, was suckling it on deck, with hardly a rag to cover either herself or her offspring. The small space in which these unfortunate beings are huddled together is almost incredible. The schooner is only 130 tons burden, and the slave deck only two feet two inches high, so that *they can hardly sit upright*. The after part of the dock is occupied by the women and children, separated by the wooden partition from the other slaves. The horrors of this infernal apartment—the want of air—the suffocating heat—the filth—the stench—may be easily imagined. [Not very easily, we should think.] The men were bound together in twos, by irons riveted round their ancles." p. 105.

On another occasion, when the Marinerito was captured after a sharp engagement, the state of the cargo is thus described:—

"Crowded to excess below—frightened by the cannonading—without water to drink, the allowance of which is at all times scanty—and almost without air during the whole of the engagement—death had already begun to make frightful ravages among them. In two days from the period of capture, thirty of them had paid the debt of nature. One hundred and seven, were placed in a wretched hole called an hospital, at Fernando Po, where every day still added one or two to the fatal list from privation, terror, and mental affliction. * * * * Immediately after the vessel was secured, the living were found sitting on the heads and bodies of the dead and dying below. Witnessing their distress, the captors poured a large quantity of water into a tub for them to drink out of; but being unused to such generosity, they merely imagined that their usual scanty daily allowance of half pint a man was about to be served out, and when given to understand that they might take as much of it and as often as they felt inclined, they seemed astonished, and rushed in a body with headlong eagerness to dip their parched and fevered tongues into the refreshing liquid. Their heads became wedged in the tub, and were with some difficulty got out—not until several were nearly suffocated in its contents. The drops that fell upon the deck, were lapped and sucked up in a most frightful eagerness. Jugs were also obtained, and the water handed round to them, and in their precipitation and anxiety to obtain relief from the burning thirst that gnawed their vitals, they madly bit the vessels with their teeth and champed them into atoms. Then to see the look of gratification—the breathless unwillingness to part with the vessel from which, by their glistening eyes, they seem to have drawn such exquisite enjoyment, &c. &c." p. 135.

On board the Regulo only 204 slaves were taken out of about 450. The rest were thrown overboard by the traders, bound two and two; our pursuing vessels were, however, too close upon them to permit the monsters to complete their work. On board the Rapido no *slaves were found*: the vessel was nevertheless seized, though at a great risk of the naval officers being severely fined for the detention. Persons had, however, witnessed the drowning of all their cargo, and the seizure was at length declared valid by the mixed commission of Sierra Leone. *This was actually long held a dubious case.* In another vessel, but one female slave was aboard, enough to authorize a capture; one of our cruisers hove in sight; the poor girl was tied to an anchor and thrown into the sea.

Had our cruisers been ordered to "suppress the slave trade," they would have performed the task within a couple of years. Complaints would of course have been made by the Spanish and other governments, but with what face could they have stood up for their slave merchants after all their hypocritical lamentations over the existence of this horrible trade? The slave trade should be proclaimed piracy, and put down wherever found, and by whomsoever practised; away with mixed commissions, settlements, garrisons, and all other sources of delay, expense, sickness, and death!

The squadron now in those seas, with proper instructions, would alone suffice, in a very short time, to wipe out this foul blot upon the history of our race, and almost extinguish the very name of this species of man-butchery.

From the Monthly Magazine.

GLANCE AT THE GREAT POWERS.

THERE is one word that by common consent is now generally applied to every thing political, and which powerfully attests the indecision and uncertainty—those marked attributes—of our times: this word is Question. In fact every thing, whether at home or abroad, comes under this category. Internally, we

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have the East and West India questions, the Currency question, the Corn-law question, &c. &c. Externally, the Belgian, the Spanish, and the Portuguese, the Greek, and the Turco-Egyptian questions, the solution of which baffles the calculation of the most skilful observers of the varying aspect of the political horizon.

Amid this chaos of interests, this conflict of principles, a faint glimmering of light breaks upon our darkened vision. The Ministerial journals now tell us that the Belgian question is on the eve of its final adjustment; but this language has been held by the government scribes "*usque ad nauseam.*" Let us therefore examine through what phases it is yet doomed to pass. First, then, as a preliminary arrangement, we shall have a cessation of coercive measures on the part of England and France; the affair being thus placed upon the identical bases it was before the embargo. After a little diplomatic coquetry, the northern powers will again join the Conference, and a new series of protocols will be commenced. Three years of negotiation, and two years of hostilities, will thus have brought things back to nearly their point of departure.

This Belgian question is another proof of a very evident truth, that ever since the "untoward event" of Navarino, every thing that has been done in Europe has been "*de par et pour la Russie.*" Occupied by projects of internal reform and social reorganization, the attention of both England and France has been of late exclusively devoted to their internal concerns, a circumstance of which Russian diplomacy has skilfully profited to develop its projects of political aggrandizement. Thus, in France, we find the Chamber of Deputies occupied with the examination of the "*projêt de loi*" relative to the municipal laws. This is an immense question, striking, as it does, at the root of the system of centeralization and laxity of administration of the French government. It is a daring conception of the republican party; for should the measure proposed by Odillon Barot and his party pass, it will exhibit the most extended application of the federal system the world has yet beheld. That the central system has been carried too far we admit; but such a sweeping reorganization as the one contemplated—nothing, in fact, less than giving a separate administration to each of the fifteen thousand communes into which France is municipally divided—would soon prove a death-blow to the monarchy. In whatever shape the measure may ultimately pass, it clearly indicates that the republican party are not so inconsiderable as they have been represented. Louis Philippe wears an uneasy crown. The *external* direction of the mouvement, compressed at the frontier by his timid policy, threatens every moment, by its recoil, to hurl him from his throne. Like Louis the XVth, he may, on looking around him, exclaim, "*Je plains mon successeur:*" and who is bold enough to point out his successor?

Europe may be likened to a slumbering volcano. On the absolute soil of Spain, we behold the curious spectacle of the exercise of the elective franchise, such as it is. But when convoked, the Cortes will be but the shadow of those that, with the energy of the better periods of Spanish history, used thus to address their king:—*Nos que valemos tanto que vos—Nos, que podemos mas que vos*—(We who are as good as you—we who have more power than you): for the members of this legislative assembly will be solely composed of the noblesse, the dignitaries of the church, and the deputies of the towns that still retain the "*veto en Cortes:*" these last are elected by the Ayuntamientos (corporations), the members of which have either become hereditary, or are nominated by the king. In this body, therefore, there will not be even the simulacrum of popular representation; it will be a mere *lit de justice* to register the act of recognition of the infant queen; after which it will be thrown aside as a piece of useless lumber: while Ferdinand, having attained his object, will relapse into the arms of the Camarilla.

In the south-western section of the Peninsula, the aspect of affairs is not more cheering. Don Pedro still remains shut up in Oporto, at the head of an army in which every state of Europe is represented but that of his daughter, viz. Portugal itself. Instead of acting boldly in the field, like the pretender Charles Edward, he has wasted his time in pitiful intrigues that have rendered him the contempt both of friend and foe; and should he ultimately prove successful, such is the rancorous animosity that subsists between the two parties, that it will require at least a quarter of a century to heal the wounds of civil war; and double that time, to reorganize the finances of the kingdom, and to cultivate upon her soil the seeds of freedom, for among the present race of Lusitanians, the materials of free institutions are slender indeed.

Having travelled from the Scheldt to the Tagus, let us now take wing to the banks of the mighty Danube; there we find the arch-Metternich, the framer of Holy Alliances, the soul of anti-liberal crusades—Metternich, at whose name freedom grows pale, and who is held in universal execration from one end of the continent to the other. In spite, however, of those ancient and tenaciously preserved traditions of the policy of Austria—accustomed to wear out her enemies rather than conquer them—we certainly did not consider her so blinded to her own interest, as to be prepared for her besotted neutrality in the affairs of the East. We ask Prince Metternich's pardon, but we thought him sufficiently well informed on what the merest tyro in diplomacy looks upon as his a, b, c; namely, that it is the vital interest of Austria, to pre-

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serve Turkey as a stay against the encroachments of Russia. Will the policy of principles prevail again at Vienna over that of interests? Will Austria, allured by the charm of some miserable portions of territory, that may be thrown to her in the *curée* of the Turkish empire—will she close her eyes to the danger of being *turned* in the South and East by Russia, and to have in her rear the natural enemy whom she should always look boldly in the face?

There can be no doubt that the late affair at Frankfort will prove a fortunate event for the Autocrat. Only let Austria and Prussia have once their attention concentrated upon Germany, and as far as those two powers are concerned, he will have it all his own way on the Bosphorus. We strongly suspect too, that the Russian police had some hand in this matter; nay, to go farther—was the motive principle of an *emeute* that came so "*apropos*" to give a prospect for the East to Russia, and one for Frankfort to the garrison of Mayence, who were aware before-hand of the very hour their presence would be necessary? The sweets of the Austro-Prussian occupation are already felt in their full force in that free city. Nothing is heard but the insolent "*werda*" of the Hungarian grenadiers, or Prussian *uhlans;* but what to the Germans must prove an intolerable tyranny, is the ordonnance, forbidding any person to pass a sentinel with a lighted pipe. Will they stand this? If so, they will stand any thing. Is there not one among them, who, in the language of Beranger, will exclaim,—

"Peuples—
Formez une Sainte Alliance et donnez vous la main!"

The consummate sagacity of Russian diplomacy has not on this occasion belied itself; but on the other hand, the conduct of Metternich is unaccountable. Terrified by a mere phantom of liberal opinions, artfully conjured up by Russia, we find him moving the armies of Austria upon the Tyrol and the Voralberg, when they should be concentrating upon the Turkish frontier; while Prussia, with equal fatuity, is occupied with the reorganization of her universities—the hot-bed, as she thinks, of revolutionary principles.

On what part of the continent of Europe can the gaze of the political philosopher rest with feelings of satisfaction? On every side, he sees a conflict of interests and principles—strife and debate. But there is one country whose fate is nearly forgotten; looked upon as a worn out tradition, beautiful even in her desolation—that country is Italy.

"L'antica regina del universo."

In the dominions of the King of Sardinia, a conspiracy with the most extensive ramifications has been discovered; but these partial movements rivet more firmly the chains of her oppressors; it is only on a general and united effort, that the star of freedom will rise on her benighted soil. But divided as she is by intrigue, prejudices, and territorial interests, the centralization of Italy under one government is a political Utopia. As it has ever been, her fate to the end of the chapter will, we fear, be, in the language of her own Felecaja,

"Pugnar col braccio di Straniere gente
Per servir sempre o venatrice o venta."

And now for Greece—a kingdom engendered by European diplomacy, and protected as it were by three powers, or rather by three distinct interests. The Greek people have risen victorious from a bloody struggle that created the sympathy of a civilized world; but this victory has been dearly purchased. A soil strewed with ruins—nearly a whole generation exterminated!—such are the results of a war prolonged beyond measure by the egotism of European diplomacy. In fact, there no longer remains but the skeleton of a nation—independent it is true, but without laws, without government, without administration, without every thing, in fact, but arms, still reeking, and which her citizens have, as is too often the case, drawn in the service of anarchy after having made so noble a use of them against tyranny. First, a kind of government at once permanent and provisional was formed, at the head of which was placed a Greek, who had become a Russian—an ingenious combination, destined to nationalize the bastinado under which it was intended to curb that haughty and independent population. Such was, in fact, the administration of Capo d'Istria. Force kept down the turbulent spirit of the Palikari; but under this European Pacha, nothing changed, nothing prospered, and soon the President himself fell a victim to his own despotism. Now, a new arrangement is tried. We shall not examine the strangeness of that conception that sends to reign at Athens, over the soldiers of Canaris and Colocotroni, a German child, who possessed no other titles to his crown than some insipid odes written by his father in favour of the cause of Greece. We shall confine ourselves solely to point out the consequences of this choice to the two constitutional governments, parties in the arrangement, which has thus delivered over to the despotic powers of the continent the new throne and its regency—an enormous fault, which the affairs of the East have gloriously brought to light: for it is necessary to understand, that in the present situation of the Ottoman Porte, the Greek question presents itself under a new aspect. Connected, as she now is, with the great interests of the balance of power among the states of Europe, it is no longer a philanthropical, but a political question, aye, and one of the first magnitude; for at the moment when we see Russia assuming over the Turkish empire

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a protectorate pregnant with danger to the whole of Europe, at a moment when the last bonds of our ancient alliance with Turkey are severed, it behooves this government in particular to have an eye on Greece. She is, we admit, nothing as yet; but with the frontier that has been given to her by the last treaty, she may become something, and she is in fact in the actual negotiations in an important diplomatic position. To withdraw from her affairs—to throw away all ulterior influence upon the political direction of her government, will be to add to a fault already committed one still more glaring.

As a European question, what is now passing at Constantinople must arrest the attention of every observer. For our part, when we heard that an accommodation had been brought about between the Sultan and the Egyptian Pacha, we placed no reliance on the news—the conditions of the treaty being in too direct opposition to the views of Russia to give it even the shadow of probability. The flames of war in the East are again kindled. Ibrahim is unintimidated by the presence of the Russians at Scutari, and the Sultan has recovered that blind confidence that he displayed when he reviewed his army that found a grave at Konish. The Porte, it is now evident, has only been negotiating to gain time, while Pozzo di Borgo in the west, with his usual ability, has cajoled both Lord Palmerston and the Duc de Broglie. When there was still time to have seized the iniative, we closed our eyes upon the ambition of Russia. Now, mistress of the Dardanelles, she may interdict our entry whenever she pleases. The Turco-Egyptian question appears further from the solution than ever, thanks to our diplomacy: force will henceforth decide it; and who can say what nations may be arrayed upon this vast field of battle, when victory cannot regulate the destinies of Asia without having a mighty influence upon those of Europe.

The campaign about to open will be the theatre of great events. Ibrahim occupies Anatolia with an army of 60,000 men: the whole population, Christian as well as Mussulman, have declared in his favour. His name alone took Smyrna; and the Egyptian fleet, manned by good sailors, and directed by good European officers, will not fear to try their strength with the clumsy ships of the Black Sea. This fleet keeps up his communications with Egypt, where the Vice King has a powerful force in reserve.

The preparations of Russia, on the other hand, sufficiently indicate how clearly she understands all the importance of the struggle; 15,000 men occupy an entrenched camp at Scutari; a new corps d'armée has just been embarked at Odessa; and the corps, traversing the principalities, would reach Constantinople early in May. Thus she prepares for war with the same vigour as if she were making it on her own account. Paskiewitch, celebrated for his successes against the Persians, has traced the plan of campaign; and Count Orloff has been selected to carry it into execution, in his double capacity of Generalissimo and Ambassador-extraordinary. The Muscovites are not only at Constantinople, but masters of all the most important points of the empire, of the Balkan and the Dardanelles. The Sultan exists but by their permission; and the commerce of Europe with the East, is now at the mercy of a Hetman of Cossacks.

When we recollect the bloody wars formerly waged by the maritime powers of Europe for the monopoly of pepper or of the Newfoundland fisheries, is it not astonishing that two powers like England and France should not seek to arrest the onward roll of the tide of Russian ambition that threatens to swallow up every power in Europe? Since 1815, she has extended herself, in the north, beyond the Vistula, and in the east to the mouth of the Danube. The late war with Persia added several provinces to her empire; her armies and her establishments already envelop the Black Sea; the Sultan has delivered to her the keys of the Dardanelles; she has given a king to Greece; and we may at this rate shortly expect to see her flag waving before Malta and Gibraltar, or to hear a wild Tartar hurrah under the walls of Fort George!

THE LOVE-CHILD.

(*Continued.*)

In the smith's shop, where many of the villagers were accustomed to congregate on winter evenings, to gossip, gambol, and play at ALL FOURS on the anvils, I had heard horrid tales about bloodhounds in foreign parts; and my grandmother's parlour was adorned with a coloured print, in which a leash of the breed were depicted in the act of tearing down a poor naked black. One of them, as I remember to this day, had leaped upon the man's shoulder, and thrusting his head forward, had grabbed him by the throat. Blotches of blood were distributed about the dog's jaws—the victim's tongue lolled forth—it was an awful affair, and I never could look at it without suffering that strange cutaneous emotion which produces "goose's flesh." I was far from an obedient boy; and my wrathful grandmother had often threatened to take me by the scruff of the neck, hurl me over the palisadoes of Squire Patch's court-yard, and let the blood-hounds "worry me a trifle, *or two*,"—these were her very words.

The ugly monsters (they had been christened SIN and DEATH) were, as I have stated, now on my track—*their business was with me.*

My first impulse was to go down the bed of the brook, break cover in Cuckold's Harem field, and make off towards Farmer Bel-

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roy's house, or my grandmother's hovel. Belroy, I felt satisfied, would protect me; and my formidable grandmother was in my estimation, single-handed, a match for any thing that drew the breath of life. A hare once took shelter, literally, on her hearth—even beneath the grate; and in defiance of a whole army of red-coats belonging to a distant hunt, and a full pack of strong hounds, she preserved the wretched animal's life. The dogs and their attendant gentlemen broke through her miserable window and the mud wall beneath it; but my fierce grandmother, who was a washerwoman, stood in the breach, and by dexterously plying the simple artillery of boiling water from an enormous crock, compelled the beleaguers to beat a retreat, after having suffered considerable loss. Most of the leading hounds, and many of the gentlemen and their horses, were dreadfully scalded: the dogs howled with agony, and ran to and fro, snapping at every thing in their way, as though they were mad. One of them, I remember, flew at an old elder tree in front of the hut, and seemed to derive immense consolation from gnawing its rough trunk. The gentlemen roared hideously, and the horses snorted, neighed, whinnied, kicked, pranced, pawed, and tore up the hard gravel road with their desperate teeth, in so frightful a manner, that I besought my grandmother, in screams, to desist. Not she indeed! While any of those who had battered her mud castle remained within range of her liquid projectile, she continued to deal it forth by the ladle-full; exclaiming, ever and anon, "You'd worry a hare, would you? She has turned into a witch, you see! When water fails I've irons at the fire, and, God help me! I shall try to flatten your faces!" The gallant hunt retired discomfited and disgraced; but the poor hare, notwithstanding all that we could do for it, died the next day, as my grandmother said, "of a bursten heart," from her efforts in the chase. During the night she squealed like a child in agony—her dying look was dreadfully human. I shall never forget it.

Could I but get beneath or behind my grandmother's stiff, thick, patched petticoat, I should have dared to pebble the noses of Sin and Death with a consciousness of perfect impunity; could I have reached Farmer Belroy's kitchen, I felt sure that I should have nothing to fear from any thing appertaining to Squire Patch; but in the open fields I should incur the risk of being *viewed*, and run down. I therefore determined on steering for another haven, namely, the cottage of Ezra, the gamekeeper, who had shot me in the leg. It was much nearer than Farmer Belroy's or my grandmother's, and it could be come at, entirely, with the exception of one meadow and a garden, through thick cover. It lay, however, in quite a different direction, and to reach it I was compelled to retrace my flounderings up the bed of the brook. As I passed silently and unseen the spot where I had made my plunge, the bloodhounds, Sin and her half-bred daughter Death, whose sire was a bulldog, were baying above me, and I heard Squire Patch shrieking for the Caddiscombe otter hounds. Quietly making my way up the stream, I at length reached the root of a tall and noble maiden oak, which rose from one of its banks, and after having overtopped the underwood, among which it was born, soared bravely up into broad daylight far above the ridge of the little ravine. This friendly tree I climbed with ease, and travelling to the extremity of one of its upper branches, alighted safely on the level of the wood.

Fear, as the novelists of Leadenhall-street observe, lent me wings, and I flew through the copse. In five minutes I had reached the back door of Ezra's cottage. I opened it, shut it quietly behind me, shot the lower bolt, the only one I could reach, and, being barefooted, came into the kitchen without being heard. Kitty was clasped in the arms, and weeping on the shoulder, of her brother, Blue Peter, the poacher. The interview was clandestine; I revealed myself by coughing, and they looked like guilty things. Kitty, notwithstanding my filth, clutched me up to her bosom, and kissed me. Blue Peter laughed. I frankly told them my story; and within a few moments from its conclusion, I was stripped, plunged into a large tub of soap-suds—it was Kitty's washing day—and after having been properly towelled, put to bed. I was still in a state of horrible alarm; but Blue Peter vanquished my bitter apprehensions of the bloodhounds, by assuring me that no canine nose in the world could follow me up a maiden oak. Kitty brought me a podger of hot milk enriched with lots of sugar, and a dash of smuggled brandy, and in half an hour after I had entered the cottage, I was sleeping, at mid-day, in a fine feather-bed—fast as a top.

My repose was, however, doomed to be brief as that hurried but less comfortable slumber which befel me on the bank of the brook. I had a violent and vivid dream, in which, as I subsequently found, imagination had been powerfully assisted or excited by reality. Squire Patch was Satan, cast out of the herd of swine: he vomited bloodhounds in couples—an eternal succession of twins—fac-similes of Sin and Death—and these the swine devoured. Meanwhile my grandmother danced on an upturned washing-tub, and her reverend donkey brayed. Each of the pigs—and there were millions—seemed identical with *our* Sir Simon—but it is necessary to explain.

My grandmother, as I have said, was a washerwoman—about half a grade above a pauper; but proud, reckless, and independent as any supreme lord of lives and property in the universe. Although earning but a scanty subsistence by the labour of her hands

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in her old age, after having spent the early and middle part of life in comparative opulence—she feared nothing—she cared for nobody. She had prospectively paid for her bit of burial-ground in the parish church. Her coffin had, for years, been under the bed; its cover possessed hinges and a lock and key; the solemn utensil contained her valuables—a little tea—a little sugar—the keg of cider—the small stone jar of illegitimate white brandy—her thin-worn wedding ring which, unlike herself, not being fitted to endure hard work, had snapped—a lock of Billy Timms' hair, the youth of her maiden love—great grandfather's battered Bible, on the yellow fly-leaf of which was scrawled a register of the birth of every babe born in the family for three generations, *except myself*—several old silver thimbles, pierced through by severe use, in her better days—a gaudy garnet brooch—three singular silk gowns—my grand-uncle's breeches with five *bonâ fide* gold buttons, formed of seven shilling pieces, at each of the knees—several certificates of marriage, stuffed for better security into the toes of so many high-heeled shoes—a padusoy and a stuffed parrot—the sight of which was the only thing in the world that could make her shed tears. God knows why—I never asked, and I never found out. She always produced it with the Bible on Sunday mornings, when it was her invariable practice to take out her spectacles—they had but half a glass left—and read me a chapter. On these occasions she frequently talked of teaching me my letters; but the next day a career of steam and soap-suds was commenced, which lasted throughout the week, and my education was forgotten, until the Sabbath appearance of her battered Bible and its never-failing accompaniment the green poll-parrot with blue cheeks.

To carry home her linen she always had a Ned—that is, always within my memory; and I could hardly believe Blue Peter, the poacher, when he first told me that our fine, tall, stately, stout, long-eared friend, who looked as though he had ever been just as he was, had actually pined for some time about the dead body of his dam on the common, and would have died without an owner, if granny hadn't kindly taken to the ragged, miserable foal, and reared him. Poor as we were, the Ned was always fat and sleek—his neigh could be heard for miles—he pranced with pride, and to him were ascribed the finest mules on the Caddiscombe railroad. He was now grey as a badger with age, but his youthful energy had not departed. Though grisly, he gallopped most gallantly beneath the weight of granny and her customers' linen. He worked only two days in the week—Monday and Saturday—during the other five he fed in perfect freedom on the common. Once upon a time, Squire Patch's people had caught and put him in harness, by way of a lark; but his emancipation was speedily achieved by a trifling exertion of his prodigious power—the coachman said "that he could kick a town down."

This capital creature was a very useful piece of property: but touching my grandmother's other animal nothing laudatory can be said. Nobody could recollect where she had picked him up. The bacon was all bought—there had not been a porker in the parish within the memory of man. Sir Simon had neither contemporaries, progeny, or subjects—he was himself alone—the Pig.

There were plenty of cocks and hens—cows, bulls, bullocks, rams, ewes, lambs, and chilver hogs—but no pig barring Sir Simon. The Ned had not a name—the pig had. Every body knew him as Sir Simon. He was the kindest, the most patient animal in the world. If the boys had nothing better to do, they sought him out, on the common, and three or four of them at once bestrode him. When fairly mounted he would ejaculate a note or two, expressive of mock-heroic indignation, raise his head, cock his tail, and set off at full speed. In a few moments his riders were invariably thrown. Buckle himself could not sit a pig at full speed. The scapular and caudal vertebræ are so much lower than the lumbar—at least they were in Sir Simon, the only pig I ever rode—that with the animal's violent action the rider is inevitably shuffled over his head, or shelved over his tail, unless he can take and maintain hold of the latter organ and one of the ears. But this Sir Simon would on no account permit. He was good humoured to a fault; he would dig on the common for the roots he loved with a squib tied to his tail, but the moment you touched his ears you put him in a passion—he debased you to the level of a dog, and knocked you ten feet off, topsy turvy, without the least remorse. His tusks were like the canine teeth of a tiger, but he never used them, even when irritated, except against dogs. He would lift a boy by an upward action of his snout over a fern bush, and leave him unhurt upon the sward beyond; but if a strange dog tackled him, it was his sublime pleasure to adopt a demi-lateral, demi-perpendicular motion of the head, by which his assailant was mortally ripped, and tossed, sprawling in the agonies of death, over the swine's head. To the boys Sir Simon was a rough, good-humoured playmate on an emergency; to a dog he was dire.

The pig had but one predilection: he never testified the least particle of love towards me, my grandmother, or any other human being but for the Ned he entertained a decided partiality. He was always with him, except when once now and then he would stroll into Cuckold's Harem wood for a feast of beech-mast and acorns. Where the Ned was grazing, there the pig was ploughing. He trotted by the side of his long-eared friend, when their mutual mistress took home her clean

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linen; he *couched* on the common, at his back. He recognised nothing but the Ned; but the Ned never seemed to take the least notice of him.

The realities that mingled with my dream were my grandmother's screams, the howls of Sin, Squire Patch's shouts, and Sir Simon's deep guttural triumphant grunt. I awoke in a violent fright, and as soon as I became conscious of where I was, stole on tiptoe to the window for information. In the high road from the peak of Transom Torr, which the front of Ezra's cottage commanded for nearly a quarter of a mile, there was to me a most appalling piece of work. At one timid, anxious, furtive peep through the jessamine which partially shaded the window, I saw that I had occasioned a frightful commotion. The living picture before me told its story in an instant. From what I saw, the conviction flashed upon me that some good-natured friend had gone down to my grandmother, and told her about Squire Patch having uncoupled the bloodhounds on my track. The old woman, as a matter of course, had mounted her palfrey, and come off at full speed to the rescue. On reaching the scene of action, Death, the younger of the bloodhounds, having a dash of the bull-dog breed in her derived from her sire, had pinned the Ned. Sir Simon, perceiving the nose of his friend between the jaws of a dog, had torn the latter from neck to navel. Sin, a witness of the catastrophe, having no bull-dog blood in her veins, had taken to her heels—Sir Simon, who went to great lengths when he was put up, had followed, supported by my desperate grandmother, and her enraged Ned.

All this, as I subsequently ascertained, had taken place; but, as I have said, the facts flashed upon me at a glance. First came the liver-coloured bloodhound, Sin,—a single object—the very centre of the living picture,—fat, gasping, and scarcely able to maintain a gallop: drops of burning sweat rolled over her red fevered tongue (the only part in which dogs perspire); her eyes were bloodshot, and the protruded pupils were dragged backward, and fixed in horrid alarm on her pursuers; her tail was between her legs, her back was smooth, not a hair on it was elevated. Next came Sir Simon:—his tusks were gory; he frequently licked his hirsute lips; the bristles on his back were all bolt upright; his tail, which naturally had a trifling curl, looked as though he had tied it into a knot; by setting in action some of the muscles about his jaws, his long rugged tusks were fully developed—he grunted with glee.

My granny and her Ned followed. The old lady was in a desperate plight. Her cap had blown off, and her long grizly hair, divided into numerous ropy rat's tails, shot out in straight lines from the back of her head. Her brown sinewy arms were in violent motion, for she was urging the Ned, by thumping his neck with her white fists, soddened in soap suds, to increase his speed. But this exertion on her part was needless. The Ned seemed to be personally interested in the exploit; his lips were margined with crimson foam; the spirit of vengeance beamed forth from his dark eyes; his ears lay flat on his neck; his flexible and wounded upper lip was in constant motion; he frequently revealed his long teeth, and evidently had an intense desire to have a *scrunch* at the bones of the bloodhound.

Squire Patch and his visiters—the troop of boys who had followed me from Transom Torr—two or three gamekeepers—that infernal postillion who flogged me so—the blacksmith, hot from his forge—the tailor, in slippers—Mr. Smikes, the shoemaker, trying to tuck up his intractable new leathern apron—old hobbling Holloway—Shriek, the parish clerk—in fact, two-thirds of the village formed a busy back-ground to the picture. Patch was blaspheming as though he had been Beelzebub: he could not overtake my granny, and foresaw that his darling bloodhound must inevitably fall a prey to the tusk of the pig. Among the multitude I perceived Ezra; he had a fowling piece in his hand, which he contrived to charge as he ran. Leaping on a dunghill, clothed with weeds in brilliant blossom, by the road side, he knelt down and levelled at Sir Simon. I stood on the tips of my great toes, and clenched my hands until I saw the result of his fire. It took effect.

The small shot, however, merely tickled the pig's thick hide; he received them as a possé of practical jokes, and uttering two or three very gruff, but, to those who knew him, intensely jocose grunts, gallopped on with increased speed, although, as I perceived, when he passed, a few of the long bristles that clothed his nether haunch were strung with liquid rubies. There was a patch of flat green turf, at the other side of the road, on which, when the pig had passed, I discovered Blue Peter sprawling in a paroxysm of laughter.

But the scene, however comic it might have been to him, was truly dolorous to me. The last glimpse I obtained of Sir Simon, his enormous ears were flapping up and down like an eagle's wings, triumphantly, as it seemed, bearing him onward to his prey. Granny, mounted on her infuriate Ned, was hard by his haunch; no aid was at hand, and I foresaw that, if Sin had nine lives, they would in a few moments be nine times annihilated. Sir Simon would rip up his flanks—the Ned would scrunch his ribs, and granny would complete the massacre by tearing him limb from limb. The fatal consequences of so audacious an exploit would not be felt so much by the Ned, Sir Simon, or granny, as by me—the first cause of the calamity. Ezra, I was sure, had detected me behind the jessamine as he passed, and I determined to decamp.

After having made my wet and grimy toilet,

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I descended the stairs, and—Kitty having gone out to see the fun—made my escape by the back-door, sneaked along the garden, and through the ditch of the meadow, into cover. I descended the maiden oak—traversed the brook until the point where it reached Cuckold's Harem Field—emerged there and threw myself flat in a diagonal furrow. Many hours elapsed, and when the west began to grow rosy, I ventured to peep above the corn-blades. My eye fell upon the face of a human being—it was that of dear little Agnes.

Her father being from home again, she had brought me successively, my breakfast, dinner, and supper. Supposing that I was playing the truant, and would probably make my appearance before night, she had kindly concealed my absence from the servants. How I loved her! The bacon, though cold, was capital. I did not eat—I devoured! Her aspect gradually brightened up, and at length my voracity so much amused her, that she cackled like a pullet. While she was in this pleasant mood, having satisfied my appetite, and drained a shooting horn of stout old cider, which she had brought with the bacon, I recounted my recent exploits and perils, and from my mode of treating them, they seemed to strike her as being replete with fun. Once now and then, however, she turned pale, and stared at me awfully; and when I showed her the ridges raised on my urchin hide, by the short-docker of that atrocious postilion—base-born as myself—she recoiled with horror, and I had much ado to prevent her from running away. As soon as I could prevail upon her to resume the seat she had previously occupied, I excited her interest by discoursing on my future prospects. I had made the village by far too hot to hold me, and I considered it very advisable to be off. It was Saturday evening, and I proposed, during the night, to crawl away to Caddiscombe, where, if Lavolta kept his word, I should meet with him at the fair, on Monday morning. Agnes suggested, that the intervening Sabbath would starve me. To knock this objection on the head, I proposed to pocket my untouched matinal mess of fried potatoes, and vesper ditto of brown bread and cheese: besides, I should meet with lots of hawthorn buds, and it was hard, if, after all my experience—as I meant to work my way as much as possible in covert—I could'nt find at least one squirrel's winter hoard of nuts unexhausted, in the Caddiscombe woods.

We were sitting opposite each other in the diagonal furrow, into which I had first thrown myself. Agnes, with a melancholy glance, surveyed the space between my naked head and naked ankles—she gazed on tatters. Granny never thought of buying me raiment—I clothed myself. The nether garments I wore, were my own. I purchased them for a penny three months before, from Dick Withers, who had found them somewhere; my jacket was a loan. I had no pretension to shirt, waistcoat, hat, shoes, or stockings. Had I accepted the two latter articles from Ezra and his wife, perhaps I should not have had the courage to have worn them—in *me*, and among *my* companions, it would have looked proud.

Agnes, without speaking a word, took from her bosom a little *housewife*, given to her for the purpose of dressing her dolls. Selecting a little fairy needle, and threading it with a bit of blue silk, she knelt down and commenced sowing up a large rent which revealed the whole of my right knee. We soon began to talk again, and before she had proceeded far in cobbling up the numberless breaches in my garments, I had half persuaded her to be the companion of my meditated expatriation—for such the flight to Caddiscombe to both of us appeared. Her father had often threatened to pack her off to a boarding-school; but do what she would to make him angry, he still delayed the fulfilment of his menace, which it was her intense desire to bring about, for she felt sick of home, and longed to learn dancing. Poor little dear! She had no mother—no sisters or brothers—no companions. Her intercourse with humanity was rigidly restricted: with nothing to do, she felt herself enslaved. When a good girl, she was allowed to play with her dolls in the parlour or the garden; when deemed naughty, she was shut up with them in the brown closet, behind the back bed-room.

We were just on the point of coming to a conclusion, when somebody tittered—we looked up, and there was Blue Peter; over his shoulder gleamed the ruddy countenance of Dolly. They had overheard us, and in a few moments our project, so far as regarded Agnes, was utterly annihilated. Neither of them would, for an instant, entertain it. Agnes was lugged home, shrieking, by Dolly; and Blue Peter promised to hide me under a hen-coop in his own cottage, during the Sabbath, and put me far and free on the road to Caddiscombe long before the sun rose on Monday morning; for he thought that I could not do better than try my luck with Lavolta. My grandmother, he said, was ruined, out and out; for not only did Sir Simon sacrifice Sin, but the ferocious old woman had most severely thrashed Squire Patch.

On hearing this, I would on no account trust myself, for a whole day, to the protection of Blue Peter's hen-coop, but determined to get away at once—threatening the poacher that I would bite him if he attempted to prevent me. Peter took this very good-humouredly, and offering me his back, said he would carry me a clear mile on my road. Pocketing my provisions, and taking the ribbon of Agnes from the deserted bush-magpie's nest, where I had deposited it—I had not thought of it while the young darling was present—I mounted my friend's back, and away we went.

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We had scarcely gone a quarter of a mile, when he pulled up under a broad oak. The sky above us was still, in patches, blue and bright; but the spray and budding foliage of the trees made our path occasionally gloomy. Beneath the oak we were in perfect shade. Casting his recondite eye upwards, he said that there were three pheasants at perch on a lofty slender branch, which would not bear him. "They're *craning* out their necks," quoth he; "steal up and twist 'em. Mind me—they be wide awake, but bothered between the lights." I moved, as an amendment, that I should take up three pebbles, and hit them one by one off the roost. We were, however, walking on a bed of thick elastic moss, and Blue Peter, partially falling in with my views, in the absence of pebbles, furnished me with a few penny pieces. I got up the oak with ease, and when upon a level with the birds—they had not yet tucked their heads under their wings—I placed three of my monetary missiles, one upon the other, between my finger and thumb, and carefully, but with all my strength, let go. There were three of them, but I only hit one: down he fell—it was a splendid cock—like lead; the others dashed up into the light and disappeared.

Blue Peter was pleased, and gave me sixpence. Soon after we parted; and being excessively tired, I crept into the hollow of a tree that had fallen, and enjoyed a sound repose. When I awoke it was past mid-day; but this fact it took me an hour's labour to ascertain. I had crept in easily enough, but I found it a matter of appalling difficulty to retrograde. At one time, I felt all but certain that my bed would prove my coffin. The worst of my position was, that although faint with hunger and exertion, I could not get at the fried potatoes, the bread, and the cheese in my pockets—both my hands being unfortunately above my head. At last, by an accidental tortuous exertion, I emancipated myself; and after breakfasting by the side of a pond, from which, as I sat silently, two or three thrushes came for mud to plaster the interior of their nests, I went on my way.

Before nightfall I reached Caddiscombe, and ventured into the market-place, where the fair was about to be held. It was a cattle as well as what is called a pleasure fair. All was bustle, and every body seemed big with preparation for the next morning. I wandered to and fro, half stupefied by the uproar, for several hours, without seeing Lavolta. About two o'clock in the morning the hurly-burly had considerably decreased—the sheep and swine were penned—the horned cattle tethered, and it behoved me to look out for a bed. Crawling into the group of cattle, I at length found a recumbent cow tied to a post, whose large belly and bursting udder offered peculiar attractions. I scratched the poor creature's head—rubbed her painful dugs, which the calf, muzzled and tied to one of her horns, had not sucked for at least two meals, and having sufficiently ingratiated myself, ventured to lie down and take one of the teats in my mouth. When I had sucked my fill, all around me being tolerably quiet, I untethered the calf, slipped off his muzzle, and let him have a bellyfull; then, curling myself on the cow's warm paunch, I composed myself to sleep. Towards morning my slumbers were dreadfully interrupted by vehement hammering, and when I thought proper to open my eyes, right opposite me, where the night before a number of bare poles had slightly intercepted the moonbeams, I perceived a superb erection, in front of which, about ten o'clock, I experienced the felicity of seeing Lavolta.

He was clad from top to toe in velvet, and silk, and spangles—the most splendid personage I had ever beheld. Squire Patch was a cow-boy to him. But I should never have detected him but for the large blue wen, which he called a mole, under his left ear. The moment I recognised this, I dashed up the steps. My costume and boldness produced a burst of merriment from the spectators, and Lavolta tickled me down with a tandem whip, which he wielded with extraordinary grace and emphasis. It was clear that he did not recollect me. To make myself known to him, I threw myself on my hands, and with legs aloft, proceeded to mount the steps. As soon as I came within his reach, he gave me two or three encouraging taps with the crop of his whip, and when I reached the stage on which he stood, he took me by the shoulder, and led me kindly to the entrance of a dark narrow passage, down which he desired me to grope, and consider myself a part of his establishment.

From the same.

AMATEUR NATURALISTS.

BRIDGWATER TREATISES.

Many of our readers are probably aware that the Earl of Bridgwater bequeathed the sum of eight thousand pounds to be applied in the production of a work on the Power, Wisdom, and Glory of God, as manifested by the Creation—conferring on Davies Gilbert, then President of the Royal Society, the power of selecting the fortunate author. The cautious president, however, divided the special trust reposed in him with the Archbishop of Canterbury and the Bishop of London. Of this great triumvirate, the first patent official act was, instead of confiding the labour to one philosopher, to parcel it out among eight—namely, Mr. Whewell, Mr. Kirby, Dr. Roget, Sir Charles Bell, Dr. Chalmers, Dr. Buckland, Dr. Kidd, and Dr. Somebody-else, whose specific designation we forget. It has been objected to this arrangement, by an able writer in one of our most sterling and upright periodicals, "that the testator's intentions would have been more fully carried into

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effect by making it worth the while of a man of acknowledged power to devote a few years to the completion of the whole task. In that case," the writer continues, "he might have bestowed his whole and undivided abilities upon the subject, and thus struck out some novelty, and at any rate brought to bear the entire weight of modern science on the labour." From this we must beg to differ. Who, in a few years, or even in a life, could do so? No one. A man may be an admirable Crichton—he may fence and sing *à merveille*—speak seven languages—and dispute in the schools against all comers; but we rarely meet with one who has attained pre-eminence even in any two or three, out of the many branches of science. Each of these requires long research, and patient industry—they are not to be carried at a *coup-de-main* even by the most brilliant talent, however strengthened it may be by an intimate acquaintance with some sister science. Every one of them is a jealous mistress—to be won only by constant attention. What does Dr. Buckland know of entomology? Could he give such unanswerable proofs of the existence of a Deity, from the physiology of insects as Samouelle or Kirby? from that of the molluscous animals as Sowerby? from that of birds as Swainson or Yarrell? from human anatomy as Bell? from natural chemistry as Faraday? from Botany as Brown? But, in geology, Buckland is a giant—and it is fit that he should "stick to his wax."—A young gentleman was one day making some awkward attempts on the Thames to skate. The spectators tittered; and a foolish friend, hoping to put them to the blush, remarked, "It is true that he does not shine as a skater; but nobody can beat him as a swimmer." "Then," said some one, "let him break the ice and swim." Had one person presumed to have written the projected grand Bridgwater Treatise, while floundering among FISH, or grovelling with the REPTILES, it would prove of no avail for his friends to assert that he was a great astronomer, or learned in the causes of capillary attraction.

We admit that the Bridgwater Treatises, according to the present arrangement, may display many instances of the same conclusions being drawn from different arguments. But what of that? The instances, at least, will be correct—or at least so far correct as not to be beneath the highest level of human knowledge, which they could not possibly be, had they all been presented to us by one hand.

The first of the Bridgwater Treatises, entitled "Astronomy and General Physics considered with reference to Natural Theology, by the Rev. William Whewell, M. A. Fellow and Tutor of Trinity College, Cambridge," appeared some weeks ago; and cotemporarily with it, came out a work, by the Rev. Henry Fergus, of Dunfermline,—"The Testimony of Nature and Revelation to the Being, Perfections, and Government of God." From his title, it will be seen, that the author has evidently aimed at the production of the book contemplated by the Earl of Bridgwater—of performing that in one volume, for which eight have been deemed necessary by the late President of the Royal Academy, the Archbishop of Canterbury and the Bishop of London—adding too, the Testimony of Revelation to that of Nature. His intentions were doubtless excellent, and his abilities are apparently of a high order. But he has attempted a task, which no man living could execute: it is not extraordinary, therefore, that in some sections of his work, he should fail;—he has done so,—particularly where he ventures to skim the surface of Natural History. He does not pretend to go deep into the subject; but even on the froth he is strangely out of his element.

From the Same.

RECENT ATROCITIES OF THE RUSSIANS IN POLAND.

COMMUNICATIONS with Poland are now so difficult, that the public prints can give but vague and imperfect details on the deplorable fate of that heroic land. Russia, it is true, does not conceal her intentions with regard to Poland any longer from the rest of Europe. In abolishing the constitution guaranteed by the treaty of Vienna, she proclaims loudly her project of reducing the country to the rank of a province; but what she yet wishes to enshroud in a veil of mystery, is the atrocity of the measures she puts in force to attain this object. We shall present to our readers a few facts and official documents, the authenticity of which we can guarantee. The simple reproduction here, without either reflection or commentary, will perhaps silence those men who, like Durham and his clique, extol to the skies the good faith and generosity of the Emperor Nicholas.

The exportation of children is one of the means made use of to consummate the destruction of the Polish people. The imperial ukases for this measure spread terror and desolation through the kingdom. The terrified mothers ceased to send their children to the schools—so much so, that the municipal body of Warsaw was at last obliged to issue a proclamation, in which it declared, that the Emperor took under his protection only poor and orphan children; but the determination of this quality was made to depend on the arbitrary will and caprice of the military commandants.

It must however be allowed, that there are some men among the Russians who are sensible of the atrocity of their master's orders, but who, nevertheless, seek to propagate a belief that every thing done relatively to Poland is with the consent of the three united powers of

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Russia, Prussia, and Austria. It is also worthy of remark, that the ukase only makes mention of orphans; but then, according to its definition, an orphan is, 1st, a child without a father, although he may possess a fortune; 2dly, a child whose parents are living, but who are in indigent circumstances. In order to find out these orphans, the following measures were taken by the Russian government:—They invited, at Warsaw, through the intermedium of the commissaries of police, and in the provinces through that of the "*commissaires d'arrondissemens*," all those who required assistance for their children, to send in a declaration to that effect, which was accordingly done by a great many. Having thus obtained a long list of poor children, they were immediately seized; and in order to give a colouring of justice to the measure, it was stated to be in conformity to the wishes of their parents that the emperor took them under his protection. As to the soldiers and non-commissioned officers of the veteran legions of Poland, their children were seized by force, and those who resisted were immediately delivered over to the military tribunals to be tried for insubordination. However, the major part of these men, settled for some time at Warsaw, had, by their labour and savings, derived the means of educating their own children. One of them, who possessed a house and garden in the Fauxbourg, and whose son had been seized, having in vain petitioned by writing for his release, found at last means of gaining access to the presence of Prince Paskiewicz. Throwing himself with his wife at the feet of the field marshal, he represented to him forcibly that he possessed the means of bringing up his son. "What! have you a house?" said the viceroy; "Good; but the emperor possesses millions of houses, he will therefore give your son a much better education than you can."

The little boys who used to hawk fruit and flowers about the streets of Warsaw, were publicly seized—for these all came under the category of vagabonds—and placed in the barracks of Alexander. Their heads were shaved, and they were sent off into the interior of Russia. To the frontiers of the kingdom they were transported on wagons; but once arrived there, the remainder of the journey was made on foot. An eye-witness has assured us, that out of 450 children of the first division transported, scarcely 115 reached Bobruysk alive: the rest had either perished, or were left behind to do so in the Russian hospitals. The next step was to seize all the male children of the parochial schools of the capital! But this was comparatively nothing to what took place in Lithuania, in Samozitia, Volhynia, Podolia, and the Ukraine. There, children of both sexes were seized at the caprice of subaltern military commandants, and dragged off to the interior of Russia.

To every column of these unfortunate creatures there were attached some little Russian carriages (kibitki) for transporting the provisions, and such children as were unable to walk. If a child was taken ill on the march, he was abandoned in the *Steppe*, with a portion of bread and water placed by his side, sufficient to last for three or four days. Several persons recently arrived from Siberia, have fallen in with the corpses of some of these unfortunate young creatures, stretched beside the bread of which they had been unable to avail themselves. They likewise saw Polish prisoners, though heavily ironed, carrying in their arms some of these abandoned victims, whom they had picked up in their line of march. Again, these orders were executed in so arbitrary a manner, that the Cossacks and Baskirs who escorted the columns of prisoners, frequently sold the children to the Jews, or made presents of them to the Russian peasantry. But we will not descant more on the tender mercies of the autocrat towards the innocent children of Poland. We shall proceed to the second means of annihilation of the population of Poland—"the conscription." It is true that we have seen an imperial ukase which forbade the enlistment, in the Russian army, of the soldiers and non-commissioned officers of the old Polish army; but by a singular interpretation of the amnesty granted to those men who returned from Austria and Prussia, it has been limited only to those who possess some landed property—an event of such rare occurrence among this class of men in Poland, that in 40,000 there would not be found perhaps ten who were by this means exempt from military service. After having thus annulled the effects of the amnesty, the soldiers were given to understand that it was a great favour accorded to them—that of receiving military pay in some remote part of Asia, instead of punishing them for their revolt. The inevitable effect of all these dispositions will be to deprive Poland of more than one-half of her adult population. It would be impossible to describe the terror caused by this ruthless order. On every side nothing was heard but lamentations, and the low breathings of implacable vengeance. One woman, indignant at so many atrocities, cried out, "May the tyrannical czar be drowned in the tears of Polish mothers!" Young men of the noblest families are now serving as privates in Russian regiments at 4,000 or 5,000 versts from Warsaw. Some time ago, the military commandant in that city, proposed to the Polish officers of the late engineer and artillery corps to enter the Russian service; but they, one and all, though they expressed their readiness to serve as civil engineers, refused to wear the Russian uniform. The emperor, informed of this, commanded every one of them to send in, in writing, the motives upon which their decision was based.

But what is another source of great abuse in Poland is, the procedure of the Russian

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court martials. *Before passing sentence*, they *are obliged to ask* the field-marshal the nature of the penalty to be awarded. An auditor afterwards makes a report upon the affair, and, without ever seeing the accused, *they condemn him according to the order they receive.* After the capture of Warsaw a term was assigned within which all the inhabitants were ordered to deliver up their arms to the public authorities. A serjeant of the national guard had in his house the firelocks of the detachments he formerly commanded; he accordingly ordered his servant to carry them to the arsenal. On the eve of the expiration of the prescribed term, the servant, from some trifling cause, did not go till the next day; the serjeant was in consequence immediately arrested. The officer who had to take cognizance of this affair did not understand Polish, and the serjeant was equally unacquainted with Russian. They addressed a few words to him which he did not understand, and then made him get into a kibitka. It was only on arriving at the fortress of Zamosk that he learnt he was condemned to six months' hard labour. Whenever field-marshal Prince Paskiewicz appears in public, it is with all the arrogance and ostentation of a Persian satrap. As he was one day riding out, surrounded by a numerous staff, he met in one of the streets a labourer, who was quietly pursuing his occupation, heedless of the military cortège. Enraged at this "*insouciance*," and looking on it as a mark of disrespect to his illustrious person, the prince ordered the poor fellow to be seized, and to receive, in his presence, fifty lashes of the knout.

The destruction of literary and scientific establishments is a third means employed by the Russian government to extinguish Polish nationality. The national library of Warsaw, containing 200,000 volumes, and especially rich in MS. of the ancient Sclavenian literature, has been conveyed to St. Petersburg.

The numismatic cabinet, and that of engravings, have shared the same fate. The first was unique in Europe for the collection of ancient Polish and Sclavonian coins: the last was presented for the use of the nation by the king Stanislaus Augustus and Count Stanislaus Potocki. Besides these spoliations, they have studiously carried off every thing that could revive the recollection of the ancient glory of the kingdom of Poland. In fact, the destruction of Polish nationality is pursued even in the most trifling details. Only the Russian colours are now seen, with which the military posts and parapets of all the bridges are painted; the public authorities are strictly ordered to tie together the leaves of all the official documents with these colours; the decoration of the white Eagle has been changed; the Russian Eagle has been substituted for that of Poland, and the colour of the ribbon from light to dark blue.

The bulletin of laws and the decrees of the administrative council, contain at present the Russian text opposite to the Polish; the Polish national cockade has been changed,* and their decoration "*virtuti militari*," now glitters upon the breast of every Russian. In the mean time the fortifications of the citadel of Warsaw are rapidly advancing, while the outward aspect of that city has undergone a complete transformation. Nothing to be seen but Russian reviews—nothing to be heard but the shrill cry of the bearded Russian coachman, as they drive at a furious rate their haughty masters with their starved beasts. On every side an Asiatic ostentation reigns. In the principal streets all the first floors are occupied by Russian families; but the capital supports her misfortune with heroic dignity. The inhabitants seldom appear abroad. In no public fête is the face of a Pole seen. The people, with all the energy of their character, appear resolved to rise superior to their fate. Sanguine in their hopes of deliverance, they look for the arrival of the French and Hungarians as if they were only a few leagues from their gates; and ever ready to fight for their independence, they stand erect and feel their moral superiority over their barbarous oppressors.

In Lithuania, some thousands of inhabitants, goaded to desperation, have taken refuge in the forests of Beallossies, where they have been carrying on with some success a partisan warfare. There are among them many distinguished individuals, followed by their families and the entire population of some villages, who had only this alternative left them, of saving themselves and their children from death and exile.

The indomitable spirit of the gallant Pole keeps the Russian authorities constantly on the alert. During the day, of late, the streets are constantly patrolled by strong Russian detachments, and more than once the garrison has bivouacked all night in the streets and public squares. So fearful are they lest their troops should imbibe any local attachments, that all intercourse between the Russian officers and the Polish inhabitants is strictly forbidden. The cantonments of their regiments are constantly changed, and it is the intention of the Russian government to relieve their army of occupation every six months—rather an expensive measure, we apprehend, for the exhausted treasury of Nicholas Paulovitch.

From the stern and lofty resignation of the gallant Poles there are some sanguine spirits, who fondly imagine that the regeneration of their ill-fated land may yet be achieved, and that the first "*coup de canon*" fired in Europe would be the trumpet of Polish resurrection. But even were the prospects of a general war less remote than they really are, such a glo-

* When this declaration was sent to General Rudiger, he said "C'est une carte blanche pour avoir un soufflet a l'etranger."

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rious consummation is now a political dream. The energies of Poland may be unsubdued, but her resources are exhausted; her elements of resistance are scattered, while she writhes within the iron grasp of her gigantic and ruthless foe beyond the power of redemption. No! the fate of that gallant people is irrevocably sealed; the favourable moment for action has been twice allowed, within the space of twenty years, to escape, and Poland will remain to the latest posterity a monument of the false policy of two different but not remote periods. The first was, the political error of Napoleon, the non-reorganization of that ancient kingdom at the period of the invasion of Russia in 1812. We allow that the failure of that great enterprise may be attributed to military causes, to the violation of the principle of a *base*, and to the extension upon too gigantic a scale of the line of operations—still it was a fatal political error that materially influenced the final direction of the tide of affairs. But equally fatal, if not more so, to the future independence of western Europe, will prove the temporizing inertia, the drivelling policy of the governments of France and England, who have deserved the curses of future generations.

Well do we recollect that when a universal cry of sympathy resounded through regenerated France in favour of heroic Poland, that Sebastiana strove in a Machiavellian discourse to convince the Chamber of Deputies of the *strategic* impossibility of an armed intervention on the part of France in favour of Poland, by holding up to them the gigantic military means of the powers of the north. Never was legislative assembly so cajoled and deceived. Not only was the operation practicable, but we boldly assert that the issue of the campaign would have been widely different: it was not necessary to march across Germany. Had France or England have only despatched a squadron to the Baltic, it would have acted upon the very line of communication of the Russian army—it might also have thrown into Polangen both arms and ammunition, of which the Poles stood in such need, that the third rank of their regular regiments, and the entire of their partisan corps, were armed only with scythes. Again, while the manly effects of this intervention upon the population of Poland would have been electric, its paralyzing influence on the operations of the Russians, whose general was compelled to change his manœuvres five different times, would have been decisive.

We are aware that it will be urged that such a line of policy would have thrown the weight of Austria and of Prussia into the opposite scale. But could their open hostility have proved more fatal to the cause of Polish independence than their treacherous neutrality? So far from it, the attention of these two states would have been attracted to a more distant sphere of action—to the Tyrol and Italy—to Westphalia and the Rhine, conquered dependencies, that only waited till the tri-coloured flag was unfurled, to rise, and with one majestic effort hurl the oppressors from their soil. But, alas, for the honour of our times, a master-mind to conjure up this storm to save Europe, was no where to be found. Poland has expired; and from what is passing in the East, the balance of power is now a political chimera, and all this may be laid at the door of the *doctrinaires* of France and their confederates, the Whigs of England.

From Fraser's Magazine.

WILLIAM WORDSWORTH, ESQ.

"There's something in a flying horse,
There's something in a huge balloon,"

—as the poet of *Peter Bell* says; and we may add, there's something in an easy chair—for in one, as our readers will observe by casting their eyes on the opposite picture, sits that poet aforesaid, namely, William Wordsworth, himself, *in propriâ personâ*.

No man of his generation has been so much praised and abused. He truly prophesied, in his preface to *Lyrical Ballads*, that these poems would be enthusiastically admired, or consigned to the uttermost contempt. Not long after their publication, the cackling brood of the Edinburgh reviewers came into existence, and they were determined to crow down Wordsworth. Some local Westmoreland spite actuated Brougham; and Jeffery was from the beginning, as he will be to the end, a mean and petty creature. Accordingly, the *Lyrical Ballads*, and all that ever fell from Wordsworth's muse, were decried as the most unmeaning nonsense that ever emanated from the brain of a driveller; and though they fought their way gallantly up in the world, in the teeth of this adverse criticism, and much more founded upon it (for of hack critics it is true, as of dogs, that the filth of one acts as an incentive to the filth of another), yet, to the very last of Jeffery's career, Wordsworth was set down as an ass, great as that belaboured by Peter Bell. A criticism even on the *Excursion*, the greatest didactic poem in our language, commenced with "This will never do."

He may now despise the Edinburgh reviewers, and all that to them appertains; but they had their effect in their day. Even Lord Byron, when attacking the crew in his *English Bards and Scotch Reviewers*, fell into their slang; and the strictures which he poured forth so unsparingly on Wordsworth—simple Wordsworth—were taken from the *Edinburgh Review*. It will be seen, by the edition of his works now editing for Murray, that his lordship repented afterwards of his injustice, and described his sarcasms as unfair and illiberal. Without this testimony, we might have in-

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ferred the fact from the circumstance of his having imitated the great Laker in some half dozen of his poems, and transferred some of the most striking passages of him whom, in *Don Juan*, he stigmatised as "mad beyond all hope," into the most celebrated of his own productions.

The reaction which took place in Lord Byron's mind, has taken place in the mind of the reading populace in general, and people are now good enough to admit that the author of the Sonnets to Liberty, Laodamia, Dion, the Song in Brougham Castle, the Old Cumberland Beggar, the "Sweet Highland Girl," Yarrow Unvisited, the White Doe of Rylstone, and fifty other things, any of which would immortalize an ordinary writer, is something of a poet, to be named in the days which have produced an Alaric Watts or a Robert Montgomery. His fame will increase, and the more steadily the more such productions as the *Idiot Boy*, and *Alice Fell*, and all the rest of that tribe of compositions are forgotten.

This *he* will not believe. Talk to Wordsworth of the *Idiot Boy*, at which all mankind have laughed, and he will tell you, with a most solemn intonation of voice, and great magniloquence of style, that Charles Fox was most particularly struck with admiration of that very poem, and caution you against committing the rash act of censuring a production written by such a poet as Wordsworth, and panegyrised by such a critic as Fox. The various other pieces of nonsense which he has published are furnished with sponsors equally famous; and as parents are generally strenuous in defence or patronage of their rickety children, so does the στοργη of our poet shine most conspicuously in favour of those compositions which, to eyes not parental, appear the most deformed and unsightly. Any man of common sense in half an hour would, by blotting a couple of dozen pages from Wordsworth's works, render them secure from criticism; but these very couple of dozen are the pages which he would most strenuously insist on retaining, stunning you with oratory to prove them the most superb things ever composed.

For the rest, he is a good sturdy Tory, a most exemplary man in all the relations of life, and a stamp-master void of reproach.

From the Athenæum.

THE BLUE HANDKERCHIEF.

Last year, about the end of October, as I was returning on foot from Orleans to the chateau of Berdy, I beheld before me, on the high road, a regiment of Swiss guards. I hastened forward to hear the military music, of which I am extremely fond; but before I had overtaken the regiment the band had ceased playing, and the drum alone continued to mark the measured footsteps of the soldiers.

After marching for about half an hour, the regiment entered a small plain, surrounded by a wood of fir trees. I asked one of the captains if the regiment was going to perform evolutions.

"No, Sir," he replied; "we are going to try, and probably shoot, a soldier belonging to my company, for having robbed the citizen upon whom he was billeted."

"What!" I exclaimed, "is he to be tried, condemned, and executed all in an instant?"

"Yes," the captain replied; "Such are the terms of our capitulations."* This to him was an unanswerable reason: as if all things had been considered in the capitulations; the fault and its penalty,—justice, and even humanity.

"If you have any curiosity to witness the proceedings," said the captain, politely, "I shall be happy to get you a place. They will soon be over."

I never avoid such scenes; for I imagine that I learn, from the countenance of a dying man, what death is. I therefore followed the captain.

The regiment formed into square. Behind the second rank, and on the borders of the wood, some of the soldiers began to dig a grave, under the command of a subaltern; for regimental duty is always performed with regularity, and a certain discipline maintained, even in the digging of a grave.

In the centre of the square, eight officers were seated upon drums; on their right, and a little more in front, a ninth was writing upon his knees, but with apparent negligence, and simply to prevent a man from being put to death without some legal forms.

The accused was called forward. He was a fine well-grown young fellow, with mild, yet noble features. By his side stood a woman, who was the only witness against him. The moment the colonel began to examine this woman, the prisoner interrupted him:

"It is useless, Colonel," he said; "I will confess every thing; I stole this woman's handkerchief."

The Colonel. You, Piter! why you passed for an honourable man, and a good soldier.

Piter. It is true, Colonel, that I have always endeavoured to satisfy my officers. I did not steal for myself: it was for Marie.

The Colonel. And who is Marie?

Piter. Why Marie who lives——there——in our own country——near Areneberg——where the great apple-tree is——I shall, then, see her no more!

The Colonel. I do not understand you, Piter; explain yourself.

* By *the capitulations*, are to be understood, the treaties entered into between the Swiss Cantons and the foreign governments, under whom their soldiers served.

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Piter. Well, Colonel, read this letter.

And he handed to the Colonel a letter, every word of which is engraven on my memory.

"My dear friend, Piter,—I seize the opportunity of sending you this letter by Arnold, a recruit who has enlisted in your regiment. I also send a silk purse which I have made for you. I did not let my father see that I was making it, for he always scolds me for loving you so much, and says you will never return. But you surely will come back, won't you? But whether you come back or not, I shall always love you. I first consented to become yours on the day you picked up my blue handkerchief at the Areneberg dance, and brought it to me. When shall I see you again? What pleases me is the information I have received, that the officers esteem you, and your comrades love you. But you have still two years to serve. Get through them as fast as you can, and then we will be married. Adieu, my good friend Piter. Your dear Marie.

P. S.—Try to send me something from France, not for fear I should forget you, but that I may always carry it about me. Kiss what you send, and I am sure I shall soon find out the place of your kiss."

When the colonel had finished reading the letter, Piter resumed: "Arnold," he said, "I delivered this letter last night when I received my billet. I could not sleep all night for thinking of Marie. In her letter she asks me for something from France. I had no money,—I have mortgaged my pay for three months in order to help my brother and cousin, who set out on their return home a few days since. This morning, on rising, I opened my window. A blue handkerchief was drying upon a line, and it resembled the one belonging to Marie. The colour and the blue stripes were actually the same. I was base enough to take it and put it in my knapsack. I went out into the street; my conscience spoke me, and I was returning to the house to restore it to its owner, when this woman came up to me, with the guard, and the handkerchief was found in my possession. This is the whole truth. The capitulations require that I should be shot;—let me be shot instantly;—but do not despise me."

The judges were unable to conceal their emotion; nevertheless they unanimously condemned Piter to death. He heard the sentence without emotion; then advancing towards his captain, requested the loan of four francs. The captain gave him the money. He then approached the old woman from whom he had taken the handkerchief and I heard him utter these words:

"Madam, here are four francs; I know not whether your handkerchief be worth more, but if it be, it costs me dear enough, and you may excuse me from paying the difference." Then, taking the handkerchief, he kissed it and gave it to the captain. "Captain," said he, "in two years you will return to our mountains; if you go near Areneberg, do me the favour to ask for Marie, and give her this blue handkerchief; but do not tell her the price I paid for it." He then knelt, and after praying fervently for a few minutes, rose, and walked with a firm step to the place of execution.

I retired into the wood, that I might not witness the last scene of this tragedy. A few shots soon made known that it was over.

Having returned to the little plain an hour after, I found the regiment gone, and all quiet; but as I followed the border of the wood, in order to reach the high road, I perceived traces of blood, and a mound of freshly moved earth. Cutting a branch of fir, I made a rude cross, which I placed upon the grave of one already forgotten by all save myself and Marie.

From the same.

MECANIQUE CELESTE.*

Two quarto volumes of this work are before us, and they do honour to the American nation. It is not our purpose, here, to say any thing respecting the original; such an estimate of its value as could be given within our limits, would be useless to men of science, and unintelligible to every body else. We shall therefore confine ourselves to the merits of the translation. The translator is thoroughly master of his subject; a circumstance essential in the translation of a scientific work, though not always required by modern publishers when they wish to have such works "done into English." As a consequence, his style is lucid and his language simple. In the notes the abridged calculations of La Place are worked out at full length; and in many of these intermediate steps of demonstration we find examples of ingenious and delicate analysis, which could have been supplied only by a perfect master of the calculus. It may be questionable whether the translator has not adhered too closely to the notation of the original; we approve of the plan, because it is that with which we are most familiar, but we know that many modern mathematicians deem parts of it unnecessarily cumbrous. The appendix to the second volume is of great value, but we think it rather too brief. Much remains yet to be done for the simplification of analytical trigonometry; and we wish that Dr. Bowditch would have undertaken a task for which he is manifestly so competent.

The typography of the work is beautiful, and wonderfully accurate; and hence we can readily pardon the compositors for adding their names to the imprint,—they may be justly proud of their success.

* Mecanique Celeste. By the Marquis de la Place. Translated, with a Commentary, by Nathaniel Bowditch, LL. D. Boston, Hilliard & Gray: London, O. Rich.

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From the same.

SCRAPS FOR THE YEAR 1833, IN WHICH IS INCLUDED TROLLOPANIA.

We were some time deciphering the enigmatical title page of this work, which announces, by a combination of trees and men, that it is "designed, executed, and published, by D. C. Johnston, Artist, Boston," U. S. We regret that we cannot at once dip our pen in aquafortis, and thus make manifest to our readers the caricature skits, which are here humbly offered in illustration of various passages in "The Domestic Manners of the Americans." They are not, indeed, particularly good, yet it is impossible to avoid laughing at the "Dress Box, Chatham Garden Theatre," and "Trollope at Home, in de first color'd Circles." The artist, however, is not a jot less willing to ridicule his own countrymen; and the Militia officers come in for a full share. In one sketch we have a couple of drunken fellows, whiffing cigars, stupefying over their potations, and holding the following dialogue—"Now, colonel, I'll bet you a whole glass, that next trainin I'll captivate Farmer Snooks's pig-sty." "Poh, when you've been in real service like me—that is, engaged in half a dozen sham fights—you may talk of making captives; I wonder how many captives Bonaparte would have made if it had'nt been for ball-cartridges? If he'd tried a sham fight, I guess he'd have found out as how it takes a little harder fighting to get a wictory, than when they have leaden bullets to help 'em."—Another is called "Liberality on both Sides," and represents a ragged militia officer, and a still more ragged bandy-legged negro, at the bar of a public house, and is illustrated by the following:—"Cuff, you're a good honest fellow, and I like to compliment a man wat's lived an honest life, if he is black; you shall take a glass to drink with me, Cuff—" "Well, captain, I's berry dry, so I won't be ugly 'bout it; some niggers is too proud to drink with a militia ofiser; but when he sober he jis as good as nigger, 'specially if de nigger's dry."

From the same.

GOSSIP ON LITERATURE AND ART.

Burnet, we understand, has commenced the promised engraving of Allan's "Sir Walter Scott reading in his Study at Abbotsford." The picture was painted under the poet's own eye: each antiquarian item of furniture, or curious nick-nack, is represented with singular truth and effect, and the likeness of Scott is one of the happiest we have seen. It has the merit of being the last portrait taken from the life, and the size of the plate is such as to enable the engraver to do justice to whatever the painter has introduced.

We have just received the *North American Review* for April, and it is an excellent number. It is possible, that we may have been flattered into this favourable opinion, seeing that the "Memoir of Sir Walter Scott," which appeared in the *Athenæum*, has been reprinted in America, and forms the leading article—but, to say nothing of this, there is an admirable paper on the "History of Philadelphia," which abounds in pleasant anecdotes; another on Thatcher's "Indian Biography:" others on Abercrombie "On the Intellectual Powers;" "Southey's Life of Bunyan"—"The Progress of Society;" a soporific for all who have a nervous dread of revolutions—and one on "Spanish Language and Literature," which we have not yet had time to examine.

We have already received notice that a reply to Moore's theological work is preparing for immediate publication, to be called, "A Guide to an Irish Gentleman in Search for a Religion."

Miss Edgeworth, after a silence of some years, is about to open her lips again in romance: Ireland, we hear, is the scene of the story, and the price paid little less than a thousand pounds. Mr. Murray has discovered, we understand, a published poem by Crabbe, of which the world was ignorant: it bears "George Crabbe, surgeon," on the title-page,—indeed, his poetry smacks more of the dissecting-table than of the pulpit: little of his early history is known. A volume of Poems from the pen of Lady Emmeline Stuart Wortley is also nearly ready.

University of Dublin.—May 17.—Mountiford Longfield, L.L.D., E.T.C.D., gave today his introductory lecture on political economy. He is the first professor on the new foundation of Archbishop Whately. He has fully satisfied the expectations which were entertained of him from his very high character; and his election as professor does much honour to the provost and board of Trinity College.

The fine statue of Bishop Heber, from the chisel of Chantrey, will, we hear, be ready for its place in St. Paul's, during the autumn; the figure is kneeling, the left hand rests on a book, the right is laid on the breast, and there is an air of sincere devotion about the brow, and a natural elegance about the drapery, which make it one of the finest works of the eminent sculptor. It is to be placed in the eastern side of the cathedral, and will be as a companion to the monument of Bishop Middleton, by Lough.

Stanfield, we are told, is about to depart on a mission to the land of Crabbe, for the purpose of making drawings for the new edition of the poet's works.

The New American Orchardist, by William Kenrick.—We are happy to see that the Americans are turning their attention to horticulture; their enemies, and their friends, whose opinions are better worth attention, have often upbraided them with the neglect.

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James Monroe

E. Littell & T. Holden

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MUSEUM

OF

FOREIGN LITERATURE, SCIENCE AND ART.

OCTOBER, 1833.

From the Monthly Review.

ANIMAL MAGNETISM.*

For the last half century the scientific circles of France have been agitated by discussions on the strange subject of animal magnetism. It was first taken up by the learned societies of that country, in consequence of the unusually bold pretensions set up by some of the early advocates of this practice, but particularly by Mesmer, whose name is handed down to posterity in association with the art.

Mesmer was a Swiss physician, who, about the middle of the last century, attracted much attention by his astrological writings. He held that the planets exercised a certain influence over the bodies of men, and that the agent in this influence was electricity. In the next work, however, which he published, he showed that his devotion had been directed towards a new object altogether, and that, instead of the stars, he now chose the magnet as his favourite subject of contemplation. It is well known that Mesmer practised magnetism to a great extent in France, and certainly he gained the reputation of having performed some wonderful cures. There was, however, about him a mystery, in which he may be said to have shrouded himself altogether from the prying eye of curiosity; and those who might have sustained his principles, were disgusted with the elaborate empiricism which so unfortunately characterized his practice. In the mean time animal magnetism throve apace in France; it became popular, and threatened to establish a system, whereby all regular medical science would be completely superseded. The profession took alarm; they united their exertions; and, in a short time after they began to co-operate, a royal ordinance appeared, directing that two commissions of inquiry should be forthwith appointed by the medical faculty. This ordinance bears the date of the 12th of March, 1784. The commissions consisted, the one of the members of the Academy of Sciences, the other of the members of the Society of Physicians. Both investigated the subject minutely, and were decisive and nearly unanimous in their declaration, that animal magnetism was altogether unworthy of credit.

Notwithstanding the high authority of the commissioners, there were many individuals, of great sagacity and learning, who differed altogether from the tenor of the unfavourable report. Jussieu, the celebrated naturalist, was one of these. This distinguished man had been originally appointed as one of the commissioners; he examined the question with his colleagues, and came to a very different conclusion from them on the merits of animal magnetism. Instead, therefore, of signing the report, which condemned the new art, Jussieu declined to do so, and published a full account of his own sincere impressions. In this condition animal magnetism has remained up to a very recent period, still scoffed at by the learned, still practised partly in secrecy by a few intrepid men. In England, we scarcely know any thing of the art, except historically, and then it is called to our recollection by the term Mesmerism. It is only a few years back that Mr. Chenevix attempted to introduce the practice into these countries; but, though what may be regarded as a fair trial was granted him, still no other general effect was produced than that of increasing the contempt in which Mesmerism was previously held. Nevertheless, it is a very curious fact, that in the chief countries of Europe, now and then some individual, fully entitled to the character of a philosopher, was to be met with, who looked upon the principle of animal magnetism as one full of promise. Indeed, it is impossible for one who is well informed in ancient and modern history, not to feel that he has no right to be incredulous when he hears an account of any

* Report of the Experiments on Animal Magnetism, made by a Committee of the Medical Section of the French Royal Academy of Sciences. Read at the meetings of the 21st and 28th of June, 1831. Translated, and now for the first time published, with a Historical and Explanatory Introduction, and an Appendix. By J. C. Colquhoun, Esq. 1 vol. 8vo. Edinburgh. Cadell. 1833.

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phenomena which may have been produced by violent moral emotions. In Greece, the Delphic Oracles were universally respected; and the moral feelings of human nature have been at all times made a convenient medium for acting on the physical powers. The testimonies in fact are abundant, which prove the influence of the imagination over the judgment. Hence it is, that those persons who are eminent for their knowledge of human character, have ever been most prone to treat every suggestion connected with the phenomena of life with great attention; and it is to this cause that we attribute the indulgence which has been so frequently granted to Mesmer and his doctrines by individuals apparently the most opposed to him in sincerity and good sense. To such a pitch have men of discernment lately carried this indulgence, this willingness to be persuaded, that, at the very moment in which we write, there exists in Berlin a "magnetic Clinic," in which the practice is permanently established. In short, this general feeling, particularly in France, has been attended with some practical results, which are likely to prove important to the best interests of mankind. In the kingdom just mentioned, so late as the year 1826, the experience of the good effects of animal magnetism was so very striking, that a proposal for a fresh inquiry into its merits was unhesitatingly adopted by the French Academy of Science. A young physician, named Foissac, who had witnessed the effects of the practice, made a distinct proposition to the Academy, when a commission was appointed, consisting of the following members:—Messrs. Bourdois, Double, Itard, Gueneau de Hussy, Guersent, Fouquier, Laennec, Lerous, Magendie, Marc, and Thillaye. The commission commenced its labours in 1826, and only made its report in June, 1831, when its contents gave rise to an extraordinary sensation, and ultimately to a long discussion. The report forms one of the most curious documents which was ever submitted to the world; it contains the results of examinations and experiments which appear to have been undertaken and conducted with the severest caution and circumspection; and, from the first to the last line, exhibits a spirit of uncompromising preference for truth, which at once commands our confidence and admiration.

The experience of the commissioners, it appears, was of a very various nature, so as to allow them to class the total results under four distinct heads. The first comprehends all those cases in which the magnetism had no effect at all; in the second class are included those in which the effect was very slight indeed; the third class is made up of cases where the effects that were produced might be attributed to other causes than magnetism, such as ennui, whilst the last class consisted only of such cases as presented circumstances to justify the conclusion that the effects could only arise from magnetism. As an example of the first class, the member of the commission who drew up the report, stated that he himself had submitted to the operation with the determination of experiencing its effects, both in health and during illness, but he experienced no change whatever. The persons belonging to the second class experienced always a sensation of some change taking place, both in the pulse and in the breathing; a sense of coldness in the fingers which were touched by the magnetizer; a disposition to sleep, a slight heat in the stomach, and sometimes a moderation of slight disorders, whenever these existed.

The third class of cases were those principally of an order of persons evidently of very strong imaginations. It is a proof of the impartiality with which the experiments were carried on, that the commissioners used many legitimate subterfuges, in order to test the real efficacy of the magnetic power. Thus it was that the magnetizer placed himself behind one of the patients in the third class, affecting, for aught she believed, to be going on with the operation. In fact, he was merely in pretence; but still the patient showed the same tendency to sleep as during the operation itself. Before we proceed to the details of the wonders which are unfolded under the fourth head, we deem it convenient, with the view of rendering the account intelligible, that we should explain the nature of the operation itself.

Mesmer, who certainly laid the foundation of the modern art, was in the habit of operating not only by actual contact of his hands with the patient, but by means also of a long rod of iron, which he held at some distance from his body. One of his principal methods was to convey the fluid (for he represented the acting principle to be in that form) by cords, either from magnetized trees, or out of covered vessels, to his patients, and was in this manner able to throw them into a condition, in which they could not be said to be either awake or asleep. In his most palmy days, however, this skilful conjurer was enabled to save himself an immensity of trouble; for one glance of his eye was quite enough very commonly to rivet the subdued patient in a profound slumber. He always operated, except in case he employed the magnetized trees, in a chamber darkened to a sort of partial light resembling twilight. The chamber was lined with mirrors; and the place, on occasions when the operation was going on, became a wilderness of solemn silence, which was broken only by the liquid sounds of an Armonica, of which Mesmer was a perfect master. Many improvements of this plan have since taken place; and the best mode of practice, as now adopted in Paris, is fully described by Mr. Colquhoun.

The magnetizer has two ways of operating; that by his hands in contact with the patient,

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called *manipulation*, and that in which he uses certain media of intercommunication with the patient. In the process by manipulation, the author says, that the usual practice is to move the hand, the palm and fingers being on some part of the patient, in one direction downwards, from the head to the feet. Then the operator is to return, throwing the hands round in a semicircle, turning the palms outwards, in order that the effect of the direct or downward stroke of the hand may not be disturbed. It would appear, from the cautions of all experienced magnetisers, that it is contrary to all the laws of this great remedy to attempt to direct the hand in a course contrary to that which was first selected; so that bringing the hands up direct from the feet to the head, after they had been brought down from the head to the feet, would neutralise all the efficacy of the first friction. Mr. Colquhoun goes on to say,—

"If we attempt to operate with the back of the hand, no effect whatever will probably be produced upon the patient. If, in the course of this process, the hands or fingers of the operator are made actually to touch the body of the patient, it is called *manipulation with contact*. If, on the contrary, the operation is conducted at some distance, it is called *manipulation in distans*.

"The *manipulation with contact* is of two kinds. It is accompanied either with considerable pressure, or with light touching; manipulation with *strong*, or with *light* contact. The manipulation with strong contact is certainly the most ancient, and the most universally prevalent mode of operating, and traces of it are to be found in almost all ages and countries. In manipulation with light contact, the hand, indeed, is conducted very lightly along the body of the patient; but the magnetizer must perform this operation with the utmost energy, and always have the desire of applying strong pressure to the body of the patient.

"The *manipulation in distans*, is applied at a distance of from generally two to six inches from the patient's body. In the case of very susceptible persons, it is performed at a still greater distance. The effects of this mode of manipulating are less intense than those produced by actual contact, and, besides, it requires a greater energy of volition on the part of the magnetizer. It is, however, frequently employed in magnetizing very irritable patients, who cannot endure any stronger method.

"It would be tedious to enumerate and describe all the various kinds of manipulation detailed in elementary works on this subject. They may all of them, however, be combined, according to the skill and judgment of the magnetizer, who will vary his modes according to the effects produced, and the degree of sensibility evinced by the patient.—pp. 80—82."

Kluge, professor of Berlin, who has had ample experience in the practice of magnetism, and who, we believe, is chiefly followed in Germany, lays down the following plan of proceeding:—

"Before commencing the magnetic manipulations, it is necessary that both the magnetizer and the patient should be conveniently placed, in order that the former may be enabled to perform his operations, and the latter prepared for the expected crisis of sleep. A semi-recumbent posture of the patient is, upon the whole, the most convenient, the body being, at the same time, so far bent, that the operator can reach, without difficulty, from the crown of the head to the toes. Should the patient be unable to leave his bed, we must endeavour to place him in a properly bended position, by means of pillows. It is not necessary that the patient should be completely undressed, only no silk covering should be allowed to intervene. The best situation, perhaps, in which a magnetic patient can be placed, is in an easy arm-chair, with his hands resting on the arms, his feet upon a foot-stool, and his knees bent somewhat forward. The magnetizer then places himself upon a common chair, opposite to the patient, and so near as to be able to enclose his knees within his own, but without designedly touching them. The magnetizer then proceeds to the manipulations, which are distinguished into the *preparatory* and *effective*. The preparatory manipulations are then performed in the following manner:—

"The operator lays hold of the shoulders of the patient with both his hands, in such a manner that the balls of his thumbs are placed in the arm-pits, and the other fingers rest upon the shoulders. In this position he continues for a few seconds, excites in himself the intention of pressing the shoulders together, and then laying hold of the upper part of the arms, glides down to the elbow, tarries there a little, and then proceeds down to the hands, where he applies the points of his thumbs to those of his patient, and allows the remaining fingers to rest upon the back of the patient's hands. He then returns by means of the dorsal manipulation (*i. e.* the hands being thrown round in a semicircle, in the manner already described) to the shoulders, and repeats the same operation two or three times; after which he commences the effective manipulations, of which a general description has already been given.—pp. 83, 84."

We need not give an account of the method by which the commissioners had their experiments performed in the different places to which they were allowed to have access. At all events, there is ample testimony in the report that they used the utmost diligence, caution, and care; and it is impossible for any reasonable and impartial man who reads their most candid narrative, to doubt for a moment that he himself would have drawn exactly the same conclusions as they did were he placed in the same circumstances. There are many facts in the report to prove the truth of the character which we have given to the commission. In the first place the members of the commission were induced

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to begin their labours by examining the case of a somnambulist who was presented to them by Dr. Foissac, the individual who challenged the inquiry, and who seemed to set the fate of magnetism upon the evidence which this case would furnish. But it turned out a sad failure, for the woman presented no more than a few physiological phenomena, and she was so fatigued by the questions of the commissioners, that she begged to be allowed to discontinue the exhibition. The committee, after doing all that it was possible for men to accomplish in order to obtain facilities for carrying on their important inquiries, either finding no proper cases in the hospitals, or being refused the opportunity of experimenting in them, found that they had no other resource than to appeal to all the physicians who had either sanctioned the practice or themselves practised magnetism. Their appeal was heard, and several of this class of practitioners came forward with patients. The reporter pauses at this statement to apprize us, that in no case did the commissioners intrust to any but their own members the task of directing the experiments, or noting down the proceedings; he says that they uniformly directed the modes of experimenting, the plan of inquiring, and the course that was to be pursued, with the exception of the single case of the celebrated Cloquet, whose veracity was not to be doubted, and whose statement, therefore, they with implicit credit received.

We have already shown that some of the cases were failures, and that it was not until we came to the fourth class of patients in the reporter's arrangement that we met with any manifestations of the magnetic effect which could be regarded as unequivocal. We therefore proceed at once to those cases, giving the reader fair warning that he will be called on for a very considerable share of fortitude to risk all the dangers by which his credulity is about to be assailed. Cases are given in numbers, of which the members of the commission were witnesses, where attempts were made by magnetizers to produce somnabulism. Most of these efforts failed, and the promises sometimes made by both magnetizers and patients were in many instances unfulfilled. One exception, of a very particular nature, struck the commissioners with astonishment. It was that of a M. Petit, a tutor, who had been previously magnetized by Dr. Dupotet. The doctor confidently presented this patient to the examiners as a person over whom he had supreme power. The hour being appointed, and all the parties assembled, the operator commenced by putting his patient to sleep; this was the work only of a few minutes. The wonderful part of the operation was now to be done, namely, that the doctor was, at his pleasure, and without speaking, but by merely approximating his fingers to any part of the body of the patient, to cause in that part a convulsive motion of the muscles. In order to guard against any possible collusion between patient and doctor, the committee at this moment handed a paper to M. Dupotet, on which were written their instructions as to the particular parts. The result of the operations was such as to surprise all those who witnessed it; still the committee did not acquire thus far a sufficient number of facts to warrant them in drawing any certain conclusion on the subject. They resolved, under these circumstances, to persevere; and, in the course of their subsequent experience, came to the knowledge of facts, such as left no doubt whatever on their minds that a great and important principle, directly affecting the condition of mankind, now formed the subject of their inquiries.

One of the most singular and overwhelming of the cases which come under the head of the more recent and important ones, is that of Jules Cloquet, the well-known anatomist in Paris, who had, of his own accord, sent in an account of this case to the surgical section of the Academy. He was no magnetizer, but, very likely, laughed and ridiculed the art with as much asperity as the most determined of its enemies. This gentleman, it appears, was called, on the 8th April, 1829, to see a Mrs. P., then residing at 151, Rue St. Denis, Paris. He found that she had cancer of the breast, and that nothing but extirpation of the disease could effect a cure. The lady, at this time, had been attended by the physician whom she had long employed, and who was in the habit of magnetizing her into a sleep, or rather somnambule (for there is a great difference between them), to produce an oblivion of her sufferings. The physician, M. Chapelain, was sensible that no other hope of saving his patient from a miserable fate remained than that held out by Mr. Cloquet, and he proposed to the surgeon that he should perform the operation whilst she was in a state of magnetic sleep. The surgeon agreed to it, and the operation was performed accordingly. The patient knew nothing whatever of the proceeding, but was kept asleep for two days, and, upon being awoke, and informed of what had taken place, she experienced, says M. Cloquet, a very lively emotion.

The power which, it was represented, some somnambulists possessed of seeing perfectly through their closed eyelids, formed the subject of some very close and attentive examinations. The result was, that the commissioners were satisfied, for they looked on, that in one case a patient, in this state, was able to read a book by seeing it through his eyelids! But this was not all; for although his somnambulism continued, yet the patient became very much fatigued, and was invited to play a game at *écarté*, of which he was very fond. He showed amazing dexterity all the while, and always beat his opponent. It is to be remembered, that during all this time the patient was in a state of somnambulism, and, of

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course, was unconscious of what he was doing. The following is the exact language in which this respectable commission describe a portion of the scene. The name of the patient, it is proper to remember, is Petit.

"One of the gentlemen present, M. Raynal, formerly inspector of the university, played a game at piquet with M. Petit, and lost it. The latter handled his cards with the greatest dexterity, and without making any mistake. We attempted several times in vain to set him at fault, by taking away or changing some of his cards. He counted with surprising facility the points marked upon his adversary's marking card. During all this time, we never ceased to examine the eyes, and to hold a candle near them; and we always found them exactly closed. We remarked, however, that the ball of the eye seemed to move under the eyelids, and to follow the different motions of the hands. Finally, M. Bourdois declared that, according to all human probability, and as far as it was possible to judge by the senses, the eyelids were exactly closed. While M. Petit was engaged in a second game at piquet, M. Dupotet, upon the suggestion of M. Ribes, directed his hand, from behind, towards the patient's elbow, and the contraction previously observed again took place. Afterwards, upon the suggestion of M. Bourdois, he magnetized him from behind, and always at the distance of more than a foot, with the intention of awakening him. The keenness with which the somnambulist engaged in play resisted this action, which, without awakening, seemed to annoy and disconcert him. He carried his hand several times to the back of his head, as if he suffered pain in that part. At length he fell into a state of somnolency, which seemed like a slight natural sleep; and some one having spoken to him when in this state, he awoke as if with a start. A few moments afterwards, M. Dupotet, always placed near him, but at a certain distance, set him again to sleep, and we recommenced our experiments. M. Dupotet being desirous that not the slightest shadow of doubt should remain with regard to the nature of the physical influence exerted at will upon the somnambulist, proposed to place upon M. Petit as many bandages as we might think proper, and to operate upon him while in this state. In fact, we covered his face down to the nostrils with several neckcloths; we stopped up with gloves the cavity formed by the prominence of the nose, and we covered the whole with a black handkerchief, which descended, in the form of a veil, as far as the neck. The attempts to excite the magnetic susceptibility by operating at a distance in every way, were then renewed; and, invariably, the same motions were perceived in the parts towards which the hand or the foot was directed. After these new experiments, M. Dupotet, having taken the bandages off M. Petit, played a game at *écarté* with him, in order to divert him. He played with the same facility as before, and continued successful. He became so eager at his game, that he remained insensible to the influence of M. Bourdois, who, while he was engaged in play, vainly attempted to operate upon him from behind, and to make him perform a command intimated merely by the will. After his game, the somnambulist rose, walked across the room, putting aside the chairs which he found in his way, and went to sit down apart, in order to take some repose at a distance from the inquisitive experimentalists, who had fatigued him. There, M. Dupotet awakened him at the distance of several feet; but it seemed that he was not completely awake, for some moments afterwards he again fell asleep, and it was necessary to make fresh efforts, in order to rouse him effectually. When awake, he said he had no recollection of any thing that took place during his sleep."

Marvellous and utterly confounding as are these statements, yet they are altogether thrown into the shade by some that are to follow, and which, we confess, that we can hardly bring our minds to believe. Here are numerous cases related, in which somnambulists who are put to sleep by magnetism are immediately endowed, not merely, as in the case of Petit, with a power of seeing through their eyelids, but with an actual gift of prophecy, as well as of superior knowledge, not to be obtained by any natural or ordinary methods. What will the reader think when he is told that the somnambulist in his period of sleep, whatever may have been his previous education, is suddenly invested with the faculty of discovering exactly the nature and character of his own disease, of determining the extent of the period within which he is to suffer, what is to be the issue of his complaint, and, above all, the sort of treatment that will most certainly cure him, should his disease be at all susceptible of a remedy. Paul Villagraud, a student at law, who was paralysed as to half his body by a stroke of apoplexy in the country, was admitted into La Charité, at Paris, after having been treated in all manner of ways at home for sixteen months. Now, the committee actually went to the bed where this patient lay, in the hospital, and saw the physical marks, as they were strongly indicated, of his disease.

They found that the lower left limb was much thinner than the right, that the right hand was closed much more firmly than the left, that the tongue when drawn out of the mouth was carried towards the right commissure, and that the right cheek was more convex than the left. Paul was then magnetized, and the result is thus stated in the report:—

"He recapitulated what related to his treatment, and prescribed that, on that same day, a sinapism should be applied to each of his legs for an hour and a half; that next day he should take a bath of Bareges; and that, upon coming out of the bath, sinapisms should be again applied during twelve hours without interruption, sometimes to one place, and sometimes to another; that, upon the following day, after having taken a second bath of Bareges, blood should be drawn from his right arm to the extent of a *palette* and a half. Fi-

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nally, he added, that by following this treatment, he would be enabled, upon the 28th, *i. e.* three days afterwards, to walk without crutches on leaving the sitting, at which, he said, it would still be necessary to magnetize him. The treatment which he had prescribed was followed; and upon the day named, the 28th September, the committee repaired to the Hôpital de la Charité. Paul came, supported on his crutches, into the consulting-room, where he was magnetized as usual, and placed in a state of somnambulism. In this state, he assured us, that he should return to bed without the use of his crutches, without support. Upon awaking, he asked for his crutches,—we told him that he had no longer any need of them. In fact, he rose, supported himself ŏn the paralyzed leg, passed through the crowd who followed him, descended the step of the *chambre d'experiences*, crossed the second court de la Charité, ascended two steps, and when he arrived at the bottom of the stair he sat down. After resting two minutes, he ascended, with the assistance of an arm and the balustrade, the twenty-four steps of stairs which led to the room where he slept, went to bed without support, sat down again for a moment, and then took another walk in the room, to the great astonishment of all the other patients, who, until then, had seen him constantly confined to bed. From this day Paul never resumed his crutches."

But these wonders are nothing compared with the miracles which were subsequently performed by the agency of this patient during somnambulism, particularly in the facility with which he saw through his closed eyelids. Many trials of this power were witnessed by the commissioners, who took every imaginable method within their power to guard against deception.

If our utmost astonishment has been excited by the recital of the prodigies to which hitherto our attention has been confined, what shall be the nature of our feelings when we come to the contemplation of two more cases, the circumstances of which are just as authentic as those of any of the former cases! What will any reader think when he is told that two persons, from the commonest ranks of life, are suddenly inspired, by means of magnetism, with such a degree of supernatural endowments, that they can predict to the instant the period when they themselves shall be seized with fits, or can point out the true seat, nature, and proper treatment of diseases in others! We have just seen an illustration of the first of these cases, and an example of the other will be found in the following most extraordinary narrative:

Miss Celina Sauvage was made the subject of experiment upon eight different occasions, in the presence of the members of the committee. On three of those occasions, it was found that this lady exhibited a strange tendency to discourse of the diseases of those whom she touched during her state of somnambulism, and she always concluded by pointing out, with astonishing accuracy of information and judgment, the remedies best adapted to the complaint. One of the members of the commission, M. Marc, determined upon putting her powers to the test, and announced that he would submit himself to her investigations. The lady was accordingly magnetized, and upon being requested to examine attentively the gentleman's state of health, she proceeded in her inquiries, and literally overwhelmed the spectators in amazement at the perfection of her diagnosis. Another case is likewise given, where she showed the same unaccountable skill and knowledge: the third of the cases cited by the commissioners, in which this somnambulist manifested her power, is exceedingly curious:

"Upon an occasion of great delicacy, when very able physicians, several of whom are members of the Academy, had prescribed a mercurial treatment for an obstruction (*engorgement*) of the glands of the neck, which they attributed to a syphilitic taint, the family of the patient under this treatment, alarmed at the appearance of some serious consequences, wished to have the advice of a somnambulist. The reporter was called in to assist at a consultation, and he did not neglect to take advantage of this new opportunity of adding to what the committee had already seen. He found the patient to be a young married woman, Madame La C——, having the whole right side of the neck deeply obstructed by a great congeries of glands close upon each other. One of them was opened, and emitted a yellowish purulent matter.

"Mademoiselle Celine, whom M. Foissac magnetized in presence of the reporter, placed herself in connexion with this patient, and affirmed that the stomach had been attacked by a substance *like poison;* that there was a slight inflammation of the intestines; that, in the upper part of the neck, on the right side, there was a scrofulous complaint, which ought to have been more considerable than it was at present; that, by following a soothing treatment, which she prescribed, the disease would be mitigated in the course of fifteen days or three weeks. This treatment consisted of some grains of magnesia, eight leeches applied to the pit of the stomach, water gruel, a saline cathartic every week, two clysters each day, one of a decoction of Peruvian bark (kina), and, immediately after, another, of the roots of the marsh-mallow, friction of the limbs with ether, a bath every week; food made of milk (*laitage*), light meats, and abstinence from wine. This treatment was followed for some time, and there was a perceptible amelioration of the symptoms. But the impatience of the patient, who did not think her recovery proceeding with sufficient rapidity, determined the family to call another consultation of physicians, who decided that she should again be placed under mercurial treatment. From this period the reporter ceased to attend the patient; and he learnt that the administration of

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the mercury had produced very serious affections of the stomach, which terminated her existence after two months of acute suffering. A *procès-verbal* upon opening the body, signed by MM. Fouquier, Marjolin, Cruveillier, and Foissac, verified the existence of a scrofulous or tubercular obstruction of the glands of the neck, two small cavities full of pus, proceeding from the tubercles at the top of each of the lungs; the mucous membrane of the great culde-sac of the stomach was almost entirely destroyed. These gentlemen ascertained besides, that there was no indication of the presence of any syphilitic disease, whether old or recent."

With respect to the degree of credit to be attached to these statements, we really have nothing to say, but that they are placed before us on as sound a basis as it is possible for human evidence to be put on. Thus, then, we are strongly urged to believe in the existence of facts which are altogether contrary to our experience. Is it possible, one may reasonably ask, if such things can happen? Is it possible that individuals, under any circumstances, can see through their shut eyelids, and can be suddenly endowed, by any ceremony conducted by another person, with knowledge and foresight such as no mortal was ever endowed with before? These are questions which will suggest themselves to every reasoning mind. One admonition, however, is applicable to those who are interested in contemplating such subjects as these. Experience has proved, that the influences which may be exercised over the nervous powers of man, are altogether unlimited both in their extent and in their nature. Hence is it always unwise, and even irrational, for any one to say, on a subject so mysterious, that *this* fact is impossible, and that *that* fact could never have taken place. Let us humbly and diligently inquire, but not decide. Vast and beneficial are the uses of deliberation in such matters. We are not at liberty to doubt when evidence is positive; and if only half of what we have read in Mr. Colquhoun's work be founded in truth, how magnificent is the prospect of utility, in the largest sense of that word, which science, in this particular department, affords us.

From the New Monthly Magazine.

JOURNAL OF CONVERSATIONS WITH LORD BYRON. BY LADY BLESSINGTON. NO. VIII.

How much has Byron to unlearn ere he can hope for peace! Then he is proud of his false knowledge. I call it false, because it neither makes him better nor happier, and true knowledge ought to do the former, though I admit it cannot the latter. We are not relieved by the certainty that we have an incurable disease; on the contrary, we cease to apply remedies, and so let the evil increase. So it is with human nature: by believing ourselves devoted to selfishness, we supinely sink into its withering and inglorious thraldom; when, by encouraging kindly affections, without analyzing their source, we strengthen and fix them in the heart, and find their general influence extending around, contributing to the happiness and well being of others, and reflecting back some portion to ourselves. Byron's heart is running to waste for want of being allowed to expend itself on his fellow-creatures; it is naturally capacious, and teeming with affection; but the worldly wisdom he has acquired has checked its course, and it preys on his own happiness by reminding him continually of the aching void in his breast. With a contemptible opinion of human nature, he requires a perfectibility in the persons to whom he attaches himself, that those who think most highly of it never expect: he gets easily disgusted, and when once the persons fall short of his expectations, his feelings are thrown back on himself, and in their re-action, create new bitterness. I have remarked to Byron that it strikes me as a curious anomaly, that he, who thinks ill of mankind, should require more from it than do those who think well of it *en masse;* and that each new disappointment at discovery of baseness sends him back to solitude with some of the feelings with which a savage creature would seek its lair; while those who judge it more favourably, instead of feeling bitterness at the disappointments we must all experience, more or less, when we have the weakness to depend wholly on others for happiness, smile at their own delusion, and blot out, as with a sponge, from memory that such things were, and were most sweet while we believed them, and open a fresh account, a new leaf in the ledger of life, always indulging in the hope that it may not be balanced like the last. We should judge others not by self, for that is deceptive, but by their general conduct and character. We rarely do this, because that with *le besoin d'aimer*, which all ardent minds have, we bestow our affections on the first person that chance throws in our path, and endow them with every good and noble quality, which qualities were unknown to them, and only existed in our imaginations. We discover, when too late, our own want of discrimination; but, instead of blaming ourselves, we throw the whole censure on those whom we had over-rated, and declare war against the whole species because we had chosen ill, and "loved not wisely, but too well." When such disappointments occur,—and, alas! they are so frequent as to enure us to them,—if we were to reflect on all the antecedent conduct and modes of thinking of those in whom we had "garnered up our hearts," we should find that *they* were in general consistent, and that *we* had indulged erroneous expectations, from having formed too high an estimate of them, and consequently were disappointed.

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A modern writer has happily observed that "the sourest disappointments are made out of our sweetest hopes, as the most excellent vinegar is made from damaged wine." We have all proved that hope ends but in frustration, but this should only give us a more humble opinion of our own powers of discrimination, instead of making us think ill of human nature: we may believe that there exist goodness, disinterestedness, and affection in the world, although we have not had the good fortune to encounter them in the persons on whom we had lavished our regard. This is the best, because it is the safest and most consolatory philosophy; it prevents our thinking ill of our species, and precludes that corroding of our feelings which is the inevitable result; for as we all belong to the family of human nature, we cannot think ill of it without deteriorating our own. If we have had the misfortune to meet with some persons whose ingratitude and baseness might serve to lower our opinion of our fellow-creatures, have we not encountered others whose nobleness, generosity, and truth might redeem them? A few such examples,—nay, one alone,—such as I have had the happiness to know, has taught me to judge favourably of mankind; and Byron, with all his scepticism as to the perfectibility of human nature, allowed that the person to whom I allude was an exception to the rule of the belief he had formed as to selfishness or worldly-mindedness being the spring of action in man.

The grave has closed over *him* who shook Byron's scepticism in perfect goodness, and established for ever my implicit faith in it; but in the debts of gratitude engraved in deep characters on memory, the impression his virtues have given me of human nature is indelibly registered,—an impression of which his conduct was the happiest illustration, as the recollection of it must ever be the antidote to misanthropy. We have need of such examples to reconcile us to the heartless ingratitude that all have, in a greater or less degree, been exposed to, and which is so calculated to disgust us with our species. How, then, must the heart reverence the memory of those who, in life, spread the shield of their goodness between us and sorrow and evil, and, even in death, have left us the hallowed recollection of their virtues, to enable us to think well of our fellow-creatures!

"Of the rich legacies the dying leave,
Remembrance of their virtues is the best."

We are as posterity to those who have gone before us—the *avant-coureurs* on that journey that we must all undertake. It is permitted us to speak of *absent* friends with the honest warmth of commendatory truth; then surely we may claim that privilege for the *dead*,—a privilege that every grateful heart must pant to establish, when the just tribute we pay to departed worth is but as the outpourings of a spirit that is overpowered by its own intensity, and whose praise or blame falls equally unregarded on "the dull cold ear of death." They who are in the grave cannot be flattered; and if their qualities were such as escaped the observance of the public eye, are not those who, in the shade of domestic privacy, had opportunities of appreciating them, entitled to one of the few consolations left to survivors—that of offering the homage of admiration and praise to virtues that were beyond all praise, and goodness that, while in existence, proved a source of happiness, and, in death, a consolation, by the assurance they have given of meeting their reward?

Byron said to-day that he had met, in a French writer, an idea that had amused him very much, and that he thought had as much truth as originality in it: he quoted the passage, "La curioseté est suicide de sa nature, et l'amour n'est que la curiosité." He laughed, and rubbed his hands, and repeated, "Yes, the Frenchman is right. Curiosity kills itself; and love is only curiosity, as is proved by its end."

I told Byron that it was in vain that he affected to believe what he repeated, as I thought too well of him to imagine him to be serious.

"At all events," said Byron, "you must admit that, of all passions, love is the most selfish. It begins, continues, and ends in selfishness. Who ever thinks of the happiness of the object apart from his own, or who attends to it? While the passion continues, the lover wishes the object of his attachment happy, because, were she visibly otherwise, it would detract from his own pleasures. The French writer understood mankind well, who said that they resembled the grand Turk in an opera, who, quitting his sultana for another, replied to her tears, 'Dissimulez votre peine, et respectez mes plaisirs.' This" continued Byron, "is but too true a satire on men; for when love is over,

'A few years older,
Ah! how much colder
He could behold her
For whom he sighed!'

"Depend on it my doggrel rhymes have more truth than most that I have written. I have been told that love never exists without jealousy; if this be true, it proves that love must be founded on selfishness, for jealousy surely never proceeds from any other feeling than selfishness. We see that the person we like is pleased and happy in the society of some one else, and we prefer to see her unhappy with us, than to allow her to enjoy it: is not this selfish? Why is it," continued Byron, "that lovers are at first only happy in each other's society? It is that their mutual flattery and egotism gratify their vanity; and not finding this stimulus elsewhere, they become dependent on each other for it. When

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they get better acquainted, and have exhausted all their compliments, without the power of creating or feeling any new illusions, or even continuing the old, they no longer seek each other's presence from preference; habit alone draws them together, and they drag on a chain that is tiresome to both, but which often neither has the courage to break. We have all a certain portion of love in our natures, which portion we invariably bestow on the object that most charms us, which as invariably is—self; and though some degree of love may be extended to another, it is only because that other administers to our vanity; and the sentiment is but a reaction,—a sort of electricity that emits the sparks with which we are charged to another body;—and when the retorts lose their power—which means, in plain sense, when the flattery of the recipient no longer gratifies us—and yawning, that fearful abyss in love, is visible, the passion is over. Depend on it (continued Byron) the only love that never changes its object is self-love; and the disappointments it meets with make a more lasting impression than all others."

I told Byron that I expected him to-morrow to disprove every word he had uttered to-day. He laughed, and declared that his profession of faith was contained in the verses "Could love for ever;" that he wished he could think otherwise, but so it was.

Byron affects scepticism in love and friendship, and yet is, I am persuaded, capable of making great sacrifices for both. He has an unaccountable passion for misrepresenting his own feelings and motives, and exaggerates his defects more than any enemy could do: he is often angry because we do not believe all he says against himself, and would be, I am sure, delighted to meet some one credulous enough to give credence to all he asserts or insinuates with regard to his own misdoings.

If Byron were not a great poet, the charlatanism of affecting to be a Satanic character, in this our matter-of-fact nineteenth century, would be very amusing: but when the genius of the man is taken into account, it appears too ridiculous, and one feels mortified at finding that he, who could elevate the thoughts of his readers to the empyrean, should fall below the ordinary standard of every-day life, by a vain and futile attempt to pass for something that all who know him rejoice that he is not; while, by his sublime genius and real goodness of heart, which are made visible every day, he establishes claims on the admiration and sympathy of mankind that few can resist. If he knew his own power, he would disdain such unworthy means of attracting attention, and trust to his merit for commanding it.

"I know not when I have been so much interested and amused," said Byron, "as in the perusal of ——— journal: it is one of the choicest productions I ever read, and is astonishing as being written by a minor, as I find he was under age when he penned it. The most piquant vein of pleasantry runs through it; the ridicules—and they are many—of our dear compatriots are touched with the pencil of a master; but what pleases me most is, that neither the reputation of man nor woman is compromised, nor any disclosure made that could give pain. He has admirably penetrated the secret of English ennui, (continued Byron,)—a secret that is one to the English only, as I defy any foreigner, blessed with a common share of intelligence, to come in contact with them without discovering it. The English know that they are *ennuyés*, but vanity prevents their discovering that they are *ennuyeux*, and they will be little disposed to pardon the person who enlightens them on this point. ——— ——— ought to publish this work (continued Byron), for two reasons: the first, that it will be sure to get known that he has written a piquant journal, and people will imagine it to be a malicious libel, instead of being a playful satire, as the English are prone to fancy the worst, from a consciousness of not meriting much forbearance; the second reason is, that the impartial view of their foibles, taken by a stranger who cannot be actuated by any of the little jealousies that influence the members of their own coteries, might serve to correct them, though I fear *réflexion faite*, there is not much hope of this. It is an extraordinary anomaly, (said Byron,) that people who are really naturally inclined to good, as I believe the English are, and who have the advantages of a better education than foreigners receive, should practise more ill-nature and display more heartlessness than the inhabitants of any other country. This is all the effect of the artificial state of society in England, and the exclusive system has increased the evils of it ten-fold. We accuse the French of frivolity, (continued Byron,) because they are governed by *fashion;* but this extends only to their dress, whereas the English allow it to govern their pursuits, habits, and modes of thinking and acting: in short, it is the Alpha and Omega of all they think, do, or will: their society, residences, nay, their very friends, are chosen by this criterion, and old and tried friends, wanting its stamp, are voted *de trop*. Fashion admits women of more than dubious reputations, and well-born men with none, into circles where virtue and honour, not *à-la-mode*, might find it difficult to get placed; and if (on hearing the reputation of Lady this, or Mrs. that, or rather want of reputation, canvassed over by their associates) you ask why they are received, you will be told it is because they are seen every where—they are the fashion.—I have known (continued Byron) men and women in London received in the first circles, who, by their birth, talents, or manners, had no one claim to such a distinction, merely be-

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cause they had been seen in one or two houses, to which, by some manœuvring, they got the *entrée;* but I must add, they were not remarkable for good looks, or superiority in any way, for if they had been, it would have elicited attention to their want of other claims, and closed the doors of fashion against them. I recollect, (said Byron,) on my first entering fashionable life, being surprised at the (to me) unaccountable distinctions I saw made between ladies placed in peculiar and precisely similar situations. I have asked some of the fair leaders of fashion, 'Why do you exclude Lady ——, and admit Lady ——, as they are both in the same scrape?' With that amiable indifference to cause and effect that distinguishes the generality of your sex, the answer has invariably been, 'Oh! we admit Lady —— because all our set receive her; and exclude Lady —— because they will not.' I have pertinaciously demanded, 'Well, but you allow their claims are equal?' and the reply has been, 'Certainly; and we believe the excluded lady to be the better of the two.' *Mais que voulez-vous?* she is not received, and the other is; it is all chance or luck; and this (continued Byron) is the state of society in London, and such the line of demarcation drawn between the pure and the impure, when chance or luck, as Lady —— honestly owned to me, decided whether a woman lost her caste or not. I am not much of a prude, (said Byron,) but I declare that, for the general good, I think that all women who had forfeited their reputations ought to lose their places in society; but this rule ought never to admit an exception: it becomes an injustice and hardship when it does, and loses all effect as a warning or preventive. I have known young married women, when cautioned by friends on the probability of losing caste by such or such a step, quote the examples of Lady this, or Mrs. that, who had been more imprudent, (for imprudence is the new name for guilt in England,) and yet that one saw these ladies received every where, and vain were precepts with such examples. People may suppose, (continued Byron) that I respect not morals, because unfortunately I have sometimes violated them: perhaps from this very circumstance I respect them the more, as we never value riches until our prodigality has made us feel their loss; and a lesson of prudence coming from him who had squandered thousands, would have more weight than whole pages written by one who had not personal experience: so I maintain that persons who have *erred* are most competent to point out errors. It is my respect for morals that makes me so indignant against its vile substitute cant, with which I wage war, and this the good-natured world chooses to consider as a sign of my wickedness. We are all the creatures of circumstance, (continued Byron;) the greater part of our errors are caused, if not excused, by events and situations over which we have had little control: the world see the faults, but they see not what led to them: therefore I am always lenient to crimes that have brought their own punishment, while I am little disposed to pity those who think they atone for their own sins by exposing those of others, and add cant and hypocrisy to the catalogue of their vices. Let not a woman who has gone astray, *without detection*, affect to disdain a less fortunate, though not less culpable female. She who is unblemished should pity her who has fallen, and she whose conscience tells her she is not spotless should show forbearance; but it enrages me to see women whose conduct is, or has been, infinitely more blameable than that of the persons they denounce, affecting a prudery towards others that they had not in the hour of need for themselves. It was this forbearance towards her own sex that charmed me in Lady Melbourne: she had always some kind interpretation for every action that would admit of one, and pity or silence when aught else was impracticable.

"Lady ——, beautiful and spotless herself, always struck me as wanting that pity she could so well afford. Not that I ever thought her ill-natured or spiteful; but I thought there was a certain severity in her demarcations, that her acknowledged purity rendered less necessary. Do you remember my lines in the Giaour, ending with—

No: gayer insects fluttering by
Ne'er droop the wing o'er those that die;
And lovelier things have mercy shown
To every failing but their own;
And every wo a tear can claim
Except an erring sister's shame.

"These lines were suggested by the conduct I witnessed in London from women to their erring acquaintances—a conduct that led me to draw the conclusion, that their hearts are formed of less penetrable stuff than those of men."

Byron has not lived sufficiently long in England, and has left it at too young an age, to be able to form an impartial and just estimate of his compatriots. He was a busy actor, more than a spectator, in the circles which have given him an unfavourable impression; and his own passions were, at that period, too much excited to permit his reason to be unbiassed in the opinions he formed. In his hatred of what he calls cant and hypocrisy, he is apt to denounce as such all that has the air of severity; and which, though often painful in individual cases, is, on the whole, salutary for the general good of society. This error of Byron's proceeds from a want of actual personal observation, for which opportunity has not been afforded him, as the brief period of his residence in England, after he had arrived at an age to judge, and the active part he took in the scenes around him, allowed him not to acquire that perfect knowledge of society, manners, and customs, which is ne-

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cessary to correct the prejudices that a superficial acquaintance with it is so apt to engender, even in the most acute observer, but to which a powerful imagination, prompt to jump at conclusions without pausing to trace cause and effect, is still more likely to fall into. Byron sees not that much of what he calls the usages of cant and hypocrisy are the fences that protect propriety, and that they cannot be invaded without exposing what it is the interest of all to preserve. Had he been a calm looker on, instead of an impassioned actor in the drama of English fashionable life, he would probably have taken a less harsh view of all that has so much excited his ire, and felt the necessity of many of the restraints which fettered him.

A two years' residence in Greece, with all the freedom and personal independence that a desultory rambling life admits of and gives a taste for,—in a country where civilization has so far retrograded that its wholesome laws, as well as its refinements, have disappeared, leaving license to usurp the place of liberty,—was little calculated to prepare a young man of three-and-twenty for the conventional habits and restraints of that artificial state of society which extreme civilization and refinement beget. No wonder then that it soon became irksome to him, and that, like the unbroken courser of Arabia, when taken from the deserts where he had sported in freedom, he spurned the puny meshes which ensnared him, and pined beneath the trammels that intercepted his liberty.

Byron returned to England in his twenty-third year, and left it before he had completed his twenty-eighth, soured by disappointments and rendered reckless by a sense of injuries. "He who fears not, is to be feared," says the proverb; and Byron, wincing under all the obloquy which malice and envy could inflict, felt that its utmost malignity could go no farther, and became fixed in a fearless braving of public opinion, which a false spirit of vengeance led him to indulge in, turning the genius, that could have achieved the noblest ends, into the means of accomplishing those which were unworthy of it. His attacks on the world are like the war of the Titans against the Gods,—the weapons he aims fall back on himself. He feels that he has allowed sentiments of pique to influence and deteriorate his works; and that the sublime passages in them, that now appear like gleams of sunshine flitting across the clouds that sometimes obscure the bright luminary, might have been one unbroken blaze of light, had not worldly resentment and feelings dimmed their lustre.

This consciousness of misapplied genius has made itself felt in Byron, and will yet lead him to redeem the injustice he has done it; and when he has won the guerdon of the world's applause, and satisfied that craving for celebrity which consumes him, reconciled to that world, and at peace with himself, he may yet win as much esteem for the man as he has hitherto elicited admiration for the poet. To satisfy Byron, the admiration must be unqualified; and, as I have told him, this depends on himself: he has only to choose a subject for his muse, in which not only received opinions are not wounded, but morality is inculcated; and his glowing genius, no longer tarnished by the stains that have previously blemished it, will shine forth with a splendour, and ensure that universal applause, which will content even his ambitious and aspiring nature. He wants some one to tell him what he *might* do, what he *ought* to do, and what so doing he would become. I have told him; but I have not sufficient weight or influence with him to make my representations effective; and the task would be delicate and difficult for a male friend to undertake, as Byron is pertinacious in refusing to admit that his works have failed in morality, though in his heart I am sure he feels it.

Talking of some one who was said to have fallen in love, "I suspect (said Byron) that he must be indebted to your country for this phrase, 'falling in love;' it is expressive and droll: they also say falling ill; and, as both are involuntary, and, in general, equally calamitous, the expressions please me. Of the two evils, the falling ill seems to me to be the least; at all events I would prefer it; for as, according to philosophers, pleasure consists in the absence of pain, the sensations of returning health (if one does recover) must be agreeable; but the recovery from love is another affair, and resembles the awaking from an agreeable dream. Hearts are often only lent, when they are supposed to be given away (continued Byron); and are the loans for which people exact the most usurious interest. When the debt is called in, the borrower, like all other debtors, feels little obligation to the lender, and, having refunded the principal, regrets the interest he has paid. You see (said Byron) that, *à l'Anglaise*, I have taken a mercantile view of the tender passion; but I must add that, in closing the accounts, they are seldom fairly balanced, 'e ciò sa 'l tuo dottore.' There is this difference between the Italians and others, (said Byron,) that the end of love is not with them the beginning of hatred, which certainly is, in general, the case with the English, and, I believe, the French: this may be accounted for from their having less vanity; which is also the reason why they have less ill-nature in their compositions, for vanity, being always on the *qui vive*, up in arms, ready to resent the least offence offered to it, precludes good temper."

I asked Byron if his partiality for the Italians did not induce him to overlook other and obvious reasons for their not beginning to hate when they ceased to love: first, the attachments were of such long duration that age arrived to quell angry feelings, and the

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gradations were so slow, from the first sigh of love to the yawn of expiring affection, as to be almost imperceptible to the parties; and the system of domesticating in Italy established a habit that rendered them necessary to each other. Then the slavery of *serventism*, the jealousies, carried to an extent that is unknown in England, and which exists longer than the passion that is supposed to excite, if not excuse, them, may tend to reconcile lovers to the exchange of friendship for love; and, rejoicing in their recovered liberty, they are more disposed to indulge feelings of complacency than hatred.

Byron said, "Whatever may be the cause, they have reason to rejoice in the effect; and one is never afraid in Italy of inviting people together who have been known to have once had warmer feelings than friendship towards each other, as is the case in England, where, if persons under such circumstances were to meet, angry glances and a careful avoidance of civility would mark their kind sentiments towards each other."

I asked Byron if what he attributed to the effects of wounded vanity might not proceed from other and better feelings, at least on the part of women? Might not shame and remorse be the cause? The presence of the man who had caused their dereliction from duty and virtue calling up both, could not be otherwise than painful and humiliating to women who were not totally destitute of delicacy and feeling; and that this most probably was the cause of the coldness he observed between persons of opposite sexes in society.

"You are always thinking of and reasoning on the *English*, (answered Byron:) mind I refer to Italians, and with them there can be neither shame nor remorse, because, in yielding to love, they do not believe they are violating either their duty or religion; consequently a man has none of the reproach to dread that awaits him in England when a lady's conscience is *awakened*,—which, by the by, I have observed it seldom is until *affection* is laid asleep, which (continued Byron) is very convenient to herself, but very much the reverse to the unhappy man."

I am sure that much of what Byron said in this conversation was urged to vex me. Knowing my partiality to England and all that is English, he has a childish delight in exciting me into an argument; and as I as yet know nothing of Italy, except through books, he takes advantage of his long residence in, and knowledge of the country, to vaunt the superiority of its customs and usages, which I never can believe he prefers to his own. A wish of vexing or astonishing the English is, I am persuaded, the motive that induces him to attack Shakspeare; and he is highly gratified when he succeeds in doing either, and enjoys it like a child. He says that the reason why he judges the English women so severely is, that, being brought up with certain principles, they are doubly to blame in not making their conduct accord with them; and that, while punishing with severity the transgressions of persons of their own sex in humble positions, they look over the more glaring misconduct and vices of the rich and great—that not the crime, but its detection, is punished in England, and, to avoid this, hypocrisy is added to want of virtue.

"You have heard, of course, (said Byron,) that I was considered mad in England; my most intimate friends in general, and Lady Byron in particular, were of this opinion; but it did not operate in my favour in their minds, as they were not, like the natives of eastern nations, disposed to pay honour to my supposed insanity or folly. They considered me a *mejnoun*, but would not treat me as one. And yet, had such been the case, what ought to excite such pity and forbearance as a mortal malady that reduces us to more than childishness—a prostration of intellect that places us in the dependence of even menial hands! Reason (continued Byron) is so unreasonable, that few can say that they are in possession of it. I have often doubted my own sanity: and, what is more, wished for insanity—anything—to quell memory, the never-dying worm that feeds on the heart, and only calls up the *past* to make the *present* more insupportable. Memory has for me

'The vulture's ravenous tooth,
The raven's funereal song.'

There is one thing (continued Byron) that increases my discontent, and adds to the rage that I often feel against self. It is the conviction that the events in life that have most pained me—that have turned the milk of my nature into gall—have not depended on the persons who tortured me,—as I admit the causes were inadequate to the effects:—it was my own nature, prompt to receive painful impressions, and to retain them with a painful tenacity, that supplied the arms against my peace. Nay, more, I believe that the wounds inflicted were not, for the most part, premeditated; or, if so, that the extent and profundity of them were not anticipated by the persons who aimed them. There are some natures that have a predisposition to grief, as others have to disease; and such was my case. The causes that have made me wretched would probably not have discomposed, or, at least, more than discomposed another. We are all differently organized: and that I feel *acutely* is no more my fault (though it is my misfortune) than that another feels not, is his. We did not make ourselves; and if the elements of unhappiness abound more in the nature of one man than another, he is but the more entitled to our pity and forbearance. Mine is a nature (continued Byron) that might have been softened and ameliorated by prosperity, but that

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has been hardened and soured by adversity. Prosperity and adversity are the fires by which moral chemists try and judge human nature; and how few can pass the ordeal! Prosperity corrupts, and adversity renders ordinary nature callous; but when any portion of excellence exists, neither can injure. The first will expand the heart, and show forth every virtue, as the genial rays of the sun bring forth the fruit and flowers of the earth; and the second will teach sympathy for others, which is best learned in the school of affliction."

CONVERSATIONS CONTINUED.
NO. IX.

"I AM persuaded (said Byron) that education has more effect in quelling the passions than people are aware of. I do not think this is achieved by the powers of reasoning and reflection that education is supposed to bestow; for I know by experience how little either can influence the person who is under the tyrant rule of passion. My opinion is, that education, by expanding the mind, and giving sources of tasteful occupation, so fills up the time, that leisure is not left for the passions to gain that empire that they are sure to acquire over the idle and the ignorant. Look at the lower orders, and see what fearful proofs they continually furnish of the unlimited power passion has over them. I have seen instances, and particularly in Italy, among the lower class, and of your sex, where the women seemed for the moment transformed into Medeas; and so ungoverned and ungovernable was their rage, that each appeared grand and tragic for the time, and furnished me, who am rather an amateur in studying nature under all her aspects, with food for reflection. Then the upper classes, too, in Italy, where the march of intellect has not advanced by rail-roads and steam-boats, as in polished, happy England; and where the women remain children in mind long after maturity has stamped their persons!—see one of their stately dames under the influence of the green-eyed monster, and one can believe that the furies were not fabulous. This is amusing at first, but becomes, like most amusements, rather a bore at the end; and a poor *cavalier servente* must have more courage than falls to the share of most, who would not shut his eyes against the beauty of all *damas* but his own, rather than encounter an explosion of jealousy. But the devil of it is, there is hardly a possibility of avoiding it, as the Italian women are so addicted to jealousy, that the poor *serventi* are often accused of the worst intentions for merely performing the simple courtesies of life; so that the system of *serventism* imposes a thousand times more restraint and slavery than marriage ever imposed, even in the most moral countries: indeed, where the morals are the most respected and cultivated, (continued Byron,) there will be the least jealousy or suspicion, as morals are to the enlightened what religion is to the ignorant—their safeguard from committing wrong, or suspecting it. So you see, bad as I am supposed to be, I have, by this admission, proved the advantages of morals and religion.

"But to return to my opinion of the effect education has in extending the focus of ideas, and, consequently, of curbing the intensity of the passions, I have remarked that well-educated women rarely, if ever, gave way to any ebullitions of them; and this is a grand step gained in conquering their empire, as habit in this, as well as in all else, has great power. I hope my daughter will be well educated; but of this I have little dread, as her mother is highly cultivated, and certainly has a degree of self-control that I never saw equalled. I am certain that Lady Byron's first idea is, what is due to herself; I mean that it is the undeviating rule of her conduct. I wish she had thought a little more of what is due to others. Now my besetting sin is a want of that self-respect,—which she has in *excess;* and that want has produced much unhappiness to us both. But though I accuse Lady Byron of an excess of self-respect, I must in candour admit, that if any person ever had an excuse for an extraordinary portion of it, she has; as in all her thoughts, words, and deeds, she is the most decorous woman that ever existed, and must appear—what few, I fancy, could—a perfect and refined gentlewoman, even to her *femme-de-chambre*. This extraordinary degree of self-command in Lady Byron produced an opposite effect on me. When I have broken out, on slight provocations, into one of my ungovernable fits of rage, her calmness piqued and seemed to reproach me: it gave her an air of superiority that vexed, and increased my *mauvaise humeur*. I am now older and wiser, and should know how to appreciate her conduct as it deserved, as I look on self-command as a positive virtue, though it is one I have not courage to adopt."

Talking of his proposed expedition to Greece, Byron said that, as the moment approached for undertaking it, he almost wished he had never thought of it. "This (said Byron) is one of the many scrapes into which my poetical temperament has drawn me. You smile; but it is nevertheless true. No man, or woman either, with such a temperament, can be quiet. Passion is the element in which we live; and without it we but vegetate. All the passions have governed me in turn, and I have found them the veriest tyrants; like all slaves, I have reviled my masters, but submitted to the yoke they imposed. I had hoped (continued Byron) that avarice, that old gentlemanly vice, would, like Aaron's serpent,

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have swallowed up all the rest in me, and that now I am descending into the vale of years, I might have found pleasure in golden realities, as in youth I found it in golden dreams, (and let me tell you, that, of all the passions, this same decried *avarice* is the most consolatory, and, in nine cases out of ten, lasts the longest, and is the latest,) when up springs a new passion,—call it love of liberty, military ardour, or what you will,—to disgust me with my strong box, and the comfortable contemplation of my *moneys*,—nay, to create wings for my golden darlings, that may waft them away from me for ever; and I may awaken to find that this, my present ruling passion, as I have always found my last, was the most worthless of all, with the soothing reflection that it has left me *minus* some thousands. But I am fairly in for it, and it is useless to repine; but, I repeat, this scrape, which may be my last, has been caused by my poetical temperament,—the devil take it, say I."

Byron was irresistibly comic when commenting on his own errors or weaknesses. His face, half laughing and half serious, archness always predominating in its expression, added peculiar force to his words.

"Is it not pleasant (continued Byron) that my eyes should never open to the folly of any of the undertakings passion prompts me to engage in, until I am so far embarked that retreat (at least with honour) is impossible, and my *mal à propos sagesse* arrives, to scare away the enthusiasm that led to the undertaking, and which is so requisite to carry it on. It is all an up-hill affair with me afterwards: I cannot, for my life, *échauffer* my imagination again; and my position excites such ludicrous images and thoughts in my own mind, that the whole subject, which, seen through the veil of passion, looked fit for a sublime epic, and I one of its heroes, examined now through reason's glass, appears fit only for a travestie, and my poor self a Major Sturgeon, marching and countermarching, not from Acton to Ealing, or from Ealing to Acton, but from Corinth to Athens, and from Athens to Corinth. Yet, hang it, (continued he,) these very names ought to chase away every idea of the ludicrous; but the laughing devils will return, and make a mockery of every thing, as with me there is, as Napoleon said, but one step between the sublime and the ridiculous. Well, *if I do* (and this *if* is a grand *peut être* in my future history) outlive the campaign, I shall write two poems on the subject—one an epic, and the other a burlesque, in which none shall be spared, and myself least of all: indeed, you must allow (continued Byron) that if I take liberties with my friends, I take still greater ones with myself; therefore they ought to bear with me, if only out of consideration for my impartiality. I am also determined to write a poem in praise of avarice, (said Byron,) as I think it a most ill-used and unjustly decried passion,—mind, I do not call it a vice, —and I hope to make it clear that a passion which enables us to conquer the appetites, or, at least, the indulgence of them; that triumphs over pride, vanity, and ostentation; that leads us to the practice of daily self-denial, temperance, sobriety, and a thousand other praiseworthy practices, ought not to be censured, more especially as all the sacrifices it commands are endured without any weak feeling of reference to others, though to others all the reward of such sacrifices belongs."

Byron laughed very much at the thought of this poem, and the censures it would excite in England among the matter-of-fact, credulous class of readers and writers. Poor Byron! how much more pains did he bestow to take off the gloss from his own qualities than others do to give theirs a false lustre! In his hatred and contempt of hypocrisy and cant, he outraged his own nature, and rendered more injustice to himself than even his enemies ever received at his hands. His confessions of errors were to be received with caution; for he exaggerated not only his misdeeds but his opinions; and, fond of tracing springs of thought to their sources, he involved himself in doubts, to escape from which he boldly attributed to himself motives and feelings that had passed, but like shadows, through his mind, and left unrecorded mementos that might have redeemed even more than the faults of which he accused himself. When the freedom with which Byron remarked on the errors of his friends draws down condemnation from his readers, let them reflect on the still greater severity with which he treated his own, and let this mistaken and exaggerated candour plead his excuse.

"It is odd (said Byron) that I never could get on well in conversation with literary men: they always seemed to think themselves obliged to pay some neat and appropriate compliment to my last work, which I, as in duty bound, was compelled to respond to, and bepraise theirs. They never appeared quite satisfied with my faint praise, and I was far from being satisfied at having been forced to administer it; so mutual constraint ensued, each wondering what was to come next, and wishing each other (at least I can answer for myself) at the devil. Now Scott, though a giant in literature, is unlike literary men; he neither expects compliments nor pays them in conversation. There is a sincerity and simplicity in his character and manner that stamp any commendation of his as truth, and any praise one might offer him must fall short of his deserts; so that there is no *genre* in his society. There is nothing in him that gives the impression I have so often had of others, who seemed to say, I praise you that you may do the same by me. Moore is a delightful companion, (continued Byron;) gay, without be-

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ing boisterous, witty without effort, comic without coarseness, and sentimental without being lachrymose. He reminds one (continued Byron) of the fairy, who, whenever she spoke, let diamonds fall from her lips. My *tête-à-tête* suppers with Moore are among the most agreeable impressions I retain of the hours passed in London: they are the redeeming lights in the gloomy picture; but they were

'Like angel visits, few and far between;'

or the great defect in my friend Tom is a sort of fidgety unsettledness, that prevents his giving himself up, *con amore*, to any one friend, because he is apt to think he might be more happy with another: he has the organ of locomotiveness largely developed, as a phrenologist would say, and would like to be at three places instead of one. I always felt, with Moore, the desire Johnson expressed, to be shut up in a post-chaise, *tête-à-tête* with a pleasant companion, to be quite sure of him. He must be delightful in a country-house, at a safe distance from any other inviting one, when one could have him really to one's self, and enjoy his conversation and his singing, without the perpetual fear that he is expected at Lady this or Lady that's, or the being reminded that he promised to look in at Lansowne House or Grosvenor Square. The wonder is, *not* that he is *récherché*, but that he wastes himself on those who can so little appreciate him, though they value the *éclat* his reputation gives to their stupid *soirées*. I have known a dull man live on a *bon-mot* of Moore's for a week; and I once offered a wager of a considerable sum that the reciter was witless of understanding its point, but could get no one to accept my bet.

"Are you acquainted with the family of ——? (asked Byron.) The commendation formerly bestowed on the Sydney family might be reversed for them, as all the sons are virtuous, and all the daughters brave. I once (continued he) said this, with a grave face, to a near relation of theirs, who received it as a compliment, and told me I was very good. It was in old times fond of mystifying, and paying equivocal compliments, but 'was is not is' with me, as God knows, in any sense, for I am now cured of mystifying, as well as of many others of my mischievous pranks: whether I am a *better* man for my self-correction remains to be proved; I am quite sure that I am not a more agreeable one. I have always had a strong love of mischief in my nature, (said Byron,) and this still continues, though I do not very often give way to its impulses. It is this lurking devil that prompts me to abuse people against whom I have not the least malicious feeling, and to praise some of those merits (if they have any) I am little acquainted with; but I do it in the mischievous spirit of the moment to vex the person or persons with whom I am conversing. Is not this very childish? (continued Byron); and, above all, for a poet, which people tell me I am? All I know is, that, if I am, poets can be greater fools than other people. We of the craft—poets, I mean—resemble paper-kites; we soar high into the air, but are held to earth by a cord, and our flight is restrained by a child—that child is self. We are but grown children, having all their weaknesses, and only wanting their innocence; our thoughts soar, but the frailty of our natures brings them back to earth. What should we be without thoughts?' (continued Byron;) they are the bridges by which we pass over time and space. And yet, perhaps, like troops flying before the enemy, we are often tempted to destroy the bridges we have passed, to save ourselves from pursuit. How often have I tried to shun thought! But come, I must not get gloomy; my thoughts are almost always of the sombre hue, so that I ought not to be blamed (said he, laughing) if I steal them of others, as I am accused of doing; I cannot have any more disagreeable ones than my own, at least as far as they concern myself.

"In all the charges of plagiary brought against me in England, (said Byron,) did you hear me accused of stealing from Madame de Staël the opening lines of my 'Bride of Abydos?' She is supposed to have borrowed her lines from Schlegel, or to have stolen them from Goethe's 'Wilhelm Meister;' so you see I am a third or fourth hand stealer of stolen goods. Do you know de Staël's lines? (continued Byron); for if I am a thief she must be the plundered, as I don't read German, and do French; yet I could almost swear that I never saw her verses when I wrote mine, nor do I even now remember them. I think the first began with 'Cette terre,' &c. &c. but the rest I forget; as you have a good memory, perhaps you would repeat them."

I did so, and they are as follow:—

'—— Cette terre où les myrtes fleurissent,
Où les rayons des cieux tombent avec amour,
Où des sons enchanteurs dans les airs retentissent,
Où la plus douce nuit succède au plus beau jour.'

"Well (said Byron) I do not see any point of resemblance, except in the use of the two unfortunate words land and myrtle, and for using these new and original words I am a plagiarist. To avoid such charges, I must invent a dictionary for myself. Does not this charge prove the liberal spirit of the hypercritics in England? If they knew how little I value their observations, or the opinions of those that they can influence, they would be perhaps more spiteful, and certainly more careful in producing better proofs of their charges; the one of the Staël's I consider a triumphant refutation for me.

"I often think (said Byron) that were I to return to England, I should be considered, in

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certain circles, as having a *très mauvais ton*, for I have been so long out of it that I have learned to say what I think, instead of saying only what, by the rules of convenience, people are permitted to think. For though England tolerates the liberty of the press, it is far from tolerating liberty of thought or of speech; and since the progress of modern refinement, when delicacy of words is as remarkable as indelicacy of actions, a plain-speaking man is sure to get into a scrape. Nothing amuses me more than to see refinement *versus* morals, and to know that people are shocked *not* at crimes, but their detection. The Spartan boy, who suffered the animal he had secured by theft to prey on his vitals, evinced not more constancy in concealing his sufferings than do the English in suppressing all external symptoms of what they must feel, and on many occasions, when Nature makes herself felt through the expression of her feelings, would be considered almost as a crime. But I believe crime is a word banished from the vocabulary of *haut-ton*, as the vices of the rich and great are called errors, and those of the poor and lowly only crimes.

"Do you know ——? (asked Byron). He is the king of prosers; I called him he of the thousand tales, in humble imitation of Boccaccio, whom I styled he of the hundred tales of love—*mais hélas!* ——'s are not tales of love, or that beget love; they are born of dulness, and inciting sleep, they produce the same effect on the senses that the monotonous sound of a waterfall never fails to have on mine. With —— one is afraid to speak, because whatever is said is sure to bring forth a reminiscence, that as surely leads to interminable recollections,

'Dull as the dreams of him who swills vile beer.'

Thus (continued Byron), —— is so honourable and well-intentioned a man that one can find nothing bad to say of him, except that he is a bore; and as there is no law against that class of offenders, one must bear with him. It is to be hoped, that, with all the modern improvements in refinement, a mode will be discovered of getting rid of bores, for it is too bad that a poor wretch can be punished for stealing your pocket-handkerchief or gloves, and that no punishment can be inflicted on those who steal your time, and with it your temper and patience, as well as the bright thoughts that might have entered into the mind, (like the Irishman who lost a fortune before he had got it,) but were frighted away by the bore. Nature certainly (said Byron) has not dealt charitably by ——, for, independent of his being the king of prosers, he is the ugliest person possible, and when he talks, breathes not of Araby the blest; his heart is good, but the stomach is none of the best, judging from its exhalations. His united merits led me to attempt an epigram on them, which, I believe, is as follows:—

'When conversing with ——, who can disclose
Which suffers the most—eyes, ears, or the nose?'

"I repeated this epigram (continued Byron) to him as having been made on a mutual friend of ours, and he enjoyed it, as we all do some hit on a friend. I have known people who were incapable of saying the least unkind word against friends, and yet who listened with evident (though attempted to be suppressed) pleasure to the malicious jokes or witty sarcasms of others against them; a proof that, even in the best people, some taints of the original evil of our natures remain. You think I am wrong (continued Byron) in my estimate of human nature; you think I analyze my own evil qualities and those of others too closely, and judge them too severely. I have need of self-examination to reconcile me to all the incongruities I discover, and to make me more lenient to faults that my tongue censures, but that my heart pardons, from the consciousness of its own weakness."

We should all do well to reflect on the frailty of man, if it led us more readily to forgive his faults, and cherish his virtues;—the one, alas! are inextirpable, but the others are the victories gained over that most difficult to be conquered of all assailants—self; to which victory, if we do not decree a triumph, we ought to grant an ovation; but, unhappily, the contemplation of human frailty is too apt to harden the heart, and oftener creates disgust than humility. "When we dwell on vices with mockery and bitterness, instead of pity, we may doubt the efficacy of our contemplation; and this," said I to Byron, "seems to me to be your case; for when I hear your taunting reflections on the discoveries you make in poor, erring human nature; when you have explored every secret recess of the heart, you appear to me like a fallen angel, sneering at the sins of men, instead of a fellow man pitying them. This it is that makes me think you analyze too deeply; and I would at present lead you to reflect only on the good that still remains in the world,—for be assured there is much good, as an antidote to the evil that you know of."

Byron laughed, and said, "You certainly do not spare me; but you manage to wrap up your censures in an envelop almost complimentary, and that reconciles me to their bitterness, as children are induced to take physic by its being disguised in some sweet substance. The fallen angel is so much more agreeable than demon, as others have called me, that I am rather flattered than affronted; I ought, in return, to say something *très aimable* to you, in which angelic at least might be introduced, but I will not, as I never can

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compliment those that I esteem.—But to return to self;—you know that I have been called not only a demon, but a French poet has addressed me as *chantre des enfers*, which, I suppose, he thinks very flattering. I dare say his poem will be done into English by some Attic resident, and, instead of a singer of hell, I shall be styled a hellish singer, and so go down to posterity."

He laughed at his own pun, and said he felt half disposed to write a quizzing answer to the French poet, in which he should mystify him.

"It is no wonder (said Byron) that I am considered a demon, when people have taken it into their heads that I am the hero of all my own tales in verse. They fancy one can only describe what has actually occurred to one's self, and forget the power that persons of any imagination possess of identifying themselves, for the time being, with the creations of their fancy. This is a peculiar distinction conferred on me, for I have heard of no other poet who has been identified with his works. I saw the other day (said Byron) in one of the papers a fanciful simile about Moore's writings and mine. It stated that Moore's poems appeared as if they ought to be written with crow-quills, on rose-coloured paper, stamped with Cupids and flowers; and mine on asbestos, written by quills from the wing of an eagle;—you laugh, but I think this a very sublime comparison,—at least, so far as I am concerned,—it quite consoles me for 'chantre d'enfer.' By the bye, the French poet is neither a philosopher nor a logician, as he dubs me by this title merely because I doubt that there is an *enfer*,—ergo, I cannot be styled the *chantre* of a place of which I doubt the existence. I dislike French verse so much (said Byron) that I have not read more than a few lines of the one in which I am dragged into public view. He calls me, (said Byron,) 'Esprit mystérieux. mortel, ange ou démon;" which I call very uncivil, for a well-bred Frenchman, and moreover one of the craft: I wish he would let me and my works alone, for I am sure I do not trouble him or his, and should not know that he existed, except from his notice of me, which some good-natured friend has sent me. There are some things in the world, of which, like gnats, we are only reminded of the existence by their stinging us; this was his position with me."

Had Byron read the whole of the poem addressed to him by M. de Lamartine, he would have been more flattered than offended by it, as it is not only full of beauty, but the admiration for the genius of the English poet, which pervades every sentiment of the ode, is so profound, that the epithet which offended the morbid sensitiveness of Byron would have been readily pardoned. M. de Lamartine is perhaps the only French poet who could have so justly appreciated, and gracefully eulogized, our wayward child of genius; and having written so successfully himself, his praise is more valuable. His "Meditations" possess a depth of feeling which, though tempered by a strong religious sentiment that makes the Christian rise superior to the philosopher, bears the impress of a true poetical temperament, which could not fail to sympathize with all the *feelings*, however he might differ from the *reasonings* of Byron. Were the works of the French poet better known to the English bard he could not, with even all his dislike to French poetry, have refused his approbation to the books of M. de Lamartine.

Talking of solitude—"It has but one disadvantage (said Byron), but that is a serious one,—it is apt to give one too high an opinion of one's self. In the world we are sure to be often reminded of every known or supposed defect we may have; hence we can rarely, unless possessed of an inordinate share of vanity, form a very exalted opinion of ourselves, and, in society, wo be to him who lets it be known that he thinks more highly of himself than of his neighbours, as this is a crime that arms every one against him. This was the rock on which Napoleon foundered; he had so often wounded the *amour propre* of others, that they were glad to hurl him from the eminence that made him appear a giant and those around him pigmies. If a man or woman has any striking superiority, some great defect or weakness must be discovered to counterbalance it, that their contemporaries may console themselves for their envy, by saying, 'Well, if I have not the genius of Mr. This, or the beauty or talents of Mrs. That, I have not the violent temper of the one, or the overweening vanity of the other.' But, to return to solitude, (said Byron,) it is the only fool's paradise on earth: there we have no one to remind us of our faults, or by whom we can be humiliated by comparisons. Our evil passions sleep, because they are not excited; our productions appear sublime, because we have no kind and judicious friend to hint at their defects, and to point out faults of style and imagery where we had thought ourselves most luminous: these are the advantages of solitude, and those who have once tasted them, can never return to the busy world again with any zest for its feverish enjoyments. In the world (said Byron) I am always irritable and violent; the very noise of the streets of a populous city affect my nerves: I seemed in a London house 'cabined, cribbed, confined, and felt like a tiger in too small a cage:' apropos of tigers, did you ever observe that all people in a violent rage, walk up and down the place they are in, as wild beasts do in their dens? I have particularly remarked this, (continued he,) and it proved to me, what I never doubted, that we have much of the animal and the ferocious in our natures, which, I am convinced, is increased by an over-indulgence of our carni-

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vorous propensities. It has been said that, to enjoy solitude, a man must be superlatively good or bad: I deny this, because there are no superlatives in man,—all are comparative or relative; but, had I no other reason to deny it, my own experience would furnish me with one. God knows I never flattered myself with the idea of being superlatively good, as no one better knows his faults than I do mine; but, at the same time, I am as unwilling to believe that I am superlatively bad, yet I enjoy solitude more than I ever enjoyed society, even in my most youthful days."

I told Byron that I expected he would one day give the world a collection of useful aphorisms, drawn from personal experience. He laughed and said—"Perhaps I may; those are best suited to advise others who have missed the road themselves, and this has been my case. I have found friends false,—acquaintances malicious,—relations indifferent,—and nearer and dearer connexions perfidious. Perhaps much, if not all this, has been caused by my own waywardness; but that has not prevented my feeling it keenly. It has made me look on friends as partakers of prosperity,—censurers in adversity,—and absentees in distress; and has forced me to view my acquaintances merely as persons who think themselves justified in courting or cutting one, as best suits them. But relations I regard only as people privileged to tell disagreeable truths, and to accept weighty obligations, as matters of course. You have now (continued Byron) my unsophisticated opinion of friends, acquaintances, and relations; of course there are always exceptions, but they are rare, and exceptions do not make the rule. All that I have said are but reiterated truisms that all admit to be just, but that few, if any, act upon; they are like the death-bell that we hear toll for others, without thinking that it must soon toll for us; we know that others have been deceived, but we are either too clever, or too *lovable*, to meet the same fate: we see our friends drop daily around us, many of them younger and healthier than ourselves, yet we think that we shall live to be old, as if we possessed some stronger hold on life than those who have gone before us. Alas! life is but a dream from which we are only awakened by death. All else is illusion; changing as we change, and each cheating us in turn, until death withdraws the veil, and shows us the dread reality. It is strange (said Byron) that feeling, as most people do, life a burthen, we should still cling to it with such pertinacity. This is another proof of animal feeling; for if the divine spirit that is supposed to animate us mastered the animal nature, should we not rejoice at laying down the load that has so long oppressed us, and beneath which we have groaned for years, to seek a purer, brighter existence? Who ever reached the age of twenty-five (continued Byron) without feeling the *tædium vitæ* which poisons the little enjoyment that we are allowed to taste? We begin life with the hope of attaining happiness; soon discovering that to be unattainable, we seek pleasure as a poor substitute; but even this eludes our grasp, and we end by desiring repose, which death alone can give."

I told Byron that the greater part of our chagrins arose from disappointed hopes; that, in our pride and weakness, we considered happiness as our birthright, and received infliction as an injustice; whereas the latter was the inevitable lot of man, and the other but the *ignis fatuus* that beguiles the dreary path of life, and sparkles but to deceive. I added that while peace of mind was left us, we could not be called miserable. This greatest of all earthly consolations depends on ourselves; whereas for happiness we rely on others: but, as the first is lasting, and the second fleeting, we ought to cultivate that of which nought but our own actions can deprive us, and enjoy the other as we do a fine autumnal day, that we prize the more, because we know it will soon be followed by winter.

"Your philosophy is really admirable (said Byron) if it were possible to follow it; but I suspect that you are among the number of those who preach it the most and practise it the least, for you have too much feeling to have more than a theoretical knowledge of it. For example, how would you bear the ingratitude and estrangement of friends—of those in whom you had garnered up your heart? I suspect that, in such a case, feeling would beat philosophy out of the field; for I have ever found that philosophy, like experience, never comes until one has ceased to require its services. I have (continued Byron) experienced ingratitude and estrangement from friends, and this, more than all else, has destroyed my confidence in human nature. It is thus from individual cases that we are so apt to generalize. A few persons on whom we have lavished our friendship, without ever examining if they had the qualities requisite to justify such a preference, are found to be ungrateful and unworthy, and instead of blaming our own want of perception in the persons so unwisely chosen, we cry out against poor human nature: one or two examples of ingratitude and selfishness prejudice us against the world; but six times the number of examples of goodness and sincerity fail to reconcile us to it,—so much more susceptible are we of evil impressions than of good. Have you not observed (said Byron) how much more prone people are to remember injuries than benefits? The most essential services are soon forgotten; but some trifling and often unintentional offence is rarely pardoned, and never effaced from the memory. All this proves that we have a strong and decided predisposition to evil; the tendencies and consequences of which we may conceal, but cannot eradicate.

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I think ill of the world, (continued Byron,) but I do not, as some cynics assert, believe it to be composed of knaves and fools. No, I consider that it is, for the most part, peopled by those who have not talents sufficient to be the first, and yet have one degree too much to be the second."

From the Westminster Review.

WESLEY FAMILY.*

It is not necessary to determine the absolute magnitude of the advantages conferred on mankind by the founders of Arminian Methodism; the rest of their family doubtless derive much reflected interest from their connexion with these, but as individuals they also possess a great variety of claims to the attention of the reader. A biography more pregnant with matter of instruction, or more provocative of reflection upon a vast number of important points, is hardly to be pointed out. Viewed in no higher light, the Wesley family is a curiosity; and its biography is rich in all those traits of character, those views into domestic manners, and into national morals as connected with the histories of individuals, which make this species of literature so fascinating. The history of the Wesley family is, in fact, a view both of the religion and the morality of the country from the period of the passing of the Act of Uniformity; an Act most ludicrously misnamed, for the greater portion of the particoloured sects that have variegated the theological history of Britain for the last two centuries may be traced to this source.

The first name in the biographical annals of the Wesleys is that of Bartholomew Wesley, who was the great grandfather of John Wesley the last. When the Act of Uniformity came into operation he had the living of Charmouth in Dorsetshire. At the University he had acquired some insight into the science of medicine; from the practice of which he drew his support subsequently to his ejectment. Physic was indeed the chief resource of the ejected clergy for subsistence; they were not permitted to teach, or it is possible the mischievous effects of the base measure by which they were driven upon the world, would have been curtailed of some portion of mischief. Medicine, which many practised, it may be supposed the major part were but imperfectly acquainted with; a fact which caused one of the suffering clergy to remark to the person by whom his ejectment was put in force, "I perceive that this is likely to occasion the death of many."

John Wesley, the son of Bartholomew, was ejected by the same Act which turned his father out upon the world. He was a member of New Inn Hall, Oxford, and during his residence is said to have become a favourite of Dr. John Owen, then Vice Chancellor of the University. In May 1658, John Wesley settled at Whitchurch in Dorsetshire, his father's county. Here he held the vicarage, the income of which was 30*l.* per annum. In that age, an income which now implies starvation, justified marriage. John Wesley married the niece of Dr. Thomas Fuller, the author of the "Worthies of England," whose works are now reckoned among the treasures of old English literature. Like his father Bartholomew, he had serious scruples on the subject of the book of Common Prayer; and soon after the restoration he was much troubled on that account. Dr. Ironside, Bishop of Bristol, sent for him, and one of those conversations ensued which were so common in the times that intervened between the restoration and the revolution.

"*Bishop.* But what say you? Did you not wear a *sword* in the time of *the Committee of safety*, with Demy and the rest of them? *Wesley.* My Lord, I have given you my answer therein: and I further say, that I have conscientiously taken the oath of allegiance, and faithfully kept it hitherto. I appeal to all that are around me. *Bishop.* But nobody will trust you. You stood it out to the last gasp. *Wesley.* I know not what you mean by the last gasp. When I saw the pleasure of Providence to turn the order of things, I did submit quietly thereunto. *Bishop.* That was at last. *Wesley.* Yet many such men are now trusted, and about the king. *Bishop.* They are such as fought on the parliament side during the war, yet disowned those latter proceedings; but you abode even till *Haselrig's* coming to Portsmouth. *Wesley.* His Majesty has pardoned whatever you may be informed of concerning me of that nature. I am not here on *that* account. *Bishop.* I expected you not. *Wesley.* Your lordship sent your desire by two or three messengers. Had I been refractory, I need not have come; but I would give no just cause of offence. I still think that the Non-conformists were none of His Majesty's enemies. *Bishop.* They were *traitors*. They began the war. *Knox* and *Buchanan* in Scotland, and those like them in England. *Wesley.* I have read the protestation, of owning the king's supremacy. *Bishop.* They did it in hypocrisy. *Wesley.* You used to tax the poor *independents* for judging folks' hearts. Who doth it now? *Bishop.* I did not, for they pretended one thing and acted another. Do not I know them better than you? *Wesley.* I know them by their works. *Bishop.* Well then, you justify your preaching, without ordination according to law? *Wesley.* All these things laid together are satisfactory to me for my procedure therein. *Bishop.* They are not enough. *Wesley.* There has been more written in proof of the preaching of gifted persons, with *such* approbation, than has been answered by any one yet. *Bishop.* I am glad I

* A Biographical History of the Wesley Family; more particularly its earlier branches. By John Dove.—London. Simpkin and Marshall. 1833. 1 vol. 12mo.

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have heard you. You will stand to your principles, you say? *Wesley.* I intend it, through the grace of God; and to be faithful to the king's majesty, however you may deal with me. *Bishop.* I will not meddle with you. *Wesley.* Farewell to you, Sir. *Bishop.* Farewell, good Mr. Wesley."—p. 23.

In the first portion of the dialogue, which as preserved by Calamy or abridged by Mr. Dove is too long to quote, the conscientious dissident had much the advantage of the man clothed in authority. Argument availed however as little here as on similar occasions. In the beginning of 1662 Mr. Wesley was seized as he left the church on a Sunday, and committed to Blandford Gaol.

After his ejection Mr. Wesley found an asylum at Preston in Dorsetshire, where subsequently he preached under such precautions as were then absolutely necessary. He was however thrown into prison no less than four several times, and closed a short but troubled life at the age of thirty-five, about the year 1670. His widow survived him through some forty years of poverty and destitution.

This John Wesley left two sons, Matthew and Samuel. Matthew became an eminent physician or surgeon, it is not clear which, in the metropolis. Little is known of him except from his occasional intercourse with the family of his brother, the father of John and Charles the founders of the Methodists, and of Samuel their elder brother, the wit and poet of the days of Sir Robert Walpole.

From what has been said of John Wesley of Whitchurch, it may be presumed that he neither possessed nor left behind him any resources out of which his two sons might be educated. Yet both attained to eminence in their respective professions. The steps by which Samuel reached the church, were detailed by him on occasion of his being charged with being a bad husband of his means. The extract will show what hardships students of that day worked their way through. The statement is drawn up in the third person, but it is from the pen of the Rector of Epworth, and in fact pretty nearly contains all his early pecuniary history.

"*Imprimis.* When he first walked to Oxford, he had in cash 2*l.* 5*s.*

"He lived there till he took his bachelor's degree, without any preferment, or assistance except *one crown.*

"By God's blessing on his own industry, he brought to London 10*l.* 15*s.*

"When he came to London, he got deacon's orders, and a cure, for which he had 28*l.* for one year.

"In which year for his board, ordination and habit, he was indebted 30*l.*, which he afterwards paid.

"Then he went to sea, where he had for one year 70*l.*, not paid till two years after his return.

"He then got a curacy of 30*l.* per annum, for two years, and by his own industry he made it 60*l.* per annum.

"He married, and had a son; and he and his wife and child boarded for some years, in or near London, without running into debt."—p. 76.

The manner in which he supported himself at Oxford is not stated; it is probable that he had already established a connexion with John Dunton, the eccentric publisher of that day, who under the title of his "Life and Errors," has left a most singular record of a very extraordinary character.

But that the son of the staunch and scrupulous non-conformist of Whitchurch, should go to Oxford at all, is hardly less surprising than that he should reside there and take his degree without deriving any means of support from his connexions. The step was a sudden one; for reasons of a very insufficient kind, he is said to have turned his back upon dissent and all the political opinions that usually went along with non-conformists, and without communicating a word of his intention to any one, to have set off early one morning on foot to Oxford. Having once taken the resolution of deserting his family principles, he assuredly never relented. He commenced Tory and High Churchman, with all the zeal and energy of an apostate. He not only left the Dissenters, but endeavoured to expose them; his vehement attacks upon them excited the hostility of that body, and conferred neither credit nor yet emolument upon himself.

Very soon after leaving the University, Samuel Wesley married. His wife was the daughter of Dr. Annesley, one of the most eminent non-conformists of the day. In theological biography the name of no man stands higher for learning, zeal, and charity. He lived to a great age in the active exercise of every faculty, and long before he died was held a sort of patriarch of the non-conformist church, beyond the pale of which he was scarcely less honoured than within its sanctuary. Dunton the bookseller had married one daughter, and through this connexion it is probable Samuel Wesley was introduced once more, though but for choice of a helpmate, among the Dissenters. With some view to the support of the marriage state, Wesley published his first work, through the means of his brother-in-law Dunton. It was poetry, or at least verse, and was called "Maggots, or Poems on subjects never before handled." His muse was a short time after more profitably employed. The revolution of 1688 had taken place; Mr. Wesley had resisted the temptations of the agents of James II., who had made him brilliant offers on the condition of his preaching Popery. In spite, however, of the cloud which hangs over his sudden desertion of the Dissenters, Wesley was not a man to listen to aught but his conscience in a matter of religion. With characteristic bold-

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ness he refused to read the King's declaration, and though surrounded by courtiers, soldiers, and informers, he preached manfully against it from the text Daniel, iii. 17, 18: "Be it known unto thee, O king, that we will not serve thy gods, nor worship the golden image which thou hast set up."

In perfect accordance with this, Mr. Wesley was a zealous approver of the revolution, and took an early opportunity of recommending himself to the new government by dedicating his "Life of Christ," an elaborate poem, to the Queen. He was in return presented with the living of Epworth in Lincolnshire, of the estimated worth of 200*l.* per annum; a sum, however, which he never realized. Epworth is in the Isle of Axholme, a remote and unfrequented part of the country, flat and unpicturesque in its appearance; and if some passages of their conduct to Mr. Wesley are to be taken as an index of the character of the inhabitants, the learned poet and divine was not fortunate in his neighbours. This living Mr. Wesley held upwards of forty years. This obscure village was the scene of all his weal and wo during the greater part of an active and stormy existence. Here nineteen children were born to him, all of whom lived to be educated, and ten arrived at maturity. On a scanty income, with a father who, if not improvident, was a bad manager and of an unconciliating temper,—it may be supposed that such a family was not reared without many a bitter struggle on the part of their exemplary mother. Mrs. Wesley was in fact a not less remarkable person than her husband. The family of Dr. Annesley was celebrated for the beauty, learning, and piety of its daughters; and Susannah, who fell to the lot of Samuel Wesley, seems to have had a full share of qualities which at that time were more highly valued in women than at the present day. Among all the changes that have taken place, there is none greater than that which has gradually been effected in female education. The point started from is altogether different, the end aimed at is hardly the same, and the means are as far as the poles asunder. For instance, Susannah Annesley at thirteen years of age had reviewed the whole controversy between the Dissenters and the Church, and had formed opinions on the subject which she never saw occasion to change, unless that is to be called a change which was operated upon her by the preaching of her son John, who found out that at seventy years of age, and after leading a life of piety, prayer, and the strictest virtue, his mother had not been a Christian. Dr. Adam Clarke ventures to dissent from his great master, and says of Mrs. Wesley, "I have been acquainted with many pious females. I have read the lives of several others, and compared memoirs of not a few; but of such a woman, take her for all in all, I have not heard, nor with her equal have I been acquainted. Such a one Solomon has described, and to Mrs. Wesley I can apply the character of his accomplished housewife, 'Many daughters have done virtuously, but thou excellest them all.'"

The living of Epworth no doubt came in high season to the succour of the affairs of the poor clerk, living, or rather starving, on a cure of 50*l.* a year, with a wife and five children. But Epworth itself was not a very magnificent affair; the vicar was behind-hand, and the expenses of taking possession threw him still further back. The only regular part of his income, was a child per annum. Probably this circumstance prevented him from ever improving the miserable state of his affairs, when joined with those accidents which in the present constitution of the church are always interfering with the efficiency of the clergyman, such as fines, inundations, law and parish squabbles. Once the parson's barn fell, twice his house was burnt down; events closely connected, in all probability, with his taking his tithes in kind. Of the spirit encouraged by this mode of collecting a revenue, an idea may be gathered from the story told of his once going into a wheat-field when the tithe corn was laid out, and finding the farmer occupied with a pair of shears snipping off the ears into a bag. Not appearing to observe the occupation of the farmer, he joined the man with the sack on his shoulders; and leading him in conversation through the town, until they arrived at the market place, and then suddenly seizing his burthen, he emptied its contents on the ground in the eyes of the farmer's townsmen. Mr. Wesley seems to have reckoned on the operation of shame. It is moreover recorded that his cows were stabbed in the night; and worst of all, his newly built parsonage was for a length of time visited by a ghost, that would permit neither the vicar of Epworth nor his family to have any rest. An election squabble did not mend the matter; his zealous co-operation with the high church and unpopular party caused him to be pursued and worried by the mob, who waylaid him on his return home, and celebrated a *charivari* under his windows. Party spirit was shown in a still more disgusting manner. At the instance of one of the candidates, he was thrown into Lincoln jail on the suit of one of his creditors. Mr. Wesley had a steady friend in an amiable prelate, Sharp, archbishop of York, and it is in his letters to him that are found the details of many of these miseries. He appears to have borne them with fortitude, and to have struggled against poverty and embarrassment with energy as well as patience. Some of the passages in the correspondence will exalt him in the estimation of the reader, and cannot fail to excite interest.

"*Epworth, Dec. 30th*, 1700.

"Fifty pounds interest and principal I have paid my Lord of Sarum's goldsmith: all which

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keeps me necessitous, especially since interest money begins to pinch me; and I am always called on for money before I make it, and must buy every thing at the worst hand; whereas, could I be so happy as to get on the right side of my income, I should not fear, by God's help, to live honestly in the world, and leave a little to my children. I think, as 'tis, I could perhaps work it out in time, in half a dozen or half a score years, if my heart should hold so long; but as for that, God's will be done."—p. 98.

The letter of which this is the conclusion, appears to have made a deep impression on the benevolent mind of the archbishop; the succedaneum however which he suggested for the relief of poor Mr. Wesley's affairs, was of the oddest description. His Grace proposed to apply to the House of Lords to obtain for him a brief for losses sustained by childbearing; besides which bright idea, he sent him money and prevailed on others to do the same. Mr. Wesley was grateful enough for the money, but no wise disposed to fall into the unprecedented scheme of classing the birth of his children with those other so called visitations of Providence, sickness, fire, and inundation.

"I most humbly thank your Grace" says Mr. Wesley in reply, "that you did not close with the motion which you mentioned in your first letter; for I had rather choose to remain all my life in my present circumstances, than consent that your Lordship should do any such thing; nor indeed should I be willing on my own account, to trouble the House of Lords in the method proposed, for I believe mine would be the first instance of a brief for losses by child-bearing that ever came before the honourable House."—p. 99.

With respect to the money and the archbishop's sympathy with the hardships he had to undergo, he speaks in a very different strain.

"When I received your Grace's first letter, I thanked God upon my knees for it, and have done the same I believe twenty times since, as often as I read it, and more than once for the other, which I received but yesterday. Certainly never did an archbishop write in such a manner to an Isle-poet, but it is peculiar to your Grace to oblige so as none besides can do it. I know you will be angry, but I can't help it, truth will out, though in a plain and rough dress, and I should sin against God if I now neglected to make all the poor acknowledgments I am able."—*May 14th*, 1701.—p. 99.

The archbishop's letter communicated the fact that the countess of Northampton had sent him 20*l.* Of this sum he says, he must divide it; "half to my poor mother, with whom I am now above a year behind-hand; the other ten pounds for my own family. My mother will wait on your Grace for her ten pounds: she knows not the particulars of my circumstances, which I keep from her as much as I can, that they may not trouble her." This was the widow of the John Wesley whose conversation with Bishop Ironside above forty years before this time, has been spoken of. She appears to have been solely dependent on her two children; of the assistance rendered by one we do not hear, the other could ill spare an ill-paid annual ten pounds. Verily non-conformity was no holiday work.

In 1702, Mr. Wesley's house was burnt down for the first time, and the archbishop of York again came forward with his assistance. Mr. Wesley in one of his grateful letters, enumerates all the donations he had received from, and by means of his Grace. They amount to 184*l.* 17*s.* 6*d.* "a frightful sum," he says "if one saw it altogether." But he did not see it altogether, so that it did him but an inferior portion of good. His debts were not paid off, and in the year 1705 he is found "at rest in the haven" of Lincoln gaol.

The following characteristic letter communicates the event to the archbishop;—

"*Lincoln Castle, June 25th*, 1705.

"My Lord,

"I am now at rest, for I have come to the haven where I have long expected to be. On Friday last, after I had been christening a child at Epworth, I was arrested in the church yard by one who had been my servant, at the suit of a relation of Mr. Whichcott's, according to promise, when they were in the Isle before the election. The sum was not 30*l.* One of my biggest concerns was leaving my poor lambs in the midst of so many wolves. But the great Shepherd is able to provide for them, and to preserve them. My *wife* bears it with that courage which becomes her. I don't despair of doing some good here, and it may be I shall do more in this *new parish*, than in my old one; for I have leave to read prayers every morning and afternoon in this prison, and to preach once on a Sunday, which I choose to do in the afternoon, when there is no service at the Minster. I am getting acquainted with my brother *jail-birds* as fast as I can, and shall write to London, next post, to "the Society for promoting Christian Knowledge," who I hope will send me some books to distribute amongst them. I should not write these things from a jail, if I thought your Grace would believe me less for being here, where, if I should lay my bones, I'd bless God, and pray for your Grace."—p. 106. S. Wesley.

The origin of his incarceration being political, political friends came forward. Mr. Wesley was not many months in gaol; the debt was paid, and a subscription entered into, which probably made his condition easier than it ever had been.

"My Lord,

"I am so full of God's mercies, that neither my eyes nor heart can hold them. When I came hither my stock was but little above ten shillings, and my wife's at home scarcely so much. She soon sent me her *rings*, because

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she had nothing else to relieve me with; but I returned them, and God soon provided for me. The most of those who have been my benefactors keep themselves concealed. But they are all known to Him who first put it into their hearts to show me so much kindness; and I beg your Grace to assist me to praise God for it, and to pray for his blessing upon them."—p. 108.

In 1709, the Rectory of Epworth was again burnt down to the ground; this time nothing was saved, and the life of one child was only just preserved; *that child was John Wesley*, who has given an account of his narrow escape himself from his own infantine recollections. In reference to it, he had a house in flames engraved as an emblem under one of his portraits, with these words for the motto, "Is not this a brand plucked out of the burning?" The only thing besides rescued from the flames, was a leaf of Mr. Wesley's Polyglott Bible, and the only part of it legible was the text *Vade: vende omnia quæ habes, et attolle crucem et sequere me.* John Wesley attributes the burning to that most combustible of all fire-brands, the tithe. The destruction of the parsonage led Mr. Wesley into all the proverbial embarrassments of builders. He was induced to construct a large substantial brick house (the previous one having been composed of mud, timber, and thatch), in which, after it was completed, he probably never knew an unruffled day. Now would have been the time for the Archbishop to step forward with his brief, first detailing the loss by fire, and next the misery of building.

Mr. Wesley had scarcely got warm in his new house, when *the ghost* commenced its disturbances. The noises of this extraordinary visiter continued to annoy the family for some time; but after the alarm had subsided, he contributed to the amusement of the younger branches of the household, and among them went by the familiar name of "Old Jeffrey." Among the members of the family and their friends, these noises, however, excited considerable speculation; and Mr. Wesley himself was moved to exorcise the spirit, and afterwards to detail the history of it. The circumstances as recorded in different letters and reports were published by Dr. Priestley, as the best authenticated ghost story within his knowledge. The form of Old Jeffrey's visitation was chiefly that of sound; he would knock solemnly against the walls, gobble like a turkey-cock up and down stairs, imitate the sound fearful to the ears of housekeepers, of a crash of glass, or of the emptying of a bag of money. He was pursued from room to room in vain; he was felt to push against the door, but was invisible except on two occasions, when Mrs. Wesley saw something run from under the bed like a badger, and Robin, the man, saw something run from under the oven like a rabbit with "its little scut standing straight up." Mr. Wesley, at first, was not permitted to hear these extraordinary sounds; and as according to the superstitious, the man who is not aware of these visitations is threatened with death, the communication was not made to him until it was impossible to keep it secret. He treated Jeffrey with derision in the first instance, and threw out a very ungallant insinuation against his daughters, that Old Jeffrey was the work of their lovers. Jeffrey appears to have had pretty good information; from that night he plagued Mr. Wesley along with the rest of the family; and he who had laughed at the ghost, grew both angry and frightened. He solemnly questioned it "if it were Sammy," meaning his eldest boy then at Westminster-school; "and bid it, if it were, and could not speak, to knock again; but it did no more that night, which made us hope it was not against your death." (*Mrs. Wesley's Letter to her son Samuel. Appendix, p.* 283.) At another time, he went close to the place where the knocking was heard, in company with a neighbouring clergyman, and said *sternly*, "thou deaf and dumb devil, why dost thou frighten these children (it was in the nursery). Come to me in my study, that am a man." He was going to fire a pistol at it, but his brother clergyman prevented him. The ghost accepted his invitation, and the next evening visited Mr. Wesley in his study, but nothing came of it.

Some of the circumstances are thus related by Mr. John Wesley, as taken from the mouths of his sisters.

"The next evening, (*4th Dec.* 1716) between five and six o'clock, my sister *Molly*, then about twenty years of age, sitting in the dining-room, reading, heard the door that leads into the hall open, and a person walking in, that seemed to have on a silk night-gown, rustling and trailing along. It appeared to walk round her, and then to the door: but she could *see* nothing. So she rose, put her book under her arm, and walked slowly away. After supper, she was sitting with my sister *Sukey*, (about a year older,) in one of the chambers, and telling her what had happened, she quite made light of it; saying, 'I wonder you are so easily frightened; I would fain see what could frighten me.' Presently a knocking began under the table. She took the candle and looked, but could find nothing. The iron casement began to clatter, and the lid of a warming-pan. Next, the latch of the door began to move up and down without ceasing. She started up, leaped into the bed without undressing, pulled the bed-clothes over her head, and never ventured to look up till morning. A night or two after, my sister *Hetty*, a year younger than Molly, was waiting, as usual, between nine and ten, to take away my father's candle, when she heard one coming down the garret stairs, walking slowly. At every step, the house seemed shook from top to bottom. Just then my father called. She went in, took his candle, and got to bed as fast as possible. In the morning, she told this to

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my eldest sister, who said, 'you know I believe none of these things. Pray let me take away the candle to-night, and I will find out the trick." She accordingly took my sister Hetty's place; and had no sooner taken away the candle, than she heard a noise below. She hastened down stairs to the hall, where the noise was. But it was then in the kitchen. She ran into the kitchen, where it was drumming on the inside of the screen. When she went round, it was drumming on the outside. Then she heard a knocking at the back-kitchen door. She ran to it; unlocked it softly; and when the knocking was repeated, suddenly opened it; but nothing was to be seen. As soon as she had shut it, the knocking began again. She opened it again, but could see nothing: when she went to shut the door, it was violently thrust against her: but she set her knee to the door, forced it to, and turned the key. Then the noise began again: but she let it go on, and went up to bed.

"The next morning my sister telling my mother what had happened, she said, 'If I hear any thing myself, I shall know how to judge.' Soon after, Emilia begged her mother to come into the nursery. She did, and heard in a corner of the room, as it were the violent rocking of a cradle. She was convinced it was *preternatural*, and earnestly prayed it might not disturb her in her chamber at the hours of her retirement: and it never did. She now thought it was proper to tell my father. He was extremely angry, and said, "*Sukey*, I am ashamed of you: these girls frighten one another; but you are a woman of sense, and should know better. Let me hear of it no more.' At six in the evening, we had family prayers as usual. When my father began the prayer for the king, a knocking commenced all round the room; and a *thundering* one attended the Amen. The same was heard from this time every morning and evening, while the prayer for the *king* was repeated."—p. 285.

It must be remarked, that Old Jeffrey was always a staunch Jacobite; he would never permit Mr. Wesley to pray for the King or the Prince of Wales without disturbing the house. This was a sore subject with Mr. Wesley, and he made a point of repeating the prayer. There is no doubt that Jeffrey was well acquainted with the family history. On one occasion, Mr. Wesley had been so offended with his wife because she would not pray for King William, that he left his home saying, that if they had two Kings they should have two beds, repaired to London, and did not return to his home and his parish till the death of King William, when both at length agreed that Queen Anne was the true Queen. So that the Jacobite noise was no doubt a severer blow upon Mr. Wesley's nerves than any other of the knocks that Old Jeffrey was in the habit of inflicting upon any part of the house. After becoming the jest of the family, and his knocking being made into the signal for the children to go to bed, Old Jeffrey suddenly took his departure and was never more heard of; and to this day it is dubious whether it was love or hate that animated this boisterous spirit. Cause enough for both there seems to have been; the chambers of the haunted house were tenanted with four or five lovely young women kept up under the strictest regimen, and the whole of the attic floor was converted into a huge granary for tithe corn, so that it may be supposed that Jeffrey had business on either floor. If Old Jeffrey owed his existence to the young men of the neighbourhood, it must be confessed that the parsonage of Epworth presented a fine mark for the lovers of practical joke. First, there was the somewhat pompous clergyman himself, the High Tory "Isle-poet," with his stickling for tithes, conjoined with a worldly simplicity and a devotion to learning that might have served as a model for Parson Adams himself. Mrs. Wesley was a person to be approached with more reverence, and it is seen that Jeffrey in some degree respected her wishes. But even she, was vulnerable on the points of her formality, her excessive strictness, and the severity of discipline under which she brought up her numerous household. It might be supposed that the close retirement, the perpetual prayer and meditation, the solemn demeanour, and the incessant devotion to the sterner duties, would not be agreeable to a parcel of girls, who in spite of the rigour of their decorum might let out the truth, though by a glance, that they had other ideas flitting through the brain than such as were found in the then new and popular work the Whole Duty of Man.

The domestic discipline maintained at the Rectory of Epworth is so agreeable to the opinions of all that have hitherto taken in hand the subject of the Wesley family, that it will excite no surprise to find it the subject of unbounded eulogy. John Wesley deemed it highly of the plan, and the principles under which he and his brothers and sisters had been reared, that he requested his mother to write down the rules of her practice, apparently that he might recommend it for the benefit of others. The letter is preserved in this volume. It contains a full and striking statement of the manner in which the households of our religious ancestors were conducted. At the time of this letter, England was essentially a religious country, and according to the ideas entertained of religion, the interior of domestic life was very carefully regulated. It is true that ribaldry and debauchery were not rare in those days; but they were chiefly collected in the metropolis, and exhibited especially in the straggling loyalists, who had passed an exile on the continent. The remains of the discipline are still to be found in remote families, but, as a general system, no longer exists.

"*Epworth, July 24th,* [illegible]

"Dear Son,—According to your desire, I have collected the principal rules I observed in educating my family.

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"The children were always put into a regular method of living, in such things as they were capable of, from their birth; as in dressing and undressing, changing their linen, &c. The first quarter commonly passes in sleep. After that they were, if possible, laid into their cradle awake, and rocked to sleep; and so they were kept rocking till it was time for them to awake. This was done to bring them to a regular course of sleeping, which, at first, was three hours in the morning, and three in the afternoon; afterwards two hours, till they needed none at all. When turned a year old (and some before,) they were taught to fear the rod, and to cry *softly*, by which means they escaped much correction which they might otherwise have had; and that most odious noise of the crying of children was rarely heard in the house.

"As soon as they grew pretty strong, they were confined to three meals a day. At dinner their little table and chairs were set by ours, where they could be overlooked: and they were suffered to eat and drink as much as they would, but *not to call for any thing*. If they wanted aught, they used to whisper to the maid that attended them, who came and spoke to me; and as soon as they could handle a knife and fork, they were set to our table. They were never suffered *to choose their meat;* but always made to eat such things as were provided for the family. Drinking or eating *between meals* was never allowed, unless in case of sickness, which seldom happened. Nor were they suffered to go into the kitchen to ask any thing of the servants, when they were at meat: if it was known they did so, they were certainly beat, and the servants severely reprimanded. At six, as soon as family prayer was over, they had their supper; at seven the maid washed them, and beginning at the youngest, she undressed and got them all to bed by eight; at which time she left them in their several rooms *awake*, for there was no such thing allowed in our house as sitting by a child till it fell asleep. They were so constantly used to eat and drink what was given them, that when any of them were ill, there was no difficulty in making them take the most unpleasant medicine, for they durst not refuse it.

"In order to form the minds of children, the first thing to be done is *to conquer their will*. To inform the understanding is a work of time; and must, with children, proceed by slow degrees, as they are able to bear it: but the subjecting the will is a thing that must be done at once, *and the sooner the better;* for by neglecting timely correction, they will contract a stubbornness and obstinacy which are hardly ever after conquered, and never without using such severity as would be as painful to me as to the child. In the esteem of the world they pass for kind and indulgent, whom I call *cruel* parents; who permit their children to get habits which they know must be afterwards broken. When the will of a child is subdued, and it is brought to revere and stand in awe of its parents, then a great many childish follies and inadvertencies may be passed by. Some should be overlooked, and others mildly reproved: but no *wilful* transgression ought ever to be forgiven children, without chastisement less or more, as the nature and circumstances of the offence may require. I insist upon conquering the *will* of children betimes, because this is the only strong and rational foundation of a religious education, without which, both precept and example will be ineffectual. But when this is thoroughly done, then a child is capable of being governed by the reason and piety of its parents, till its own understanding comes to maturity, and the principles of religion have taken root in the mind.

"I cannot yet dismiss this subject. As *self-will* is the root of all sin and misery, so whatever cherishes this in children ensures their wretchedness and irreligion: whatever checks and mortifies it, promotes their future happiness and piety. This is still more evident, if we farther consider that religion is nothing else than doing the *will of God*, and not our own; that the one grand impediment to our temporal and eternal happiness being this *self-will*, no indulgence of it can be trivial, no denial unprofitable. Heaven or hell depends on this alone. So that the parent who studies to subdue it in his child, works together with God in the renewing and saving a soul. The parent who indulges it, does the devil's work; makes religion impracticable, salvation unattainable, and does all that in him lies to damn his child, soul and body, for ever.

"Our children were taught, as soon as they could speak, the Lord's prayer, which they were made to say at *rising* and *bedtime* constantly; to which, as they grew older, were added a short prayer for their parents, and some portion of Scripture, as their memories could bear. They were very early made to distinguish the Sabbath from other days. They were taught to be still at family prayers, and to ask a blessing immediately after meals, which they used to do by *signs*, before they could kneel or speak. They were quickly made to understand they should have nothing they *cried for*, and instructed to speak respectfully for what they wanted.

"Taking God's name in vain, cursing and swearing, profaneness, obscenity, rude ill-bred names, were never heard among them; nor were they ever permitted to call each other by their proper names, without the addition of *brother* or *sister*. There was no such thing as loud talking or playing allowed: but every one was kept close to business for the six hours of school. And it is almost incredible what a child may be taught in a quarter of a year by a vigorous application, if it have but a tolerable capacity, and good health. *Kezzy* excepted, all could read better at that time, than most women can do as long as they live. Rising from their places, or going out of the room, was not permitted, except for good cause; and running into the yard, garden, or street, without leave, was always considered a capital offence.

"For some years we went on very well. Never were children better disposed to piety, or in more subjection to their parents, till that fatal dispersion of them, after the *fire*, into several families. In those they were left at full liberty to converse with servants, which before they had always been restrained from; and to run abroad to play with any children good or bad. They soon learned to neglect a strict observance of the Sabbath; and got knowledge of several songs, and bad things, which before

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they had no notion of. That civil behaviour, which made them admired, when they were at home, by all who saw them, was, in a great measure, lost; and clownish accent, and many rude ways learnt, which were not reformed, without some difficulty. When the house was rebuilt, and all the children brought home, we entered on a strict reform; and then we began the custom of singing psalms at beginning and leaving school, morning and evening. Then also that of a general retirement at five o'clock was entered upon: when the oldest took the youngest that could speak, and the second the next, to whom they read the psalms for the day, and a chapter in the New Testament; as in the morning they were directed to read the psalms, and a chapter in the Old; after which they went to their private prayers, before they got their breakfast, or came into the family.

"There were several by-laws observed among us. I mention them here because I think them useful.

"1. It had been observed that cowardice and fear of punishment often lead children into lying; till they get a custom of it which they cannot leave. To prevent this, a law was made, that whoever was charged with a fault, of which they were guilty, if they would *ingenuously confess it*, and promise to amend, should not be beaten. This rule prevented a great deal of lying.

"2. That no sinful action, as lying, *playing* at church*, or on the Lord's day, disobedience, quarrelling, &c., should ever pass unpunished.

"3. That no child should ever be chid, or beat *twice* for the same fault; and that if they amended, they should never be upbraided with it afterwards.

"4. That every signal act of obedience, especially when it crossed their own inclinations, should be always commended, and frequently rewarded, according to the merits of the case.

"5. That if ever any child performed an act of obedience, or did any thing with an *intention* to please, though the performance was not well, yet the obedience and intention should be kindly accepted, and the child, with sweetness, directed how to do better for the future.

"6. That *propriety* be inviolably preserved; and none suffered to invade the property of another in the smallest matter, though it were but of the value of a farthing, or a pin; which they might not take from the owner without, much less against, his consent. This rule can never be too much inculcated on the minds of children.

"7. That promises be strictly observed: and a gift once bestowed, and so the right passed away from the donor, be not resumed, but left to the disposal of him to whom it was given; unless it were conditional, and the condition of the obligation not performed.

"8. That no girl be taught to work till she can read very well; and then that she be kept to her work with the same application, and for the same time that she was held to in reading. This rule also is much to be observed; for the putting children to learn sewing before they can read perfectly, is the very reason why so few women can read fit to be heard, and never to be well understood."—p. 156.

The spirit of this system is the beauty of order, and the reverence of authority. All that habit can effect, is done. Impressions will be made on the child, that will always have their weight with the adult. Saving a little too much talk of beating, it is excellent as the means,—as preparing a foundation; but the superstructure is all to come, and most, both men and women, make it for themselves. To start a child with good habits and dispositions, and as much freedom as possible from ill ones, is about as much as the light of modern times discovers can be done for it. What goes much beyond this, ends generally in the catechumen's running away, and the wiseacre that was the cause of it, lamenting the depravity of youth. The great danger of disappointment to the curious in the restrictive system, is from carrying it on too long. In the instance of Mrs. Wesley it has been said, that her failure was miserable and complete; because of all the seven daughters of whom any thing is heard, not one appears to have enjoyed a decent share of happiness in marriage. It ought, however, to be shown that it was the fault of either the mother or the daughters. On the contrary, it appears that they were ill matched, and that surrounded by painful and difficult circumstances their conduct was of a kind to command both pity and admiration. In the two cases of which most is known, those of Mrs. Hayes and Mrs. Wright, the first was married to a madman whose irrationality showed itself chiefly in vice; and his wife proved herself a model of forbearance, good temper, and steady propriety. Mrs. Wright, the Mehetabel of whom and of whose poetry so much has been said, was married to an ignorant drunkard in an inferior station in life; and the misery of this union was borne with a mixture of wretchedness and resignation that deeply interests all who read her story. She exhaled her complaints now and then in verse, but it was only after the most earnest endeavour to extract some sources of consolation from her bitter lot,—a task that was found to be in vain. Mrs. Ellison separated from her husband; he was a boisterous squire in the fens of Lincolnshire, who, after proving himself a totally unfit companion for a daughter of Mrs. Wesley, set the house on fire in a fit of some sort of debauchery, after which his wife never would reside under the same roof again. In her solitude she practised every Christian virtue. Mrs. Horder's husband died very early in their married life. Mrs. Whitelamb, the de-

* By an odd mistake, arising probably in the repeated copying of manuscripts, the book for *playing* reads *pilfering*. It may be assumed without risk of error, that the Miss and Master Wesleys were not exclusively restrained from *pilfering*, at church and on Sundays. Those who have tasted of any thing like the same discipline, know full well what the crimes are, to which young Christians are liable on these occasions.

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formed but beautiful Mary, died in giving birth to her first child. Kezzia died in single blessedness at a little more than thirty; and of Mrs. Lambert little or nothing is known.

The secret of the unhappiness of the domestic life of the young, the beautiful, and pious daughters of the rector of Epworth, is that they were ill-matched. They were so from various reasons that may be collected from this history. Well educated, of the refinement that comes of literature and an exalted piety, they were placed far above the level of the bumpkins of the isle of Axholme. Other society they were altogether removed from, partly from the rules of their household which were of an exclusive spirit, partly by the character of their father. Mr. Wesley was not of a conciliatory disposition, was irritated by debts and tithes, and was moreover exposed to some persecution from the dissenters, whom it was thought he had unhandsomely left; this soured his temper, injured his preferment, and narrowed his connexions. He is also characterized as austere and rash,—qualities somewhat dissimilar, but either of which will account in part for the solitude in which he lived. This solitude might be, as far as he was concerned, relieved by his constant attendance at the Convocation, which he resorted to as a duty to the neglect of his parish and his family; and also by his literary correspondence and pursuits. His latter years were employed in the most enthusiastic devotion of time and labour to his Commentaries on the Book of Job, a study he had probably originally resorted to from an idea that his afflictions had been manifold; and though the patience of his prototype was exerted on great occasions, it is not to be supposed that his struggles did not frequently sour his temper on smaller. All this had the effect, not only of driving away his neighbours and friends, but of precipitating matters at home. Something of this sort seems to have happened on the occasion of the marriage of Mehetabel with the plumber and glazier's journeyman, Wright. Of this marriage Mr. Dove thus writes after his authorities.

"In the spring freshness of youth and hope, her affections were engaged by one who, in point of abilities and situation might have been a suitable husband; some circumstances, however, caused a disagreement with her father. This interference did not move *Hetty*. She refused to give her lover up; and had he been faithful to her, the connexion, in all probability, would have issued in marriage; but, whether he was offended with the opposition he met with, or it proceeded from fickleness, is not known. He, however, remitted his assiduities, and at last abandoned *a woman who would have been an honour to the first man in the land*. The matter thus terminating, *Hetty* committed a fatal error, which many women have done in their just, but blind resentment, —she married the first person who offered. This was a man of the name of Wright, in no desirable rank in life, of coarse mind and manners, inferior to herself in education and intellect, and every way unworthy of a woman, whose equal in all things it would have been difficult to find. ....Duty in her produced so much affection towards the miserable creature whom she had made her husband, that the brutal profligacy of his conduct almost broke her heart. He did not know the value of the woman he had espoused! He associated with low company, spent his evenings from home, and became a confirmed drunkard."—p. 234.

That she was almost *compelled* by her *father* to marry Wright, appears evident from the following extract from a letter of the unhappy poetess to her father some time after her marriage.

"I think exactly the same of *my marriage* as I did before it happened: but *though I would have given at least one of my eyes for the liberty of throwing myself at your feet before I was married at all;* yet since it is past, and matrimonial grievances are usually *irreparable*, I hope you will condescend to be so far of my opinion, as to own,—that since upon some accounts I am happier than I deserve, *it is best to say little of things quite past remedy;* and endeavour, as I really do, to make myself more and more contented, though things may not be to my wish." —p. 238.

The writer of a paper on the history of Mehetabel in the Monthly Repository, No. lxxv., assumes, on an authority of which no trace appears, that the marriage took place in pursuance of a vow, and that the performance of the vow was insisted upon by the father on religious grounds. This gives rise to some excellent observations on vows, which are only faulty as not being applicable.

Besides the daughters, of whom mention has been made, Mr. Wesley had three sons. Of John and Charles, the annals of religious history speak abundantly. Samuel was the eldest, and adopted the high church principles of his father; he was an eminent scholar, wit, and epigrammatist. His poetry and principles stood in the way of his preferment. He was a Tory, and had written verses against Sir Robert Walpole. After twenty years of an usher's life in Westminster School, he was promoted to the Mastership of Tiverton School in Devonshire. He was a thoroughly amiable and upright man. He was honoured by the friendship of Pope, Lord Oxford, and many of the distinguished men of that day. His vein in poetry is that of humorous narrative; sometimes his epigrams are smart and pointed.

Mr. Samuel Wesley the father, only just lived long enough to finish his Commentaries on Job; dedicated to Queen Caroline. John Wesley the last, has given the following account of his presentation of that work, which had occupied so many an anxious hour of his dying father. It is a short but sharp reproof on the vanity of putting trust in princes.

"He told the late Dr. Adam Clarke that

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when he 'was introduced into the Royal presence, the Queen was *romping* with her maids of honour. But she suspended her play, heard and received him graciously, took the book from his hand, which he presented to her kneeling on one knee, looking on the outside, said '*it is very prettily bound*,' and then laid it down in the window without opening a leaf. He rose up, bowed, walked backward, and withdrew. The Queen bowed, smiled, and spoke several kind words, and immediately resumed her sport."—p. 129.

Mr. Samuel Wesley the father, died at Epworth on the 25th April, 1735, in the 72d year of his age. His sons John and Charles were present. Mrs. Wesley survived him upwards of seven years. Charles writing an account of his father's death to his brother Samuel, adds this sentence; it is a commentary upon the poor clergyman's struggles through life and through Job.

"Mrs. Knight, our landlady, seized all the live stock, valued at above £40, for £15 my father owed her, on Monday last, *the day he was buried*."—p. 131.

The great lesson from this history seems to be that men learn to think lightly of themselves, or at all events moderately, whatever may have been their talents, efforts, or acquirements. Here are four or five men of one family, all of undoubted integrity and very superior powers of mind, each devoutly believing himself a "prophet, priest, and king" in his own household and no inconsiderable circuit of authority besides, and ready probably any morning to have gone to the stake

> "That all the world might see
> There's none in the right but we."

Yet of these there are scarcely any two that can agree to go the same way, or one that does not attach himself earnestly to the objects of the keenest hostility of the others; and though overflowing with zeal and good intentions, they cannot introduce their children to the world with the decent chance of happiness which belongs to most peasants, or guard their proper persons from the attacks of hobgoblins and "Old Jeffrey." Truly, of all suspicious things, the wisdom of the wise has been the most so. At the same time it is only fair to say, that the manners by which our ancestors were surrounded, were unfavourable to a decent lowly-mindedness. Their very wigs were snares of Satan to make them think more highly of themselves than they ought to do. What good could possibly come to a man who every morning arrayed his head in one, and then made his little children pop down on their knees before him to beg his blessing, as if the compound was an emanation from divinity?

From the Westminster Review.

ALGIERS.*

The documents, books, despatches, and speeches made on the subject of Algiers since the beginning of the year 1830, are so numerous and so authentic, that no doubt exists in regard either to the rights of the Africans at the hands of Europeans, or to the wishes of the French. It is however exceedingly doubtful, whether the course to be soon taken by the tortuous diplomacy of Europe on this question, will be in unison with either.

Nevertheless few propositions seem capable of clearer proof, than that the rights of the Northern Africans ought to be respected, not less for the sake of Europe and especially of France, than for the sake of the best interests of humanity and of general civilization. This proposition is the subject intended to be discussed in the present article; in which, accordingly, it will be attempted to be shown, that the duty of Europe and of France towards the Algerines, is such, as will, if judiciously discharged, benefit Europe at large, and be advantageous to France.

Lord Aberdeen has sought for elements of party mischief, in the relations between England and France connected with the occupation of Algiers; but happily the revolution of July, 1830, swept away these elements, and Lord Aberdeen's party with them; and no one can, with any chance of success, oppose a doubt as to the right of France to Algiers as against any of the powers of Europe. Three years acquiescence by Tories and Whigs, and by the whole Holy Alliance, has estopped the claims of Europe; but the same three years have multiplied a thousand fold the claims of Africa in this matter, which is a very different point. The expedition to Africa was a Holy Alliance plot, having *arrière pensée* upon the liberties of France; and it would be strange indeed, after one part of the scheme had so signally failed, to permit the same party to profit by discussions upon a conquest which was dangerous to Europe through their com-

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* 1. Proclamations distributed by the French Government in the regency of Algiers in 1830.—Moniteur, 25 May, 1830.

2. Quelques mots sur le Tresor d'Alger.—Paris. 8vo. 1830.

3. De la Domination Francaise en Afrique, et des principales questions que fait naitre l'occupation de ce pays. Par M. Raynal.—Paris. 8vo. 1832.

4. Alger sous la domination Francaise, son etat present et son avenir. Par M. le Baron Pichon, Conseiller d'Etat Ancien Intendent Civil d'Alger.—Paris. 8vo. 1833.

5. Appel en faveur d'Alger et de l'Afrique du Nord. Par un Anglais.—Paris. 8vo. 1833.

6. Rapport de la Commission de la Chambre des Deputes sur le Budjet de Ministre de la Guerre pour l'annee 1834. Moniteur, 29 Mai, 1833.

7. Observations du General Clausel sur quelques actes de son gouvernement.—Paris. 1831.

8. Precis sur la Politique Anglaise a Tripoli.—Paris. 8vo. 1832.

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plicity, and which they took no pains to render advantageous to Africa. Revolutionized France is entitled to reject with scorn Lord Aberdeen's appeal; she may also justly refuse to retrace her steps at the call of any English party however powerful, if the call be founded on no better grounds than those of national jealousy. Upon higher and more forcible principles, there will be little difficulty in showing that her conduct must be altered. The respect due by her in common with all nations to the claims of justice, is one of those higher principles on which, as well as by the particular claim of the less civilized to great tenderness from the more civilized races, France is bound to abstain from the evil she is at this moment inflicting upon Northern Africa. And France is bound by the more forcible principle of self-interest, to reject the illusions of false glory, and withdraw from a country, which it is impracticable to colonize, but where enormous loss of men and money awaits her further stay.

The criterion of the duty of France towards the country of Algiers, is a specific engagement entered into with the inhabitants of the regency before the surrender of the town in 1830. The terms of the engagement on the part of the French, are to be found in a Proclamation then distributed by them profusely amongst the Africans, who evinced their acceptance of the terms by adopting a course of conduct eminently advantageous to the invaders. The proclamation is expressed as follows:—

"To the Coulouglis, sons of Turks and Arabians, residing in the territory of Algiers,—We, your friends, the French, are setting out for Algiers. We are going to drive from thence the Turks, your enemies and your tyrants, who torment and persecute you,—who rob you of your property and the produce of your soil, and constantly threaten your lives. *We shall not take the town to remain masters of it: we swear it by our blood. If you join us,—if you prove yourselves worthy of our protection,—you shall reign there as formerly, independent masters of your native country.* The French will treat you as they treated your dear brethren the Egyptians, who have not ceased to regret us,* for these thirty years that have elapsed since we left their country, and who, moreover, still send their children to France, to learn reading, writing, and every useful occupation and art. We promise to respect your money, your goods, and your holy religion, for his Majesty, the benefactor of our beloved country, protects every religion. If you do not trust our words and the strength of our arms, retire out of our way; but do not join the Turks, our enemies and yours. Remain peaceable; the French have no need of aid to beat and expel the Turks; the French are and will be your sincere friends; come to us, it will give us pleasure, and will be of advantage to you. If you bring us provisions, forage, oxen, and sheep, we will pay for them at the market prices. If you are afraid of our arms, point out a place whither our faithful soldiers shall repair without arms, and with money in exchange for your supplies. Thus may peace be with you, and peace between us, for your good and for our good."

After Algiers fell, this proclamation was completely thrown aside. Some were misled by the hope that France might govern her conquest so wisely as to confer many benefits upon Northern Africa. The great events also at Paris in July, 1830, cast the affairs of Algiers into the shade in Europe; and although the solemn promises thus recorded were not forgotten by the Africans for a moment, their complaints at the breach of the engagement, as well as at other wrongs, were suppressed with severity by those who inflicted the original injustice. The fact that the natives cherish this stipulated right of independence, has even been imputed to them as a crime; and writers are found who coolly recommend, that under a very thin disguise of being dealt with like friends, they should be treated as enemies of France.—(Raynal, p. 30.) The extermination of the natives has also been distinctly proposed, in order to provide room for European colonists, in the same manner in which the colonists at the Cape of Good Hope are accommodated every five years with new lands at the expense of the Southern Africans.—(Pichon, p. 99. Raynal. Debates in the Chamber of Deputies; Moniteur, 9th March 1833.)

Independently of the condition upon which, under the foregoing proclamation, the French obtained the concurrence of many natives in their conquest, the convention made upon the surrender of Algiers guaranteed to the people of all classes their freedom, their religion, their property, and their trade. But this convention has not been more studiously observed than the proclamation. It was the public and official declaration of the late governor, the Duc de Rovigo, that prisoners have been put to death without even the form of trial. "The troops," says the governor of Algiers, "ought to disobey orders in such cases; for such executions are assassinations, and all concerned in them incur responsibility for these crimes." "Every prisoner," continues the governor "is under protection of the law, and all safety is gone if lives are to be destroyed without the sentence of a court of justice. If such things are to be allowed, barbarism will take the place of civilization." The foul acts which gave occasion for these remarks, occurred only in May,

* It is quite true that the French are regretted in Egypt. As instances how far the recollections of the republican army among the numerous classes are from being of a hostile kind, a blind Arab at Cairo in 1822 went about at all hours, exclaiming, *Citoyens, donnez-moi a manger; je n'ai pas encore dejeune!*" and the dancing-girls at Luxor sing in Arabic a manifest colloquy between a French soldier and an Egyptian girl, to the tune of "Malbrouk." Corresponding traces of the Holy Allies will hardly be found in France and Italy.—*Editor.*

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1832.—Pichon, p. 407.) M. Pichon, who justly denounces the policy which has led to these assassinations, was the *civil* governor of Algiers in 1832. His office was abolished last year, almost as soon as established; and fortunately for Africa, he has published a long account of what he witnessed while there. According to that account, the assassinations mentioned in the order of the Duc de Rovigo, are but a small portion of the cruelties of a like kind committed by the French in the last three years in Algiers.

Equally barbarous outrages have been committed against the religion of the people. Mosques have been wantonly seized; charitable endowments confiscated; the graves violated; and the very bones of the dead exported to Marseilles with the flesh sticking to them, to be used in making white sugar for the French nation.*

The property of the people has not been more respected. Enormous contributions of so illegal a character were last year imposed, that the minister at home sent out repeated orders for their remission. Obedience was long refused to these by the governor, lest the recall of the tax-ordinance should lessen his importance in the eyes of the people. A still more mischievous invasion of property, has been the requiring all the land-holders to deposit their title deeds in the hands of the governor.

These examples sufficiently show the character of the French government of Algiers since 1830; and against these and similar acts, appeals to the Tuileries have hitherto proved fruitless. In France there is no regular practice of granting redress to colonial complaints, even when it is Frenchmen that suffer. The French ministers and Conseil d' Etat are more hermetically sealed against such appellants, than our own secretaries of state and privy council; which will explain to an English reader pretty clearly, how little supervision there is in France over the distant authorities. The African complaints are exposed to additional disadvantages in difference of language, manner, and religion. The most cruel outrages have consequently been committed in Algiers without prospect of remedy.

This habitual denial of justice accounts for the failure of the French in founding colonies. That centralization of all authority in Paris, which is the grand characteristic of their administrative system, is necessarily most mischievous at a distance, where public opinion affords no correction to abuses. That system has been revised in a late session of the Chambers, but all suggestions for vesting in the people any control over the local governments, or even for establishing in Paris any high official check upon the administration of colonial affairs, were rejected with surprising pertinacity. Attempts to modify this system for Algiers, where a despotism far more rigorous and more productive of oppression than that of the old Deys is established, have in the present year also, been treated with ridicule in the Chamber of Deputies, and in the Peers with murmurs.

The consequence is an amount of abuse against private persons and properties, and of expense to the Home government, easy to be estimated by those who have ever examined provincial and colonial history with any attention.

The estimates of the minister of war for 1834 for Algiers, as published in the Moniteur recently, exceed nineteen millions of francs; the cost of the civil administration is to be added to this sum; and the utmost that can be got from the local revenue is one million and a half of francs, though under the Deys that revenue is believed to have exceeded six millions of francs; some persons state it at eight millions. In the year 1832 France is believed to have expended more than thirty millions of francs at Algiers; and the most sanguine advocates of colonization there, do not venture to anticipate a speedy saving, although they maintain that a liberal expenditure now will be ultimately repaired. It is not surprising therefore, to find the chamber of Deputies doubting, whether it be wise to persevere in keeping possession of the conquest. In May last a commission upon the minister of war's budget concluded their report in the following terms:—"The army estimates are increased by an item which demands the undivided consideration of the Chamber, that is to say, the expense of occupying and colonizing Africa. These objects require 23,328 men, and twenty-one millions of money, towards which the local taxes contribute only about a million and a half. The

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* Lettre de M. Segaud, docteur en medicine; *Semaphore de Marseille*, du 2 Mars, 1833.

Marseille, 1er *Mars*, 1833.

"J'ai appris par la voie publique que parmi les os qui servent a la fabrication du charbon animal, il s'en trouve qui appartiennent a l'espece humaine. A bord de la bombarde *la Bonne-Josephine*, venant d'Alger et chargee d'os, j'ai reconnu plusieurs os faisant partie de la charpente humaine. J'y ai vu des *cranes*, des *cubitus* et des *femurs* de la classe adulte, recemment deterres et n'etant pas entierement prives des parties charnues. Une pareille chose ne devrait pas etre toleree. .... En commandant au peuple plus de respect pour les morts, il montrerait peut-etre moins de mepris pour les vivans. L'existence des raffineries de sucre de notre cite ne serait pas menacee par la repugnance que l'on commence a manifester de se sevir d'une substance dans la confection de laquelle entre le corps humain.

"Enfin, la politique de notre colonie d'Alger seriat plus efficace en nous rendant plus favourables ses ennemis, les Arabes et les Bedouins, qui, instruits qu'on leur enleve les ossemens de leurs peres, sont aujourd'hui dans un etat de fanatisme religieux tel, qu'ils mettent en pieces et devorent meme quelquefois les Francais faits prisonniers." *Appel* &c. p. 26.

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ablest men too are divided in opinion upon the ultimate value of Algiers to France; and it *is* a great question whether we shall ever be indemnified for our expenses in Africa. Our colonies have generally cost their founders *more* than the profits. But in the present case we have to decide upon the destination of an extensive country with two hundred leagues of sea-coast, at three days sail from France, of a fertile soil, and with a numerous population capable of receiving the advantages of European civilization. Possibly these new circumstances may bring new results; and it is prudent not to act with precipitation. It is the duty of the executive government to put an end to all doubt respecting Algiers. The public good requires that before the next session a serious and uncompromising inquiry be made into the situation of that country. This inquiry should be committed to men too enlightened to be led away by national pride, and of sufficient experience to estimate accurately the real value of a new territory, too often overrated by the ablest minds. This will produce information calculated to remove the uncertainty in which the subject is at present involved; and settled opinions may be formed upon it. Hitherto France has done nothing but make sacrifices. It is time to know where she is to find an indemnity; and whether she is sowing in order one day to reap, or is only paying dear for the empty gratification of setting up her colours in a foreign land."

If the financial situation of Algiers is thus unsatisfactory to France, the character of the colonists hitherto sent to Africa is not calculated to improve it. The following account was published in Paris in 1832 by M. Aynard de la Tour du Pin:—

"Germans, Swiss, and French, agriculturists and artizans, have gone to the promised land of Algiers for profitable employment, but have found nothing but beggary, with the immortality that attends it; and depending upon public support, they have become incapable of honest labour. So that a wretched lazzaroni threaten to spring up from the families of hardy peasants who constituted the first emigration. But the new system has invited a far worse class of colonists than these, to Algiers. They are the scum of the sea-ports of France and Spain, Italy and Greece. Men who have forgotten name, and who speak a jargon of all the languages in Europe. Men who have tried all professions, with equal want of reputation and success. Every where and in every thing they have been unfortunate. Each has a story to tell of his grievances, and the wrongs he has suffered from his government. And they are the martyrs to liberty. But the fraud is so gross that when these men meet each other, they freely laugh in each other's faces. Such is the higher class of society brought to Algiers. These are the men whom Europe sends to enlighten the poorer colonists, and to be an example to Africa. A third class follows, who will ruin the place; because conduct is as indispensable to success, as capital. They are men who have been ruined over and over by their folly in all parts of the world. Speculators from England, from the United States of America, and from France, have flocked to Algiers, contributing nothing to its progress but their evil destiny; and they are most assuredly fated to repeat the failures which were the sole causes of their coming here. Their wretched activity is never satisfied, unless when adding to the sum of loss which has always distinguished their career.

"These are the sort of inhabitants France has given to Algiers; and the result is only what might be expected from the acts of such agents." —*Revue Encyclopédique, Novembre*, 1832. p. 360.

And it is in favour of such colonists that projects are seriously discussed for exterminating the native population. The French government has hitherto rejected these projects; but in all other points it permits such a course of policy to be pursued at Algiers, as is a flagrant outrage upon the native people, and breach of the conditions upon which the country was first occupied.

That the character of those natives calls for very different treatment, may be easily shown; and testimony to it may be taken from the works mentioned at the head of this article. The work of M. Raynal was written expressly to advocate the permanent occupation of the country by France; and the author is very far from expressing a blind admiration of the natives,* whom nevertheless he describes in the following terms:—

"The influence of the Turks has long been declining in Algiers. But there are few Moorish families not connected in marriage with the public functionaries sent thither from time to time from Constantinople. Their descendants are denominated Coulouglis; and have always enjoyed particular privileges. The families connected with them have been enriched; but the source of wealth which consisted in piracies upon the coast of Spain and Italy, has been stopped during many years; and Lord Exmouth put an end to Christian slavery in 1816, while various treaties with Europe decidedly checked the former irregular warfare, and weakened the Turks. In this state of things we found the Moors ready to receive us as liberators. Our manners and refined habits were more pleasing to them than those of the Turkish soldiery. They have not forgotten Spain and its enchantments. Their countenances and gestures, and their whole demean-

* M. Pichon states the whole population of the town of Algiers to have been on the 1st of June, 1832, as follows:—Moors, 14,000; Jews 5,400; Turks 120; Europeans 4,021; of whom 421 were British subjects, chiefly from Malta; 1,927 French; 1,052 Spaniards; 234 Germans; 106 Italians. (p. 118.) The French army amounts to more than 20,000 men throughout the regency. At the invasion it amounted to 37,000 men, of whom 3,000 were killed by the enemy; and sickness had once reduced the remainder to 18,000. Raynal, (p. 116.) The population of the interior is estimated at various amounts, from 800,000 to 3,000,000 souls. (Ib. p. 85.)

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our, are strikingly Spanish. One of them, Sidi Bou Dharba, told me one day that by his mother's side he was descended from the Moors of Grenada. I have often played at whist or écarté with these pretended barbarians, and found myself in enlightened discussion upon the comparative merits of European and Moslem manners. Their dwellings are fitted up with great luxury. At the country house of Sidi Hamedan, whose eldest son was educated at Paris, are to be seen all the resources of a man of taste, a library, and a garden laid out in the English style. Polygamy is almost unknown at Algiers. The women have much more freedom than in other Mohammedan countries. They have the exclusive management of the house, and pay much attention to the education of their children. The Algerines are fond of music, and offered to contribute towards the expense of a theatre. Many of them speak French, Italian, Spanish, and English. And what seems decisive as to the civilization of the Moors, they possess a great number of schools conducted upon the Lancaster and Bell systems of mutual instruction; and primary instruction is more general than in France. It is a great error to suppose them hostile to our more enlightened views.

"The Jews are in a state of great degradation. Three centuries of oppression have reduced them to extreme baseness of character; although among them too, individuals are to be found of much merit.

"The Bedouins or Arabs, are a tractable race; but if oppressed they will speedily escape to the desert. Their active and well armed cavalry did us much damage during the campaign.

"The Cabyles are the ancient inhabitants of the country, who now possess the mountains, where they have resisted with extraordinary success the conquerors of Africa, for 2,000 years. Carthaginians, Romans, Vandals, Arabs, and Turks, have equally failed to subdue them, although often benefited by their alliance. . . . They raise more grain than they consume, and want neighbours to receive the superfluity. They furnish the regency with almost all its oil. They can make gunpowder and fire-arms; and they manufacture a great quantity of cloth, either from wool or camel's hair. Their desire for wealth is a constant engine of communication with them; and their industry is celebrated. For many years the European consuls have been allowed to hire their domestic servants from this race of people; and their activity, attachment, and fidelity are universally praised."—*Raynal.* p. 20—40.

These are the different races of men with whom Europeans have come into new relations of intimacy by the taking of Algiers; and it will be disgraceful indeed to Europe if the connexion only produces fresh enmity. Gerard was minister in 1830; he wisely declared, that nothing should be done but in consistency with the interests and feelings of the natives. Hitherto that promise has been miserably broken. The same course which more than any other cause sapped the power of Spain in America, and which disgraces our own colonial administration at the Cape of Good Hope and in Australia in regard to the native tribes, is recklessly pursued by the French. But as the natives of Northern Africa are powerful by their habits, numbers, and position, the result will probably be very different. During three years, they have kept the invaders within the walls, or in the immediate neighbourhood of the towns; and M. Pichon (the civil governor during six months in 1832) is of opinion that 100,000 men will be insufficient to subdue the country, if the present system be not altered.*

The events which are preparing in the East may perhaps compel a thorough change. The wrongs inflicted by English influence at Tripoli, and the abuse of French power at Algiers, may be fated to find avengers little expected in the west of the Mediterranean. The engagements of the Proclamation of 1830 however, point at the possibility of a happier issue; and the path of honour which requires the observance of these engagements, might prove to be also the way to security and lasting good.

It is a mere pretence to say that different rules are necessary in our relations with Mahommedans, from those which govern intercourse between European races. Justice is robust, and can be transplanted into the remotest soil; and political unions admit of indefinite extension. All the races of mankind have really kind sentiments for each other in the mass; and honest governments would improve the good tendency into lasting friendships. Early in the thirteenth century, even

* The warning of M. Pichon is so strong, that the original words are worth preserving. Its prudence is confirmed by all that is known of the country, and of the events of the last three years there.

"Dans un systeme de colonization comme on l'a fait, en apparance, adopter le gouvernement, ce n'est comme je l'ai dit, ni vingt, ni trente mille hommes qu'il faut, mais cent mille hommes; et cela avec une depense qui, independamment de la depense militaire, se compterait par dizaines de millions, seulement pour disposer completement de la Metidja, et la livrer vacante aux *soixante mille* colons dont on a parle; venant d'ou, s'etablissant avec quoi, c'est ce qu'on ne dit pas. Il faudroit commander tout le petit Atlas, en dominer tout le revers meridional, et occuper a demeure le col de Teniah et Medeah. C'est une service, qui avec celui de la garrison d'Alger, occuperait cinquante mille hommes. Et la tentative, jugee dans l'armee, ne donneroit que honte et desastres. Comme elle auroit pour effet de chasser devant nous tous les cultivateurs de l'Atlas et de la plaine, et d'aneantir les cultures, la premiere difficultie serait d'alimenter une force aussi nombreuse. Il faudrait la nourrir de France, et avec quels transports en Alger! L'occupation, dans un systeme aussi hostile, de la Metidja, et du petit Atlas, avec une guerre continuelle sur notre front, necessiterait une plus grande force d'occupation pour les deux provinces de l'ouest et de l'est, d'Oran et de Constantine. Un tel systeme acheverait de souder toutes les races contre nous, les Maures et Coulouglis, comme les Arabes et les Cabyles."—*Alger en* 1830, *Par M. Pichon*, p. 314.

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when the recent outrages of the crusaders had roused a bitter spirit of vengeance in the minds of the eastern Mohammedans against Christians in general, a good understanding existed between different classes of both, in many important respects. Leibnitz* has abridged a treaty made at that time by the Florentines with the Soudan of Egypt, stipulating for a free admission of their merchants into that country,—for their safe residence there,—and for liberty to depart at their pleasure. They were also to be allowed to build a church, and to have a consul and magistrate of their own. At the same time the Mohammedans had consuls in the south of Europe, with liberty to be governed by their own laws in matters arising among themselves when trading there. Wars afterwards for many centuries checked these good regulations; and on both sides religious intolerance, with the spirit of conquest, created fatal obstacles to frank communication. The "Christian dogs" were long objects of hatred and contempt to the Mohammedans; and however ill founded in English law might be Lord Coke's opinion that the latter were to be held perpetual enemies by all Christians, it is not to be denied that such was the rule in other European countries.†

But it is time these abominations should cease. Experience proves that the Mohammedans are not unchangeable. But, even if they still adhere to any degree of prejudice against Europeans, sound policy and national honour demand that Europeans should act upon better principles. Concord can only be secured by the abandonment of our own false opinions, and by the extinction of violences which daily revive the waning prejudices of the Mohammedans.

The conquest of Algiers, with the good and evil that has been done by it to Northern Africa, has increased the importance of the subject. Things cannot remain long in their present state in those parts of the world, which offer so much to interest the scholar, and the advocate of "civil and religious liberty all over the world." The settlement of the French in Algiers has produced effects already deep in the desert. If a mad and unprofitable spirit of conquest by the sword had not deprived France of the fruits of her acquisition, her influence must have spread east and west to an extent and with a rapidity not easily to be calculated. The field was, and perhaps still is, most splendid. A wise and honourable course pursued by France and England in Africa, might ensure the revival of the brighter days of these countries, rich with the recollections of Carthaginian wealth, of Arabian chivalry and learning. The merchant-kings of Carthage failed to secure the support of Africa, because they were cruel and systematically unjust to her native tribes; and so Rome came out victorious in the contest with their power. The early Christians soon forgot their law of charity, which pursued to its true consequences might have perpetuated the empire they held for some centuries over men's hearts from the Mediterranean to Abyssinia. The Mohammedan faith has held a more lasting sway; and to the Equator has abolished human sacrifices, spread letters into every hamlet, and carried commerce from the Red Sea to Tangier and Sierra Leone. But the Mohammedan faith has been as intolerant, as Christianity in its corruption. The Mohammedans practise the slave trade upon a vast scale, and make proselytes by the sword. Their faith will therefore give way before the better principles which Europeans may establish; and certain it is, that the talisman of Mohammedan invincibility is shivered to atoms in India, in Asia Minor, and in Africa. It remains to be seen whether civilized Europe is capable of rearing a better structure by the ways of peace.

The interesting situation of Northern Africa at present, will be appreciated by a short notice of the recent progress of the medical science in Africa, under the auspices of a Jewish physician, M. Clot-Bey, who is in the service of the enterprising Pacha of Egypt. M. Clot-Bey's report of his proceedings in Egypt, made to the Academy of Medicine in Paris, contains the following passages which require no comment.—"I conceived the design of establishing a school of medicine in Cairo; an object full of difficulty, in consequence of the prejudices of the people against anatomy, and the ignorance of the interpreters on medical terms." After stating the prudent course he pursued to ultimate success, in removing popular objections to handling dead bodies, he adds, "after establishing my school, in which subjects were dissected freely, I caused translations to be made of M. Magendie's book on Physiology—of M. Begin's Surgical Pathology—of that of MM. Roche and Sanson—and of four other good medical treatises. With the aid of some learned Arabs, a medical dictionary has been composed in Arabic, and other elementary books begun. Female negroes and Abyssinians have been taught the art of accouchement; and numerous students are now actively engaged in general medical pursuits. Some Christians from Smyrna have entered themselves at our school, upon an equal footing with the Mohammedans; and when the Pacha lately advanced into Syria, he was supplied with two hundred and fifty surgeons for the Egyptian army. The day

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* Leibnitz's Abridgment of the Law of Nations, quoted by Borel on Consuls, p. 156.

† It is the virtuous Chancellor L'Hopital who says; "C'est folie d'esperer paix entre les personnes qui sont de diverses religions. Les Juifs ont estime toutes autres nations, comme etrangers et leurs ennemis: les autres nations ont eu semblable opinion des Juifs. Je laisse les Mahumetistes, qui nous ont toujours reputes leurs ennemis, et nous eux."

Harangue a Orleans, 13 Decembre, 1560.

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will arrive when the Arabs will be discoverers in medicine and science as their forefathers were. At the great school, there are now nearly four hundred pupils; of whom I have brought sixteen of the most able, to pursue their studies to the highest degree at Paris."

This is in Egypt;—how much of the like has been done at Algiers? How vastly more worthy of man without a tail, than to tell that "our native troops, commanded by Captain Z——, returned bringing with them three heads of the enemy."

From the Foreign Quarterly Review.

HYPOCHONDRIASIS AND HYSTERIE.*

Among the parts of medical study which would seem particularly to recommend themselves to general readers, we should be disposed to place that "philosophical" consideration professed by Dr. Dubois of the melancholy malady to which physicians give the name of hypochondriasis; and of that changeful disorder which vexes the female constitution, and baffles the medical practitioner, under the comprehensive appellation of hysteria. Both these affections, whilst they grievously disturb the body, either take their origin, or derive aggravation from, or induce, in different examples, great disturbance or impairment of mind; inasmuch that the most zealous writer of prescriptions can hardly promise deliverance from either disease, unaided by some general mental regimen.

Like all states of mental disorder too, these appear to increase in frequency with the increasing civilization of communities; to accompany the rising degrees of refinement, and most to develope themselves—but especially hypochondriasis—in nervous systems which cultivation and enterprise have excited, and reflection has exercised, and vehement passions have moved. This consideration adds to their interest with those who are naturally or accidentally the guardians and directors of young persons, especially in an age and country in which the general aspiration seems to be to repress the natural emotions, and level all varieties of mind to a smooth and indiscriminate apathy; leaving, however, a free admission to all the miseries which spring from artificial wants—from an ill-regulated ambition, inconsistent with true independence of character—and from a wide-spreading love of ostentation and luxury.

Reflections of this kind run the risk of being classed among the common-places of writers unable to take a rational view of society, and who draw conclusions without the advantage of a sufficient range of observation. Nevertheless, the connexion between such circumstances and nervous disorders has attracted the attention of every observant physician from Galen down to the present time.

M. Dubois' treatise was published in answer to a question proposed by the Royal Society of Medicine of Bordeaux, by which the respondents were required "to examine and compare the different opinions entertained concerning the nature, seat, causes, symptoms, prognostics and remedies of hypochondriasis and hysteria, and to demonstrate the identity or the distinctness of these two diseases." In undertaking his task, M. Dubois has proceeded with so much judgment, and has evinced so much research and reflection, as to illustrate, with great credit to himself, the calm and philosophical spirit of inquiry which we venture to pronounce the characteristic of the most eminent among French physicians of the present day. We have in this treatise none of those fanciful hypothesis unsustained by facts, and none of that verbose and idle declamation which not many years ago too much abounded in French medicine, but which seem now to have found a place of refuge among the Germans, leaving the French territory under the dominion of sense and reason alone.

We shall not think it incumbent upon us to follow M. Dubois throughout his somewhat long examination of all the authorities, ancient and modern, who have either asserted or denied the identity or separateness of the two diseases of which he treats. His particular plan necessarily led him fully into that comparison of opinions, and has caused his book to be in its nature critical; whilst at the same time his industry and taste have prevented its being superficial. If it must be allowed that on some points he is too diffuse, such a fault is not to be too severely censured in a provincial author, who is always likely to forget that his lucubrations will meet eyes more learned than those of his immediate professional neighbours. The learning and ability displayed by him are such, that both general and professional readers will peruse the "Philosophical History of Hypochondriasis and Hysteria" with pleasure and advantage.

It is remarkable that the idea which occasioned the publication of M. Dubois' work is such as would seem, so far from requiring any discussion, to be entirely without even probable support—we mean that of the identity of hypochondriasis and hysteria. Although this identity has been maintained by many authors, there is not only, in the symptoms, the causes, and the treatment of the maladies, little like an approach to identity, but there actually appears to us to be no kind of resemblance. In the symptoms of the two disorders especially, there is little or nothing in common. Hysterical patients may indeed be hypochondriacal, and hypochondriacs may be hysterical; but

* Historie Philosophique de l'Hypochondrie et de l'Hysterie. Par E. Frederic Dubois (d'Amiens,) Docteur en Medecine, &c. Ouvrage couronnee par la Societe Royale de Medecine de Bordeaux. Paris, 1833. 8vo.

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the mobility, the super-excitability of the hysteric constitution is still broadly distinguished from the dull mono-maniacal fancies of the hypochondriacal temperament. Hysteria seldom appears in men; hypochondriasis much more frequently in men than in women. Hysteria is a disease of the weak, the restless, the excitable; hypochondriasis, of the sedate and contemplative. Hysteria is often linked with inordinate passions, and fostered by luxury; hypochondriasis assails those whose minds, after being severely bent to one pursuit, are allowed to fall into relaxation and comparative indolence. Whatever exalts the sensibility, as poetry, music, the fine arts, may dispose to hysteria; but in many of these things the harassed hypochondriac finds temporary relief. Hypochondriasis affects the retired man of business, the disbanded soldier, the sailor paid off; hysteria affects young females, commonly in the prime of life, and whose profoundest application is to the perusal of the newest romance. The season of man's life in which the gloomy tortures of hypochondriasis advance upon him is more especially that in which, as M. Dubois has expressed it, "undeceived, and now reclaimed from all external attachments, man makes a sad return upon himself;" or in words more familiar to English ears, when the heyday of life is passed, and man has turned the corner of forty-five or fifty. There is no analogy between man's condition at this unwelcome period of life and that of the patients most prone to hysteria—the *juvenes mulierculæ, quæ sunt sensibilioris generis nervosi, texturæ tenuioris*, so truly thus pourtrayed by Aretæus.

A comfortable looking gentleman, of easy fortune, whose house, whose equipage, whose dinners, whose general condition, seem calculated to excite the envy of his toiling neighbours, begins about the age of forty-five, then, or fifty, to lose his cheerfulness, to forego his customary exercises, to make his diet a subject of careful study, to regard with especial dislike any wind that approaches within a few points of the east, and to clothe himself in superabundant raiment. His conversation has undergone a change. From discourse relating to the sports of the field, or grave discussions of the corn laws and currency question, he perpetually deviates to the subject of his own health. He eats well three times a day, but complains of loss of appetite. He looks smooth and ruddy, but tells you that he loses flesh daily. His countenance assumes a melancholy cast, and all his meditations tend toward the subject of his digestive organs. He acquires an unhappy habit of feeling his own pulse, and he often walks to the looking-glass to inspect his tongue. He is very particular in the matter of his excretions, keeps a journal of his symptoms and feelings, and weighs himself once a week. There is nothing of which he is more convinced than that by his sensations he can trace his food through all the curves of his bowels down to one particular point, where he strongly suspects the intestinal canal ends in something very much like a *cul-de-sac*. If this unfortunate gentleman is blest with an apothecary largely endowed with the gift of listening, to him the patient unfolds a tale of sufferings various and distressing: all his sensations, perverted from their proper ends, seem to have become the instruments of annoyance. All the powers of language are employed to describe the various perplexities which wait upon the functions of digestion and assimilation; the stomach has no capacity for suffering which is not called into activity; it is craving or vexed with nausea; it is distended, overloaded, aching, gnawing, burning, and drawn up with spasms; whilst the sympathetic intestines are seized with sudden pains and indescribable griefs, which lead the sufferer at length to believe, that every viscus in his body is turned upside down. Every particular connected with the supposed history of his case seems to him worth preserving. M. Dubois quotes the letter of such a patient to his physician, and it begins—"You shall be told, sir, my whole history. I was born at Geneva, and my father and mother were both very nervous." This is to begin at the beginning.

It may be that the alterative pills of the excellent apothecary, and his infallible black draught, fail to give relief. But kind friends and neighbours, overflowing with compassion, fill the house with medicines of their own recommendation, and which are spoken very highly of in advertisements. Some of these are rather violent, and bring the patient to so faint a condition that he passes quickly to the other stages of a disorder which is now advanced to a very promising hypochondriasis.

The patient then, perhaps, experiences a division of his pains, without much diminution of them. No longer concentrated on the first passages, they are dispersed over the whole economy. Wherever, in the universal frame of his body, there is a nerve or a bloodvessel, there is there also some uneasy irregularity. His head alone is affected with as many maladies as would fill an hospital. Flashes of light affect his eyes; the noise of waters is in his ears; stabs of pain affect his temples; invisible bonds bind his aching brow; upon the vertex sits a load heavier than that carried by the strongest porter; the foot of a giant presses on his neck and shoulders. In these sensations there is frequent variety, but rare relief. All at once loud bells ring within the chambers of the inner ear; or the sound of artillery, or voices as of a multitude, break in upon the silence of the hypochondriac's parlour. Then his eyes become fantastically affected; the landscape is enveloped in smoke; the columns of the morning paper move en echellon; the patient is quite convinced that he is growing blind. It is incredible how much he suffers from the noise of children; the servants shut the doors with a violence that distracts him;

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and all his friends have acquired an unaccountable trick of talking loud.

In all this, although its detail conveys even to the most compassionate hearer an idea of fancy and exaggeration, there is much real and pitiable suffering. Yet this is but a part of the woes of a hypochondriac. His very heart does not beat as it used to beat: it throbs, and jumps, and flutters, and sometimes seems to come to a complete standstill. When he lies on his left side, it knocks against his ribs as if it would come out of his thorax; and when he turns for relief to his right, the heart turns too, and keeps up the same disturbance. Then every particle of his skin has acquired an intensity of feeling; a current of air, an open door, torments him; the halo of fresh atmosphere which comes into his close room with friends who have been riding or walking out of doors feels raw and irritating to his organs of respiration, and chills his blood. Easy chair, or comfortable sofa, he can find none. He loads himself with underwaistcoats of all denominations, and in numbers without number. He cannot always open his mouth with impunity, for the fog penetrates to his stomach and refrigerates the vital organs, so that he does not recover it for the whole day.

The mind, which has not been quite free from impairment from the first, now becomes more gravely affected. Reading and all mental occupation become irksome; every view of the past is tinctured with sadness; the future prospect is without hope; and the fear of death is for ever impending.

> "The sun grows pale;
> A mournful visionary light o'erspreads
> The cheerful face of nature: earth becomes
> A dreary desert, and heaven frowns above."

Strange fancies introduce themselves among the sufferer's thoughts. Sometimes he supposes himself to be expanded like a balloon, and his specific gravity diminished, so that he dreads an involuntary ascent to the stars. Or his solid bulk is imagined to be so enlarged that it perplexes him to think how he shall get through the door. Certain untrue sensations in the lower limbs persuade him that they are made of glass; or his perceptions are so compressed that he conceives himself to be a piece of money. He often thinks himself dying, and is occasionally satisfied that he is dead.

Such is the disorder which medical writers call hypochondriasis. It happens, oddly enough, that the very errors of the faculty not unfrequently produce a great deal of comfort to persons labouring under this disorder. Well persuaded themselves that they labour under many grievous diseases, of which some one is the chief, they are never so happy as when they meet with a medical practitioner who, either in his innocence or artfully, fixes boldly on some organ as the fountain and origin of all the patient's symptoms. The patient tells his friends, with the air of a man comfortably relieved from every doubt, that his new doctor has found out his complaint, and that he has got a disease of the mesenteric glands, or a scirrhus of the bowels, or a softening of the brain. He now knows what he is about, and can pursue a regular plan; which he does until he removes to some other fashionable resort of the sick,—calls in another doctor, and finds out they were quite mistaken at Bath and Cheltenham, and that he labours under some other malady, but quite as incurable.

In the mean time, the worst part of the case is, that there is probably some real disorder at the bottom of all these complaints, and which requires for its detection and management a rarer sagacity and a more skilful application of medicine than is to be expected from those who are the readiest to prey upon the weakness and credulity of hypochondriac patients.

In M. Dubois' opinion, the disorder in the commencement is always purely mental; some function becomes secondarily troubled, and disordered structure of some organ may be the ultimate consequence. A consideration of the different circumstances and different ranks and kinds of life in which hypochondriasis appears, would lead us, however, to think that this observation, although true in several instances, is not so in all; and that, by that reflex operation of morbid causes, of which we find so many illustrations in other diseases, the hypochondriasis is often consequent on bodily disorders existing in the organs of digestion, which we have seen are in all cases soon and seriously disturbed.

By writers in general, hypochondriasis has been considered as particularly common in England. Admitting the fact, its explanation is not, we apprehend, to be sought solely in our variable climate. The frequent gloominess of our sky, which has been accused of "disposing all hearts to sadness," is more than compensated for, by its enlivening mutability; and those who, ungrateful for the gorgeous springs, the cool refreshing autumns, and summers not intolerable, of our climate, have sung the praises of warmer regions and a cloudless sky, have in most instances had no opportunity of making a comparison between the climate of England and that of the over-rated South of Europe. Certainly, hypochondriac maladies seem most to affect the north-west portions of Europe; but the cause is perhaps to be found in the greater mental activity, enterprise, and exposure to all the reverses and fluctuations of fortune, which belong to the state of society in these countries. Even the imagination of the northern nations, as M. Dubois has well remarked, is less sensual, less corporeal, if we may so say, and more abstract and creative than the same faculty in the listless people of the south.

Inasmuch as some forms of government are

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more or less favourable to the mental habits we have mentioned, they may, of course, be supposed to promote the growth of hypochondriasis. Republics, which afford opportunities of rising to ambitious persons in private life, and also expose them to be suddenly thrown down from their elevation by the fickle sentence of the multitude, are thought by M. Dubois to abound more in examples of hypochondriasis than other kinds of state governments. It seems at first sight curious that spiritualists and other religious mystics are not prone to hypochondriasis, such vagaries of tender, sensitive, and pious minds being most frequently associated with the hysterical constitution.

Among trades, weavers and tailors are great hypochondriacs; but shoemakers seem to be in this respect pre-eminently wretched. Zimmerman pointed out this fact, and ample experience has verified it, so that we feel surprise to find M. Dubois expressing a doubt upon the subject. Seated all day on a low seat; pressing obdurate last and leather against the epigastrium; dragging reluctant thread into hard and durable stitches; or hammering heels and toes with much monotony; the cobbler's mind, regardless of the proverb, wanders into regions metaphysical and political and theological; and from men thus employed have sprung many founders of sects, religious reformers, gloomy politicians, "bards, sophists, statesmen," and all other "unquiet things," including a countless host of hypochondriacs. The dark and pensive aspect of shoemakers in general is matter of common observation. It is but justice to them, however, to say, that their acquisitions of knowledge and their habits of reflection are often such as to command admiration. The hypochondriacal cast of their minds is probably in part induced by the imperfect action of the stomach, liver, and intestines, in consequence of the position in which they usually sit at work. General readers may be glad to be informed that the regions under the short ribs on each side are called by anatomists *hypochondria*, and that in these regions are lodged some of the most important organs of digestion, from a supposed impairment of which the hypochondriacal malady gained its appellation. It has also been called the English malady, and the *Spleen*, from its imaginary connexion with the disease of that organ, which does not seem to be verified by experience.

But of all hypochondriacs commend us to clergymen. The active men of business, travelling with speed of horses or of steam to some great mart of traffic and gain, sighs as he passes a beautiful parsonage-house, and laments that his father had not brought him up for the church. The clergyman, meanwhile, repines over the inactivity of his station, and the absence of all the stimuli to ambition which banish rest from other men. His duties are few and easy; his income, it may be, comfortable, but often neither good nor bad, nor likely to be increased. Except in the shooting season, he takes very little exercise; his appetite for food is, unavoidably, and without the least reflection upon him, one of the principal things which redeems his life from a condition of chronic drowsiness; on those days, at least, when there is nobody to be buried, or christened, or married, or sent to prison. Hence flow many evils; digestion imperfect, sluggish and yet untranquil bowels, restless nights, nervous mornings, and devils blue—in short, all the grievances of hypochondriasis.

The professors of medicine are, we fear, open to the reproach not only of desponding when they are ill concerning the efficacy of the many coloured mixtures with which they face the fell diseases of other persons, but also to that of fancying themselves the subjects of lamentable maladies which have no real existence. We believe, however, that these suspicious appearances of hypochondriasis are only common among young practitioners, whom the small number of their patients leaves too much time to reflect upon their individual physiology.

It is some disappointment to a humane person to find that of all men who are discontented with their lot, none exceed in the quantity of their grumbling, and in the habit of looking on the wrong side of things, and in a proclivity to hypochondriacal imaginations, the old pensioners of the army and the navy at Chelsea and at Greenwich. Placed above the fear of want, but deprived of all motive to exertion, neither moved by hope nor by fear, for they have neither promotion to look to nor disgrace to apprehend, they are miserable precisely because they have nothing to do. We have often thought that some gentle duties, analogous to the former habits of the lives of these deserving old men, would be a great blessing to them.

Many amusing stories have been told of elderly men of business, who, retiring from trade or customary occupations, with a fortune, have lived to feel all the embarrassment of riches. Professional men have furnished some examples, also, of persons who, although possessing an ample income, yet, missing their daily accumulation of fees, and finding that their expenses were not diminished, have been heartily glad to abandon all rural ambition, and deserting the dull ranks of country gentlemen, have thrown themselves once more into the great gulf-stream of London and of business; driven to this resolution by finding that fears of ruin began to haunt them, that the stomach was never in good humour, and that leisure and dignity, although praised by the poets, were exceedingly uncomfortable.

The most interesting and the most melancholy hypochondriacs are, however, to be found among men of cultivated minds and sedentary habits, whose suffering appear but little in their

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works. Many a page, which has made a thousand readers gay, has been written in all the misery of hypochondriasis; and some of the finest productions of literature have been produced at the price of an affliction which seems to embody every other form of affliction. On persons of this kind both the mental and the bodily causes of hypochondriasis are accumulated. Neglect of exercise is combined with frequent mental excitement, and a constitution of peculiar sensibility is exposed to all the trials incidental to men of little worldly wisdom and small possessions. Depressing circumstances, a jaded mind, a feeble body, and rebellious digestive organs, thus conspire to call up all the demons of hypochondriasis and of melancholy, and the days of the unhappy victim become pretty equally divided between mental brilliancy and a state bordering on moody madness. To all English readers the illustration afforded by the accomplished and amiable Cowper will present itself. Among French writers, few have presented a more remarkable example of it than Jean Jaques Rousseau, whose case, recorded in his own vivid language, M. Dubois has quoted in his treatise.

"My health," however, says Rousseau, after he had gone into the country with Madame de Warens, "did not improve; I was as pale as death, and meagre as a skeleton; I had dreadful pulsation of arteries:—to finish myself, having read among other things a little physiology, I set to work to study anatomy; and passing in review the multitude and the play of the parts which compose my machine, I was in expectation of finding them all put out of order twenty times a day. Far from being astonished at finding myself dying, I was only astonished that I continued to live; and that I did not read a description of any malady which I did not at once believe myself to have. I am sure, if I had never been ill, this fatal study would have made me so. Finding in every disease the symptoms of my own, I thought I had them every one; and I acquired in addition one still more cruel, of which I thought myself free, the fantasy of curing myself. It is difficult to avoid this when one takes to reading books of medicine. By dint of exploring, reflecting, and comparing, I conceived that the foundation of all my ailments was a polypus of the heart, and even a physician seemed struck with this notion. I exercised all the powers of my mind to find out how to cure a polypus of the heart, being resolved to undertake this wonderful case. It had been said that M. Fizes, of Montpellier, had cured a polypus of that sort: nothing more was requisite to inspire me with the desire of going to consult M. Fizes. The hope of being cured revived my courage and my strength."

On his way to Montpellier, Rousseau, who spent much of his life in flirtations, commenced a flirtation with a certain Madame de Larnage.

"So, Madame de Larnage," he continues, "takes me under hand, and adieu poor Jean Jaques! or rather, adieu fever, vapours, and the polypus! I forgot during my journey that I was a sick man! but I recollected it when I got to Montpellier. I went and consulted the most celebrated practitioners, and above all M. Fizes. By way of additional precaution, I became a boarder in the house of a physician. I quitted that city at the end of six weeks or two months, leaving there a dozen louis, without any advantage to my health."

Supported by this case and others, M. Dubois lays great stress on the evil habit of reading medical books. There can be no doubt that hypochondriacal persons are fond of perusing works that treat of disease, and much addicted to seeing their own case in every page; but we should not, on this account, be inclined to discourage all attempts to make the truths of medicine familiar to unprofessional persons. Medical books of some kind or other, such persons will purchase and will study. Care should be taken to supply them with sensible books, and such as, informing them of the wonders of the bodily functions, would also teach them to place their greatest reliance, as regarded setting the functions in order when impaired, on those who had most studied them. It is to the deplorable ignorance, even of persons of education, with respect to the structure and functions of the human body, and every thing which relates to health and disease, that we must ascribe the inability of such persons to distinguish between the rational practitioner and the quack. The higher classes, especially, hold regular physic and physicians of small account. Their idea of medicine is, that it is an art, a craft, a kind of *knack*, (to use a somewhat inelegant but not inexpressive word,) which some people are born with, or attain without study, and by the mere felicity of nature. If anatomy and physiology formed part of a good education, physic would reach its proper rank. But those who hang with ecstacy over stamens and pistils, or fragments of granite and spar, never seem to consider how noble and useful a subject for contemplation exists in their own frames.

With increased knowledge, faith in the nostrums of empirics would soon be extinguished, and rash and absurd methods of cure abandoned. No patients are more disposed to rely on trifles for relief than hypochondriacs. Some put their trust in ginger-lozenges, some in hiera-picra, and some in Daffy's Elixir, and some in Doctor Somebody's famous dinner-pill. Some rest their hopes on white mustard-seed, and others seek solace in breakfasting on fried bacon. Some are persuaded that animal food will be fatal to them, and some that vegetables are poison. They heroically abandon whatever is denounced; some giving up their wine without a sigh, and others resigning their tea without a struggle. Rousseau was a hypochondriac at a time when the motto of medicine might have been that opening line of Pindar, which has so much puzzled the learned, and which a French translator could

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rageously rendered *c'est une excellente chose que l'eau.*

"I was languishing," says Rousseau, in his Confessions, "I could not bear to take milk; it was necessary to give it up. Water was then the fashionable remedy. I took to water; and with so little discretion that it well nigh cured me, not of my maladies, but of my life. Every morning I went to the fountain with a huge goblet, and drank away, whilst I walked about, to the amount of a couple of bottles. I gave up drinking wine with my meals. The water was a little hard, as are most of the mountain springs. In short, I managed so well, that in less than two months I utterly destroyed the tone of my stomach, which up to that time had been very good. Being no longer able to digest, I saw that I must no longer hope to be cured."

There are not many maladies of which the early and proper treatment is more important than this malady of hypochondriasis. Habit daily adds to the mental part of the disorder; the corporeal derangements, whether primary or secondary, become inveterate by delay; the continual attention to sensations heightens their force, and seems to impart an activity to the extreme nervous branches, or in some other way so to disturb both them and the small blood-vessels, as actually to cause the supervention of disorders, of which a long dread has been entertained. The illustrious Laennec was of opinion that long continued mental depression favoured the development of pulmonary consumption; and an apprehension of the occurrence of cancer has often been thought to dispose to cancer. But if these terrible consequences should not follow, the condition of the hypochondriac is yet exceedingly to be pitied. He is disqualified from many or all of the duties of life; his temper yields to continual irritations; his mind becomes weak and habitually directed to trifles; his feelings become selfish and contemptible; and his life is little better than a long disease.

The treatment must necessarily be partly mental, and partly directed to the regulation of the disordered bodily functions. To restore the proper condition of the stomach, the liver, the duodenum, or some other portion of the intestines, may require a skilful physician, and varied means; only applicable by those whom experience has taught to adapt general principles to individual examples.

Whatever medicines are given, it will generally be found serviceable to combine with them some form of bathing. Early hours of going to bed and rising; a careful avoidance of great irregularities in living, which are of all things the most surely paid for by fits of despondency; an agreeable course of reading; much exercise in the open air; cheerful society whenever society is not more irksome than silence and retirement; a moderate pursuit of field-sports; but, above all things, when it is practicable, a frequent change of residence; all these things may be looked upon as important parts of the treatment.

The proper regulation of the diet is very material; and it will be happy for the hypochondriac if, amidst the fancies and the follies of medical authorities on this particular point, he can elicit from his adviser some rules which are not utterly irrational. In general, we apprehend that the *quantity* of food taken, and the times at which it is taken, demand more attention than the *quality* or nature of the food. Particular cases will suggest particular precautions; but what is commonly called living by rule is certainly not the rule of health. With a few exceptions, we would rather recommend the invalid to peruse Lord Bacon's short Essay on the Regimen of Health than all the books on diet that were ever compiled.

Of the importance of a proper regimen of the *mind* in this unfortunate malady, too much cannot be said. In some unhappy cases the mind is from the first too much diseased to permit the establishment of such regimen, and, as in the case of Cowper, the prospect is truly cheerless. But in many cases the efforts of the patient may be successfully roused. A journey, a new study or pursuit, frequent rides on horseback, or any thing which effects a complete diversion of the thoughts, is most expedient; and contrivances apparently slight are sometimes rewarded by great results. The patient has, in favourable cases, sufficient power left to abstract his attention from the subject of his own health, and from medical reading, if strongly impressed with the danger of pursuing such trains of thought: and when exhorted to change his diet or regimen, to take exercise, or make any other effort, he may truly be encouraged with the assurance that if he

"Throws but a stone, the giant dies."

Such are some of the principal circumstances worthy of observation in hypochondriasis, a disease which, although it sometimes attacks women, is much more common, as a consideration of its causes might lead us to expect, in men; and one of the worst of woes of that period of life when the activity of youth is gone and the characteristic serenity of age is not yet attained. There is no time in a man's life in which the management of the mind is more important than in this; as, without care and due precaution, it may prove to be a period of discontent, of unhappiness, and even of imprudencies and rashness, for which there is no longer the excuse of youth and inexperience.

Hysteria, or hysterical disorder, is, as we have already remarked, so different a malady from hypochondriasis, that there would be no particular propriety in speaking of it after the latter disease, if M. Dubois' book, which is our text, was not devoted to the consideration and comparison of the two affections. Hysteria is not the disorder of middle aged gentlemen, but of young women, for the most

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part of delicate frame, highly susceptible nerves, indolent habits, and minds less carefully regulated than would be desirable. It is, however, sometimes the affliction of older females, females of middle age, and occasioned by derangements of the health which especially disorder the nervous system. In most of its forms it is a very troublesome malady, and difficult of cure. Yet so much may be done, by a careful attention to the general regimen of young women, to lessen the extreme susceptibility of the nervous system, that hysteria deserves quite as much attention as hypochondriasis.

The slighter indications of the hysteric temperament generally become observable in young women after they have attained the age of fourteen or fifteen, and consist of an increased sensibility to all causes, however trifling, of a nature to produce pleasure or chagrin. After a few years, if the habit of giving way to every emotion is not checked, and if any circumstances happen which are of a nature to disturb the affections, the more marked features of the disorder called hysterical are wont to appear; such as immoderate fits of crying or laughing, easily induced, and very irregular spirits. At length, on the occurrence of something which causes either great disappointment or unusual sensations of pleasure, or after the excitement of animated society, or after dissipation and fatigue, the young lady has what is known to be an hysteric fit. She bursts into tears, and sobs violently, and for a long time, and as if she would inevitably be choked; or, being moved to laughter, she continues laughing so loudly and so long as to alarm the bystanders. Perhaps she falls down, or sinks into a chair, quite exhausted. Her face is red, her eyes are closed, and the eyelids are tremulous; the mouth is often firmly shut. It is perceived that the heart palpitates violently, and the arteries in the neck pulsate strongly. The breathing is variously affected; very often there is an evident constriction of the throat, and the patient forcibly applies her hands as if to remove it; sometimes the respiration is profound and tranquil, sometimes short and hurried. In some cases the hysteric person lies composed and quiet, but very often the hands and arms are violently thrown about, or the hands are strongly pressed upon the stomach, as if for the relief of violent pain; in some instances the trunk of the body is contorted, and occasionally the convulsive movements are more general and not easily controlled. Such an attack may last a quarter of an hour, or an hour, or even many hours, and may leave the patient uncomfortable, affected with headach, and feeling pain in the throat, and in those muscles which have been in strong action during the fit. Her own account of the fit commonly is, that she perceived a sensation as of a round ball in some part of the bowels, which seemed gradually to ascend until it reached the upper part of the throat, and then to remain, pressing upon the windpipe until she thought she should be suffocated. Although there has been such loss of control over the voluntary muscles during the fit, and such irregularity in their action, it will not be found that the patient has always been deprived of consciousness of what was taking place around her; she has perhaps heard all that was said, and known all that was done, although quite without the power to speak, or to give any indication of her own feelings or wishes.

One of the most singular characteristics of the hysterical disorder is, that in individuals liable to attacks of the above description, or any modification of them, (for the forms of the paroxysm itself are very variable,) there is often a resemblance or simulation of various other maladies. There would appear to be some unusual condition of all the nerves of the body, productive, according to various accidental circumstances, of the signs of disease in the various parts which they supply, although such diseases do not in reality exist. Medical practitioners learn to recognise these spurious maladies, which quite impose upon common observers. A patient is thought to be suddenly and violently attacked with inflammation of the brain, or of the bowels, or of the lungs; or, some previous disease actually existing, certain symptoms are superadded, which make the case unlike any that are ever found in systematic descriptions of disease. Even in the course of a fever, a disease which seldom fails to excite the practitioner's anxiety, he is liable to be surprised, when the subjects of them are hysterical by constitution, by such strange accidents as but for that explanation would be either unintelligible or would mislead him into very erroneous practice. The diagnosis, consequently, or detection of hysteria, in all its possible forms and combinations, is a very important study to the physician; and a thorough acquaintance with its mutable character, and its property of mixing itself up with other maladies, sometimes enables him to tranquillize the fears which such odd combinations of disorder are well calculated to excite in the patient's friends and relations.

Among the many troublesome accompaniments or parts of hysteria, may be mentioned a particularly distressing cough, of a distinct and marked character. All coughs derive some modification from the cause in which they originate. The cough of a common cold differs from the deep hollow cough of consumption, and both are distinct from the hoarse cough which generally attends or precedes the measles. The cough of hooping-cough is distinct from all. But the cough of hysteria is not less peculiar; it is commonly loud, short, and repeated; dry and hard, and shaking the whole frame; induced and prolonged by all kinds of mental irritation, and

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quite refractory under common demulcent and anodyne treatment. It is sometimes periodical, and dependent on temporary causes; but often permanent, or at least not removed until by general means the patient's health and strength undergo great improvement. In some patients it puts on the character of croup, and in others of asthma; still, however, in most cases, only admitting of abatement by means directed to the general improvement of the constitution.

Imitating almost every disease, hysteria occasionally puts on many of the signs of approaching death. The pulse sinks until it can hardly be felt; the hands and feet become cold; the patient breathes with difficulty, and feels convinced that nothing can save her; and these very distressing symptoms and sensations may last for many hours; may return on many successive days, and yield at last, leaving the patient quite well. Such things happening to persons in the prime of life, their blooming appearance some weeks after recovery is often remarkably contrasted with the gloomy circumstances by which they were surrounded when the attacks were at the worst.

If the hypochondriacal patient feels a dread of diseases merely on account of some depraved sensations, we cannot wonder that the hysteric patient, in whom many of the functions are often manifestly disturbed, should believe herself to be labouring under incurable disorders. The action of the heart, for instance, is very frequently irregular in hysterical patients; the pulse intermits, and peculiar sensations of oppression, or obstruction, or temporary cessation or interruption of the heart's action, are not uncommon. The distinction of such cases from those in which the heart is actually undergoing some change of structure is exceedingly important; especially here, as not unfrequently happens, the palpitation depends on debility, induced perhaps by a previous attack of fever or other illness; in such weakened states the symptoms of hysteria often manifest themselves, and bloodletting and other measures, which in the case of slow organic change might be requisite, would, by still further increasing the debility, exasperate the hysterical malady, and probably render it inveterate.

Divers troublesome symptoms incidental to females of delicate constitution, and often looked upon as inexplicable, and consequently as affording no clear indications of treatment, are discovered to be truly hysterical in their nature, either from its being found that some equivocal signs of hysteria are occasionally exhibited by the patients liable to them, or from the success which follows the administration of what are called anti-hysteric remedies. Among these symptoms are an occasional loss of voice; a difficulty of swallowing, sometimes so great as to create fears of an obstruction of the gullet; pain fixed to one particular spot, as in the left side, or in the loins, or over one eye. These affections are not unfrequently very obstinate, resisting all kinds of treatment for months, or returning after short intervals of relief, even for years. When their dependence on a disordered condition of the nerves is not suspected, the patients are, of course, needlessly subjected to various plans of treatment, founded on a belief in the existence of local disorder. Extreme pain in the course of the spine, with great tenderness and a loss of power in one or in both of the lower extremities,—a combination of symptoms sufficient to excite apprehension,—are all found, in some cases, to depend on a morbid condition of the nervous system, and to be parts of hysteria. All these circumstances expose the hysterical patient to the same deceptions which we have said that unprincipled pretenders to medicine practise with so much impunity on the hypochondriacal. To assert the existence of some serious local disease, is to gratify the patient by conforming to her own belief, and to ensure her fullest confidence. To tell her there is no local disease; that her symptoms depend upon her general state of health; and that relief is only to be expected from long perseverance in the use of medicine calculated to improve it, and united with the sacrifice of some indolent or luxurious habits; is to preach a very unwelcome doctrine, and often ensures the dismissal of the too faithful counsellor.

The attacks of hysterical pain are sometimes so sudden and so violent as, when affecting the head or the bowels, to excite, even in the mind of the practitioner, much doubt as to their possible origin and tendency, and few parts of medical practice call for a more careful comparison of all the attendant symptoms. The absence of fever, the tranquillity of the pulse, the complete intermissions of pain occasionally occurring, and other symptoms according to the particular case, can alone be guides to practice, and, warily regarded, save the patient from very unnecessary measures.

In certain examples of hysteria, the paroxysm or fit is such that the patient lies motionless, breathing slowly and deeply, and resembling one apoplectic. What is called catalepsy, or a state in which the muscles, no longer obeying the will, continue contracted in whatever position or attitude the limbs or body may be placed, seems to be a variety of hysteria. The *trances* in which patients have been supposed to be dead, but many of the cases of which are fabulous or exaggerated, are also of the family of hysteria.

There are other varieties of hysterical affections, so extravagantly odd as sometimes to have caused suspicions that the subjects of them were under the influence of magic or witchcraft. Such strange motions of the limbs, such unaccountable predilection for the repetition of some unmeaning syllables, or for

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singing, "without mitigation or remorse of voice," a few notes suggested no one can tell by what association of ideas, or snatches of ballads or spiritual songs, have at times characterized this disorder, that its being ascribed to supernatural agency really cannot excite surprise; the more especially as such strange forms of affliction, like all the forms of hysteria, are found to be *catching*, and have even at times prevailed as a kind of epidemic. It has also sometimes happened, that amidst the excitement of the malady, the patients have been gifted with such acute mental perception, or so much activity of the mental powers, and such unwonted eloquence, as to seem to the unaffected to be endued with the spirit of prophecy and divination. The history of animal magnetism presents some remarkable illustrations of these circumstances.

The *causes* of hysteria are often purely corporeal, connected with some disorder which the physician may recognise; either some disorder peculiar to the female system, or existing in the organs of digestion, and particularly in the neglected state of the bowels; or in the state of the patient's strength or weakness, as in fulness of habit, or the state opposite to fulness; or in a peculiar susceptibility of the whole nervous system. This susceptibility is always one link in the chain of causes, and sometimes it is itself the chief cause. When depending, with all the hysteric phenomena elicited in consequence of its existence, on primary disorder of the stomach and bowels, or of the uterus, the cure is strictly medical. The removal of the primary disorder will sometimes be followed by a return of the nervous system to its healthy condition, even in cases in which hope had almost been abandoned; but both in this case, and in the case of the nervous susceptibility being itself apparently the chief or primary cause, a mixed treatment is demanded, regiminal, medicinal, dietetic, and moral, which can only be instituted or pursued by the combined efforts of the physician, and of parents, relatives, friends, and guardians.

M. Dubois thinks that southern climates tend to develop the too great sensibility of the nerves which disposes to hysteria; and certainly the enervating and artificial atmosphere of very warm rooms, in which young women often spend much of their time in our own climate, is exceedingly detrimental to the general tone of the nervous system, entirely indisposing them to face the air and persevere in taking exercise on foot. The indolence of the morning is very ill compensated for by the fatigues of the evening, where, in rooms greatly heated and crowded, the young lady who passed the morning in bed, and the middle of the day on the sofa or in an easy chair, passes the night in dancing, or in listening to musical performances, prolonged far beyond midnight.

Nothing is more remarkable in the present age of mental excitement than the care with which, by most of the prevalent customs and a system of fashionable education, the minds of the generality of females are consigned to inactivity and utter uncompanionable insipidity. Whilst the expression of almost every elevated feeling is repressed as inconsistent with refinement, every artificial want, every habit of selfish gratification, is as much as possible indulged. Active exercise in the open air, cheerful country walks, a joyful participation of the hearty pleasures of any society in which every movement is not taught by the posture-master, or conversation conducted according to the rules laid down in books professing to teach female duty and behaviour; all this would be inconsistent with the general aim of all classes to imitate the manners and habits of the highest. All kind of reading, except of works the most frivolous, is considered ungenteel, or, at least, singular; and any display of deep and unsophisticated sentiment excites universal pity. The beauties of nature, the triumphs of science, the miracles of art, excite no more than a languid expression of wonder. To apply the mind to read or understand such things would destroy the apathetic elegance which those desire to preserve, who still believe knowledge to be a very good thing for persons who live by it. With as much care as the natural proportions of the female figure are destroyed by stays made upon abstract principles, is the mind cribbed and cabined by custom and fashion. Then, universal ambition leads to universal difficulties as to fortune; and the only serious duty to daughters is to obtain an advantageous settlement, which, whether gained or missed, is too often thus the cause of cureless discontent, injured health, and all the nervous maladies incidental to an ill-managed mind and infirm body.

Barely equal to sustain a life of indolence, from which all strong and all noble emotions are shut out, the slighter pains and disappointments of life induce suffering in the frivolous and morbid mind; and any serious contradiction, any check to indulgence, any appeal of duty against pleasure, produces discontent, agitation of the nervous system, tears, low spirits, bewailings, the vapours, or a hysteric fit. The tendency to the latter exhibition of feelings injured or irritated, is found to be partly under the control of the will, or is at least often yielded to as the shortest way of putting an end to the disagreeable opposition of parents or a husband. Youth gives place to middle age, and middle age leads on to declining years, and, the mind having no resources to retreat upon, the frivolity of early life is too frequently exchanged for a feverish devotion and a chronic hysteric sensibility. Vainly hoping to obtain from various stimulants that feeling of health which no stimulants can bestow, so long as good atmospheric air is not breathed and the voluntary muscles

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are not exercised, the invalid sinks by slow degrees into all the selfish inactivity of a confirmed valetudinarian; and in these cases the double grievance of hypochondriasis and hysteria is often incurred by the same individual, and seems to furnish an excuse for the neglect of every duty requiring the smallest exertion of body and mind.

If any hope could be entertained that declamation against follies so notorious and hurtful would be rewarded by success, or that advice given to counteract them would be listened to, we would say to the parents of the present day,—"Let your first care be to give your little girls a good *physical* education. Let their early years be passed, if possible, in the country, gathering flowers in the fields, and partaking of all the free exercises in which they delight. When they grow older, do not condemn them to sit eight listless hours a day over their books, their work, their maps, and their music. Be assured that half the number of hours passed in real attention to well-ordered studies will make them more accomplished and more agreeable companions than those commonly are who have been most elaborately *finished*, in the modern acceptation of the term." The systems by which young ladies are taught to move their limbs according to the rules of art, to come into a room with studied diffidence, and to step into a carriage with measured action and premeditated grace, are only calculated to keep the degrading idea perpetually present, that they are preparing for the great market of the world. Real elegance of demeanour springs from the mind; fashionable schools do but teach its imitation, whilst their rules forbid to be ingenuous. Philosophers never conceived the idea of so perfect a vacuum as is found to exist in the minds of young women who are supposed to have finished their education in such establishments. If they marry husbands as uninformed as themselves, they fall into habits of indolent insignificance without much pain; if they marry persons more accomplished, they can retain no hold of their affections. Hence many matrimonial miseries, in the midst of which the wife finds it a consolation to be always complaining of her health and ruined nerves.

In the education of young women we would say—let them be secured from all the trappings and manacles of such a system; let them partake of every active exercise not absolutely unfeminine, and trust to their being able to get into or out of a carriage with a light and graceful step, which no drilling can accomplish. Let them rise early and retire early to rest, and trust that their beauty will not need to be coined into artificial smiles in order to ensure a welcome, whatever room they enter. Let them ride, walk, run, dance, in the open air. Encourage the merry and innocent diversions in which the young delight; let them, under proper guidance, explore every hill and valley; let them plant and cultivate the garden, and make hay when the summer sun shines, and surmount all dread of a shower of rain or the boisterous wind; and, above all, let them take *no medicine* except when the doctor orders it. The demons of hysteria and melancholy might hover over a group of young ladies so brought up; but they would not find one of them upon whom they could exercise any power.

When a system quite opposite to this is pursued, what is the consequence? A blooming girl, just on the verge of womanhood, begins to wither and decay. Her complexion fades, her spirits desert her, she becomes hysterical, she cannot walk, or ride, or hold herself upright. The physician is consulted; he advises what we have advised; but the cure is entrusted to other hands. The young lady is removed to London, and placed under some one who professes to cure deformities of the spine, as if the feeble bend, which probably does exist, were the cause of all the bad health, and not, as well as the hysteric feelings, the result of a foolish system of physical education. And now for many months the young patient passes the precious morning hours in rooms crowded with other victims, and in an atmosphere no better than that respired by the factory girls; and, as substitutes for all the natural exercises which she ought to be taking in the country,—instead of playing with ball and battledore, instead of riding, walking, running races, jumping, swinging, and other vulgar but healthful diversions,—she is instructed how to climb ropes, or to get to the top of a pole; she is indoctrinated in the mystery of throwing summersets over a bar; or applied to the rubbing and scrubbing of tables; or drilled by calisthenic arts to emulate the mystic motions of a telegraph: and all this time, mental education is suspended as a matter of course.

We do sincerely believe, that if parents could be convinced that by their endeavours to produce an excessive and mistaken refinement, a refinement which, confined to looks, and words, and motions, and attitudes, does not imply the greater refinement of mind from which all the rest would spring, they are only laying the foundations of suffering, and would determine to follow entirely opposite rules, there would be as few instances of spinal disorder, and as few hysterical and nervous complaints in the upper classes of society, or in families in comfortable circumstances as to fortune, as there are in those in which the luxuries of life (very erroneously so called) cannot be procured, or the indulgence of superfluities allowed. Many a young woman now doomed to peevishness, pale sickliness, disappointed hopes, or matrimonial discontent, would become a cheerful, active, happy person, and if married, a contented wife, a healthy mother, and a blessing to her husband and her children.

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The chance of freedom from all nervous complaints, including some of the most dreadful mental visitations, is increased by every rational means of increasing individual happiness; by that great blessing, a contented mind; by a calm dependence on a benevolent and all-wise Creator; by a freedom from all mean forms of ambition—as for establishment, equipage, and restless gaiety; by a love of home-duties, country scenery, and useful occupations; by a reasonable acquaintance with some of the sciences; by a taste for the arts, and for the improving pleasures of elegant literature, and the society of the virtuous and well-informed. The divine, the philosopher, and the physician speak the same language. The dictates of reason and of duty are sufficiently plain, and few are blind to them; and they are the dictates of health, bodily and mental; but so opposed to them are the dictates of fashion, and the habits of what is called *the world*, in a country too much given to the worship of gold, that of all who profess to acknowledge their truth, the greater number are still ever found

"To see the best, and yet the worst pursue."

From the New Monthly Magazine.

POOR ABERGAVENEY.

A CLERICAL MEMOIR.

The country town of ——— boasted both physicians and surgeons in good store, and they were all more than ordinarily respectable; but at their head stood very pre-eminently Dr. St. Clare. He had been thoroughly educated, and possessed abilities highly capable of benefiting from that education. His mind was considered as at once religious and philosophical, and he discharged all the duties of life as one whose principles were well based. But, alas! who is perfect? Dr. St. Clare had one private, but master fault. On the Christmas eve of 1801, his eldest son, a boy of fifteen, returned from college in order to spend the holidays. It had been his first absence from home, and his return was looked forward to with excessive pleasure by his gentle mother, kind father, and nine happy boys and girls, all of whom received him with open arms. But his mother, whose mildness and spirit of acquiescence were proverbial, felt slightly irritated on this evening, by the Doctor hurrying the children, one after another, a full hour sooner to bed than usual, and when, at last, it came to "dear Tom's" turn, she could not help hinting that she had rather hoped to be somewhat later than usual on this happy occasion.

"My dear," said her spouse, "you should consider that Tom has travelled sixty miles to-day, and for a youth of his slight frame, and who has been more confined than usual for some months, that is rather severe work. I see he requires rest; and, besides, I have to ride early to-morrow morning, and as you always insist on seeing me breakfast, it is time, on your account, to retire."

She said no more, but withdrawing with her son, she left the Doctor in full possession of the dining-room.

They were no sooner gone than he rose from his seat, locked the door, withdrew the key, and snuffing the candles, put his hand in his pocket, and brought from thence a packet which might contain three sheets of ordinary post paper. This he turned over twice or thrice, peeped in at the ends, and examined the plain and scarcely impressed wafer seal.

At that time the table cracked, as tables sometimes do in an over-heated room. He started, dropped the letter into his pocket, and extinguished the lights. After a pause, he lighted a wax taper and retired to his consulting room, where no one ever presumed to disturb him. Here, however, he again secured himself; and lighting a large lamp which stood on a table, stirring the fire, and putting on a small tea-kettle, he once more withdrew the letter from his pocket, and waiting until the water was fully boiling, went through the usual process of softening a wafer. He had just effected his purpose, when the door bell was pulled with a sharpness which indicated impatience, and the Doctor, at the same moment, threw a thick cloth over the lamp.

"Has Mr. Thomas St. Clare arrived?" said a person in an agitated voice.

"Yes, sir."

The gentleman, it would seem, was proceeding into the lobby; for the servant said, "You canna gang in, sir; they're all quyet, and have been this half hour."

"Quiet at half-past nine! You must be mistaken; they would never go so soon to bed on the night of their boy's arrival. I have just been to the coach guard for a letter, but he tells me that he saw my brother put it into the hands of Master St. Clare; and I must have it to-night."

"But, deed, I fear ye canna get it. The Doctor and Sandy rede maist a' last night, and they're to ride soun the morn, and I canna disturb the house. It's an hour, I dare say, since Sandy gaed to his bed, and that's the way I'm opening the door. We're to hae company the morn,—ye'll be here,—and am getting forrit Sandy's wark, for thae rides maks him as gude as naebody."

It seemed as if the visitant's mind was too much occupied to permit his interrupting her, or even to speak when her harangue had ceased, for he stood silent a considerable time. At last he said—"Oblige me, my good girl,—there, this is Christmas eve,—oblige me by asking Master Clare for the letter. I was unfortunately detained in the country, else I should have been here four hours since."

"Would to God that you had," sighed

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the Doctor, who heard all that passed. "Would to God that you had."

The girl soon returned, and said, "Mr. Tom gae the letter to his father."

"Well, ask the Doctor for it;—he cannot be in bed."

"But he can; howsoever I'll see."

She returned, saying "My mistress says the Doctor's no in his room, and that maybe he's out."

"Good God!" exclaimed the young man.

"Oh fie! Whist,—and you to be a minister. What signifies the bit letter compared wid an oath?"

"I am exceedingly surprised at all this. Why the door chain was up,—he cannot be out."

"Tout, to be sure he's out. The doctor can do a hantle things that other folks canna do."

And so saying, according to the Scotch phrase, she "clashed the door in his face," and went muttering along the lobby, "keepin folk clavering there; however, I'se warrant it's a guid shillin, and it's come in guid time noo when the mistress has ta'ened into her head to lock her wark-box."

All this time the Doctor had stood in no enviable situation. Indeed, short of the compunction attendant on crimes of the deepest die, we can scarcely conceive a more astounding confusion than his must have been.

When the door closed, he seated himself, drew his breath, separated his fore finger and thumb in order to press the damp wafer into its former state; but his repentance and honour proved weak opponents to his master passion. Besides, the letter was from one of the professors under whose immediate care his son had been;—perhaps it contained remarks on his abilities or conduct;—and he *almost* persuaded himself that he had a right to see what was said of his boy. Mr. Abergaveney, the gentleman who had called for the letter, was the youngest of four sons and six daughters, while the professor just alluded to was the eldest, so that there was more than twenty years difference in their ages.

Slowly and attentively did Dr. St. Clare twice peruse what he had thus surreptitiously obtained; and with something approaching to groan, did he restore the whole, as well as it could, to its original state. But somehow it did not please him; the wafer was rebellious, and the ends of the envelope could not be compelled into their former compact and exact folds.

He retired to bed, but could not be said to rest: and, after a feverish and wearisome night, he started up, on Christmas morning, long before day-light, ordered his horse, and rode forth, in the hope that the sharp air might brace his nerves, and the approaching hurt present objects to his view which might divert his mind from the recollection of his weakness. How far he succeeded in either case or the other we cannot tell.

Young Abergaveney was in his twenty-first year when the abovementioned incident took place. His father had been a country banker, and died in 1800, merely not a bankrupt, leaving a widow, six daughters, and his youngest son, all unprovided for. But yet, though almost a boy, and worth nothing, to him did those seven females confidently look for support. The eldest son (the professor) had married early, and found his fees, &c. &c. &c. quite little enough for the support of a wife, an increasing family, and *genteel* appearances. The two others were abroad, had not hitherto supported themselves, and, for some years to come, must struggle for existence. There was but one road to the means of support for young Abergaveney—a Scotch Church,—and by a lucky coincidence, as it seemed, the old incumbent of ——— died a few months after Mrs. Abergaveney had become a widow. Her youngest son, the subject of this little memoir, had all his life been intended for the divine vocation; hence the females of his father's family now fixed their eyes on him as their sole hope: and, in fact, until he should be provided for, he had the pain of sharing in a maintenance procured partly by credit and partly by loans, if not gifts. Considering all these pressing circumstances, some people were shocked at the tardiness with which he went through the previous steps to being licensed; and still more so, when he could hardly be prevailed on to write a letter of thanks to the patron who, unasked, had sent him the presentation to the Church of ———, his native place.

John Abergaveney had hitherto been a universal favourite with all who knew him; which, owing to his father's situation and extraordinary popularity, was every body. His mother, in her anxiety to have the grateful and proper thing done towards their patron, had betrayed her son's backwardness, and were there not enough of people to propagate the surmises of ignorance and idleness? "What could the lad mean? Was he not sensible of his mother's and sisters' destitution? Did he not know that their existence, that is, their station, depended on him?" A cause was sought for his apparent ingratitude, —for the more than indifference which he had exhibited towards his good fortune, and for his previous slowness in fitting himself for discharging the heavy responsibility which it had pleased Providence to throw upon him.

It was speedily agreed on all hands that it was consciousness of inability. "But he had passed his trials." "Umph!" said some; and "Wheugh!" said others; "We all know what sort of trials are passed, and what sort of folks are passed upon us." "But he was always reckoned a clever youth." "Yes, and a kind one: yet see how little he seems to rejoice in the prosperity that awaits his family."

During the intermediate time between the

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presentation and ordination, all eyes were upon him, and it was remarked that he had lost the brilliant hue of health which had hitherto shone upon his fair and sunny face, that his lively and sweet blue eye had become dull and sunken, and that the elasticity of his step was gone. The hitherto popular boy and youth began now to have enemies. What a taint there is in misfortune! yet no one knew what his misfortune was. His first sermon was anticipated by the majority with invidious sneering, by a portion with such obscure doubts as to prevent any committal of judgment on their part, and a few kind hearts did beat high with hope and fear.

The day arrived. He appeared to drag himself up the pulpit stairs; but he read a psalm, and got through a prayer with tolerable success. His text was remarkable and inapplicable to the particular day, at least so most people thought even in the short space of reading, in a slow and hollow tone—"As a madman who scattereth firebrands, arrows, and death, so is the man that deceiveth his neighbour, and saith, 'I am in sport.'" As he uttered the last word, he fixed his eyes on Dr. St. Clare, whose seat was exactly opposite to him, and instantly fainted.

Dr. St. Clare happened that day to be the only medical man in church; but he seemed fixed to his seat, and suffered the poor young man to be carried out without even an inquiry.

Abergaveney was seized with a nervous fever, and did not leave his room for many weeks; during which time, as is usual, his place was supplied by the Presbytery. It was rumoured that they taxed him with the singularity of his text on the day of his unlucky first appearance, and that he answered very coldly, and with a dignity which the excessive sweetness of his disposition seldom suffered him to assume, that "he did not know he was amenable to the Presbytery for his texts; and that he supposed, if he had chosen, in all scripture, the words most irrelevant, no one could dare to find fault, since it *was* scripture."

The public mind very much resembles a collection of mob boys; a straw will turn it. "Halloo!" to the villain; "Hey!" to the saint. It depends on less than a breath which it *shall* be. Which it *should* be is often known only to God.

The previous change in Abergaveney's appearance, his sudden fainting, and his remarkable look towards Dr. St. Clare, which many had observed, turned the tide of disfavour for a space on the physician. "He had surely been guilty of something which had wounded the feelings of the poor young man, and every one knew that he was particularly sensitive." The Doctor had a secondary fault, one which is almost a natural consequence of intense curiosity, viz. a tendency to sneer; for the consciousness of possessing secrets known to nobody else is very apt to generate this cruel and unmanly quality. It was immediately resolved, in all the committees of scandal, that he had inflicted something of contumely on the young minister. This passed current for some days, but, on mature consideration, such a cause could not have produced such an effect. "No, no, the doctor's a doctor; and, faith, doctors get into queer secrets—ay, that is just it." This was the more especially sufficient inasmuch as Dr. St. Clare was always mute on the subject; and, generally speaking, a man is never so well justified as by silence,—that is, if he be of a certain standing in society.

The former feeling towards Abergaveney had been that of an ill-defined disapprobation, a something which, as it were, stood on the slenderest pivot, to be turned by any chance; but now there was a chillness towards him approaching to the freezing point.

The congregation for a time went to church uncertain which co-presbyter was to preach, and at length became totally indifferent about going at all. They had ceased to inquire after a man that they were scarcely disposed to call their pastor, and dozens were on the point of taking seats in the different secessions. But their inert attention was roused one Sunday morning by a report that Mr. T———, then a rising orator, was that day to hold forth. The very bells seemed to be inspired. There was a pith and clearness in the tingle which had not greeted the ears of the parish of ——— for a long time. The air was breathless, and the sun shone forth with that sweet complacency which we are apt to fancy peculiar to a Sabbath morn. There was a quiet bustle, especially in the suburbs. Chest lids were up—coats and hats were brushed—and a quarter of an hour before the usual time all the plebeian seats were filled. In five minutes more, shopkeepers, &c. &c. might be seen in their places; and even the aristocracy (for they, too, had heard the titillating news) arrived a short space too soon. All were seated—noses were blown—the pinch preparatory to attention was taken—Bibles turned up the right way—ladies leant their pretty cheeks on gloved or ungloved hands as colour or ornaments might induce—and the patron sat with his arms recumbent on his green velvet cushion. All, in short, was significant of the deep attention of people curious to see and to hear. Eyes were eagerly bent on the pulpit-stair, and the hearts of those liable to extra-excitation could scarcely be said to move. The minister's seat began to fill, and ——Good heaven!—Mr. T———, the expected orator, followed the ladies, and placed himself beside the youngest and the fairest! What next? An awful pause ensued! It is, in fact, astonishing how rational creatures can be so excited.—(Query, are they rational?) At last, with a firm step, an upright look, and, in fact, the bearing of one who has

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buckled on his sword and bared his right arm, Mr. Abergaveney entered his pulpit. There was a simultaneous change in position. The plebeians leant their heads on the fronts of their seats—the shopkeepers took a pinch of defiance, or opened and ruffled the leaves of their Bibles—the ladies withdrew their elbows from their leaning places, and reclined back, and the patron raised himself to his utmost sitting altitude.

Mr. Abergaveney looked five years older than when he had been last seen, but he was entirely self-possessed. His text was from Jeremiah,—he always preferred the Old Testament—and the words were, "How do you say we are wise, and the *law* of the Lord is with us? Lo! certainly in vain made he *it*, the pen of the Scribes is vain." It would lengthen our memoir too much to give even the briefest abstract of the sermon that followed, farther than that it embraced the follies and sins of the world, the presumption of saying that we are like those who have a divine law for their guide, and the hitherto small moral effects resulting from it. Suffice it to say, that those who raised their heads to listen and to scoff remained in immoveable attention, and perhaps scarcely an eye was withdrawn from his face until he had ceased to speak. There was no allusion to himself in any way, excepting at the close of the service, when he said, "Being still weak from a recent illness, a reverend brother will do duty for me the afternoon."

No one (not even the ladies) spoke in their seats, and all went forth in utter silence. A complete reaction had taken place. People wondered that they should have found any thing surprising in a young man being too modest to rush into a situation of such responsibility; or that a change consequent on much serious thinking should have taken place in his appearance; or that he should have fainted on the immediate approach of so severe an illness. They even found out that it was perfectly natural, under the influence of sudden sickness, perhaps of acute pain, to have fixed his eyes on a medical friend, the man who had known all his ailments from boyhood. "The Doctor's conduct, indeed, was quite inexplicable, but all was assuredly right with the young orator." An orator! How far was John Abergaveney's eloquence removed from the thing called oratory! How little did he wish to be thought the possessor of such froth!

So great had been the forenoon's excitement, that even the animated, thundering, and impressive T——— was listened to in the after part of the day with something approaching to a yawn.

The unexpected discourse of Abergaveney served most of the parishioners for conversation during the week, and Saturday evening found man and woman anxious for the morrow's exhibition. Exhibition! the word dropped insensibly from my pen, and calls for an apology. It must be found in the deep tincture of Scottish feeling with regard to the pulpit gladiatorship of this country.

Ill-nature and suspicion were lulled asleep; no one hinted that the sermon might be borrowed, or that, even if his own, it might be the top and cream of his mind. There was an unpretending sincerity about it which forced a belief of its originality; and there was a richness in the vein which gave ample hope of its not being soon exhausted. Not often had human penetration made so good a reckoning; as there was no apparent effort, so there never was a falling off.

In six months after his ordination, or rather after his first sermon, Mr. Abergaveney lost his mother, and the event seemed to fall upon him with a weight which the most devoted and even romantic filiality could scarcely account for. This was fresh subject of remark, for the public is exceedingly exact in its measurement of grief. The funeral-cake is not cut with more precision than do all around assign a certain number of unsmiling days; but, "hitherto shalt thou come and no farther." "What *could* be the meaning of this more than usual grief? Surely he must be compunctious for some unkindness to her!" However, as he abated not one iota of his clerical duties, he was soon forgiven; and as he never visited by any chance except on duty, he made no blank in the social circles. The marriage of his youngest sister to the Reverend Mr. T———, took place soon after his mother's death; and, by a most extraordinary run of good luck, the whole remaining sister-hood were married in rapid succession.

Notwithstanding the admiration which Mr. Abergaveney called forth as a preacher, and the impossibility of discovering any of his duties undischarged, yet something there was to find fault with—his unsocial habits; and these, people began to say, proceeded from a parsimonious disposition. But had this been the case, he would have rejoiced in the disposal of his sisters; instead of which, he seemed to be only less distressed than by the death of his mother. However, it was guessed that hitherto his finances might have been at the disposal of his sisters, but when he should be left alone then they could fairly judge.

When left in solitude he led the life of an ascetic. One elderly female domestic formed his household, and his food was of the simplest order. This, together with the strain of his discourses and other circumstances, led some to suspect that he leant to the faith of the Mother Church. The people shuddered as the tremendous appalling thought would now and then cross their protesting brains, and sometimes one old wife would seize the arm of another, and exclaim, "I'm no sure about this constant attendance at ilka body's

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last gasp—can folk no deé without him? It smells sair o' papistry." "Not only that," it would be responded, "but we a' ken what a cheerfu' merry lad he was, and hoo ill he liked onything that was sad or waesome; noo, wha kens but he attends the sick and deeing with such wonnerfu' care as a kind o' penance as they ca't! What an awfu' thing that is, folk poonishin themsels!" "It is that, woman. And then he gi'es sae muckle to the puir. They tell me that was the way lang syne wi' the papist priests—that they gae fourpence out o' every shilling they got, forbye platefu's o' meat at their monkish doors. I declare it gars ane a' grue just to think that maybe we sit ilka Sabbath hearing a papist! And whiles I think we're a' bewitched, for there's unco little gospel in his sermons." "Deed that's true; but he draws us aye back on the Sabbath morning, and learned and unlearned a' like to hear him." Such discourses were now and then stirred up, as some fresh cause of wonder occurred, such as going out in the most inclement season and worst weather to visit, and, if poverty required, to *nurse* those who were labouring under the most infectious or loathsome diseases; and it was sometimes suspected that his charities ran him to the last sixpence before his stipend became due.

It was true, as old Janet said, *all* liked him as a preacher, but all had not exactly the same opinion of his sermons.

Towards the close of the tenth year of his ministry, he was observed to become more attenuated than ever, but his intellectual fervour seemed to be increased. People gazed and listened with an awe which perhaps they scarcely avowed to themselves. Who, indeed, could behold him unmoved? who view without emotion that prematurely stricken appearance, and the deep sorrow which seemed always to pervade him, insomuch that it was sometimes evident his very enunciation was forced, while some feeling, but for a powerful effort, must have choked him?

It is curious, that although a congregation (a Scotch one, at least) may have seen a man enter his pulpit for fifty years, twice every Sunday, they still look at him, on his appearing, as if they expected to see something new and strange in his face. I should imagine, however, that this gazing on the pastor belongs exclusively to what are called *reformed* congregations, because they go rather to hear than to worship. For, with the exception of the English Church, even in prayer, they listen for some novelty—something to tickle the perpetually craving ear, besides that their thoughts are not driven inward, nor their souls occupied by private devotion.

The exploring look was not wanting on the last day that Mr. Abergaveney ever appeared before his people, and every one was surprised and pleased on beholding again something of his juvenile joy of countenance. They turned round and looked on each other, as much as to say, "Do you see that?"

Psalms and prayers over, he opened the Bible at the passage intended for the subject of his discourse, and pausing for a longer space than usual,—for it may easily be supposed he was not a man of "effect,"—he surveyed his congregation as if he would note whether they were probably all present. He then said, "My friends—for in general I believe you are friendly to me—I have now ministered amongst you for nearly ten years, and during that period, I think, you will acquit me of ever having directly or indirectly alluded to myself, except officially. On this day you must pardon me, if, for a few minutes, I crave your attention to myself alone." He was suddenly affected, and stopped for a moment in order to regain his usual firmness.

He resumed with, "This is the last time I shall ever address you. Clergymen have been deposed, not often willingly on their part——but——I here solemnly depose myself. Why I do so, I do not deem it a part of my duty to disclose. *That why*, is known only to myself and to other two individuals. When I die all shall be known to such as care, saving the name of him who——but enough of this.

"After this declaration, which should have followed, not preceded, my sermon, you are not bound to sit still and hear me once more, but I am anxious to impress on your minds the fallacy of your own hearts, and that often when you hear of crime, you may look inward and say, 'Might I not have been the man?' I think this impression will be more powerful when you are all aware that, after uttering my final amen of this day, I shall preach no more."

He was seen to tremble, and to hold by the sides of the pulpit; but he soon rallied, and read, without further preamble, the parable of Nathan. "The words of my text," said he, "are—'Thou art the man!'" He gave a striking picture of the insidiousness of vice, and the awful close which too frequently takes place; concluding each separate portrait with the doubt whether we might not tremble at the possibility of the words of Nathan being one day, through the power of our passions, applied to ourselves.

At last he said, "I have in this discourse used the anticlimax, presenting to your view the greater crimes first, because they are comparatively few; but the smaller ones poison, and that daily, the whole stream of life. What I am about to conclude with, you will perhaps, one and all, reckon beneath the dignity of the pulpit,—I mean, curiosity,—what may be called social curiosity, as opposed to philosophical. Trifling as this vice may appear, I hope to prove that there is not one which is more generally mischievous."

After enumerating many serious evils which

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may ensue from this despicable fault, he wound up a case of great individual misery, and concluded with the words, "How would any one here feel if it were said to him, in reference to this sad wretchedness, 'Thou art the man?'" As he uttered this appeal with a strong and deep, almost hollow, emphasis, he fixed his eyes on the face of Dr. St. Clare. There was mortality in the gaze. He sunk back on his seat, leant to one side, and never moved more!

His discourses had often, almost always, been better than on this day; but owing to the peculiar circumstances under which this final discourse had been preached, the attention of his hearers had never been more deeply riveted. All started up; but one young man, a working optician and general mechanic, was the first to ascend the pulpit stairs. He loosened Mr. Abergaveney's neckcloth, and put his hand to his heart to feel if it beat; but it was still for ever. Presently two surgeons assisted him in carrying the body down, and, by his desire, in laying it upon the table in the elder's seat. The young man, to whom some way or other, in the general panic, the precedency seemed to have been yielded, addressed the surgeons, after the usual means of bleeding had been tried in vain, and said, "I suppose that you are satisfied that life in this unfortunate person is extinct?"

"We are so," was the reply.

"Then, in the mean time, let us cover his remains with the pulpit gown until arrangements are made for his removal to the manse."

An elder now stepped forward, and said, "How is all this? Is there no one here but a young man, of inferior station, and who has never been a communicant, and who is more than suspected of gross infidelity, to give orders in this sudden emergency?"

"This is neither time nor place for dispute," said the youth; "but my character is very dear to me, and I demand to know in what relation of life I have been *un*faithful, which I take to be the true and genuine meaning of the word just used? And I desire to know, sir, on another account than my own: it is meet that he who shall render the last honours—duties I would say—to this unhappy person, should be free from all gross charge."

There was a dead silence; the elder, at last, cleared his voice, and had recourse to an evasion (in which, however, there was sincerity) to get himself out of the dilemma.

"You have," said he "called our late pastor unfortunate and unhappy. Do you mean in the circumstance of his death, or have you any other meaning? It behoves us to know this."

"No man," said Benjamin Foster, "can be called unhappy in his death, unless he has cut short the task assigned to him: but surely you all know that the amiable man whose remains lie before us, was most unhappy, and he who is unhappy is surely unfortunate. It may, indeed, seem strange that I—who may be what is called a humble individual—should assume so much; but you all know that I have been honoured by his conversations. His mind was somewhat amused by the diversity of my employments, and—you will probably call me vain—he even found some relaxation in hearing my remarks. But I solemnly declare that he always sought to combat those opinions which differed from the established rule of thinking. Yet," and he looked around him, "are there not some here? I could name a dozen," (and he met the conscious eyes of at least that number,) "who guessed the cause of his misery. I am not, however, one of the two individuals who actually know, beyond a doubt, the cause of his self-deposition."

"I think," said the elder, "you asserted that *you* would render to him the last honours."

"I did so; and will make good my right. He has for some time considered his life as very uncertain, and I can show you the place in his writing desk where there is a letter, in which I am entrusted with his history, whatever that may be, and with a few pounds, reserved from the claims of the poor and his own absolute wants, for his funeral expenses. Therefore I shall, as was his wish, which is intimated by a separate note, take the sole charge of his funeral."

Benjamin showed his credentials, and not even the elder disputed his right.

After the funeral was over, a few called on Benjamin Foster to be informed of the cause of Mr. Abergaveney having given up his charge, when he read as follows from the letter of the departed clergyman:——

"All who recollect me when I was a boy and youth must acknowledge that I was mild and peaceful, and also that I was the pet of the family—not a spirited wrangling pet, who atones for the trouble he occasions by the fun and humour of his freaks. The very child of Peace—Obedience was my motto. Alas! this may be carried too far, and the time may come—perhaps is not far distant—when it will be said 'that there is a vicious contentment.' My profession was fixed *for* me, but my criminal acquiescence could not shut out thought. Doubt rose on doubt. O! the agony of those doubts to one who has been told that he *must* believe! At last, as I saw that my doom approached, 'I burst the bands of fear,' and disclosed all by letter to my brother, the professor of divinity at ———. He replied, urging what has been urged a million times, and clenching the whole by a picture of the situation of my father's family! 'That family,' said he, 'you can preserve in its station merely by teaching men to be good. Can there be a task more consonant to your benevolent nature?' Bad as I was, I could not have been lured by flattery. My attachment

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to my mothers and sisters were the bait. My mind was above the shame of pride or station, for I well knew that he who best obeys the dictates of a good morality holds the best rank. But I had not courage to see such beloved females reduced to labour. And most especially *why?*—O! I have gnashed my teeth as I again and again repeated that 'why?'—*Because*, the son and brother was a *Doubter!* Alas! was I a worse man except in one deed than all around me? But that *one* deed—and he who knew it daily confronted me. Yes, my brother's answer was committed to unsafe hands, and my secret was torn from me. While I write this, the drops fall from my forehead as I think of the shame and agony I have endured. Then the first grand object for this horrid perjury was soon removed from me, and one by one the whole, and I was left without an excuse for my crime. I know that I ought to have removed five years ago; but my compassion was again my bane. I grieved for the wretched—the starving poor; and for their sake I have endured a severe conflict. But it must cease. May the God of Eternal Truth pity and relieve them! But no—this vast globe is launched in the ocean of space, and as surely will the laws of concatenation move on, as if we were under the influence of Calvinistic predestination.

"Yes, the conflict is over. My own provision—how worthless does it seem! I have just one pang left.—Could my mother have foreseen this!"

Benjamin Foster erected over Mr. Abergaveney's grave, with his own hands, a white marble stone, bearing the following inscription:—

"JUDGE NOT, THAT YE BE NOT JUDGED."

From Fraser's Magazine.

JAMES MORIER, ESQ.

HERE is Hajji Baba in England, in the attitude of a fire-worshipper. Hook has remarked, in *Maxwell*, that the posture in which Mr. Morier is here represented is that which is the especial favourite of Englishmen; and our orientalist has not been seduced from it by his sojourn in Iran.

We agree with the *Quarterly* in thinking that Morier is "out of sight" the best novelist who now exercises his powers of romance-manufacturing. It is idle for our friend Bulwer to be angry with the decision, or to pick holes in the texture of the sentences in which it is announced, for the fact is so, and the author of *Pelham*, &c. &c., may sit down as contented as his amiable disposition will permit him. He may be well assured that *Devereux*, with his fine and learned company, his *petit maitre* airs, "and all the rest of him," shows a less intimate acquaintance with the manners and literature of England, than the novels of Mr. Morier display of those of Persia.

But, without minding Bulwer, it is admitted, even by the Persians themselves, that the sketches of character, habits, thoughts, feelings of their countrymen, in Mr. Morier's novels, are perfection. As we are nothing if not critical, we must say that we think the first part of *Hajji Baba*, while he is confined to the East, is far superior in its details and conception to that part in which the hero is brought into England. The burlesque mistaking of our customs by a foreigner is bizarre and amusing at first—but it tires at last, and, besides, it has been often done before. The author is far more at home when he is abroad, and the Earth from which he receives his strength is not his natural, but his adopted mother. Let him, therefore, give us constant new editions of the Persæ—not in the manner of Æschylus, but Hajji. He will find materials enough to occupy him for the remainder of his natural life.

We willingly leave it to himself to decide if our sketch is not like him in face, style, expression, and attitude. So far, at least, as its execution goes, few are better qualified to judge; for, in addition to Mr. Morier's other accomplishments, he is a sketch-drawer of the very first-rate skill. His portfolio is full of sketches of almost all the remarkable persons of his time, executed with admirable fidelity. We hope that some fine day we shall have eloquence enough to induce him to open his stores to our inspection, with a privilege of transferring to our pages those among them which are suited for our gallery. We throw this out as a hint, which we are sure the sagacity of our eastern friend will immediately understand.

Of his life and adventures, we have not much to say that is not tolerably well known to the public already. Like every body else who has written many works of character, he has tolerably well exhibited his own in his novels, and *au fond* we suppose he is much such a fellow as his own Hajji. In other respects, he lives in very good style in Charles Street, Berkeley Square, pretty much as people of his class and order are accustomed to do, in a house almost as full of pretty things as that of our old friend Sam Rogers. He does not by any means resemble his Mahometan heroes in an Islamite abhorrence of wine, being in that respect a most orthodox Christian; nor has he any likeness whatsoever to the tyrant eunuch of his *Zohrab* in cruelty or any other particular. He is a good-looking, good-humoured Tory, now somewhat passed the "mezzo cammin della nostra vita," but still fit for his work, and, if we are not misinformed, very busy at this present writing.

It is so long since we have given up writing in Persian, that we fear our fingers would not be able to master all its flourishes with the due calligraphy of a scribe of Ispahan. We must therefore content ourselves with wishing, in occidental phrase, that he may live a thousand years, and that when he dies at last he may be translated without delay to the Paradise of all true believers; in which, if there be any libraries at all, his novels must be the standard literature.

From the Literary Gazette.

DESTRUCTION OF ANTS.

These little creatures, so industrious in doing mischief to our gardens, and often a source of great annoyance to our very dwellings, may thus be easily entrapped; "Pour half a pint of boiling water on half an ounce of quassia (which may be purchased at a penny or twopence an ounce); when cold, add a table-spoonful of coarse brown sugar or treacle; put a quarter of this in a four-ounce phial; make a hole in the ground in or near their track, and immerse the bottle up to the nose. At first, to entice them, pour a little of the liquor upon and just round the nose of the phial." In this way a nest may be greatly lessened, or utterly destroyed, in a few days. Garden beetles, and other insects, will also find their way into the same trap.

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From the Quarterly Review.

A Treatise on the Care, Treatment, and Training of the English Race-horse. By R. Darvill, V. S., 7th Hussars. London. 8vo. 1832.

In splendour of exhibition and multitude of attendants, Newmarket, Epsom, Ascot, or Doncaster would bear no comparison with the imposing spectacles of the Olympic Games; and had not *racing* been considered in Greece a matter of the highest *national* importance, Sophocles would have been guilty of a great fault in his *Electra*, when he puts into the mouth of the messenger who comes to recount the death of Orestes, a long description of the above sports. Nor are these the only points of difference between the racing of Olympia and Newmarket. At the former, honour alone was the reward of the winner, and no man lost either his character or his money.* But still, great as must have been in those old days the passion for equestrian distinction, it was left for latter times to display, to perfection, the full powers of the race-horse. The want of stirrups alone must have been a terrible want. With the well-caparisoned war-horse, or the highly-finished *cheval d' école*, even in his gallopade, capriole, or balotade, the rider may sit down upon his twist, and secure himself in his saddle by the clip which his thighs and knees will afford him; but there is none of that (*obstando*) resisting power about his seat which enables him to contend with the race-horse in his gallop. We admit that a very slight comparison can be drawn between the race-horse of ancient and that of modern days; but whoever has seen the print of the celebrated jockey, John Oakley, on Eclipse—the only man, by the way, who could ride him well—will be convinced that, without the fulcrum of stirrups, he could not have ridden him at all; as, from the style in which he ran, his nose almost sweeping the ground, he would very soon have been pulled from the saddle over his head.

Cowper says in bitter satire—

'We *justly* boast
At least superior jockeyship, and claim
The honour of the turf as all our own!'

The *abuses* of the turf we abhor, and shall in part expose; let it not, however, be forgotten that, had we no racing, we should not be in possession of the noblest animal in the creation—the thorough-bred horse. Remember, too, that poor human nature cannot exist without some sort of recreation; even the rigid Cato says, 'the man who has no time to be idle is a slave.' Inclosures, and gradual refinement of manners, have already contracted the circle of rural sports for which England has been so celebrated; and we confess we are sorry for this, for we certainly give many of them the preference over racing. Hawking has disappeared; shooting has lost the wild, sportsmanlike character of earlier days; and hare-hunting has fallen into disrepute. Fox-hunting, no doubt, stands its ground, but fears are entertained even for the king of sports. Fox-hunting suspends the cares of life, whilst the speculations of the race-course to generally increase them. The one steels the constitution, whilst the anxious cares of the other have a contrary effect. The love of the chase may be said, to be screwed into the soul of man by the noble hand of nature, whereas the pursuit of the other is too often the offspring of a passion we should wish to disown. The one enlarges those sympathies which unite us in a bond of reciprocal kindness and good offices; in the pursuit of the other, almost every man we meet is our foe. The one is a pastime—the other a game, and a hazardous one too, and often played at fearful odds. Lastly, the chase does not usually bring any man into *bad company:* the modern turf is fast becoming the very manor of *the worst.* All this we admit; but still we are not for abandoning a thing only for evils not necessarily mixed up with it.

Having seen the English turf reach its acme, we should be sorry to witness its decline: but fall it must, if a tighter hand be not held over the whole system appertaining to it. Noblemen and gentemen of fortune and integrity must rouse themselves from an apathy to which they appear lately to have been lulled; and they must separate themselves from a set of *marked*, unprincipled miscreants, who are endeavouring to elbow them off the ground which ought exclusively to be their own. No honourable man can be successful, for any length of time, against such a horde of determined depredators as have lately been seen on our race-courses; the most princely fortune cannot sustain itself against the deep-laid stratagems of such villanous combinations.

Perhaps it may be necessary to enter into the very accidence of racing; but on the authority of Mr Strutt, 'On the Sports and Pastimes of England,' something like it was set agoing in Athelstane's reign. 'Several race-horses,' says he, 'were sent by Hugh Capet, in the ninth cen-

* Of the training and management of the Olympic race-horse we are unfortunately left in ignorance—all that can be inferred being the fact, that the equestrian candidates were required to enter their names and send their horses to Elis at least thirty days before the celebration of the games commenced, and that the charioteers and riders, whether owners or proxies, went through a prescribed course of exercise during the intervening month. In some respects, we can see, they closely resemble ourselves. They had their course for full-aged horses, and their course for colts; and their prize for which mares only started, corresponding with our Epsom Oak-stakes. It is true, that the race with riding-horses was neither so magnificent nor so expensive, and consequently not considered so *royal*, as the race with chariots, yet they had their gentlemen jockeys in those days, and noted ones too, for amongst the number were Philip, king of Macedon, and Hero, king of Syracuse. The first Olympic ode of Pindar, indeed, is inscribed to the latter sovereign, in which mention is made of his horse Phrenicus, on which he was the winner of the Olympic crown. Considerable obscurity, however, hangs over most of the details of the Olympic turf, and particularly as regards the classing of the riders, and *the weight the horses carried.* It is generally supposed these points were left to the discretion of the judges, who were sworn to do justice; and here we have a faint resemblance to the modern handicap.

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tury, as a present to Athelstane, when he was soliciting the hand of Ethelswitha, his sister.' A more distinct indication of a sport of this kind occurs in a description of London, written by William Fitz-Stephen, who lived in the reign of Henry II. He informs us that horses were usually exposed to sale in Smithfield, and in order to prove the excellency of hackneys and charging horses, they were usually *matched* against each other. Indeed, the monk gives a very animated description of the start and finish of a horse-race. In John's reign, *running* horses are frequently mentioned in the register of royal expenditure. John was a renowned sportsman —he needed a redeeming quality—but it does not appear that he made use of his *running* horses otherwise than in the sports of the field. Edwards II., III., and IV. were likewise breeders of horses, as also Henry the VIII., who imported some from the east; but the *running* horses of those days are not to be associated with the turf; at least we have reason to believe the term generally applies to light and speedy animals, used in *racing* perhaps occasionally, but chiefly in other active pursuits, and in contradistinction to the war-horse, then required to be most powerful, to carry a man cased in armour, and never weighing less than twenty stone. In fact, the invention of gun-powder did much towards refining the native breed of the English horse; and we begin to recognise the symptoms of a scientific turf in many of the satirical writings of the days of Elizabeth. Take for instance Bishop Hall's lines in 1597:—

> '"Dost tho prize
> Thy brute-beasts' worth by their dam's qualities?
> Sayst thou thy colt shall prove a swift-paced steed,
> Only because a jennet did him breed?
> Or ,sayst thou this same horse shall win the prize,
> Because his dam was swiftest Tranchefice?"'

It is quite evident, indeed, that racing was in considerable vogue during this reign, although it does not appear to have been much patronised by the queen, otherwise it would, we may be sure, have formed a part of the pastimes at Kenilworth. The famous George Earl of Cumberland was one of the *victims* of the turf in those early days.

In the reign of James the I., private matches between gentlemen, *then their own jockeys*, became very common in England; and the first *public* race meetings appear at Garterley, in Yorkshire, Croydon, in Surrey, and Theobalds, on Enfield Chase, the prize being a golden bell. The art of training also may now be said to have commenced; strict attention was paid to the food and exercise of the horses, but the effect of *weight* was not taken into consideration, ten stone being generally, we have reason to believe, both the maximum and minimum of what the horses carried. James patronized racing; he gave 500*l* —a vast price in those days—for an Arabian, which, according to the Duke of Newcastle, was, of little value, having been beaten easily by our native horses. Prince Henry had a strong attachment to racing as well as hunting, but he was cut off at an early age. Charles I. was well inclined towards such sports, and excelled in horsemanship, but the distractions of his reign prevented his following these peaceful pastimes. According to Boucher, however, in his Survey of the Town of Stamford, the first *valuable* public prize was run for at that place in Charles I.'s time, *viz.* a silver and gilt cup and cover, of the estimated value of eight pounds, provided by the care of the aldermen for the time being; and Sir Edward Harwood laments the scarcity of *able* horses in the kingdom, 'not more than two thousand being to be found equal to the like number of French horses;' for which he blames principally *racing*. In 1640, races were held at Newmarket:—also in Hyde Park, as appears from a comedy called the Merry Beggars, or Jovial Crew, 1641.—'Shall we make a fling to London, and see how the spring appears there in Spring Gardens, and in *Hyde Park, to see the races, horse and foot?*'

The wily Cromwell was not altogether indifferent to the breed of running-horses, and with one of the stallions in his stud—Place's White Turk—do the oldest of our pedigrees end. He had also a famous brood-mare, called the Coffin-Mare, from the circumstance of her being concealed in a vault during the search for his effects at the time of the Restoration. Mr. Place, stud-groom to Cromwell, was a conspicuous character of those days; and, according to some, the White Turk was his individual property. Charles II. was a great patron of the race-course. He frequently honoured this pastime with his presence, and appointed races to be run in Datched Mead, as also at Newmarket, where his horses were entered in his own name, and where he built the decayed palace of his grandfather James I. He also visited other places at which races were instituted—Burford Downs, in particular—(since known as Bibury race-course, so often frequented by George IV. when Regent)—as witness the doggrel of old Baskerville:—

> 'Next, for the glory of the place,
> Here has been rode many a race.
> King Charles the Second I saw here;
> But I've forgotten in what year.
> The Duke of Monmouth here also
> Made his horse to sweat and blow, &c.'

At this time it appears that prizes run for became more valuable than they formerly had been. Amongst them were bowls, and various other pieces of plate, usually estimated at the value of one hundred guineas; and from the inscriptions on these trophies of victory, much interesting information might be obtained. This facetious monarch was likewise a breeder of race-horses, having imported mares from Barbary, and other parts, selected by his Master of the Horse, sent abroad for the purpose, and called Royal Mares,

* Some time after this the Duke of Buckingham's Helmsley Turk, and the Morocco, Barb, were brought to England, and greatly improved the native breed.

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appearing as such in the stud-book to this day. One of these mares was the dam of Dodsworth, bred by the king, and said to be the earliest race-horse we have on record, whose pedigree can be properly authenticated.

James II. was a horseman, but was not long enough among his people to enable them to judge of his sentiments and inclinations respecting the pleasures of the turf. When he retired to France, however, he devoted himself to hunting, and had several first-rate English horses always in his stud. William III. and his queen were also patrons of racing; not only continuing the bounty of their predecessors, but adding several plates to the former donations. Queen Anne's consort, Prince George of Denmark, kept a fine stud, and the Curwin Bay Barb, and the celebrated Darley Arabian, appeared in this reign. The queen also added several plates. George I. was no racer, but he discontinued silver plate as prizes, and instituted the *King's Plates*, as they have been since termed, being one hundred guineas, paid in cash. George II. cared as little for racing as his father, but to encourage the breed of horses, as well as to suppress low gambling, he made some good regulations for the suppression of pony races, and running for any sum under 50*l.* In his reign the Godolphin Arabian appeared, the founder of our best blood—the property of the then Earl of Godolphin.* George III., though not much a lover of the turf, gave it some encouragement as a national pastime; in the fourth year of his reign, however, Eclipse was foaled, and *from that period may English racing be dated.*

George IV. outstripped all his royal predecessors on the turf, in the ardour of his pursuit of it, and the magnificence of his racing establishment. Indeed, the epithet 'delighting in horses,'—applied by Pindar to Hiero,—might be applied to him, for no man could have been fonder of them than he was, and his judgment in everything relating to them was considered excellent. He was the breeder of several first-rate racehorses, amongst which was Whiskey, the sire of Eleanor, the only winner of the Derby and Oaks great stakes, &c. &c. Our present gracious monarch—bred upon another element—has no taste for this sport; but continued it for a short time after his brother's death to run out his engagements, and also with a view of not throwing a damp over a pastime of such high interest to his subjects. It was at one time given out, that his Majesty had consented to keep his horses in training, *provided he did not lose more than* 4000*l. per annum by them*, but such has not been the case. A royal stud, however, still exists at Hampton Court, and the following celebrated horses and mares are now there,—namely, an Arab, given to George IV. by (*eheu!*) *the late* Sir John Malcolm; the Colonel, Waterloo, Tranby, and Ranter, as stallions; Maria, Posthuma, Fleur-de-Lis, besides several other mares, some with foals to his own horses, and some to Sultan, Æmilius, Camel, Priam, and others, the best horses of the day. If we may judge from the last two sales of the yearlings—eighteen bringing within a trifle of 4000*l.*—his Majesty may find breeding not a losing game; and it is worthy of remark, that in his stud, a regard is paid to what is termed stout blood. For example, Waterloo is out of a Trumpator, the Colonel a Delpini, Tranby* an Orville, and Ranter a Beningbrough mare. Some amusing anecdotes are on record touching the rather incongruous association of our sailor-king with the turf, one of which we will venture to repeat. Previously to the first appearance of the royal stud in the name of William IV., the trainer had an audience of his Majesty, and humbly requested to be informed what horses it was the royal pleasure should be sent down? 'Send the whole *squad*,' said the King; '*some* of them, I suppose, will win.'†

Previously to 1753, there were only two meetings in the year at Newmarket‡ for the purpose of running horses, one in the spring, and another in October. At present there are seven, distinguished by the following terms:—The *Craven*, in compliment to the late Earl Craven, commencing on Easter Monday, and instituted in 1771. The *First Spring*, on the Monday fortnight following; the *Second Spring*, a fortnight after that, and instituted 1753. The *July*, commonly early in that month, instituted 1753. The *First October*, on the first Monday in that month; the *Second October*, on the Monday fortnight following, instituted 1762; and the *Third* October, or *Houghton*, a fortnight afterwards, instituted 1770. With the last mentioned meeting, which, weather permitting, generally lasts a week, and at which there is a great deal of racing, the sports of the turf close for the year, with the exception of Tarporley, a very old hunting-meeting in Cheshire, now nearly abandoned; and a Worcester autumn meeting, chiefly for hunters

At Newmarket, though there were formerly and horses of the farmers within the hunt.

* The reigns of King William, Queen Anne, and George and II., are remarkable in the annals of the turf, as being the days of the noted Tregenwell Frampton, q., a gentleman of family and fortune in the West of igland, Master of the Horse during all the above mention- reigns; who had a house at Newmarket; was a heavy tter, and, if not belied, a great rogue. The horrible urge against him, however, respecting his qualifying his se Dragon, for the race, by a violent rage upon humanity, d alluded to by Dr. Hawkesworth in the 'Elysium of astæ,' is supposed to be unfounded.

* Tranby, it will be recollected, performed the hitherto unrivalled feat of carrying Mr. Osbaldeston sixteen miles in thirty-three minutes and twenty-five seconds, in his wonderful match against time over Newmarket coure last October twelve months.

† It is proper to remark, that the withdrawing the royal stud was compensated, by additional King's Plates, and by his Majesty's present to the Jockey Club of the splendid challenge-prize—*the Eclipse Foot*, now in Lord Chesterfield's keeping.

‡ Although other places claims precedence over Newmarket as the early scenes of public horse-racing, it is nevertheless the metropolis of the turf, and the only place this island where there are more than two race meetings in the year. It does not appear that races took place there previously to Charles II.'s time; but Simon d'Ewes, in his Journal, speaks of a horse-race near Linton, Cambridgeshire, in the reign of James I., at which town most of the company slept on the night of the race.

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six and eight mile races, there are now not more than four over the Beacon course, or B. C. as it is called, which is four miles, in all the seven meetings. This is an improvement, not only on the score of humanity, but as far as regards sport, for horses seldom come in near to each other, after having run that course. Indeed, so much is the system of a four-mile heat disliked, that, when it does occur, the horse often walks the first two. It, indeed, sometimes happens otherwise, as in the case of Chateau-Margaux and Mortgage, in one of the meetings in 1826; but all who remember the struggle between those two noble animals—*the very best of their kind, perhaps never exceeded in stoutness*—and the state in which they appeared at the conclusion, can only think of it with disgust. Chateau's dead heat with Lamplighter was something like a repetition of the scene; but, to the honour of their owners' they were not suffered to run another, and the plate was divided between them.

The Curragh of Kildare is said to be in some respects it sequal, but nothing can be *superior* to Newmarket heath as a race-course. The nightly workings of the earth-worms keep it in that state of elasticity favourable to the action of the race-horse, and it is never known to be hard, although occasionally deep. But the great superiority of this ground consists in the variety of its courses, eighteen in number—adapted to every variety in age, weight, or qualifications of the horses, and hence the vast importance in match-making. Almost every race-horse has a marked peculiarity in his running. A stout horse ends his race to advantage up hill; a speedy jade down hill; another goes best over a flat, whilst there are few that have no choice of ground—and *some* whom none will suit. The Newmarket judge's box being on wheels, it is moved from one winning post to another, as the races are fixed to end, which is the case nowhere but Newmarket.*

The office of the judge of Newmarket varies rom that of others filling similar situations. He neither sees the jockeys weighed out or in, as the term is, neither is he required to take notice of them or their horses, in the race. *He judges, and proclaims the winner by the colour*—that of every jockey who rides being handed to him before starting. Indeed, the horses are seldom seen by him until the race begins, as they generally proceed from their stables to the saddling-house by a circuitous route. The best possible regulations are adopted for the proper preservation of the ground during the running, and we know of nothing to be found fault with, unless it be the horsemen being allowed to follow the race-horses up the course, which injures the ground when it is wet. It is true, a very heavy iron roller is employed upon it every evening in the meetings, but this cannot alway be effective.

The racing ground on the heath has been the property of the Jockey Club since the year 1753.

A great advantage is gained here by giving the power of preventing obnoxious persons coming upon it during the meetings; and it would be well if that power were oftener exerted. Betting posts are placed in various parts of the heath, at some one of which the sportsmen assemble immediately after each race, to make their bets on the one that is to follow. As not more than half an hour elapses between the events, the scene is of the most animated description, and a stranger would imagine that all the tongues of Babel were let loose again. No country under the heavens, however, produces such a scene as this, and he would feel a difficulty in reconciling the proceedings of those gentlemen of the betting-ring with the accounts he might read the next morning in the newspapers of the distressed state of England. 'What do you bet on this race, my lord? says a vulgar-looking man, on a shabby hack, with 'a shocking bad hat.' 'I want to back the field,' says my lord. '*So do I*,' says the *leg*. 'I'll bet 500 to 200 you don't name the winner,' cries my lord. 'I'll take *six*,' exclaims the leg. 'I'll bet it you,' roars my lord. '*I'll double it*,' bellows the leg. 'Done,' shouts the peer. '*Treble it?*' 'No' The bet is entered, and so much for *wanting to back the field;* but in love, war, and horse-racing, stratagem, we believe, as allowed. Scores of such scenes s this take place in those mo-meatous half hours. All bets lost at Newmarket are paid the following morning, in the town; and 50,000*l*., or more, have been known to exchange hands in one day.

The principle feature in Newmarket is the New Rooms for the use of noblemen and gentlemen of the Jockey Club, and others who are *members of the Rooms only*, situated in the centre of the town, and affording every convenience. Each member pays thirty guineas on his entrance, and six guineas annually, *if he attends*—otherwise nothing. The number at present is fifty-seven:—two black balls exclude.

On entering the town from the London side, the first object of attraction is the house long occupied by the late Duke of Queensberry, but at present in a disgraceful state of decay. 'Kingston House' is now used as a 'hell' (sic transit gloria!); and the palace, the joint-work of so many royal architects, is partly occupied by a training groom and partly by his Grace of Rutland, whose festivities at Cheveley, during the race meetings, have very wisely been abridged. The Earl of Chesterfield has a house just on entering the town, and the Marquis of Exeter a most convenient one, with excellent stabling attached. The Duke of Richmond, Mr. Christopher Wilson, father of the turf, and several other eminent sportsmen, are also *domiciled* at Newmarket during the meetings. But the lion of the place *will be* the princely mansion now erecting for

* Great improvements have from time to time been effected on Newmarket heath, but particularly within the last twenty years, by the exertions of the Duke of Portland and Lord Lowther. These have been chiefly accomplished by manuring, sheep-folding, and paring and burning, by which means a better sort of covering to the surface has been produced; and likewise by destroying the tracts of old roads, particularly on that part called the Flat, which is undoubtedly the best racing ground in the world.

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Mr. Crockford, of ultra-sporting notoriety, The *pleasaunce* of this *insula* consists of sixty acres, already inclosed by Mr. Crockford, within a high stone wall. The houses of the Chifneys are also stylish things. That of Samuel, the renowned jockey, is upon a large scale, and very handsomely furnished—the Duke of Cleveland occupying apartments in it during the meetings. That of William Chifney, the trainer, is still larger, and, when finished, will be perhaps, barring Crockford's, the best house in Newmarket. Near to the town is the stud farm of Lord Lowther, where Partisan, and a large number of brood mares, are kept—the latter working daily on the farm, which is said to be advantageous to them. Within a few miles we have Lower Hare Park, the seat of Sir Mark Wood, with Upper Hare Park, General Grosvenor's, &c. &c. The stables of Newmarket are not altogether so good as we should expect to find them. Of the public ones, perhaps those of Robinson, Edwards, Stephenson, and Webb's (now Mr. Crockford's), are the best.

That noble gift of Providence, the horse, has not been bestowed upon mankind without conditions. The first demand upon us is to treat him well; but, to avail ourselves of his full powers and capacity, we must take him out of the hands of nature, and place him in those of art; and no one can look into old works published on this subject, without being surprised with the change that has taken place in the system of training the race-horse. The 'Gentleman's Recreation,' published nearly a century and a half back, must draw a smile from the modern trainers, when he reads of the quackery to which the race-horse was then subject—a pint of good sack having been one of his daily doses. Again, the 'British Sportsman,' by one Squire Osbaldiston, of days long since gone by, gravely informs its readers that one month is necessary to prepare a horse for a race; but 'if he be very fat or foul, or taken from grass,' he *might* require two. This wiseacre has also his juleps and syrups—'enough to make a horse sick' indeed—finishing with the whites of eggs and wine, internally administered, and chafing the legs of his courser with train oil and brandy. On the other hand, if these worthies could be brought to life again, it would astonish *them* to hear, that twelve months are now considered requisite to bring a race-horse quite at the top of his mark to the post. The objects of the training-groom can only be accomplished by medicine, which perfumes the system,—exercise, which increases muscular strength,—and food, which produces vigour beyond what nature imparts. To this is added the necessary operation of periodical sweating, to remove the superfluities of flesh and fat, which process is more or less necessary to all animals called upon to engage in corporeal exertions beyond their ordinary powers. With either a man or a horse, his skin is his complexion; and whether it be the prize-fighter who stripe in the ring, or the race-horse at the starting post, that has been subjected to this treatment, a lustre of health is exhibited such as no other system can produce.

The most difficult points in the trainer's art have only been called into practice since the introduction of one, two, and three-year old stakes, never dreamt of in the days of Childer or Eclipse. Saving and excepting the treatment of doubtful legs, whatever else he has to do in his stable is comparatively trifling to the act of bringing *a young one* quite up to the mark, and *keeping him there till he is wanted.* The cock was sacred to Æsculapius by reason of his well-known watchfulness, nor should the eye of a training-groom be shut whilst he has an animal of this description under his care, for a change may take place in him in a night, which, like a frost over the blossoms, will blast all hopes of his success. The immense value, again, which a *very promising* colt now attains in the market adds greatly to the charge over him; and much credit is due to the trainer who brings him well through his engagements, whether he be a winner, or not.

The treatment of the seasoned race-horse is comparatively easy and straight forward, with the exception of such as are very difficult to keep in place, by reason of constitutional peculiarities. Those which have been at work are thus treated, we mean when the season is concluded:—by indulgence in their exercise they are suffered to gather flesh, or become 'lusty,' as the term is, to enable them better to endure their physic; but, in addition to two hours, walking exercise, they must have a gentle gallop, to keep them quiet. If frost sets in, they are walked in a paddock upon litter, it being considered dangerous to take them at that time from home. When the weather is favourable, they commence a course of physic, consisting of three doses, at an interval of about eight days between each. A vast alteration has taken place in the strength of the doses given, and, consequently, accidents from physic now more rarely occur. Eight drachms of Barbadoes aloes form the *largest* dose at present given to aged horses with six and a half to four-year olds, six to three-year olds, five to two-year olds, and from three to four to yearlings. After physic—and after Christmas—they begin to do rather better work, and in about two months before their first engagement comes on, they commence their regular sweats—the distance generally four miles. After their last sweat, the jockeys who are to ride them generally give them a good gallop, by way of feeling their mouths and rousing them, for they are apt to become shifty, as it is termed, with the *boys*, who have not sufficient power over them. The act of sweating the race-horse is always a course of anxiety to his trainer, and particularly so on the eve of a great race, for which he may be a favourite. The great weight of clothes with which he is laden is always dangerous and often fatal to his legs, and there is generally a spy at hand to ascertain whether he pulls up sound or lame. Some nonsense has been written by the author of a late work,* about omitting sweating in the process of training; but what would the Chifneys say to this? They are acknowledged pre-emi-

* Scott,s Field Sports.

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nent in the art, but they are also acknowledged to be very severe with their horses in their work, —and, without sweating in clothes, they would find it necessary to be much more so than they are. It is quite certain, that horses cannot race without doing severe work—but the main point to be attended to is, *not to hurry them in their work*. As to resting them for many weeks at a time, as was formerly the case, that practice is now entirely exploded amongst all superior judges, and experience has proved, that not only the race-horse, but the hunter, is best for being kept going, the year round—at times, gently, of course. With each, as with man, idleness is the parent of misfortune.

Thucydides says of Themistocles, that he was a good guesser of the future by the past; but this will not do in racing; and not only prudence, but justice towards the public demands that a race-horse should be *tried* at different periods of his training. The first great point is obviously to ascertain the maximum speed, and the next to discover how that is affected by weight: but here there are difficulties against which no judgment can provide, and which, when the best intentions have been acted upon, have led to false conclusions. The horse may not be quite up to his mark, on the day of trial—or the horse, or horses, with which he is tried, may not be so: the nature of the ground, and the manner of running it, may likewise not be suited to his capabilities or his action, and *the trial and his race may be differently run*. Chifney, in his *Genius Genuine*, says, the race-horse Magpie was a hundred and fifty or two hundred yards a better horse some days than others, in the distance of two miles! Tiresias won the Derby for the Duke of Portland in a canter, to the ruin of many of the betting men, who thought his chance was gone from his previous trial with Snake, who beat him with much ease. It afterwards came out, that his being beaten at the trial had been owing to the incapacity of the boy who rode him—and he was a bad horse to ride: indeed, we remember his taking old Clift, his jockey, nearly into Epsom town before he could pull him up, after winning the race. We are compelled, however, to observe that much deception in late years has been restored to, by *false accounts* of trials, and thereby making horses favourites for the great stakes—as in the instances of Panic, Premier, Swamp, the General, Prince Llewellyn, and others—some of whom were found to be as bad as they had been represented to be good. But the trial of trials took place many years back at Newmarket, in the time of George I. A match was made between the notorious Tregonwell Frampton and Sir W. Strickland, to run two horses over Newmarket for a considerable sum of money; and the betting was heavy between the north and south country sportsmen on the event. After Sir William Strickland's horse had been a short time at Newmarket, Frampton's groom, with the knowledge of his master, endeavoured to induce the baronet's groom to have a private trial, *at the weights and distance of the match*, and thus to make the race *safe*. Sir William's man had the honesty to inform his master of the proposal, when he ordered him to accept it, but to be sure to deceive the other by putting seven pounds more weight in the stuffing of his own saddle, *Frampton's groom had already done the same thing*, and in the trial, Merlin, Sir William's horse, beat his opponent about a length. 'Now,' said Frampton to his satellite, 'my fortune is made, and so is yours; if our horse can run so near Merlin with seven pounds extra, what will he do in the race?' The betting became immense. The south-country turfites, who had been let into the secret by Frampton, told those from the north, that 'they would bet them gold against Merlin while gold they had, and then they might sell their land.' Both horses came well to the post, and of course the race came off like the trial.

The Jockey Club law is very strict as to trials at Newmarket, notice being obliged to be given to the keeper of the trial-book within one hour after the horses have been tried, enforced by a penalty watching a trial is also severely dealt with. Never- of 10*l*. for neglecting it; and any person detected theless, formerly, watching trials was a trade at Newmarket, nor is it quite done away with at the present day; though we have reason to believe that the bettor who should trust much to information obtained by such means would very soon break down. It often happens that the jockeys who ride trials know nothing of the result beyond the fact of *which horses can run fastest*, as they are kept in ignorance of the weight they carry—a good load of shot being frequently concealed in the stuffing of their saddles.

But to return for a moment to the effect of weight on the race-horse. Perhaps an instance of the most minute observation of this effect is to be found in a race at Newcastle-under-Lyne, some years back, between four horses handicapped by the celebrated Dr. Bellyse; namely, Sir John Egerton's Astbury, 4 years old, 8 stone 6 pounds —Mr. Mytton's Handel, 4 years old, 7 stone 11 pounds—Sir William Wynne's Taragon, 4 years old, 8 stone—Sir Thomas Stanley's Cedric, 3 years old, 6 stone 13 pounds. The following was the result. *Of the first three heats there was no winner*, Taragon and Handel being each time nose and nose; and, although Astbury is stated to have been third the first heat, yet he was so nearly on a level with the others, that there was a difficulty in placing him as such. After the second heat, Mr. Littleton, who was steward, requested the Doctor and two other gentlemen to look stedfastly at the horses, and try to decide in favour of one them, but it was impossible to do so. In the *third dead heat*, Taragon and Handel had struggled with each other till they reeled about like drunken men, and could scarcely carry their riders into the scales. Astbury, who had laid by after the first heat, then came out and won; and it is generally believed the annals

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of the turf cannot produce such a contest as this. So much for a good handicap, formed on a thorough knowledge of the horses, their ages, and their public running.

Taking into consideration the immense sums of money run for by English race-horses, the persons that ride them form an important branch of society; and although the term 'jockey' is often used in a metaphorical sense, in allusion to the unfair dealings of man, yet there ever have been, and now are, jockeys of high moral character, whom nothing would induce to do wrong. Independently of trustworthiness, their avocation requires a union of the following not every-day qualifications:—considerable bodily power in a very small compass; much personal intrepidity; —a kind of habitual insensibility to provocation, bordering upon apathy, which no efforts of an opponent—in a race—can get the better of; and an habitual cheek upon the tongue. Exclusive of the peril with which the actual race is attended, his profession lays a heavy tax on the constitution. The jockey must not only at times work hard, but, the hardest of all tasks—he must work upon an empty stomach. During his preparation for the race, he must have the abstinence of an Asiatic—indeed, it too often happens that at meals he can only be a spectator—we mean during the period of his wasting. To sum up all—he has to work hard, and deprive himself of every comfort, risking his neck into the bargain, and for what?—Why, for five guineas if he wins, and three if he loses a race. The famous Pratt, the jockey of the no less famous little Gimcrack, (of whom, man and horse, there is a fine portrait, by Stubbs,) rode eleven races over the beacon course in one day, making, with returning to his post on his hack, a distance of eighty-eight miles in his saddle.

Of course we must go to Newmarket for the elite of this fraternity, and this reminds us that Francis Buckle is not there. He is in his grave; but he has left behind him not merely an example for all young jockeys to follow, but proof that honesty is the best policy, for he died in the esteem of all the racing world, and in the possession of a comfortable independence, acquired by his profession. What the Greek said of Fabricius might be said of him—that it would have been as difficult to have turned the sun from its course, as to have turned him from his duty; and having said this, we should like to say a little more of him. He was the son of a saddler, at Newmarket—no wonder he was so good on the saddle—and commenced in the late Honourable Richard Vernon's stables at a very early age. He rode the winners of five Derby, seven Oaks, and two St. Leger stakes, besides, to use his own words, "*most of the good things at Newmarket*," in his time; but it was in 1802 that he so greatly distinguished himself at Epsom by taking long odds, that he won both Derby and Oaks, on what were considered very unlikely horses to win either. His Derby horse was the Duke of Grafton's Tyrant, with seven to one against him, beating Mr. Wilson's Young Eclipse, considered the best horse of his year. Young Eclipse made the play, and was opposed by Sir Charles Bunbury's Orlando, who contested every inch of ground with him for the first mile. From Buckle's fine judgment of *pace*, he was convinced they must both stop; so following, and watching them with Tyrant, he came up and won, to the surprise of all who saw him, *with one of the worst horses that ever won a Derby.* The following year, Young Eclipse beat Tyrant, giving him 4lbs. Buckle, having made one of his two events safe, had then a *fancy*, that Mr. Wastell's Scotia could win the Oaks, if he were on her back, and he got permission to ride her. *She was beaten three times between Tattenham's Corner and home;* but he got her up again in front, and won the race by a head. The Newmarket people declared they had never seen such a race before, snatched out of the fire, as it were, by fine riding. In another place, (Lewes,) he won an extraordinary race against a horse of the late Mr. Durand's, on which he had a considerable sum of money depending, thus winning his race, but losing his money. He rode Sancho for Mr. Mellish, in his great match with Pavilion, and was winning it, when his horse broke down. He also won the Doncaster St. Leger, with Sancho.

Buckle, as we have already said, commenced riding exercise at a very early age, but his first appearance in public was on a colt of Mr. Vernon's, in 1783, when he rode one pound short of four stone, with his saddle. He soon entered the service of the late Earl Grosvenor, with whom he remained to his death. His weight was favourable, being seldom called upon to reduce his weight, as he could ride seven stone eleven pounds with ease. He continued riding in public until past his sixty-fifth year, and his nerve was good even to the last, although, as might be expected, he was latterly shy of a crowd, and generally cast an eye to the state of the legs and feet, when asked to ride a horse he did not know. His jockeying Green Mantle, however, for Lord Exeter, in the second October meeting, 1828, and winning with her, after the tricks she played with him before starting, showed that even then his courage was unshaken. But it is not only in public, but in private life, that Buckle stood well. He was a kind father and husband, and a good master, and his acts of charity were conspicuous for a person in his situation of life, who might be said to have gotten all he possessed, first by the sweat of his brow, and then at the risk of his life. In a short biographical sketch of him, his little peculiarities are noticed in rather an amusing style. 'He was,' says his biographer, 'a great patron of the sock and buskin, and often bespoke plays for the night in country towns. He was a master of hounds, a breeder of greyhounds, fighting cocks, and bull-dogs (proh pudor!), and always celebrated for his hacks. In the language of the stud book, his first wife had no produce, but out of the second he had several children. We may suppose he chose her as he would a race-horse, for she was not only very hand-

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some, but very good.' He left three sons, who are comfortably and respectably settled in life—one a soliciter, one a druggist, and the other a brewer. 'Young Buckle' is his nephew, and considered a fair jockey, though he does not ride so often as his uncle was called upon to do. But Frank Buckles are scarce.

The present Samuel Chifney presents the *beau ideal* of a jockey*—elegance of seat, perfection of hand, judgment of pace all united, and power in his saddle, beyond any man of his weight that ever sat in one. It is scarcely necessary to add, that he is son of the late celebrated jockey of his name, by the daughter of a training groom, consequently well bred for his profession, to which he is a first-rate ornament. Such a rider as James Robinson may slip him, but no man can struggle with him at the end, and his efforts in the saddle, during the last few strides of his horse, are without example. There are, however, peculiarities in his riding. Excellent judge as he is of what his own horse and others are doing in a race, and in a crowded one too, he is averse to making running sometimes even to a fault. Let whatever number of horses start, Chifney is almost certain to be amongst the last until towards the end of the race, when he creeps up to his brother jockeys in a manner peculiarly his own. But it is in the rush he makes at the finish that he is so pre-eminent, exhibiting, as we said before, powers unexampled by any one. His riding his own horse, Zinganee, for the Claret stakes (Craven meeting, 1829,) was a fine specimen of his style, when contending against Buckle and James Robinson, and winning to the astonishment of the field. In height, he is about five feet seven, rather tall for a jockey, and not a good waster. In fact, he is subject to much punishment to get to the Derby weight. Samuel does not ride often, but whenever he does, his horse rises in the market, as was the case with his father before him at one period of his life.

Some anecdotes are related of Chifney, confirming his great coolness in a race, and among others the following:—Observing a young jockey (a son of the celebrated Clift) making very much too free with his horse, he addressed him thus: 'Where are you going, boy? Stay with me, and you'll be *second*.' The boy drew back his horse, and a fine race ensued, but when it came to a struggle, we need not say who won it. Chifney's method of finishing his race is the general theme of admiration on the turf. 'Suppose,' says he, 'a man had been carrying a stone, too heavy to be pleasant, in one hand, would he not find much ease by shifting it into the other? Thus, after a jockey has been riding over his horse's fore legs for a couple of miles, must it not be a great relief to him when he sits back in his saddle, and, as it were, divides the weight more equally? But caution is required,' he adds, 'to preserve a due equilibrium, so as not to disturb the action of a tired horse.' Without doubt, this celebrated performer imbibed many excellent lessons from his father, but he is considered to be the more powerful jockey of the two.

James Robinson, also the son of a training groom, is a jockey of the highest celebrity, and, as far as the art of horsemanship extends, considered the *safest* rider of a race, of the present day. He may owe much of this celebrity to his having, when a boy, had the advantage of being in the stables of Mr. Robson, the chief of the Newmarket trainers, and riding many of the trials of his extensive and prosperous studs. When we state that such a rider as Robinson is considered equal to the allowance of three pounds weight to his horse, we can account for his having been employed by the first sportsmen of the day. It is supposed that he has ridden the winners of more great races than any jockey of his time. In 1823, he won the Derby and the St. Leger, receiving 1000*l.* from a Scotch gentleman (a great winner) as a reward for the latter; and in the following year he went a step beyond this. He won Derby, Oaks, and *was married* all in the same week, fulfilling, as some asserted, a prediction—according to other authorities a *bet*. We may also notice his kindness towards his family, which we have reason to believe is most creditable to him. As a jockey, he is perfect.

William Clift is next entitled to notice, as one of the oldest, the steadiest, and best of the Newmarket jockeys, and famed for riding trials, but he has taken leave of the saddle. William Arnull, who has ridden for most of the great sportsmen of the day, has long been in estoem at Newmarket, and considered particularly to excel in matches. He has been much afflicted with gout, but when well, is a fine rider, and steady and honest, as his father was before him. Being occasionally called upon to waste, he feels the inconvenience of his disorder, and the following anecdote is related of him. Meeting an itinerant piper towards the end of a long and painful walk, —'Well, old boy,' said he, 'I have heard that music cheers the weary soldier: why should it not enliven the wasting jockey? Come, play a tune, and walk before me to Newmarket.' Perhaps he had been reading the Mourning Bride.

'A good name is as a precious ointment,' and by uniform correct conduct in the saddle, as well

* How much it is it to be lamented, that we have no faithful representation of the Olympic jockeys—of Philip on his brother to Bucephalus, or the king of Syracuse on Phrenicus! We are not to expect that they were dressed a la Chifney; but we could not see deformity on such classic ground. As suited to their occupation, nothing can be more neat—nothing more perfect—nothing more in keeping, than the *present* costume of the English jockey; but a century back it was deformity personified. 'Your clothes,' says the author of *The Gentleman's Recreation*, in his direction to his race-rider—for by the print annexed we must decline calling him jockey—'should be of coloured silk, or of white Holland, as being very advantageous to the spectator. Your waistcoat and *drawers* (*sans culottes*, we presume,) must be made close to your body, and on your head a *little* cap tied on. Let your boots be gartered up fast, and your spurs must be of good metal.' The saddle that this living object—this 'figure of fun'—was placed upon, also bade defiance to good jockeyship, being nearly a fac-simile of that upon a child's rocking-horse; and which, from the want of a proper flap, as well as from the forward position of the stirrup-leathers, gave no support to the knee.

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as in the stable, John Day,—a very celebrated jockey—has acquired that of 'honest John.' The endowments of nature are not always hereditary, and well for our hero that they are not, for he is the son of a man who weighed twenty stone, whereas he himself can ride seven! His winning the Newmarket Oatlands on Pastime, with nine stone six pounds on her back, is considered his *chef-d'œuvre*. He resides at Stockbridge in Hampshire, where he has a large training establishment, and several race-horses of his own. Samuel Day, his brother, is also a jockey of great ability, and a singularly elegant horseman, with remarkably fine temper. Wheatley is the son of an eminent jockey of that name, who rode for the celebrated O'Kelly, and contemporary with South and Pratt. He is a fine horseman, and esteemed a dangerous opponent in a race by reason of his tact in creeping up to his horses, when little thought on, and winning when least expected. He is likewise a severe punisher when punishment is wanted, and has a character free from taint. He has ridden Mameluke in some of his best races, and exhibited a rare specimen of his art in the ever-memorable contest between that fine race-horse and Zinganee, with Chifney on his back, for the Ascot cup, 1829. Ascot Heath never was honoured before by so many good horses,—and, alas! never again by the presence of George IV. George Dockery stands high on the list as a powerful and good horseman, with excellent nerve in a crowd: but he is a bad waster, and is much punished to bring himself to the three-year-old weights. Frank Boyce is very good, and esteemed an excellent starter, a great advantage in the short races of the present day. Richard, or Young Boyce, as he is called at Newmarket, a very pretty horseman, with a good head, has now given up riding, owing to being too heavy. Conolly, who has been riding successfully for Lords Chesterfield and Verulam, is in high repute at Newmarket. He has a bad Irish seat, but he is very strong upon his horse, and his hand and head are good. Wright is also a steady good rider, and comes light to the scale. He has been very successful on Crutch. Natt is an improving jockey, and is engaged by the Earl of Chesterfield. James Chapple, very good and very light, seven stone without wasting, rode the winner of Derby and Oaks this year. Arthur Pavis has the call for the light weights at Newmarket, worth 100*l.* per annum at least. He is in very high practice in public and private, and never being called upon to waste, is in great request, and perhaps rides more races in the year than any other jockey in England. As practice makes perfect, Pavis is approaching perfection, and will, no doubt, arrive at it in time. He has a very elegant seat, being cast in the mould for a jockey, and is very full of power for his size. Another of the clever light weights is Samuel Mann—the lightest man of all his Newmarket brethren, and of course very often employed. Macdonald, another Newmarket jockey, is a very superior horseman, whose skill is not confined to the turf. He is famed for riding and driving trotting matches, having ridden Driver against Rattler, and driven Mr. Payne's Rochester against Rattler in the disputed match. He has capital nerve, and shines upon savage horses, which many would be unwilling to encounter. Darling, a very eminent country jockey, has lately been ridnig for Lord Exeter at Newmarket, where we hope he will be often employed, as he has been very true to his *clients*, Messrs. Houldsworth, Ormsby, Gore, and others.

The name of Goodison has been long associated with Newmarket, the late Richard Goodison having been so many years rider to the Duke of Queensberry, with whom the present jockey, Thomas Goodison, began, by winning the famous match on Pecker, against Bennington, in 1795, B. C., five hundred guineas aside, then riding only 4st. 11lb., and six to four on him at starting. His father accompanied him on a thorough-bred horse during the latter part of the race, as he was riding against an experienced jockey, and perhaps his instructions enabled him to win. Thomas Goodison rode much for the late king, but his 'first master,' as the term is, was the Duke of York, for whom he won many great races, and particularly distinguished himself by winning the Claret stakes with Moses (with whom he also won the Derby) in the Craven meeting of 1823, beating Morisco, Posthuma, and three other good ones, by *extreme judgment* in riding the race. He has ever been distinguished for his patience and decision, and the turf lost a first-rate jockey when he retired.

There are more Edwardses at Newmarket than there were Cæsars at Rome, and they all ride, as it were, by instinct. James, or *Tiny* Edwards, as he is called—par excellence of course—is father of all the jockeys that bear that name, and also of William, formerly a jockey, who trained for his late majesty, and has a pension and part of the palace and stables at Newmarket, as his reward. James trains for the Earl of Jersey, and is considered first-rate, and particularly so in his preparation for the Derby course. The cleverest of the jockeys is Harry, (the one-eyed man, who lived with the late Earl Fitzwilliam,) a very elegant horseman; and our Caledonian friends will not forget his winning the King's Plate on Terror. George is likewise very good, as are Charles and Edward, young ones, not forgetting Frederick, little better than a child, but with the seat of an old man. When his late majesty saw his own horses mixed with Lord Jersey's at Ascot, and the answer to every question of 'Who is that?' was 'Edwards,'—'Bless me,' exclaimed the king, 'what lots of jockeys that woman breeds!' It happens, however, that they are the produce of three different marriages, so the glories come, as Garter would say, from the *Baron*, not the *Femme*. We are sorry to say Samuel Barnard has lost his eyesight. He was a steady, good jockey, and rode for the Duke of Rutland, Lord Henry Fitzroy, and several of the best sportsmen on Newmarket heath. But we must not conclude without mentioning old Forth,

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as he is called, who won the Derby in 1829, at the age of sixty, with a horse very little thought of before starting. He also won a very large sum of money on the event, and has now a string of horses in training.*

Every trade, profession, or pursuit, opens, in its own peculiar circle of habits, a distinct object of study; and perhaps the existence of the Newmarket stable-boy, a thing on which the majority of our readers have never spent a thought, might, as painted by Holcroft, interest them more than the most accurate delineation of many higher modes and aspects of life. In that able writer's Memoirs—the genuine and really valuable part of them—all this is capitally described, from his first arrival at Newmarket to his final departure, at the age of sixteen; from his fall off Mr. Woodcock's iron-grey filly, in his novitiate, to his being one of the best exercise-riding boys in the town—until all his equestrian hopes were ruined by 'idling away his time in reading,' as he was emphatically told by his master; by his spelling a word of six syllables, to the surprise of his drunken schoolmaster; by his being detected in studying Arnold's Psalmody, under the guidance of the journeyman leather-breeches maker; and, lastly, in casting up figures on the stable-door with a nail, from which the other boys, and the old housekeeper to boot, augured his very soon running mad.

Although, to use his own words, Holcroft scarcely saw a biped at Newmarket in whom he could find any thing to admire, and despised his companions for the grossness of all their ideas, he had no reason to complain of his treatment by the several masters whom he served, and especially by Mr. Woodcock.

'He discovered a little too late, that the dark grey filly and I could not be trusted safely together. But though he turned me away, he did not desert me. He recommended me to the service of a little deformed groom, remarkably long in the fork, I think by the name of Johnstone, who was esteemed an excellent rider, and had a string of no less than thirteen famous horses, the property of the Duke of Grafton, under his care. This was acknowledged to be a service of great repute; but the shrewd little groom soon discovered that I had all my trade to learn, and I was again dismissed.'

After bewailing his misfortune of being out of place, and so far from home, *in formâ pauperis*, he thus proceeds:—

'I knew not where I got the information, nor how, but in the very height of my distress I heard that Mr. John Watson, training and riding-groom to Captain Vernon, a gentleman of acute notoriety on the turf, and in partnership with Lord March, now Duke of Queensberry, was in want of, but just then found it difficult to procure, a stable-boy. To make this pleasing intelligence more welcome, the general character of John Watson was, that, though he was one of the first grooms in Newmarket, he was remarkable for being good-tempered; yet the manner in which he disciplined his boys, though mild, was effectual, and few were in better repute. One consequence of this, however, was, that if any lad was dismissed by John Watson, it was not easy for him to find a place.* With him Jack Clarke lived, the lad with whom I came from Nottingham; this was another fortunate circumstance, and continued to inspire me with confidence. My present hopes were so strongly contrasted with my late fears, that they were indeed enviable. To speak for once in metaphor, I had been as one of those who walk in the shadow of the valley of death; an accidental beam of the sun broke forth, and I had a beatific view of heaven.

'It was no difficult matter to meet with John Watson; he was so attentive to stable hours, that, except on extraordinary occasions, he was always to be found. Being first careful to

* It is said of the Yorkshire jockeys that they should come to Newmarket for a seat. It is true they do not appear to such advantage in the saddle as their brethren of the south, nor, speaking generally, are they equal to them in their calling; but many very excellent jockeys have always been to be found in the north. At the head of those now alive is the noted Billy Pierse, who used to ride Hap hazard for the Duke of Cleveland. Having feathered his nest well, he has retired, but is remarkable for the hospitality of his house, situated in the town o. Richmond. Robert Johnson is likewise one of the oldest, best, and we may add, most successful of the northern jockeys, having ridden Doctor Syntax throughout his glorious career, and been four times winner of the St. Leger stakes; but John Jackson eclipsed him, having experienced that honour no less than as often again—a circumstance unparalleled among jockeys; and he very nearly won it the ninth time, on Blacklock. Johnson trained and rode Gallopade for Mr. Riddell, the winner of the Doncaster cup last year. John Shepherd, an old jockey, is still alive, keeping a public-house at Malton. Shepherd was supposed to be the best judge of pace in a four-mile race of any man of his time. We are sorry to hear that John Mangle, another eminent Yorkshire jockey, is blind. He won the St. Leger five times—three in succession—for the Duke of Hamilton, and in all four times for his Grace. Ben Smith has retired, rich; but the renowned John Singleton, one of the riders of Eclipse, and the first winner of the Doncaster St. Leger, 1776, for the late Lord Rockingham, died a pauper in Chester workhouse.

George Nelson is a very conspicuous man among the northern jockeys, and the more so, as having been thought worthy of being transplanted to the south to ride for his late majesty, in the room of the second best jockey at Newmarket, viz. Robinson. Nelson was brought up by the late Earl of Scarborough, in whose opinion he stood high, and his lordship confirmed it by a pension. He won the St. Leger for the Earl on Tarrare, a very unexpected event. He was likewise very successful in his exertions for his late majesty, from whom he also had his reward; but his great performances were upon Lottery, Fleur de Lis, and Minna, having *never* been beaten on the first two, and winning no less than eight times in one year on the latter. He first distinguished himself in a race at York, when riding only 5st. 4lbs. Tommy Lye, as he is called, is a very celebrated northern jockey, a great winner for the Duke of Cleveland and others, and rides very light, and very well. Templeman, the Duke of Leeds' rider, and Thomas Nicholson, also stand high. But the Chifney of the north is William Scott, and perhaps for hand, seat, and science in a race he is very little inferior to any one. He rode St. Giles, the winner of last year's Derby, for Mr. Ridsdale, and won the Leger for Mr. Watt, once (on Memnon), and for Mr. Petre, twice, viz. with the Colonel and Rowton. A very excellent print of the latter horse and himself has been published by Ackerman, from a painting by Herring. But such men as Scott, Chifney, and Robinson, generally appear to advantage—they are in great request, and consequently are put on the best horses in the race, and have the best chance to distinguish themselves. William Scott is possessed of considerable property (part in right of his wife), and is brother to the well-known Yorkshire trainer of his name.

* This is still the case at Newmarket. No trainer will take a boy that offers himself, until his late master has been consulted.

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make myself look as much like a stable boy as I could, I came at the hour of four, (the summer hour for opening the afternoon stables, giving a slight feed of oats, and going out to evening exercise,) and ventured to ask if I could see John Watson. The immediate answer was in the affirmative. John Watson came, looked at me with a serious but good-natured countenance, and accosted me with, "Well, my lad, what is your business? I suppose I can guess; you want a place?" "Yes, Sir." "Who have you lived with?" "Mr. Woodcock, on the forest. One of your boys, Jack Clarke, brought me with him from Nottingham." "How came you to leave Mr. Woodcock?" "I had a sad fall from an iron grey filly, that almost killed me." "That's bad, indeed! and so you left him?" "*He turned me away, Sir.*" "That's honest. I like your speaking the truth. So you are come from him to me? At this question I cast my eyes down, and hesitated, then fearfully answered, "No, Sir."—"No! what, change masters twice in so short a time?" "I can't help it, Sir, if I am turned away." This last answer made him smile. "Where are you now, then?" "Mr. Johnstone gave me leave to stay with the boys a few days." "That's a good sign. I suppose you mean little Mr. Johnstone at the other end of the town?" "Yes, Sir." "Well, as you have been so short a time in the stables, I am not surprised he *should* turn you away; he would have every body about him as clever as himself; they must all know their business thoroughly; however, they must learn it somewhere. I will venture to give you a trial, but I must first inquire your character of my good friends Woodcock and Johnstone. Come to-morrow morning at nine, and you shall have an answer." It may well be supposed I did not forget the appointment, and a fortunate one I found it, for I was accepted on trial, at four pounds or guineas a year, with the usual livery clothing.'

It was in the service of John Watson that Holcroft became a horseman, and the exercise of his skill, in his contest with a certain strapping dun horse, is very amusingly told:—

'It was John Watson's general practice to exercise his horses over the flat, and up Cowbridge hill; but the rule was not invariable. One wintry day he ordered us up to the Bury hills. It mizzled a very sharp sleet; the wind became uncommonly cutting, and Dun, being remarkable for a tender skin, found the wind and sleet, which blew directly up his nostrils, so very painful, that it suddenly made him outrageous. He started from the rank in which he was walking, tried to unseat me, endeavoured to set off full speed, and when he found he could not master me so as to get head, began to rear, snorting most violently, threw out behind, plunged, and used every mischievous exertion of which the muscular powers of a blood-horse are capable. I, who felt the uneasiness he suffered, before his violence began, being luckily prepared, sat firm, and as steady and upright as if this had been his usual exercise. John Watson was riding beside his horses, and a groom—I believe it was old Cheevers—broke out into an exclamation—"By G—d, John, that's a fine lad!" "Aye, aye," replied Watson, highly satisfied; "you will find some time or other there are few in Newmarket that will match him." It will not be amiss here to remark, that boys with straight legs, small calves, and knees that project but little, seldom become excellent riders. I, on the other hand, was somewhat bow-legged; I had then the custom of turning in my toes, and my knees were protuberant. I soon learned that the safe hold for sitting steady, was to keep the knee and the calf of the leg strongly pressed against the side of the animal that endeavours to unhorse you; and as little accidents afford frequent occasions to remind boys of this rule, it becomes so rooted in the memory of the intelligent, that their danger is comparatively trifling.'

Of the comparative good and bad temper of race horses, the dramatist thus speaks:—

'The majority of them are playful, but their gambols are dangerous to the timid or unskilful. They are all easily and suddenly alarmed, when any thing they do not understand forcibly catches their attention; and they are then to be feared by the bad horseman, and carefully guarded against by the good. Very serious accidents have happened to the best. But, besides their general disposion to playfulness, there is a great propensity in them to become what the jockeys call vicious. Tom, the brother of Jack Clarke, after sweating a grey horse that belonged to Lord March, with whom he lived, while he was either scraping or dressing him, was seized by the animal by the shoulder, lifted from the ground, and carried two or three hundred yards before the horse loosened his hold. Old Forester, a horse that belonged to Captain Vernon, all the while I remained at Newmarket, was obliged to be kept apart, and to live at grass, where he was confined to a close paddock. Except Tom Watson, a younger brother of John, he would suffer no lad to come near him. If in his paddock, he would run furiously at the first person that approached, and if in the stable, would kick and assault every one within his reach. When I had been about a year and a half at Newmarket, Captain Vernon thought proper to match Forester against Elephant, a horse belonging to Sir Jenison Shaftoe, whom by-the-bye I saw ride this famous match. It was a four-mile heat over the straight course; and the abilities of Forester were such, that he passed the flat, ascended the hill, as far as the distance-post, nose to nose with elephant, so that John Watson, who rode him, began to conceive hopes Between this and the chair, Elephant, in consequence of hard whipping, got some little way before him, while Forester exerted every possible power to recover at least his lost equality; till finding all his efforts ineffectual, he made one sudden spring, and caught Elephant by the under jaw, which he griped so violently as to hold him back; nor was it without the utmost difficulty that he could be forced to quit his hold! Poor Forester, he lost, but he lost most honourably! Every experienced groom thought it a most extraordinary circumstance.'

Of the stable discipline among the boys, Holcroft gives the following little specimen:—

'I remember to have been so punished once,

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with an ashen stick, for falling asleep in my horse's stall, that the blow, I concluded, was given by Tom Watson, as I thought no other boy in the stable could have made so large a wale; it reached from the knee to the instep, and was of a finger's breadth.'

We conclude our extracts from this amusing history of a stable boy's progress, with something like a shot at the march of the present very refined times:

'I ought to mention, that though I have spoken of Mr. Johnstone, and may do of more *Misters*, it is only because I have forgotten their Christian names; for, to the best of my recollection, when I was at Newmarket, it was the invariable practice to denominate each groom by his Christian and surname, unless any one happened to possess some peculiarities that marked him. I know not what appellations are given to grooms at Newmarket at the present day, but at the time I speak of, if any grooms had been called *Misters*, my master would have been among the number; and his appellation by every body, except his own boys, who called him John, was John Watson.'

We have reason to believe there are no '*Johns*' among the Newmarket trainers of these times, though we much doubt the benefit of the change to Mister, and all the appliances to boot. If we mistake not, Sir Charles Bunbury's training-groom wore livery to the last. At all events, Newmarket jockeys and their Jennys were not then to be seen in an Opera-box, which we find is no uncommon occurrence now. 'A cow at the Opera' would have been considered equally in her element.

Those who have only seen race-horses on a race-course would be surprised to witness what diminutive urchins ride many of them in their training, and the perfect command they obtain over them. In the neighbourhood of large racing establishments, the parents of poor children are glad to embrace an opportunity of putting them into the stables of a training-groom; knowing that they are certain to be well fed and taken care of, with a fair chance of rising in the world. But the question that would suggest itself is,—How are the poor little fellows made equal to the task of riding so highly-spirited an animal as the race-horse in a few weeks after they are put to the task? The fact is, that Tom or Jack is little more than a looker-on for the first month, or so. He makes the other lad's beds, and performs sundry odd jobs; but then he has his eyes open—if he shows no signs of opening them, he is rejected in a twinkling; and he sees the other boys in their saddles, and observes the confidence with which they appear in them. After a certain time he is placed upon his master's hack, or a quiet pony, and becomes a spectator on the training-ground. So soon as he has the rudiments of hand and seat he is put on the quietest horse in the string—generally one that has been some time in training, and has been doing good work—who follows those that are before him, without attempting to swerve from the track, or to play any antic tricks. The head lad generally leads the gallop, being the best judge of pace, unless it be necessary to put him on some other horse which is difficult to ride, and not well calculated to lead. In that case he generally places himself second, so that he may instruct the boy before him; but all this takes place under the watchful eye of the trainer.

Order is the beauty and strength of society; and neither in school nor university is regularity of conduct more strictly enforced than in a training establishment. In fact, the soldier might as well absent himself from roll-call, or the sailor from his watch, as the stable-boy from the hour of stable. 'Woe to him,' says Holcroft, 'who is absent from stable hours.' In the morning, however, he is sure to be there: for, in most cases, the horse he looks after reposes in the same chamber with himself. This is on a principle of prudence rather than of economy. Horses in high condition are given to roll in the night, and get cast in their stalls, and here assistance is at hand; as, by the means of stirrup-leathers buckled together, they are extricated from their awkward situation by the joint efforts of the boys. We have been told that an interesting scene takes place on the wakening of the boys in the morning. The event is anxiously looked for by the horses, who, when they hear them awaken each other, neigh and denote their eagerness to be fed, which is the first step taken. The second is a proper arrangement of their beds, and then dressing and exercise. When they return home the horses are well dressed again; the boys break their fast; and Holcroft spoke from experience when he said, *Nothing can exceed the enjoyment of a stable-boy's breakfast.*

Considering the prodigious number of race-horses in training, and that each horse has its lad, it is astonishing that more accidents do not occur. As we have before observed, almost all race-horses are playful; and 'horse play is rough.' But we do not wonder at their becoming vicious. Highly bred as they are, hot in blood, and their tender and nearly hairless skins irritated by a coarse brush, and, after sweating, scraped with rather a sharp wooden instrument, that, we repeat, is no wonder. Nevertheless, it seldom happens that they hurt the boys who look after them. Indeed, it is an interesting sight to witness a little urchin of a stable-boy approach, with perfect safety to himself, an animal that would perhaps be the death of the strongest man in the land who might be rash enough to place himself within his reach. To what shall we attribute this passive obedience of an animal of such vast power and proud spirit, to a diminutive member of the creation—an abortion of nature, indeed, as we might be almost induced to call him; whether to self-interest or to gratitude, to love or to fear, or to that unspeakable magic power which the Almighty has given to the eye and voice of even the child of man?

Precocity of intellect in a stunted frame, is the grand desideratum in a Newmarket nursery,

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where chubby cheeks, and the 'fine boy for his age,' would be reckoned deformities. There are some good specimens of the pigmy breed now at Newmarket; John Day, for instance, has produced a fac-simile of himself, cast in the right mould for the saddle, and who can ride about four stone. These feather-weights are absolutely necessary where two-year colts are brought to the post, and they sometimes ride a winning race; though if *it comes to a struggle*, as the term is, they are almost certain to be defeated by the experienced jockey. But, speaking seriously, it is a great blessing to the rider of races to be of a diminutive size, to prevent the hardship and inconvenience of wasting—a most severe tax on the constitution and temper. On this subject the following memorandum of some questions addressed by Sir John Sinclair to the late Mr. Sandiver, an eminent surgeon, long resident at Newmarket, and a pretty constant spectator of the races, with Mr. S.'s answers, may amuse our readers:

'How long does the training of jockyes generally continue? With those in high repute, from about three weeks before Easter to the end of October; but a week or ten days are quite sufficient for a rider to reduce himself from his natural weight to sometimes a stone and a half below it.—What food do they live on? For breakfast, a small piece of bread and butter, with tea in moderation. Dinner is taken very sparingly; a very small piece of pudding and less meat; and when fish is to be obtained, neither one nor the other is allowed. Wine and water is the usual beverage, in the proportion of one pint to two of water. Tea in the afternoon, with little or no bread and butter, and no supper.—What exercise do they get, and what hours of rest? After breakfast, having sufficiently loaded themselves with clothes, that is, with five or six waistcoats, two coats, and as many pairs of breeches, a severe walk is taken, from ten to fifteen miles. After their return home, dry clothes are substituted for those that are wet with perspiration, and, if much fatigued, some of them lie down for an hour or so before their dinner; after which no severe exercise is taken, but the remaining part of the day is spent in a way most agreeable to themselves. They generally go to bed by nine o'clock, and continue there till six or seven next morning.—What medicine do they take? Some of them, who do not like excessive walking, have recourse to purgative medicines, glauber salts only.—Would Mr. Sandiver recommend a similar process to reduce corpulency in other persons? Mr. Sandiver would recommend a similar process to reduce corpulency in either sex, as the constitution does not appear to be injured by it; but he is apprehensive that hardly any person could be prevailed upon to submit to such severe discipline, who had not been enured to it from his youth. The only additional information that Mr. Sandiver has the power to communicate is, that John Arnull, when rider to his Royal Highness the Prince of Wales, was desired to reduce himself as much as he possibly could, to enable him to ride a particular horse, in consequence of which he abstained from animal, and even from farinaceous food, for eight successive days, and the only substitute was now and then an apple. He was not injured by it. Dennis Fitzpatrick, a person continually employed as a rider, declares that he is less fatigued, and has more strength to contend with a determined horse in a severe race, when moderately reduced, than when allowed to live as he pleased, although he never weighs more than nine stone, and has frequently reduced himself to seven.'*

The present system of wasting varies from the one here described, and particularly as to the length of the walk, which appears to have been unnecessarily severe. The modern Newmarket jockey seldom exceeds four miles out, and then he has a house to stop at in which there is a large fire, by which the perspiration is very much increased. Indeed, it sometimes becomes so excessive, that he may be seen scraping it off the uncovered parts of his person after the manner in which the race-horse is scraped, using a small horn for the purpose. After sitting awhile by the fire and drinking some diluted liquid, he walks back to Newmarket, swinging his arms as he proceeds, which increases the muscular action. Sufficiently cool to strip, his body is rubbed dry and fresh clothed, when, besides the reduction of his weight, the effect is visible on his skin, which has a remarkably transparent hue. In fact, he may be said to show condition after every sweat, till he looks as sleek as the horse he is going to ride. But the most mortifying attendant upon wasting is the rapid accumulation of flesh, immediately on a relaxation of the system, it having often happened that jockeys, weighing not more than seven stone, have gained as many pounds in one day from merely obeying the common dictates of nature, committing no excess. *Non misere vivit qui parcè vivit*, is an acknowledged truism; but during the racing season, a jockey in high practice, who,—as is the case with Chifney, Robinson, Dockeray, and Scott,—is naturally above our light racing weights, is subject to no trifling mortification. Like the good catholic, however, when Lent expires, he feels himself at liberty when the racing season is at an end; and on the last day of the Houghton meeting, Frank Buckle had always a *goose for supper!* his labours for the season being then concluded. But it will naturally be asked how these persons employ or amuse themselves during the dead months, of which there are five? At Newmarket, we believe, just as they did in Holcroft's time, in visiting their friends coursing, and cock-fighting—the latter a favourite amusement—but with no species of gamblin , beyond a few shillings on the event of a course or a battle. A few also take the diversion o hunting, or any other out-door amusement tha t

* Arnull died at the age of 62. Fitzpatrick at 42, fro a cold taken in wasting.

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keeps the body in play. Most of them have neat and well-furnished houses, and appear to enjoy the comforts of life.

Among the conspicuous characters on the English turf of past and present days it is hard to say who stands foremost, but we suppose we must give the *pas* to the Duke of Cumberland, great uncle to his present Majesty, as the breeder, and to Mr. O'Kelly, as the fortunate possessor of Eclipse, and other horses whose character and fame have never yet been eclipsed. It will also be remembered that the duke bred *Marsk*, the sire of Eclipse; and *Herod*, who not only, like Eclipse, beat every horse that could be brought against him, at four, five, and six years old, but transmitted a more numerous and better stock to posterity than any other horse ever did before, or has ever done since—amongst others, Highflyer. From the death of Charles the Second till the period of the duke's coming upon the turf, racing had languished, perhaps from want of more support from the crown and the higher aristocracy, and his royal highness was the man to revive it.

'But,' as has been observed, 'this was not effected without an immensity of expense, and an incredible succession of losses to the sharks, Greeks, and black-legs of that time, by whom his royal highness was surrounded, and, of course, incessantly pillaged. Having, however, in the greatness of his mind, the military maxim of "persevere and conquer," he was not deterred from the object of his pursuit, till, having just become possessed of the best stock, best blood, and most numerous stud in the kingdom, beating his opponents at all points, he suddenly "passed that bourne from whence no traveller returns," an irreparable loss to the turf, and universally lamented by the kingdom at large.'

One of the heaviest matches of former or of present days was run at Newmarket in 1764, between his royal highness's famous horse, *King* Herod, as he was then called, and the late Duke of Grafton's Antinous, by Blank, over the Beacon course, for a thousand pounds aside, and won by Herod by half a neck. Upwards of a hundred thousand pounds were depending on this event, and the interest created by it was immense. His royal highness was likewise the founder of the Ascot race meeting, now allowed to be only second to Newmarket.

In point of judgment in racing, Mr. O'Kelly was undoubtedly the first man of his day; although, were he to appear at the present time, it is admitted that he would have a good deal to learn. For example, his suffering Eclipse to distance his horses for a bet would be considered the act of a novice. As a breeder, however, he became unequalled; and from the blood of his Volunteer and Dungannon, in particular, the turf derived signal advantage. Both were got by Eclipse, who was the sire of no less than one hundred and sixty winners, many of them the best racers of their day, such as Alexander and Meteor—the latter pre-eminent—Pot-8-os, Soldier, Saltram, Mercury, Young Eclipse, &c. In 1793 Mr. O'Kelly advertised no less than forty six in-foal mares for sale, chiefly by Volunteer and Dungannon, Eclipse being then dead, which fetched great prices, and were particularly sought after by his late Majesty, then deeply engaged on the turf. It is confidently asserted, that O'Kelly cleared £10,000 by the dam of Soldier, from her produce by Eclipse and Dungannon; and his other mares, of which he had often fifty and upwards in his possession, were the source of immense gain.

As a breeder coeval with the royal Duke and O'Kelly, the late Earl Grosvenor stands conspicuous. Indeed, we believe his lordship's stud for many years of his life was unrivalled in Europe; but such are the expenses of a large breeding establishment, that, although he was known to have won £200,000 on the race-course, the balance was said to be against him at the last! Earl Grosvenor, however, was a great ornament to the English turf; he ran his horses honestly and truly, and supported the country races largely. His three famous stud horses were John Bull, Alexander, and Meteor, the two latter by Eclipse, and the two former perhaps the largest and noblest thorough-bred horses ever seen in England, and the sires of many good ones; but his two best *racers* were Meteora and Violante; the latter the best four-miler of her day. The Earl was the first patron of Stubbs, the horse-painter, whose pencil may be said to have founded a new branch of the art in this country, on which the painters of the present day have improved, adhering more closely to nature than their exemplar. The late Duke of Bedford was likewise a great patron of the turf previously to his taking to farming, and had more than thirty horses in training at one time. Among these was Grey Diomed, remarkable for his races with Escape and Traveller at Newmarket; also Skyscraper, Fidget, and Dragon. His grace was a great loser, and probably retired in disgust. Charles Fox was also deep in the mysteries of the turf, and a very heavy better. The father of the present Prince (the trainer) trained for him, and South and Chifney were his jockeys; but the distemper in his stables ruined his stud. These were also the days of the then Dukes of Kingston, Cleveland, Ancaster, Bridgewater, and Northumberland; Lords Rockingham, Bolingbroke, Chedworth, Barrymore, Ossory, Abingdon, and Foley; Messrs. Shafto, Wentworth, Panton, Smith Barry, Ralph Dutton, Wildman, Meynell, Bullock, and others, who were running their thousand-guinea matches, and five hundred-guinea sweepstakes, most of them over the Beacon course, and with the finest horses perhaps the world ever saw; and also, considering the difference in the value of money, for nearly as large stakes as those of present times, a few only excepted.

Another of the noted turf characters of those days was the Honourable Richard Vernon, commonly called Dick Vernon, owner of the famous horse Woodpecker, with whom he won the Craven stakes no less than three times. He was an excellent judge of racing, backed his horses freely,

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and was the best bettor of his day, as may be inferred from the following page of Holcroft's Memoirs:—

'In addition to matches, plates, and other modes of adventure, that of a *sweepstakes* had come into vogue; and the opportunity it gave to deep calculators to secure themselves from loss by *hedging* their bets, greatly multiplied the bettors, and gave uncommon animation to the sweepstakes mode. In one of these Captain Vernon had entered a colt, and as the prize to be obtained was great, the whole stable was on the alert. It was prophesied that the race would be a severe one; for although the horses had none of them run before, they were all of the highest breed; that is, their sires and dams were in the first lists of fame. As was foreseen, the contest was indeed a severe one, for it could not be decided—*it was a dead heat;* but our colt was by no means among the first. Yet so adroit was Captain Vernon in hedging his bets, that if one of the two colts that made it a dead heat had beaten, our master would, on that occasion, have won ten thousand pounds: as it was, he lost nothing, nor would in any case have lost anything. In the language of the turf, *he stood ten thousand pounds to nothing!* A fact so extraordinary to ignorance, and so splendid to poverty,' continues Holcroft' 'could not pass through a mind like mine without making a strong impression, which the tales told by the boys of the sudden rise of gamblers, their empty pockets at night, and their hats full of guineas in the morning, only tended to increase.'

And in troth it was not without its effect, for poor Holcroft began betting next morning, and before the week ended, half of his year's wages were gone! Another staunch hero of the turf was the late Earl of Clermont, the breeder of Trumpator, from whom were descended all the *ators* of after days, viz. Paynator, Venator, Spoliator, Drumator, Ploughator, Amator, Pacificator, &c. &c.; besides which he was the sire of Sorcerer, Penelope, Tuneful, Chippenham, Orange-flower, his late majesty's famous gelding Rebel, and several other first-rates. Lord C. also was a great contributor to the turf by bringing with him from Ireland the famous jockey, Dennis Fitzpatrick, son of one of his tenants. We have his lordship, indeed, before us at this moment, on his pony on the heath, and his string of long-tailed race-horses, reminding us of very early days.

The late Sir Charles Bunbury's ardour for the turf was conspicuous to his last hour. He was the only man that ever won the Derby and Oaks with the same horse, and he was the breeder of many of the first racers of his time—Smolensko among them. Sir Charles was likewise very instrumental in doing away with the four-mile races at Newmarket, and substituting shorter ones in their stead. Some imputed this to the worthy baronet's humanity, whilst others, more correctly we believe, were of opinion that short races better suited his favourite blood. The Whiskeys and Sorcerers, for example, are more celebrated for speed than for stoutness, although, where the produce from them has been crossed with some of our stout blood, (for instance, Truffle and Bourbon,) they have been found to run on. On the whole, Sir Charles, latterly, with the exception of Muley, had got into a soft sort. He was also a bad keeper of his young stock, and would not be beaten out of his old prejudices in favour of grass and paddocks. Had some persons we could name been possessed of his stud—imperfect, perhaps, as it might have been as far as the real object of breeding horses is at stake—they would have won every thing before them at the present distances and weights. His much-talked-of, *and justly celebrated*, Smolensko, died rather early in life, and his stock, with a few exceptions, did not realize the hopes and expectation of the sporting world.

The name and exploits of the late Duke of Queensberry ('Old Q.') will never be forgotten by the sporting world, for whether we consider his judgment, his ingenuity, his invention, or his success, he was one of the most distinguished characters on the English turf. His horse Dash, by Florizel, bred by Mr. Vernon, beat Sir Peter Teazle over *the six-mile course at Newmarket* for one thousand guineas, having refused five hundred forfeit;* also his late majesty's Don Quixote, the same distance and for the same sum; and, during the year (1789) he won two other thousand-guinea matches, the last against Lord Barrymore's Highlander, eight stone seven pounds each, *three times round* '*the round course*,' or very nearly twelve miles! His carriage match, nineteen miles in one hour, with the same horses, and those four of the highest breed ones of the day, was undoubtedly a great undertaking, nor do we believe it has ever been exceeded. His singular bet of conveying a letter fifty miles within an hour, was a trait of *genius* in its line. The MS. being inclosed in a cricket ball, and handed from one to the other of twenty-four expert cricketers, was delivered safe *within the time*. The duke's stud was not so numerous as some of those of his contemporaries on the turf, but he prided himself on the excellence of it. His principal rider was the famous Dick Goodison, father of the present jockey, in whose judgment he had much reliance. But, in the language of the turf, his grace was 'wide awake,' and at times would rely on no one. Having, on one occasion, reason to know—the jockey, indeed, had honestly informed him of it—that a large sum of money was offered his man if he would lose—'Take it,' said the duke, 'I will bear you harmless.' When the horse came to the post, his grace coolly observed, 'This is a nice horse to ride; I think I'll ride him myself,' when, throwing open his great coat, he was found to be in racing attire, and, mounting, won without a struggle.

The name of Wilson commands great respect on the turf, there being no less than three equally conspicuous and equally honourable sportsmen thus yclept. Mr. Christopher Wilson, now the father of the turf, and perpetual steward of New-

* Dash carried 6 stone 7 pounds, Sir Peter 9 stone.

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market, resides at Beilby Grange, near Wetherby, in Yorkshire, where he has a small but very fashionably bred stud, and is now the owner of Chateau Margaux and Comus. He is the only man who claims the honour of winning the Derby and St. Leger stakes the same year, *with the same horse*, which he did with Champion, by Pot-8-os, ridden in each race by Francis Buckle.* The turf is highly indebted to this gentleman, not only for his paternal care of its general interests and welfare, but for having, by his amiable and conciliatory manners and conduct, united the sportsmen of the north and of the south, and divested their matches and engagements of some disagreeable features which had previously been too prominent. Mr. R. Wilson resides at Bildeston, in Suffolk; is one of the largest breeders of racing stock, of which he has an annual sale; and Lord Berners, late Colonel Wilson of Didlington, near Brandon, Suffolk, has likewise some capital mares, and bred Sir Mark Wood's Camarine, the best mare of the present day. His lordship was the owner of her sire, Juniper, now dead, and at present has the stud-horse Lamplighter.

The star of the race-course of modern times was the late Colonel Mellish, certainly the cleverest man of his day, as regards the science and practice of the turf. No one could match (*i. e.* make matches) with him, nor could any one excel him in handicapping horses in a race. But, indeed, 'nihil erat quod non tetigit; nihil quod tetigit non ornavit.' He beat Lord Frederick Bentinck in a foot race over Newmarket heath. He was a clever painter, a fine horseman, a brave soldier, a scientific farmer, and an exquisite coachman. But—as his friends said of him—not content with being the *second-best* man of his day, he would be the *first*, which was fatal to his fortune and his fame. It, however, delighted us to see him in public, in the meridian of his almost unequalled popularity, and the impression he made upon us remains. We remember even the style of his dress, peculiar for its lightness of hue—his neat white hat, white trowsers, white silk stockings, aye, and we may add, his white, but handsome face. There was nothing black about him but his hair, and his mustachios which he wore by virtue of his commission, and which to *him* were an ornament. The like of his style of coming on the race-course at Newmarket was never witnessed there before him, nor since. He drove his barouche himself, drawn by four beautiful *white* horses, with two out-riders on matches to them, ridden in harness bridles. In his rear was a saddle-horse groom, leading a thorough-bred hack, and at the rubbing-post on the heath was another groom—all in crimson liveries—waiting with a second hack. But we marvel when we think of his establishment. We remember him with thirty-eight race-horses in training; seventeen coach-horses, twelve hunters in Leicestershire, four chargers at Brighton, and not a few hacks! But the worst is yet to come. By his racing speculations he was a gainer, his judgment pulling him through; but when we had heard that he would play to the extent of 40,000*l.* at a sitting—yes, *he once staked that sum on a throw*—we are not surprised that the domain of Blythe passed into other hands; and that the once accomplished owner of it became the tenant of a premature grave. 'The bowl of pleasure,' said Johnson, 'is poisoned by reflection on the cost,' and here it was drunk to the dregs. Colonel Mellish ended his days, not in poverty, for he acquired a competency with his lady, but in a small house within sight of the mansion that had been the pride of his ancestors and himself. As, however, the wind is tempered to the shorn lamb, Colonel Mellish was not without consolation. He never wronged any one but himself, and, as an owner of race-horses, and a bettor, his character was without spot.

Among other leading sportsmen of the turf, now no more, were the late Duke of Grafton, and Douglas, Duke of Hamilton. The Duke of Grafton was a keen sportsman, and an excellent judge of racing, and his horses having been well and honestly ridden by South, he was among the few great winners amongst great men. It is somewhat singular that the success of the Grafton stud may be traced to one mare, and therefore the history of her is worth relating. In 1755, Julia, by Blank, was bred by Mr. Panton, of great Newmarket fame—her pedigree running back not only to Bay Bolton, Darley's Arabian, and the Byerly Turk, but, beyond the Lord Protector's White Turk, generally the *ne plus ultra* of pedigrees, to the Taffolet Barb, and the Natural Barb mare;—and at seven years old was put into the duke's stud, and produced Promise, by Snap. Promise produced Prunella, by Highflyer, the dam of eleven first-rate horses, whose names (after the manner of foxhounds) all begin with the letter P., the first letter of the mare's name, and she is said to have realized to the Grafton family little short of 100,000*l.* In fact, all breeders of race-horses try for a stain of the justly celebrated Prunella. The all-graceful Hamilton (often called 'Zeluco') was equally conspicuous in the north, and celebrated for stout blood. He won the St. Leger no less than seven times, a circumstance quite unparalleled on the turf, and ran first for it, the eighth, but the stakes were given to Lord Fitzwilliam, his Grace's rider having jostled.

Coming nearer to our own times, Sir Harry Vane Tempest and Mr. Robert Heathcote made great appearances with their studs, as well as the heavy engagements they entered into; and such horses as Schedoni, the property of the latter, and Hambletonian, Rolla, and Cockfighter, of the former, are very seldom produced. Vivaldi, by Woodpecker, also the property of Mr. Heathcote, was the sire of more good hunters than almost any other in England, and the very mention of their being 'by Vivaldi,' sold them. Hambletonian was one of the meteors of the day. Sir Frank

* It is remarkable that both Champion and Hambletonian had a hip-down.

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Standish, and his Yellow mare—the breeder of Stamford, Eagle, Didelot, Parisot, and Archduke, all Derby and Oaks winners, except Stamford, one of the best of our stud horses—must not be passed unnoticed, not only as a sportsman, but as the true stamp of an English country gentleman. Sir Ferdinand Poole also cut a great figure on the turf with his Waxy, Worthy, Wowski, &c.; and could some of our present breeders of race-horses have now before their eyes, *Maria* by Herod, out of Lisette by Snap, and *Maccaria* by Herod, out of Titania by Shakspeare, the one the dam of Waxy, and the other of Mealy, we have reason to believe they would turn away from many of their own mares in disgust. His contemporary, Mr. Howorth, was likewise strong in horses, and an excellent judge of making a book on a race. But Mr. Bullock, generally known as 'Tom Bullock,' was, we believe, more awake than any of them, and was often heard to declare, that he should wish for nothing more in this world than *to be taken for a fool at Newmarket.*

We find the Prince of Wales (George IV.) in 1788, when only in his twenty-sixth year, a winner of the Derby. In 1789, he accompanied the Duke of York to York races, where he purchased his famous horse Traveller, by Highflyer, which ran the grand match against the late Duke of Bedford's Grey Diomed, on which it is supposed there was more money depending than was ever before known, or has ever been heard of since. But it was in the years 1790 and 1791 that his late Majesty's stud was so conspicuous—the days of Baronet and Escape, the former notorious for winning the Ascot Oatlands, beating eighteen picked horses of England, with twenty to one against him; and the latter for his various races against Grey Diomed, which caused his royal owner's retirement from Newmarket. This is now an old story; and though we should be among the first to say—

'Curse on the coward or perfidious tongue
That dares not e'en to kings avow the truth,'

yet we think the Jocky Club dealt rather hardly by the young prince, and he was quite right in refusing their invitation to return. We wish for proof before we condemn; and we think proof was wanting here. Where were the orders to the jockey to lose, and where was the money won by losing?—We can hear of neither. But if the change in a horse's running (accounted for by the late Samuel Chifney, by the treatment of Escape) is of itself enough to damage the character of his owner, what would have become of that of his Royal Highness's principal accuser, the late sir Charles Bunbury? Look at the running of his Eleanor: it is well known that she was the winner of both Derby and Oaks—the best mare of her day. Well! at Huntingdon she was beaten by a common plater, a mare called Two Shoes, *ten to one on Eleanor.* The next week, at Engham, she beat a first rate race-horse, Bobadil, and several others, *ten to one on Bobadil.* In both these cases money was lost, and the question now is,—who won it? But Sir Charles too is in his grave, and therefore we say—'*requiescat in pace.*'

After quitting Newmarket, his late Majesty was a great supporter of country races, sending such horses as Knowsley, by Sir Peter, and others nearly as good, to run heats for plates; and he particularly patronized the meetings of Brighton and Lewes, which acquired high repute. But Bibury was his favourite race-ground; where, divesting himself of the shackles of state, he appeared as a private gentleman, for several years in succession, an inmate of Lord Sherborne's family, and with the Duke of Dorsette, then Lord Sackville, for his jockey. During the last ten years of his Majesty's life, racing appeared to interest him more than it had ever done before; and by the encouragement he then gave to Ascot and Goodwood, he contributed towards making them the most fashionable, and by far the most agreeable meetings—we believe we may say—in the world. Perhaps the day on which his three favourite horses came infirst, second, and third, for the cup at the latter place, was one of the proudest of his life.

The stud of George the Fourth, however, was not altogether so successful as it ought to have been from the great expense bestowed upon it, and the large prices given for race-horses bred by other sportsmen. Amongst those of his own breeding, perhaps Whiskey, Manfred, and his favorite mare Maria, were the best. The latter was a great winner—yet made but small amends for persevering in breeding from her sire. The Colonel and Fleur de Lis were also great winners—the latter decidedly the best mare of her year, either in the north or in the south, and her symmetry not to be excelled. The two last were purchased at very high prices, and now form part of the royal stud, as also does Maria. The history of this mare is worth notice. When, from prudential motives, the royal stud at Hampton Court was broken up, Waterloo and Belvoirina were the only two kept, and their produce was the said Maria. Miss Wasp, the dam of Vespa, late winner of the Oaks, was likewise bred by George IV.

In his Majesty's long career on the turf, he of course had several trainers and as many jockeys. Among the latter were the late celebrated Samuel Chifney, and South, who rode his horses at Newmarket, and, afterwards, Richard Goodison and Robinson. Latterly, however, he imported one from the north, the well-known George Nelson, who gave him unbounded satisfaction. His trainers were Neale and Casborne, in former days; but latterly William Edwards, of Newmarket, who enjoys a pension for life, and the use of the royal stables. The last time George the Fourth was at Ascot was in 1829, but he lived to hear of the next year's meeting. He was on the bed of death; and so strong was the 'ruling passion' in this awful hour—and his Majesty was well aware his hour was come—that an express was sent to him *after every race.*

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The late Duke of York was equally devoted to the turf; and, in 1816, we find his Royal Highness a winner of the Derby, with Prince Leopold, and, in 1822, with Moses; the former bred by Lord Durham, the latter by himself. His racing career may be said to have commenced at Ascot, where he established the Oatland stakes, which at one period were more than equal in value to the Derby, being a hundred-guineas subscription. Indeed, we have reason to believe, that when they were won by his late Majesty's Baronet—beating eighteen of the picked horses in England, his own Escape amongst the lot—there was more money depending than had ever been before, excepting on two occasions. His Majesty won 17,000*l.* by the race, and would have won still more had Escape been the winner. We wish we could add to this trifling sketch a long list of his Royal Highness's winnings; but the Duke of York was on the turf, what the Duke of York was everywhere—good humoured, unsuspecting, and confiding; qualifications, however creditable to human nature, ill fitted for a race-course. It is therefore scarcely necessary to say, that his Royal Highness was no winner by his horses, nor indeed by anything else; and we much fear that his heavy speculations on the turf were among the chief causes of those pecuniary embarrassments which disturbed the latter years of one against whose high and chivalrous feelings of honour and integrity no human creature that knew anything of him ever breathed a whisper. In 1825, we find the Duke with sixteen horses to his name; and, with the exception of two, *a most sorry lot;* but previously to that period he had incurred severe loss by persevering in breeding from Aladdin and Giles. The stud usually run in Mr. Greenville's name; were trained by Butler, of Newmarket, now deceased; and chiefly ridden by Goodison, who did the best he could for them.

The late Earl of Fitzwilliam was distinguished by the princely way in which he conducted his stud, and the magnificence of his retinue on the race-course. His lordship was likewise the breeder of some eminent racers, amongst which were the justly famous Orville—an incalculable treasure to the British turf—and Mulatto, who beat Memnon, Fleur-de-Lis, Bodlantixe, Tarrare, Non-plus, Fanny Davis, Starch, Longwaist—in fact, all the best horses in the north; and ran second to Tarrare for the St. Leger. Earl Fitzwilliam never sent his horses south, but was a great supporter of York and Doncaster, and won the Fitzwilliam stakes at the latter place in 1826 with the horse we have just been speaking of. He is got by Catton, also bred by his lordship, out of Desdemona by Orville—all his own blood—grandam Fanny by Highflyer. The stud is now broken up.

The venerable Earl of Derby has been, and to a certain degree continues to be, a warm supporter of racing. Next, perhaps, to Eclipse and Herod, no horse that has ever appeared has been equal to Sir Peter Teazle as a stud horse,—we believe he produced more winners than any other on record. In him were united the best blood which this country can boast of,—King Herod, Blank, Snap, Regulus, and the Godolphin Arabian. As, however, the sun is not without its spots, Sir Peter was not without a blemish. His own legs gave way at four years old, and those of his produce were not, on an average, good; notwithstanding which, as we before stated, their winnings are without a parallel, barring those from the stock of the unparalleled Eclipse. The following anecdote is, we believe, authentic. Doctor Brandreth, the family physician at Knowsley, was commissioned by the then American consul to offer Lord Derby seven thousand guineas for Sir Peter Teazle, which his lordship refused, having, as he said, already refused ten. He certainly would have been a loser, had he accepted the offer.

The present Duke of Dorset, when Lord Sackville, not only showed himself an admirable judge of a race-horse, but few jockeys by profession could ride one better; and, indeed, at one period of his life, few of them were in much greater practice. His grace was always cautious in his engagements, but from his perfect knowledge of his horses, generally placed them winners. In the days of Expectation, Lucian, and others, he won all before him; but mark the change of the times! Looking into the Calendar for 1800, we find Expectation by Sir Peter, out of Zilia, by Eclipse, running four miles at Lewes, and beating two very stout mares, for what? Why, for the sum of sixty guineas, which could not pay the expenses! But then another of his horses, and a good one too—Laborie by Delpini—wins a 50*l.* plate the same year at Winchester. *The best of three four-mile heats!* Were the Duke of Dorset on the turf now, he would have something to do with such horses as Expectation and Laborie!!

The present Duke of Grafton has been a great winner, having inherited, with his domains, the virtues of old Prunella; but owes some of his success to his late brother, Lord Henry Fitzroy, whose judgment in racing was equal to any man's. With the assistance then of Lord Henry, the training of Robson, and the good riding of the late Frank Buckle, John Day, William Clift, and others, his grace has done very well; although, since the retirement of Robson, the honours of the turf have not poured in so thickly upon him. The duke, however, has no reason to complain, having won the Derby stakes four times, and the Oaks eight; and, as Buckle said of himself, 'most of the good things at Newmarket,' for a few years in succession. Indeed, unless we have made a mistake in our figures, his grace pocketed the comfortable sum of 13,000*l.* in the year 1825, from public stakes alone! But we must do the Duke of Grafton the justice to say, that in his stable he has marched with the times, *his horses having been always forward in their work*, the grand desideratum in a training stable. His grace also deserves success, for he is a no-

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Memnon of high character on the turf, and unlike too many owners of race-horses, whom we could name, *always* runs to win. The Duke of Grafton's stable is, in consequence, heavily backed, when it brings out good horses for any of the great stakes.

The Duke of Portland has been a steady and ever honourable patron of the English turf, but his stud is now small. In fact, since winning the Derby with Tiresias, in 1828, the tide of fortune appears to have turned against his stable, and he has not done much. His grace of Rutland is become slack, having had but three horses in training last year, two of which are sold. He won the Derby with Cadland (whom he bred), after a dead heat with the Colonel—a circumstance previously unknown for that great race—and the Oak with Sorcery, and Medora. On the other hand, the Duke of Cleveland's passion for the turf appears to grow with his years, his grace being the best buyer of the present day. He gave 3500 guineas last year for Trustee, and Liverpool, and but a few years back, no less than 12,000*l.* for four horses, namely,—Swiss, Swab, Barefoot, and Memnon, the two last winners of the St. Leger, for Mr. Watt. The Duke of Cleveland won the St. Leger till 1831, with Chorister, nor was he ever winner of either of the great Epsom stakes; but in the days of Agonistes and Haphazard, his stable was the terror of the north, and his grace was a great winner of cups, though he afterwards flew at higher game. His match with Pavilion, against Colonel Mellish's Sancho, at Newmarket, in 1806, was one of the greatest races of modern days, as to extent of betting; and immense sums were lost on Agonistes, when he was beat by Champion, for the St. Leger, in 1800. His grace has good horses in his stable now; amongst them Trustee, and Emancipation by Whisker, who had the honor of receiving forfeit from Priam in last (third) October meeting, receiving 9lbs.: likewise Muley Moloch, the winner of the York Derby stakes at the last Spring Meeting; and Liverpool, of the gold cup. The duke is one of the heaviest bettors on the turf, and few men know more of racing, or indeed of any thing relating to the sports of the turf or field. The Duke of Richmond has been one of the most zealous supporters of the turf, having expended a very large sum on the race-course at Goodwood, now the first country meeting in England, after Epsom, Ascot, and Doncaster. Although his grace has been a considerable winner, he retires after this season, and his stud is already diminished. He won the Oaks, with Gulnare, in 1827, and has had quite his share of success.

The Lord of Exeter stands first of the Marquises on the turf. Until last year his lordship has been a *great* winner, and having carried the Oaks of last year with Galata, and many of the good things at Newmarket, and elsewhere, perhaps he had no reason to complain; but his stable has lately rather disappointed the public. It consists of upwards of twenty-two horses. Lord Exeter has won the Oaks three times; but, somewhat extraordinary, he has never been a winner of the Derby. He breeds much from the famous stud-horse, Sultan his own property, whose price, to others, is fifty guineas each mare. The Marquis of Westminister, although *very well bred for it*, never signalized himself on the turf, and has therefore very wisely withdrawn from Newmarket, confining his stud, a very small one, to the provincial meetings in his own immediate neighbourhood, where it is quite right for great lords to make the agreeable. We believe the last time his lordship was at head-quarters was to see his horse Navarino *win* the great Riddlesworth stakes! The Marquis of Conyngham is a sportsman, and backs his horses freely, as does the Marquis of Sligo; but as his lordship belongs to the sister kingdom—for the honour of old England, we presume, he is not often allowed to win. He, however, has had the distinction of being second for the St. Leger. Neither can much be said of the prowess of the most noble Marquises of Tavistock and Worcester, who, though good and honourable men, will never increase their patrimony by racing. In short, since the Duke of Cleveland has quitted their ranks, our sporting Marquises, with the exception of Lord Exeter, do not shine on the race-course.

But we cannot say this of the noble earls, amongst whom are some of the best judges of racing of past or present days. We will begin with the Earl of Egremont; and not only by the rule of seniores priores, but looking upon him as one of the main contributors to the *legitimate* end of racing—*the improvement of the breed of horses*, his lordship having always paid regard to what is termed stout, or *honest* blood. Lord Egremont bred Gohanna, by Mercury, by Eclipse, and purchased Whalebone from the Duke of Grafton (the old Prunella sort), whose stock have been invaluable to the turf, and will continue to be so for many years to come. His lordship has likewise turned the amusement—and such has been his object in the pursuit of it—to an excellent account, in the liberal act of affording to his tenantry, and neighbours, the free benefit of several of his stud-horses. Among these have been two very fine animals—Octavius and Wanderer, the latter not inaptly named, as for many years of his life he was never known to lie down, but was generally in action in his box. He was a noble specimen of the horse, and one of the best bred ones in the world for all the purposes for which horses of speed and strength are wanted, being by Gohanna, out of a sister to Colibri, by Woodpecker, esteemed our *stoutest* blood. The earl is likewise the breeder of honest Chateau Margaux, and Camel, ornaments to the British turf, and sons of good little Whalebone. Lord Egremont won the Derby three times in four years—twice with sons of Gohanna, and subsequently with Lapdog, by Whalebone. He has also been three times the winner of the Oaks, with fillies from his own stud. But all this success is not to be placed to his lordship's own account: he received great assistance in all his racing speculations

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from his late brother, the honourable Charles Wyndham, since whose decease the stable has not been so successful.

The Earl of Burlington (Lord George Cavendish) is of great repute on Newmarket heath, as a good breeder of race-horses, a very high bettor, and we need not add, a most honourable man. His lordship, no doubt, has his fancies in his betting, which of course he now and then pays for—when he does 'fancy his horse,' as the turf-phrase is, he will risk an immense sum upon him, not far short, we have heard, of ten thousand pounds! But what is money? His lordship, at present, has but asmall stud.

The late Earl of Stradbroke was one of the keenest and best sportsmen at Newmarket, and owner of a large stud. Amongst the number, was the celebrated mare Persepolis, the dam of thirteen good racers, amongst which were Araxes, Tigris, Indus, Euphrates, Phasis, and Cydnus, all sons of Quiz, and Granicus and Rubicon by Sorcerer. The famous brood mares, Cobbea (the dam of Sorcery), and Grey Duchess, by Pot-8-os, were also in his lordship's stud, and presented to him by George the IV. when he commenced breeding race horses at Hampton Court. The present Lord Stradbroke, and his Grace of Richmond, have lately been confederates on the turf.

The Earl of Orford took the field last year as usual, with a tolerably large string of horses, and, to use his own words, when he won the Great Produce Stakes at Ascot with his Muley filly, and the Clearwell stakes with his Clearwell colt (a *clear* thousand by the way, and the other five hundred,) 'got out of his place,' which has generally been a good *second*. His lordship, however, takes all this with perfect good humour, and is himself always a favourite at Newmarket, should his horse not prove to be so. The noble Earl is considered a very liberal match-maker, if not something like a contributor towards the training expenses of one or two of his competitors; but he has made a very good beginning this year. Of the Earls Verulam, Warwick, and Clarendon, we do not hear much, although the first-named lord is rather an extensive breeder. Lord Warwick has a smart colt by Centaur, which won every time it started last year, and is entered for the next St. Leger. Lord Clarendon we consider little more than an amateur. Earl Sefton began his racing career late in life, and although he entered into it with spirit, giving two thousand guineas for Bobadilla, soon abandoned the slippery course. Indeed so hastily did he retire from it, that, on a little disappointment at Epsom, he would not wait for the assistance of the printer, but sent a manuscript notice to Tattersall's yard, that his stud were immediately to be sold. We confess we admire his lordship's decision—'When fortune frowns, the first loss is the best.' The Earl of Litchfield is rather deep on the turf, as the list of his horses shows. Indeed, his lordship does every thing with spirit, but even spirit cannot command success. Lord Litchfield, however, is a sportsman, and what is termed a high and honourable bettor. The Earl of Wilton, as well bred for the turf as Eclipse, being grandson to THE Earl Grosvenor, is not only an owner of race-horses, but a jockey—one of the best gentlemen race-riders of these days. The Earl of Chesterfield too is becoming conspicuous, as a peep into the Racing Calendar will confirm, no less than fifteen horses now appearing to his name. His lordship has also at his stud-farm, in Derbyshire, the renowned horses, Priam and Zinganee, purchased at great prices—the former having finished his brilliant career with winning the Goodwood cup. Report says, that he is likely to make his way in this 'forest of adventure,' as his experience increases with his years. But the best judge of this rank is the noble Earl of Jersey, who, indeed, does every thing well. As a breeder, perhaps his lordship may not quite equal the Duke of Grafton and Lord Egremont, but we must place him third, having produced from his own mares one winner of the Oaks—Cobweb, supposed to be the best bred mare in England—and two winners of the Derby, namely, Middleton and Mameluke, the latter of which he sold to Mr. Gully for four thousand guineas! Perhaps no man ever brought to the post on one day two finer racers of his own breeding than Mameluke, the winner of the Derby, and Glenartney, who ran second to him, beating twenty-one others, with the greatest ease. Lord Jersey's stud is not large, but well selected, and he has every convenience for breeding at his seat, Middleton Stony, Oxfordshire. His lordship was formerly confederate with that thorough sportsman Sir John Shelley, who has the honour of breeding Phantom. The Earl of Durham has retired, but when Mr. Lambton he had a splendid stud, which was sold by Messrs. Tattersall in 1826, when eight *foals* realized the astonishing sum of 1533 guineas! ((above £200 each.)

Of Newmarket Viscounts we only muster two, but if there were more we must give Lord Lowther the *pas*, not only from his experience and knowledge, considered quite first-rate, but from the single fact of his having had sixteen horses in training last year, although we fear we cannot call *them* 'first-rate.' It is a singular fact, that his lordship has only won the Derby once, and never won the Oaks, in his long career on the turf. He had formerly a large breeding establishment at Oxcroft, eight miles from Newmarket, but the land not being suited for it, in addition to the great prevalence of flies, it has been removed to within a few hundred yards of Newmarket town, where his lordship occupies a farm. Here is the horse *Partisan*, the sire of many good ones, and amongst the rest, Mr. Ridsdale's Glaucus, purchased at three thousand guineas, after beating Clearwell (Lord Orford's,) in a match for five hundred guineas, in October last. The best judges are sometimes mistaken, and Lord Lowther should not have sold Glaucus for

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three thousand guineas without having had a better taste of him, for, besides his winnings, amounting to fourteen hundred guineas, General Grosvenor cleared nearly three thousand by the purchase. But 'Glauci permutatio' is a standing proverb for a bad bargain, ever since the hero he is named after exchanged gold for iron under the walls of old Troy. Joseph Rogers, of Newmarket, trained for his lordship. Of Lord Ranelagh, the other Newmarket Viscount, we have very little to say, his lordship's stud being so small; and we must consider our noble secretary for foreign affairs, Viscount Palmerston, only an humble provincial. To the satisfaction, indeed, of his competitors, his lordship has now relinquished even these rural honours, for Luzborough, Greyleg, and company, were sad teazers to the west-country platers.

Our noble barons make no figure in the Newmarket list. Strange to say, we cannot find one. Lord Wharncliffe was the last, and still more strange to tell of so unwavering a tory, his lordship's best horse at one time was *Reformer!*

Of *honourables* we can find but one, Captain Rous, a good sportsman, and very spirited bettor. Neither can we produce more than two Newmarket baronets, and are inclined to ask, how is this? Sir Mark Wood stands first, with a long string of horses—Lucetta, the best mare of her day, and Camarine, the best of the present day, amongst the lot—not forgetting Vespa, his winner of this year's Oaks. Some apprehensions were entertained for Sir Mark when he entered the ring, with youth on his brow, and Gatton, just in time by the bye, in his pocket; and it was feared all might find its way into schedule A. But Sir Mark has made a good fight—*He has given good prices for good horses*, which, with good training and good riding, have pulled him through. His last week of last meeting at Newmarket was a very pretty finish. He won six times and received forfeit once; and on one match, Camarine versus Crutch, he is said to have netted three thousand pounds! His beating Rowton also for the Ascot cup, with the same mare (Robinson riding against Chifney,) after running one dead heat, was one of the grandest events of the last racing season. He is now in possession of the two great Newmarket challenge prizes, the cup and the whip, by the aid of this good mare; and if she continues to run in her old form, she will be pretty certain to obtain for him the grand prize, the foot of Eclipse, presented to the Jockey Club by his majesty. But one word more for old Lucetta, who must not be eclipsed by this flying daughter of Juniper, the last of his produce. Lucetta with 8st. 9lbs. met the Duke of Grafton's Oxygen (a winner of the Oaks,) with 7st. 2lbs., one six years old, and the other four, for the Jockey Club plate at Newmarket, Beacon course. Lucetta won, and the speed was very little short of Childers, as they were but seven minutes in coming to the Duke's stand. Sir Sandford Graham has a small stud, but not the best in the world.

One of the oldest sportsmen at Newmarket is General Grosvenor—but far from being the most fortunate. Indeed it is a trite saying, 'The General is honest, but unlucky,' and this is well said in these slippery times. He won the Oaks, in 1807, with *Briseis*, with heavy odds against her, consequently a round sum besides; and, again, in 1825, by Chifney's fine riding with *Wings*, with ten to one against her. He likewise won, with *Blue Stockings*, the Riddlesworth of 1819, perhaps the greatest stake ever won, being, including his own subscription, 5000 guineas! Fortune has also smiled upon him again, for the last year was a winning one. He bought Glaucus for 350 guineas, won 1400 with him, and sold him for 3000!—thus reversing the proverb. But his late winnings have been somewhat unaccountable, his horses having been in the hands, not of a regularly bred trainer, but of his north-country colt-breaker, who has been in his service twenty-eight years. They amounted to twenty-five times in nineteen months, previously to the opening of the present season, and he has been a considerable winner at the late Newmarket meetings.

After the father of the turf, we believe Mr. Batson, one of last year's stewards, is about the oldest of the Jockey Club. He has never carried the Epsom honours, although he was placed third with Hogarth, Middleton's year, and run third this year for the Oaks. But Mr. Batson takes things quietly; and when he has got a good horse, never refuses a good offer, for which we esteem him a wise man. He has a pretty good horse now, Mixbury, by Catton, a favourite for the St. Leger, but we recommend him to put him into his pocket, for he will be safer there—or rather at his banker's—than contending against twenty Yorkshire jockeys. Mr. Rush also is an old jockey, and a very good supporter of the turf, running his horses more for amusement than profit. He also breeds, but his stock does not shine at Newmarket, where he is generally satisfied with a good *third*. In the provincials, however, he is rather more fortunate; and it is something to say he was James Robinson's first master. He had seven or eight horses in training last year. Mr. Biggs is another old member of the Jockey Club, but, like Mr. Batson, is more formidable in the provincials, where he has been a great winner, and hard to beat. Some years since, at Stockbridge, his horse, Camerton, was the winner of a memorable race. Three others started, namely, Sir John Cope's Shoestrings, the late Lord Foley's Offa's Dyke, and the late Lord Charles Somerset's Scorpion. The following was the result. Camerton, ridden by the late Sawyer, who died shortly after, never started again; Shoestrings, by John Day, broke down; Offa's Dyke, by Goodison, went blind, but recovered his sight; and Scorpion, ridden by Joseph Rogers, now trainer at Newmarket, fell dead at the distance-post, from the rupture of a blood-vessel at the heart. The distance was two miles, and only one heat! Mr. Thornhill is one of the best judges

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of racing at Newmarket, and has one of the largest studs at his seat at Riddlesworth, whence the great Riddlesworth Stakes takes its name. He has won the Derby with Sam, and Sailor, both sons of Scud, and the Oaks with Shoveler, also a daughter of Scud. Previously to Sam's race, this shrewd judge pronounced the Derby stakes in his pocket, and he also picked out Gulnare as winner of the Oaks, for the Duke of Richmond, without the possibility, as he expressed himself, of losing it, barring the accident of a fall. The strange coincidence of his winning the Derby with *Sailor* by *Scud*, during a violent gale of wind, will, perhaps, never be forgotten at Epsom! Mr. Thornhill owns Æmilius, the celebrated sire of Priam, (whom he bred) Oxygen, &c., whose price is forty guineas. Col. Udney's name stands high at Newmarket, but he has lately all but retired from the turf. He won the Derby with Æmilius, and the Oaks with Corinne, and has had quite his share of 'most of the good things at Newmarket,' as Buckle said, who was the Colonel's principle jockey. He was once confederate with Mr. Payne, uncle to the gentleman of that name now on the turf.

Mr. Lechmere Charlton has been on the turf more than twenty years, having run third for the Oaks in 1811, and has been an owner of several good horses—Master Henry, perhaps, the best. He has likewise been a great breeder of races, and besides Henry, (whom he purchased cheaply for 700 guineas,) had Manfred, Sam, Hedley, Castrel, Banker, Anticipation, as stud horses, and several good mares from the Duke of Grafton and Lord Grosvenor, and, indeed, from any other celebrated studs within his reach. Like all great breeders, Mr. Charlton has had many public sales, at one of which, the sum of £1900 being offered for Henry, by a very badly dressed person in the crowd, he was asked by the auctioneer for whom he was bidding? '*Here* is my authority,' said the man, pointing to his breeches pocket. A few years ago, Mr. Charlton took rather a curious turn, exchanging the cap and jacket of the race-course for the wig and gown of the courts, and was actually called to the bar. Like Dido's love, however, the passion for racing could not be smothered in the murky atmosphere of Westminster Hall, nearly as gloomy as the vault of Sichæus; and we now find him with a good string of race-horses. There are not many better judges than Mr. Charlton, though we fear, like most other gentlemen-sportsmen, he has paid rather dearly for his experience. Mr. Vansittart has also been a long time on the turf, and ran second last year for the Derby, with Perion, a very formidable horse. He is a breeder of race-horses, and sold a clever colt, called Rockingham, this year, for 1000 guineas, to Mr. Watt. This colt is one of the favourites for the St. Leger, having the other day won a good stakes at York, beautifully ridden by Darling. Mr. Vansittart is a good judge, and always runs his horses to win, if they can. Mr. Hunter, of Six Mile Bolton, near Newmarket, is a first-rate jude of racing, and considered a good bettor. He won the Derby in 1821, with Gustavus, and has since used him as a stud-horse, but not to much profit. The last year, however, he made some amends, by producing Forester, the winner of the July stakes, and several other things, and was backed freely for the Derby, being out of an Orville mare. With the exception of the great card in their pack, all the Peels have a taste for the turf. The Colonel, however, is the only one who has the courage to face Newmarket, which he does with nearly as good a stud as is to be found even there. Amongst them is Archibald, by Paulowitz, the winner of the 2000 guineas stakes, last year, the Shirley stakes, at Epsom, and the Newmarket St. Leger, beating the far-famed Margrave, winner of the Doncaster St. Leger, and Beiram. The Colonel is a heavy bettor, and loses with a philosophic indifference, worthy of a nobler cause. Mr. Massey Stanley, son to Sir Thomas, has a small, but neat stud, and one very good horse, called Crutch, a great winner of last year. Mr. Sowerby has likewise a pretty stud which he uses, like a gentleman, for his amusement. Mr. Scott Stonehewer is of the same class. In the latter gentleman's stable is Variation, a winner of the Oaks, in 1830. Mr. Payne has also a small stud, not winners, we fear, neither is he a judicious bettor. Lastly, Mr. Osbaldiston has made his appearance on the heath, not as the Hercules of horsemen, as he proved himself in his awful match against time, but as the owner of a string of race-horses. We had rather see *the Squire* with his hounds, in Northamptonshire, where nothing can eclipse his fame.

Of the public racing men at Newmarket, Messrs. Crockford, Gully, Ridsdale, Sadler, the Chifneys, &c., we need not say much, their deeds being almost daily before us. But, looking at the *extraordinary* results of these men's deeds, who will not admit racing to be the best trade going? Talk of studs, talk of winnings, talk of racing establishments, our Graftons, Richmonds, Portlands, and Clevelands, with all their 'means and pliances to boot,' are but the beings of a summer's day, when compared with those illustrious personages, and their various transactions and doings on the turf. Here is a small retail tradesman dealing in a very perishable commodity, become our modern Crœsus in a few years, and proprietor of *several* of the finest houses in England! Behold the champion of the boxing ring, the champion of the turf, the proprietor of a noble domain, an honourable member of the reformed parliament, all in the person of a Bristol butcher! Turn to a great proprietor of coal-mines, the owner of the best stud in England, one who gives 3000 guineas for a horse, in the comely form of a Yorkshire footman! We have a quondam Oxford livery-stable-keeper, with a dozen or more race-horses in his stalls, and those of the very best stamp, *and such as few country gentlemen, or, indeed, any others, have a chance to contend with.* By their father's account of them (see Genius Genuine, by the late Samuel

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Chifney) the two Messrs. Chifney were stable boys to Earl Grosvenor at eight guineas a year, and a stable suit. They are now owners of nearly the best horses, and—save Mr. Crockford's—quite the best houses in their native town. There is the son of the ostler of the Black Swan, at York, betting his thousands on the heath, his nockerchief secured by a diamond pin. Then to crown all, there is Squire Beardsworth of Birmingham, with his seventeen race-horses, and his crimson liveries, in the same *loyal*, but dirty town, in which he once drove a hackney coach. Taking for granted that all this is done honestly, why should *we* despair of having the gratification to see the worthy little *devil* who trots with this sheet to Stamford Street, appear some fine morning on Newmarket heath, with his seventeen race-horses, his crimson liveries, and his diamond pin?

It rarely happens that what are called provincial studs do much in what may be termed the capitals of the racing world, but we cannot forget Lord Oxford beating the crack nags at Newmarket,—Eaton among the rest,—with old Victoria, and his Hedgeford Jockey, the late Tom Car; Mr. Glover winning the Craven with Slender Billy; and, though last, not least, the great Worcestershire grazier (the late Mr. Terret, tenant of Mr. Lechmere Charlton) taking his fine Rubens horse, Sovereign, in his bullock caravan, to Newmarket, winning the St. Leger stakes with him in a canter; and, what was still less expected, his rural jockey, Ben Moss, out-jockeying the best riders on the heath. Neither will the same jockey's performance on Lady Byron, over the course, to the benefit of the said grazier, be very soon forgotten. But we must not enter upon the large subject of the provincial studs.

Deservedly high as Newmarket stands in the history of the British turf, it is but as a speck on the ocean when compared with the sum total of our provincial meetings, of which there are about a hundred and twenty in England, Scotland, and Wales—several of them twice in the year. Epsom, Ascot, York, Doncaster, and Goodwood stand first in respect of the value of the prizes, the rank of the company, and the interest attached to them by the sporting world, although several other cities and towns have lately exhibited very tempting bills of fare to owners of good race-horses. In point of antiquity, we believe the Roodee of Chester claims precedence of all country race-meetings;—and certainly it has long been in high repute. Falling early in the racing year—always the first Monday in May—it affords a good trial for young horses, and there is plenty of money to be run for by the old ones, who come out fresh and well. This meeting is most numerously attended by the families of the extensive and very aristocratic neighbourhood in which it is placed, and always continues five days. The course is far from a good one, being on a dead flat, with rather a sharp turn near home, in consequence of which, several accidents have occurred, particularly previously to some late improvements.* When we state that there are nine good sweeptakes, a king's plate, two very valuable cups, and five plates at Chester, its superiority as a country meeting will speak for itself.†

Epsom, however, ranks first after Newmarket. It is sufficient, perhaps, to state, that there were no less than one hundred and fourteen colts entered for the last Derby stakes, and ninety-seven fillies for the Oaks—their owners paying fifty sovereigns each for those that started, and twenty-five for those that did not. There are, likewise, a gold cup, and several other stakes, as well as three plates. Independently of seeing him *run*, amateur admirers of *the race-horse* have here a fine opportunity of *studying* him in the highest state of his perfection. We allude to the place called *the Warren*, in which the Derby and Oaks horses are saddled and mounted. It is a small, but picturesque bit of ground, in the forest style, inclosed by a wall, and entered by all who choose to pay a shilling. To some it is a great treat to see the celebrated Newmarket jockeys, who may be only known to them by name. A view of half the aristocracy of England, also, is, even in these times, worth a shilling to many. The sporting men, meanwhile, reap much advantage from their anxious inspection of the horses as they walk round this rural circus. They can closely observe the condition of their favourites; and should any thing dissatisfy them, they have a chance to hedge *something* before the race is run, although the ring is generally broken up about the time the horses are assembled in *the Warren*.

But what is the sight in *the Warren*, interesting as it really is,—thousands on thousands depending on the result, ruinous perhaps to many, compared with the start for the race? Fancy twenty-four three-year colts, looking like six-year-old horses, with the bloom of condition on their coats, drawn up in a line at the starting-place, with the picked jockeys of all England on their backs, and on the simple fact of which may prove the best, perhaps a million sterling depends. *They are off!* 'No, no'—cries one jockey whose horse turned his tail to the others, just as the word 'Go' was given. 'Tis sufficient; 'tis no start: *come back!*' roars the starter. Some are

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*The following most extraordinary accident happened here some years back. A colt called 'Hairbreadth,' by 'Escape,' the property of the late Mr. Lockley, bolted over the ropes, and coming in contact with an officer of dragoons, Sir John Miller, who was on horseback, was killed by the peak of the helmet entering his skull *when on the head of the baronet*, who escaped with trifling injury!

†The Eaton stud now cuts a poor figure on the far-famed Roodee. Mr. Clifton is no more, but his memory will live at Chester for many years to come. Lord Stamford and his Sir Olivers have deserted it. Sir Watkin Williams Wynn has not a race-horse; neither has Mr. Mytton, one of the greatest supporters of this meeting. Sir Thomas Stanley is no longer 'cock of the walk,' nor can Sir Geo. Pigot run second. Lord Derby stands his ground, and so does *parson* Nanney (*scripsisse pudet!*); but Messrs. Houldsworth, Giffard, Walker, Beardsworth, and a few more fresh competitors of the new school, have lately carried most of the north-west country honours.

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pulled up in a few hundred yards—others go twice as far. But look at that chesnut colt—white jacket and black cap—with thousands depending upon him! He is three parts of the way to Tattenham's corner before his rider can restrain him. Talk of agonizing moments!—the pangs of death! what can at all equal these? But there are no winnings without losings, and it is *nuts* to those who have backed him out. Who can say, indeed, but that, his temper being known, the false start may have been *contrived* to accommodate him? However, they are all back again at the post, and each rider endeavouring to be once more well-placed. Observe the cautious John Day, how quietly he manœuvres to obtain an inside *location* for his worthy master His Grace of Grafton. Look at neat little Arthur Pavis, patting his horse on the neck and sides, and admiring himself at the same time. But his breeches and boots are really good. Watch Sam Chifney minutely, but first and foremost his seat in his saddle—

> ——'Incorpsed and demi-natured
> With the brave beast'—

and his countenance! 'Tis calm, though thoughtful; but he has much to think of. He and his confederates have thousands on the race, and he is now running it in his mind's eye. Harry Edwards and Robinson are side by side, each heavily backed to win. How they are formed to ride! Surely Nuture must have a mould for a jockey, for the purpose of displaying her jewel, the horse! And that elegant horseman Sam Day—but see how he is wasted to bring himself to the weight! Observe the knuckles of his hands and the patellæ of his knees, how they appear almost breaking through the skin. But if he have left nearly half of his frame in the sweaters, the remaining half is full of vigour; and we'll answer for it his horse don't find him wanting in the struggle. Then that slim, young jockey, with high cheek bones, and long neck, in the green jacket and orange cap—surely he must be in a *galloping* consumption! There is a pallid bloom on his sunken cheek, rarely seen but on the face of death, and he wants but the grave-clothes to complete the picture. Yet we need not fear. He is heartwhole and well; but having had short notice, has lost fifteen pounds in the last forty-eight hours. *They are off again*—a beautiful start and a still more beautiful sight! All the hues of the rainbow in the colours of the riders and the complexions of their horses! What a spectacle for the sportsmen who take their stand on the hill on the course, to see the first part of the race, and to observe the places their favourites have gotten! *They are all in a cluster*, the jockeys glancing at each other's horses, for they cannot do more in such a crowd. They are soon, however, a little more at their ease; the severity of the ground, and the rapidity of the pace, throw the soft-hearted ones behind, and at Tattenham's corner there is room for observation. 'I *think* I can win,' says Robinson to himself, 'if I can but continue to live with my horses, for I *know* I have the speed of all here. But I must take a strong pull down this hill, for we have not been coming over Newmarket flat. Pavis's horse is going sweetly, and the Yorkshireman, Scott, lying well up. But where is Chifney? Oh! like Christmas, *he's coming*, creeping up in his usual form, and getting the blind side of Harry Edwards. Chapple is here on a *dangerous* horse, and John Day with a stain of old Prunella.' *It is a terrible race!* There are seven in front within the distance, and nothing else has a chance to win. The set-to begins; they are all good ones. Whips are at work—the people shout—hearts throb—ladies faint—the favourite is beat—white jacket with black cap wins.

Now a phalanx of cavalry descend the hill towards the grand stand, with *Who has won?* in each man's mouth. 'Hurrah!' cries one, on the answer being given; *my* fortune is made.' 'Has he, by ——?' says another, pulling up with a jerk; 'I am a ruined man! Scoundrel that I was to risk such a sum! and I have too much reason to fear I have been deceived. Oh! how shall I face my poor wife and my children? I'll blow out my brains.' But where is the owner of the winning horse? He is on the hill, on his coach-box; but he will not believe it till twice told. 'Hurrah!' he exclaims, throwing his hat into the air. A gipsy hands it to him. It is in the air again, and the gipsy catches it, and half-a-sovereign besides, as she hands it to him once more. 'Heavens bless your honour,' says the *dark ladye*, 'did I not tell your honour you could not lose?'

There are two meetings now at Epsom, as indeed there were more than half a century back, but the October meeting is of minor importance. The grand stand on the course is the largest in Europe, and, to give some idea of its magnificence, it has been assessed to the poor's rate at £500 per annum. The exact expense of its erection is not known to us, but the lawyer's bill alone was £557. Poor distressed England!

Ascot also stands in the foremost rank of *country* races. It is of a different complexion from Epsom, not only by reason of its being graced with royalty, and aristocracy in abundance, but as wanting that crowd of 'nobody knows who' which must be encountered on a Derby day, the cockney's holiday. It is likewise out of reach of London ruffians, a great recommendation,—and the strictness of the police makes even thieves scarce. But the charms of Ascot, to those not interested in the horses, consist in the promenade on the course between the various races, where the highest fashion, in its best garb, mingles with the crowd, and gives a brilliant effect to the passing scene. In fact, it comes nearest to Elysium of any thing here, after Kensington Gardens, in 'the leafy month of June.' Then the King's approach, with all the splendour of majesty, and, what is still more gratifying, amidst the loud acclamations of his subjects, sets the finish on the whole. Long may the royal name be venerable to the English

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people! This year, if the papers speak true, there has been a falling off in the cheers.

Goodwood is the next great aristocratic meeting in the south, and has monopolized nearly all the racing of those parts. The Drawing-Room, and the Goodwood stakes, and the Cup, are prizes of such high value, that, as birds pick at the best fruit, all the crack horses of Newmarket are brought thither to contend for them, and they were last year won by Beiram, Lucetta, and Priam. The corporation of Chichester add £100 to the cup, and his Majesty gives a 100 guineas plate. The course at Goodwood is also one of the best in England, nearly £10,000 having been expended upon it—including the stand and the improvement of the road leading to it—by the Duke of Richmond; but his grace will be reimbursed, if the meeting continues, by the admission tickets to the stand, &c.

Let us take one glance at that modern Epirus, the county of York, in which there are now twelve meetings in the year—(nearly a century ago, there were half as many more.) York is one of our oldest race meetings, and was patronized by the great sportsmen of all countries in former days; but the names of Cookson, Wentworth, Goodriche, Garforth, Hutchinson, Crompton, Gascoigne, Sitwell, Pierse, Shafto, and some others, appear indigenous to Knavesmere heath. The money run for last year, at the Spring and August meetings, exceeded £14,600 in plates and sweepstakes. Catterick Bridge, in this county, is also an important meeting, as coming very early in the season, and Richmond and Pontefract are tolerably supported. But what shall we say of Doncaster?

'Troy once was great, but oh! the scene is o'er,
Her glory vanish'd! and her name no more!'

And wherefore this? Is it that we miss Mrs. Beaumont in her coach and six, with her numerous outriders? Is it that the lamented Earl Fitzwilliam, with his splendid retinue, is no longer there? Oh no!—the Magnates of Devonshire, Cleveland, Leeds, Londonderry, and Durham, can replace *all that* at any time; but it is the many dirty tricks, the *innumerable* attempts at roguery which have lately been displayed, that have given a taint to Doncaster race-ground, which it will require many years of clean fallow to get rid of. We will not enumerate these vile *faux-pas*—the last, '*the* swindle,' as it is termed, the most barefaced of all—but let the noblemen and gentlemen who wish well to Doncaster, and who do not wish to see the meeting expunged from the Racing Calendar, act a little more vigorously than they have hitherto done, and not let villany go unpunished before their eyes. Let a mark be set upon all owners, trainers, and riders of horses, with which tricks are played; let them be driven off the course by order of the stewards; let them never again appear at the starting-post or in the betting ring; and then, but not till then, will racing be once more respectable. Let us indulge our hopes that this will be the case, and that Yorkshire racing no longer shall be the reproach of the present age. 'All these storms that fall upon us,' said Don Quixote, 'are signs the weather will clear up—the evil having lasted long, the good can't be far off.' May it prove so here!

The alteration in the amount of the St. Leger stakes will do something towards abating trickery at Doncaster. The sum subscribed was twenty-five sovereigns, play or pay. It is now fifty sovereigns, half forfeit. The lightness of the old charge induced several ill-disposed persons to bring their horses to the post, purposely to create *false starts;* and it will be recollected that, in 1827, there were no less than eight of these, to which the defeat of Mameluke was chiefly attributed. The grand stand on this course is one of the finest in England; and if the genius of taste had presided at the building of it, we scarcely know what improvement could have been made. The betting-room has been considered thoroughly *Greek!*

On more accounts than one, our turf proceedings must make foreigners marvel. Some years since, a French gentleman visited Doncaster, and gave it the appellation of 'the guinea meeting,'—nothing without the guinea. 'There was,' said he, 'the guinea for entering the rooms to hear the people bet. There was the guinea for my dinner at the hotel. There was the guinea for the stand, for myself; and (Oh! execrable!) the guinea for the stand for my carriage. There was the guinea for my servant's bed, and (ah, mon Dieu!) *ten* guineas for my own, for only two nights!' Now we cannot picture to ourselves Monsieur at Doncaster a second time; but if his passion for the race should get the better of his prudence, we only trust he will not be so infamously robbed again. Indeed, he may assure himself of this, for Doncaster will never be what it has been; nor is it fitting it should be. Neither do we consider it a recommendation to state the amount of the money run for at the last meeting,—viz., £13,918!

Warwick, Manchester, Liverpool, Cheltenham, Bath, and Wolverhampton, are now among our principal country race-meetings, and all of these have wonderfully increased within the last few years; particularly Liverpool, a very young meeting, but which bids fair to catch the forfeited honours of Doncaster. Stockbridge also is now in repute, owing to the Bibury Club being held there—a renewal of the Burford meeting, one of the oldest in England. Bath and Liverpool have races twice in the year, and the valuable *produce stakes* which all these young meetings have instituted are likely to ensure their continuance; as to the ever princely-hearted Liverpool, at all events, there can be little fear. Speaking generally, however, nothing fluctuates more than the scene of country racing. Newton, in Lancashire, still keeps its place, but Knutsford and Preston decline, and Oxford, once so good, we may consider gone. At the latter place, indeed, it has been Dilly, Sadler, and Day—then Day, Sadler, and Dilly—winning every thing—till country gentlemen became tired of the changes being rung upon them!

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It was high time that a change, to a certain extent, should be made in country racing,—but in some respects it has gone too far,—we allude to the value of the prizes. A hundred years ago, the breeding and training of race-horses costing comparatively little, running for fifty-pound plates might have paid. Eclipse, indeed, was nothing but a plate horse, having, in all his running, only won two thousand pounds, and the manor-bowl in the good city of Salisbury! But nothing can now-a-days be got by plating, and the contest by heats, many of them four miles, with high weights, borders on cruelty. On the other hand, out of nearly thirty races last year, at Liverpool, there were only three run at heats, and not one four-mile race. At Newmarket there have been no heats, except for a town plate, since 1772; and this is undoubtedly a most beneficial change, and creditable to the feeling of British sportsmen. This is as it should be; man should on no account inflict unnecessary labour on the horse, and, above all, on the race-horse. From no apparent motive but that generous spirit of emulation which distinguishes him above most other animals, and entitles him to our high regard, how he struggles to serve and gratify us! All these things considered, we are inclined to wish well to country racing, as, in itself, a harmless privileged pleasure, which *all* classes have the power to partake of; indeed, we envy not the man whose heart is not gladdened by the many happy faces on a country race-course. In fact, the passion for racing, like that of hunting, is constitutionally inherent in man, and we cannot reform nature without extinguishing it altogether. The Isthmian games suffered no intermission even when Corinth was made desolate—the Sicyonians being permitted to celebrate them until Corinth was again inhabited; and it is certain that during the embarrassments, privations, and panics to which England has been exposed during the last twenty years, racing, particularly country racing, has progressively increased, and in many respects improved.

We believe it is admitted that in no country in the world do people ride with so daring a spirit as in the little island of Great Britain, and particularly in our Leicestershire hunts. But riding over a country, and race-riding, if they must be called sister-arts, are *diversæ tamen*, it being well-known that many of our first-rate jockeys (Buckle among the number, who often attempted it) have made a poor appearance after hounds. On the turf, however, as on the field, our *gentleman* 'delighting in horses' have, from old time, been forward to exhibit their prowess,

'Smit with the love of the Laconic boot,
The cap and wig succinct, the silken suit;'

though we take it that it was not until the Bibury and Kingscote meetings that gentleman-jockeyship arrived at perfection in England. It is beyond a doubt that there were gentlemen-jockeys at that time, almost, if not quite, equal to the professional artists, and a few of them nearly in as high practice in the saddle. Amongst these first-rate hands were, the present Duke of Dorset, and George Germaine, his brother; Lords Charles Somerset, Milsington, and Delamere, (then Mr. Cholmondeley); Sir Tatton Sykes; Messrs. Delme Radclyffe, Hawkes, Bullock, Worral, George Pigot, Lowth, Musters, Douglas, Probyn, &c. &c. Which was the best of these jockeys it might be invidious to say; the palm of superiority for head, seat, and hand, was generally given to the Duke and Mr. Hawkes; but Messrs. Germaine, Delme Radclyffe, and Worral, were by some considered their equals. Lord Charles Somerset was a fine horseman, though too tall for a jockey, and he often rode a winner. Mr. Bullock was also very good till his leg and thigh were broken by his horse running against a post, and Mr. Probyn was superior on a hard-pulling horse. Mr. Radclyffe often rode in the Oaks, and continued to ride at Goodwood and Egham, till nearly the last year of his life. All the others have retired, and some to their long home; but it is favourable to this manly pastime, and the temperate habits it induces, to state, that out of seven gentlemen-jockeys, who rode thirty-two years ago at Litchfield, only one, Mr. D. Radclyffe, who rode the winner, has died a natural death, all the others being alive, with the exception of Mr. Bullock, who was drowned.

The eminent jockeys of the present day are Lord Wilton, Messrs. White, Osbaldiston, Bouverie, Peyton, Kent, Molony, two Berkeleys, Platel, Burton Griffiths, Becher, and others whose names do not this moment occur to us. But looking at the value of the prizes at Heaton Park, for example, (where gentlemen *alone* are allowed to ride,) Bath, Croxton Park, and several other places, we marvel not at the proficiency of these patrician jockeys; and during certain parts of the racing season, such performers as Lord Wilton, Messrs. White, Peyton, Kent, and one or two more of the best of them, are in nearly as much request as the regular hired jockeys, and are obliged to prepare themselves accordingly. Wishing them well, we have but one word to offer them. For the credit of the turf, let them bear in mind what the term *gentleman*-jockey implies, and not, as in one or two instances has been the case, admit within their circle persons little, if anywise, above the jockey by profession. This has been severely commented upon as having led to disreputable practices, with which the name—the sacred name of gentleman—should never have been mixed up. With this *proviso*, and considering what might be likely to take place of 'the Laconic boot,' were it abandoned, we feel no great hesitation about saying, go,

'Win the plate,
Where once your nobler fathers won a crown.'

A new system of racing has lately sprung up in England, which however characteristic of the daring spirit of our countrymen, we know not how to commend. We allude to the frequent steeple-races that have taken place in the last few years, and of which, it appears, some are to be periodically repeated. If those whose land is

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thus trespassed upon are contented, or if recompense be made to such as are not, we have nothing further to say on that score; but we should be sorry that the too frequent repetition of such practices should put the farmers out of temper, and thus prove hurtful to fox-hunting. We may also take the liberty to remark, that one human life has already been the penalty of this rather unreasonable pastime; and that from the pace the horses must travel at, considerable danger to life and limb is always close at hand. In the last race of this description that came under our observation, we found there were no less than seven falls, at fences, in the space of three miles![*]

After the example of England, racing is making considerable progress in various parts of the world. In the East Indies, there are regular meetings in the three different Presidencies, and there is also the Bengal Jockey Club. In the United States, breeding and running horses are advancing with rapid strides; and the grand match at New York, between Henry and Eclipse, afforded a specimen of the immense interest attached to similar events.† In Germany we find three regular places of sport, viz., Gustrow, Dobboran, and New Bradenburg; and the Duke of Helstein Augustenburg has established a very promising one in his country. His Serene Highness, and his brother, Prince Frederick, have each a large stud of horses, from blood imported from England; and amongst the conspicuous German sportsmen, who have regular racing establishments, under the care of English training grooms, are, Counts Hahn, Plessen, Bassewitz, (two,) Moltke, and Voss; Barons de Biel, Hertefeldt, and Hamerstein. The Duke of Lucca has a large stud; and the stables at Marlia have been rebuilt in a style of grandeur equal to the ducal palace. At Naples, racing has been established, and is flourishing. Eleven thoroughbred horses were lately shipped at Dover, on their road to that capital, and which were to be eighty days on their journey, after landing at Calais. Prince Butera's breeding-stud, on the southern coast of Sicily, is the largest in these parts: it was founded by a son of Haphazard, from a few English mares, and his highness is one of the chief supporters of Neapolitan horse-racing. In Sweden is some of our best blood; and Count Woronzow and others have taken some good blood-stock to Russia. In Austria, four noblemen subscribe to our Racing Calendar; in Hungary, eight; in Prussia, two. France makes very little progress in racing; it does not suit the taste of that people. But, of all wonders, who would look for racing in good form in Van Diemen's Land? There, however, it is: we perceive several well-bred English horses in the lists of the cattle at Hobart's Town, where they have three days' racing for plates, matches, and sweepstakes, (one of fifty sovereigns each,) with ordinaries, and balls, and six thousand spectators on the course! This little colony is *progressing* in many odd ways: it turns out, *inter alia*, as pretty an Annual, whether we look to the poetry or the engraving, as any one could have expected from a place of three times its standing—though the *engraving*, to be sure, *may* be accounted for!

The great and leading qualification of a horse bred for the turf is the immaculate purity of his blood. It is then little less than a misnomer to call a half-bred horse a race-horse; it is like the royal stamp impressed upon base metal. Besides what are called stakes for *horses not thorough-bred* have been the cause of much villany on the turf, by reason of the owners of full-bred horses producing false pedigrees with them, to enable them to start, when of course they are sure to win. Perhaps the most successful, and at the same time the most impudent case occurred in 1825, when a Mr. W——— took about the country a horse which he called 'Tom Paine, by Prime Minister, not thorough-bred,' and won several large stakes with him, whereas this said Tom Paine was proved to be Tybalt, by Thunderbolt, and out of Lord Grosvenor's Meteora, by Meteor, *the best mare in England* of her day! But, besides all this, we doubt a good result, as regards the horse and his uses, from these stakes. In the first place, a really half-bred horse will rarely endure severe training,—and if he does, his constitution and temper are all but sure to be ruined by it. Secondly, however good he may be as a half-bred racer, he cannot transmit his base blood to posterity. Again—regular trainers dislike having to do with half-bred horses, and seldom give them fair play, *i. e.* seldom trouble themselves to go out of the usual course with them in their work, *which must be done to bring them well to the post.* Finally, these stakes are also the very hotbed of wrangles; and the system lately adopted of produce stakes for half-bred horses opens a still wider door for villany and fraud. We wish we could see the turf confined to pure blood.

But we must not conclude this article without a word or two to the Young *Gentleman* just starting into the world, who may have imbibed the ambition of shining on the English turf. Let every such person remember that he presents a *broad mark*—that there are hundreds on the watch for him—and that *he stakes* what is *certain* against not only all other chances, but the rife chance of fraud! Let him, before he plunges into the stream, consider a little how it runs, and whither it may lead him! In these days, indeed, gambling is not confined to the turf, the hazard-room, the boxing-ring, or the cock-pit; but is, unfortunately, mixed up with too many of the ordinary occupations of life. 'Commerce itself,' said Mr. Coke of Norfolk in one of his public harangues, 'is become speculation; the objects of a whole life of industry and integrity among our forefathers, are now attempted to be obtained in as many weeks or

[*] We recommend the uninitiated, who wish to have some notion of a steeple-chase, to study an admirable set of prints on that subject lately published, after drawings by the Hogarth of the chase, Mr. Alken.

† There are two Sporting Magazines now published in America, and one at Stockholm.

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months, as it formerly required years to effect.' The fatal passion has, indeed, taken fast hold on a great body of the people, and what is called a levanter is perhaps a less rare occurrence from the corn-market, the hop-market, or 'the alley,' than from the betting-ring or Tattersall's. But we are told that betting—

'Though no science, fairly worth the seven,'

is the life of racing, and that without it the turf would soon fall into decay. To a certain extent there may be some truth in this doctrine; nevertheless *betting* is the germ which gives birth to all the roguery that has of late lowered this department of sport in the eyes of all honourable men. The Scripture phrase, in short, is now every day verified, the race not being to the swift, but *to the horses on whom the largest sums stand in certain persons' books.* Indeed, it was not long since asserted by a well-known rider and owner of race-horses, deep in turf secrets, that if Eclipse were here now, and in his very best form, but heavily backed to lose by certain influential bettors, he would have no more chance to win than if he had but the use of three of his legs! What, may we ask, must be the opinion of foreigners, when they read the *uncontradicted* statement of the New Sporting Magazine, that in the Derby stakes of 1832, when St. Giles was the winner, every horse in the race, save one (Perion,) was supposed to have been made safe, *i. e.* safe not to win? *By whom* made safe? Not by their owners, for many of them were the property of noblemen and gentlemen of high personal character. The foul deed can only be perpetrated by the influence of vast sums of money employed in various ways upon the event—in short, where the owners stand clear, trainers or jockeys *must* combine with the parties concerned in the robbery. But what a stain upon the boasted pastime of English gentlemen! And then the result:—

'This yellow slave
Will knit and break religions; bless the accurs'd;
Make the hoar leprosy ador'd; place thieves,
And give them title, knee, and approbation,
With senators on the bench!'

But we may be told racing—or rather betting on racing, supposed to be essential to its existence—cannot go on without what are called the 'Legs,' (described by an old writer on sporting subjects as 'the most unprincipled and abandoned set of thieves and harpies that ever disgraced civilized society,') and that pecuniary obligations are commonly discharged by them with as much integrity and despatch as by the most respectable persons in the commercial world. Undoubtedly they are; for if they fail to be so, the adventurer is driven from the ground on which he hopes to fatten. 'I would give £50,000 for a bit of character' (said the old sinner Charteris)—'for if I had *that*, I *think* I could make a plum of it;' and the rogues of our day, though not so witty, are quite as knowing as the venerable Colonel.

Woe befall the day when Englishmen look lightly on such desperate inroads upon public morals as have lately passed under their eyes on race-courses! Do they lose sight of the fact, that whoever commits a fraud is guilty, not only of the particular injury to him whom he deceives, but of the diminution of that confidence which constitutes the very existence of society? Can this familiarity with robbing and robbers be without its influence on a rising generation? We say it cannot; and if suffered to go on for twenty years more, we venture to pronounce the most mischievous effects to all classes of society. Talk of jockey-club regulations! As well might Madame Vestris sit in judgment on short petticoats, or Lord Grey on the sin of nepotism, as a jockey club attempt *then* to pass censure on offences which they must have suffered to grow before their faces,—if indeed they should have been so fortunate as all along to steer quite clear of them themselves.

But let us look a little into these practices. In the first place, what is it that guides the leading men in their betting? Is it a knowledge of the horse they back either to win or to lose? and is it his public running that directs their operations? We fear not; three parts of them know no more of a horse than a horse knows of them, but it is from private information, purchased at a high price—*at a price which ordinary virtue cannot withstand*—that their books are made up. Again; how do the second class of bettors act? We reply—they bet upon *men* and not upon *horses*, for so soon as they can positively ascertain that certain persons stand heavy against any one horse, that horse has no chance to win, unless, as it sometimes happens, he is too strong for his jockey, or the nauseating ball has not had the desired effect. He runs in front it is true, for *he can run to win;* but what is his fate? Why, like the hindmost wheel of the chariot, he is

'Curs'd
Still to be near, but ne'er to reach the first.'

Unfortunately for speculators on the turf, the present enormous amount of a few of our principal sweepstakes renders it impossible to restrict the owners of the race-horses from starting more than one animal in the same race. The nominations for the Derby, Oaks, &c., take place when the colts are but one year old, consequently many of them die before the day of running, or, what is worse, prove good for nothing on trial. Thus, the aspirant to the honour of winning them, enters several horses for the same stakes, and perhaps two of the number come to the post, as was the case with Mameluke and Glenartney for the Derby of 1827—an occasion when the race was *not* to the swift, but to the horse which stood best in the book; the losing horse, it is not disputed, could have won, had he been permitted to do so. By the laws of racing this practice is allowable, but it gives great cause for complaint, and opens a door for fraud. One of the heaviest bettors of the present day, who had backed Mameluke to a large amount, observed, that he should not have lamented his loss, had it *not been clear that Mameluke could have won.* A

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similar occurrence took place last year for the same great race. Messrs. Gulley and Risdale (confederates, and as such, we believe, allowed to do so) *compromised* to give the race to St. Giles, although doubtless Margrave could have won it. All outside bettors, as they are called—those not in the secret, as well as those not in the ring—are of course put *hors du combat* by such proceedings; their opinion of horses, formed from their public running—the only honourable criterion—being sacrificed by this compromise. But we will go one point further. It is proceedings such as these that are too often the cause of *gentlemen* on the turf swerving from the straightforward course: men—true as the sun in all private transactions—allow themselves to deviate from the right path on a race-course, *in revenge for what they deem to have been injustice.* We could name several honourable and highly-minded gentlemen who have openly avowed this. 'Our money has been taken from us,' they have declared, 'without our having a chance to keep it, and we will recover it in any way we can.' In truth, we are too much inclined to believe, that a modern Aristides has fearful odds against him on the English turf at the present time. Look, for example, at the sums paid for race-horses, which we think must open our eyes to the fact. Three thousand guineas are now given for a promising colt for the Derby stakes!! But how stands this favourite? There are upwards of a hundred horses besides himself named for the stake; more than twenty will start for it; and if he wins it, it does not amount to much above his cost price. But the purchaser will back him to win it. Indeed! back him against such a field, several of which he knows have been running forward, and others of which have not appeared at all, and *may be* better than his own! No; these three thousand guinea horses are *not* bought to win the Derby;—but the price makes them *favourites*—and *then* thousands are won by their *losing* it.

Then there is another system which cannot be too severely reprobated—namely, making a horse a favourite in the betting, and then selling him on the eve of a great play or pay race. We confess we could by no means understand 'the white-washing,' as it was termed by Lord Uxbridge, that a certain person obtained by his *explanation* of an affair last year at Doncaster. The act of selling a horse under such circumstances to a duke would have been a culpable one; but what must be thought of 'the merry sport' of placing him in the hands of a *hell*-keeper?*

One of the principal evils is the betting of trainers and jockeys. We may be asked, is there any harm in a trainer betting a few pounds on a horse he has in his stable, and which he thinks has a fair chance to win? Certainly not; and the old, and the only proper, way of doing this was, to ask the owner of the horse to let him stand some part of his engagements,—a request that was never known to be refused. But *then* no trainer had a person betting for him by commission, and, *perhaps*, against the very horses he himself was bringing to the post—reducing such bets to a certainty! The evil of trainers becoming bettors has no bounds, for when once they enter upon it, it is in vain to say to what extent the pursuit may lead them. Look to the case of Lord Exeter's trainer, examined a short time since before the Jockey Club. He admitted having betted 300*l.* *against* one of his master's horses. Was there any harm in that individual act? None: because he had previously betted largely that the horse would *win*, and he had recourse to the usual, indeed to the only, means of securing himself from loss, on finding that he was going wrong. But we maintain, that he had no right, as Lord Exeter's trainer and servant, to bet to an amount requiring such steps to be taken. Again; who betted the 300*l.* hedging money for him? Let those who *inquired* into the affair answer that! Now what security had Lord Exeter that *all* the money had not been laid out *against* his horse, and then, we may ask, where was his chance to win? Moreover, if trainers subject themselves to such heavy losses—for this man, it seems, had a large sum depending on this event—there is too much reason to fear they may be recovered at their master's expense.

The heavy betting of the jockeys is still more fatal to the best interests of the turf, and generally, we may add, to themselves. Why did the late king dismiss Robinson, the second best, if not, as in some people's opinions, the best—in every one's opinion the most successful—jockey in England? Not because he had done wrong by the king's horses, but solely because his majesty heard he was worth a large sum of money. What has the jockey of the north got by his heavy betting? Money, no doubt; but dismissal from the principal stud of the north. In fact, no gentleman can feel himself secure in the hands of either a trainer or a jockey who bets; but of the two, the system may be most destructive with the jockeys, as no one besides himself need be in the secret. If he bet *against* his horse, the event is of course under his control; and such is the superiority of modern jockeyship, that a race can almost always be thrown away without detection. On the other hand, if he back his horse heavily to *win*, he becomes, from nervous trepidation, unfit to ride him, as has frequently been witnessed at Doncaster—we need not mention names.

The first admission we have on record of a jockey betting against himself, is in 'Genius Genuine,' page 106, where the author, the late Samuel Chifney, (1784,) rides Lord Grosvenor's Fortitude at York, against Faith and Recovrey, backing Faith against Recovery, *one win, or no bet*, and Faith won. He adds, that he did not think he was acting improperly on making this

* The racing world remember Mr. Watt's honourable conduct on this point, when offered a large price for Belzoni, a great favourite for the St Leger. 'No,' said he, 'my horse is at present the property of the public.'

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bet, because, he says, he *knew* Fortitude was unfit to run. Now, as he has given his opinion on the case, we will give our's. Let us suppose that Lord Grosvenor—thinking, perhaps, that his horse *was fit* to run—had backed him heavily to win, and that his jockey had backed (as he admits he did) Faith to win. Fortitude and Faith come to a neck and neck race; and what, may we ask, would be the result? Why we really have not *faith* enough to believe that Fortitude would have won. Indeed, we can fancy we hear the jockey's conversation with the inner man. 'The money is nothing to my Lord,' he might say, 'but a great deal to me,' so one pull makes it *safe;* and a few pricks of the spur, *after* he has past the winning post, serve to lull suspicion. To speak seriously—a jockey's betting at all is bad enough, but his betting on any other horse in the race save his own, is contrary to every principle, and fatal to the honour of the turf.

We have already alluded to one system of the turf plunder, that of *getting up favourites*, as the term is, by false trials and lies, for the sake of having them backed to win in the market, well knowing that all the money betted upon them must be lost. This is villanous; but what can be said to the poisoning system—the nauseating ball—we have reason to fear an every-day occurrence, when a horse is placed under *the master-key?* This is a practice of some standing on the turf, (see Chifney's account of Creeper and Walnut, 1791,) and was successfully carried on in the stables of the late Lord Foley, very early in the present century, when one of the party was hanged for the offence. But people know better now, and the disgrace of the halter is avoided; no *post mortem* examination—no solution of arsenic. A little opiate ball given over-night, is all that is necessary—to *retard* a horse in his race, but not prevent his starting. *Winners* of races are now not in request. A good *favourite* is the horse wanting, and there are many ways to prevent his winning—this among the rest.

There is one point more that we must touch on:

'Disce, puer, virtutem ex me, verumque laborem,
Fortunam ex aliis,'

says Æneas to his son; when he advises him not to trust to her wanton smiles for achievement and success. It is quite certain that *luck* has very little to do with *racing*, and the man who trusts to it will find he is leaning on a broken staff. To the owner of a racing stud, who means to act uprightly, nothing but good management can ensure success, and even with this he has fearful odds against him, so many striving for the same prize. His horses must be well-bred, well-reared, well-engaged, well-trained, well-weighted and well-ridden—nothing else will succeed in the long run. Still less has *luck* to do with *betting*. The speculator on other people's horses can only succeed by the help of one or the other of these expedients—namely, great knowledge of horse-flesh and astute observation of public running—deep calculation—or secret fraud: and that the last-mentioned resource is the base upon which many large fortunes have been built, no man will be bold enough to deny. How many fine domains have been shared amongst those hosts of rapacious sharks, during the last two hundred years! and—unless the system be altered—how many more are doomed to fall into the same gulph! For, we lament to say, the evil increases; all heretofore, indeed, has been 'tarts and cheese-cakes,' to the villanous proceedings of the last twenty years, on the English turf. 'Strange! But how it is that exposures are not oftener made?' This question is not very easily answered. It is the value of the prize that tempts the pirate; and the extent of the plunder is now so great, that secrecy is purchased at any price.

But shutting our eyes to this ill-featured picture, and imagining every thing to be honourably conducted, let us just take a glance at the present system of betting, and setting aside mathematical demonstrations applicable only where chances are equal, state the general method of what is called 'making a book.' The first object of the betting man is to purchase cheaply, and to sell dearly; and, next, to secure himself by hedging, so that he cannot lose, if he do not win. This, however, it is evident, will not satisfy him, and he seeks for an opportunity of making himself a winner, *without the chance of being a loser.* This is done by what is called betting round. For example: if twenty horses start in a race, and A bets 10 to 1 *against each*, he must win 9, as he receives 19, and only pays 10; namely—10 to 1 to the winning horse. This, of course, can rarely be done, because it might not occur in a hundred years that all the horses were at such equal odds. Nevertheless, it is quite evident, that if, when a certain number of horses start, A bets against all, taking care that he does not bet a higher sum, against any one horse that may win, than would be covered by his winnings by the others which lose, he *must win.* Let us, then, suppose A beginning to make his Derby book, at the commencement of the new year. B bets him (about the usual odds) 20 to 1 against an outsider, which A takes in hundreds, viz. 2000 to 100. The outsider improves; he comes out in the spring, and wins a race, and the odds drop to 10 to 1. A bets 1000 to 100 *against* him. He is now on velvet; he cannot lose, and may win 1000. In fact, he has a thousand pounds in hand to play with, which the alteration of the odds has given him. But mark! he is only playing with it, he may never pocket it, so he acts thus. The outsider—we will call him *Repealer*—comes out again, wins another race, and the odds are only 5 to 1 against him. A bets 500 to 100 more against him, and let us now see how he stands.

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If Repealer wins, A *receives* from B		£2000
He pays to -	C £1000	
Ditto to - -	D 500	
		1500
Balance in A's favour by Repealer *winning* - - - -		£500
If Repealer loses—A receives from C		£100
Ditto from D		100
		200
A pays B £100—Deduct -		100
Balance in A's favour by Repealer *losing* - - - - -		£100

But is there *no* contingency here? Yes, the colt might have died before A had hedged, and then he must have paid his £100; but, on the other hand, he would have been out of the field, which might have been worth all the money to him, in his deeper speculations on other horses. But let us suppose our colt to have remained at the original odds, viz. 20 to 1. In that case, A must have betted 2000 to 100 against him, and then no harm would have arisen.

In what is called making a book on a race, it is evident that the bettor must be early in the market, taking and betting the odds for and against each horse: for backing a favourite to win is not his system. His chief object is to take the long odds against such horses as he fancies, and then await the turn of the market, when he sells dearly what he has purchased cheaply. For example, how often does it happen that 12 to 1 is the betting against a horse two months before his race, and before he starts it is only 4 to 1? If the bettor has taken 1200 to 100 against him, and then bets 400 to 100 the other way, he risks nothing, but has a chance to win 800. It is by this system of betting that it often becomes a matter of indifference to a man which horse wins, his money being so divided amongst them all. In fact, what is called an outsider is often the best winner for him, as in that case he pockets all the bets he has made against those horses which *gentlemen and their friends have fancied.* There is, however, too often what is called 'the book-horse,' in some of the *great* races, in which more than one party are concerned. What the term 'book-horse' implies, we need not explain further than by saying, that it would signify little were he really a book, and not a horse:—the animal with the best blood of England in his veins, and the best jockey on his back, shall have no more chance to win, if backed heavily to lose, than a jackass.*

We now dismiss this subject, with no probability of our ever returning to it. Although the they could know no more of it than of the division of logarithms. Nevertheless, the probability of events can only be found by such help; and even then, as far as racing is concerned, although the adept in this part of the mathematician's art may be able to ascertain the precise odds that may be given or received, so as to provide against loss, yet he will find that, to be certain to win, advantage must be taken of all chances more favourable than the precise odds. In fact, it will be by advantageous bets on particular events, that he will have a balance in his favour, at the winding up of his book, and it would avail him little to work for no profit. The main point, however, on which it is indispensably necessary to keep the eye in betting, is, in a series of different events, *the exact odds to be readily had on every individual event: and having made a round of these engagements, as opinion fluctuates, opportunities will offer themselves where great advantage may be gained.*

It is on a plurality of events that figures must be resorted to, the chances on which must be put to the test of arithmetical solution. As every thing may be understood which man is permitted to know, a few lessons from the schoolmaster will furnish this, and we now give the following simple examples, which are easily understood, and generally applicable. And let us add, that to a betting man, who speculates largely, the difference of half a point in the precise odds may win or lose a large fortune in the course of a few years.

Examples—Two horses are about to start. The betting on one is even, and the odds on the other is 6 to 4. What odds must B bet A that he does not name both the *winners?* The expression for the former is $\frac{1}{2}$, and for the latter $\frac{6}{10}$; but $\frac{6}{10}$ is equal to $\frac{3}{5}$, therefore say—

$$\frac{1}{2} \times \frac{3}{5} = \frac{3}{10}; \text{ and } 10 - 3 = 7:$$

hence the odds is 7 to 3. B, therefore, lays A 7 to 3 that he does not name both winners, and then hedges as follows:—As 3*l.* is the sum to which he has staked his 7*l.*, he lays that sum even that A wins; and on the other event he lays 6 to 4, (the odds in the example,) the same way. Now A wins both, and receives of B 7*l.*; but B. wins 3*l.* on the former by hedging, and 4*l.* on the latter, which is equal to what he has lost to A. It is here obvious, that had B, in hedging, been enabled to have made better bets—for instance, could he have done better than by taking an even 3*l.* on the first event, and had greater odds than 6 to 4 on the latter, he might have won, but could not have lost.

On the same two events, what odds may B lay A that the latter does not *lose* both? Set down for the former $\frac{1}{2}$, and the latter will be 4-10; but 4-10 is equal to 2-5; therefore, it will be—

$$\frac{1}{2} \times \frac{2}{5} = \frac{2}{10}; \text{ and } 10 - 2 = 8:$$

hence the odds is 8 to 2 = 4 to 1.

* As we well know that a huge fortune was made in the betting ring, by a certain person now deceased, who could neither read nor write, and that one of the heaviest bettors of the present day is in the same state of blessed ignorance, we may safely conclude that if these two persons ever heard of *fractional arithmetic,*

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perusal of Xenophon might have made Scipio a hero, we have not the slightest intention of manufacturing jockeys by any effort of our pen; and yet we wish we had touched on these matters sooner. But why so? Is it that we would rather have been Livy, to have written on the grandeur of Rome, than Tacitus, on its ill-fated decline? It may be so, for we are loth to chronicle, in any department, our country's dispraise; but we are not without the reflection, that we might have done something towards *preventing* the evils we have had to deplore, by exposing the manner in which they have accumulated and thriven. That there are objections to racing, we do not deny, as, indeed, there are to most of the *sports* which have been invented for the amusement of mankind, and few of which can gratify *pure* benevolence; but when honourably conducted, we consider the turf as not more objectionable than most others, and it has one advantage over almost all now in any measure of fashionable repute:—*it diffuses its pleasures far and wide.* The owner of race-horses cannot gratify his passion for the turf, without affording delight to thousands upon thousands of the less fortunate of his countrymen. This is no trivial feature in the case, now that shooting is divided between the lordly *battue* and the prowl of the poacher,—and that fox-hunting is every day becoming more and more a piece of exclusive luxury, instead of furnishing the lord, the squire, and the yeoman, with a common recreation, and promoting mutual good-will among all the inhabitants of the rural district.

Proof by hedging—B begins to hedge, by betting an even 1*l.* on the first event, which A winning, he wins. On the subsequent event, B takes the odds, 3 to 2, which A winning, he also wins. Thus he receives 4*l.* which pays the 4 to 1 he betted on A, losing both events.

Upon two several events, even betting on the one, and 7 to 4 in favour of A on the other; what odds may B lay against A *winning* both? The one, as before, is $\frac{1}{2}$, and the other is represented by 7-11:

Then $\frac{1}{2} \times \frac{7}{11} = \frac{7}{22}$; and $22 - 7 = 15$:

thus 15 to 7 is the odds.

Proof by hedging—The sum against which B laid his odds is 7; therefore he begins by laying 7*l.* on the first event; which, as A wins, he wins. On the next event, he lays 14 to 8, or twice 7 to twice 4, as per terms of question, which he also wins; making together 7 and $8 = 15$, the odds he had laid with and lost to A.

Upon the same two events, what odds may B bet A, that the latter does not *lose* both? Set down for the former $\frac{1}{2}$, for the latter 4-11:

Then $\frac{1}{2} \times \frac{4}{11} = \frac{4}{22}$; and $22 - 4 = 18$:

therefore 18 to $4 = 9$ to 2 is the odds.

Proof by hedging—B bets first the sum to which he has laid his odds, namely 2*l.*, which he wins; and then, taking 7 to 4 on the second event, he wins $2 + 7 = 9$, which pays the 9*l.* he lost to A; and had more favourable odds been offered, B must have been a winner without risk of losing.

When *three* distinct events are pending, on the first of which the betting is even; on the second, 3 to 2 in favour of A, and the third 5 to 4; what odds should B lay A, that the latter does not name all the winners? The first is expressed by $\frac{1}{2}$, the second by 3-5, and the third by 5-9:

Therefore, $\frac{1}{2} \times \frac{3}{5} \times \frac{5}{9} =$ (by cancelling) $\frac{1}{6}$; and $6 - 1 = 5$:

hence the odds is 5 to 1.

Proof by hedging—B begins to hedge by betting an even 2*l.* that a wins the first event; he then bets the odds on the next, viz. (3 to 2) $-2 = 1\frac{1}{2}$ to 1. B also bets the odds on the third event, viz. (5 to 4) $-2 = 2\frac{1}{2}$ to 2. Now A wins all three; therefore, B wins $2 + 1 + 2 = 5$*l.* which pays what he lost to A. The odds that A did not *lose* these *three* events would be 41 to 4.

From the Edinburgh Review.

Narrative of a Residence at the Court of London. By Richard Rush, Esq. Envoy Extraordinary and Minister Plenipotentiary for the United States of America, from 1817 to 1825. 8vo. London, 1833.

It is not every day that the public has an opportunity of getting inside the doors of an Embassy. Mr. Rush came over to this country as an American Envoy at the close of 1817, and resided here about eight years in that capacity. The single year of 1818, however, comprises the whole of the present volume, except a few pages at the beginning and the end. The office is one which seems to have been well bestowed upon him, not less on the public account than on his own. While he fought his country's battles as stoutly, if not as craftily, as Mr. Gallatin himself, he saw all that was to be seen in our high places, and, at the same time, never let official ceremonies get into his mind, and cheat him out of the common-sense enjoyments of private life. Without revealing any secrets, he shows us the sort of life ambassadors are leading. We feel satisfied that the low-paid plenipotentiary of a Republic will agree with us, that a profession, which is so abundantly paid in honour and in pleasure, need not press quite so hard in pecuniary figures upon the Civil List.

Mr. Rush appears to have had all his eyes about him while he was among us; and it was his first visit to Europe. As every thing was new to him, many of his descriptions will, of course, be newer upon the other side of the Atlantic than on this. The most familiar incidents, however, may be viewed with pleasure in the company of so good-

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natured an observer. If we get back for a time into our youth when we go a-sight-seeing with children, the first impressions of an intelligent stranger do something more for us. They give society a chance of original views upon subjects habit has rendered worse than commonplace. The case of England and America has been so mismanaged by most preceding writers, that one kind of originality, perhaps the best, has been placed easily within the reach of Mr. Rush. Good sense and good feeling are the first requisites in our respective critics. The discretion which can judge justly, and a predisposition to judge favourably, are, in this instance, worth all the talents in the world. These qualities are eminently characteristic of our author. His journal is the evident fruit of a sensible and virtuous mind,—a mind loving truth, and (what, it is strange, should be a compliment) desirous of being pleased. It is a positive pleasure, after the third and fourth rate offensive folly, of which the sensible and humane of both countries have had so much reason to complain, to meet with the forbearance and candour which he displays on all occasions.

We will mention a few examples of the spirit of conciliation with which Mr. Rush continues, as an author, the good offices by which he was distinguished as a minister, and seeks to remove the grounds of family disputes, by bringing us to a friendly understanding of each other. It seems that in 1818 there was a silly drop curtain at Covent Garden, representing the flags of the nations with whom we have been at war, (America among the rest,) in tatters and subjection. Instead of the twenty pages of threatening philippics, which Mr. Cooper would have waved over our heads on such a false and misplaced exhibition, Mr Rush only taps us reproachfully on the shoulder, kindly observing, that 'England has fame enough, military and of all kinds, without straining in small ways after what does not belong her.' Literary mischief-makers, who, from want of sufficiently distinguishing between real life and novels, have made savages of their gentlemen in the one, and gentlemen of their savages in the other, have laboured also to persuade their countrymen that their victorious independence is a barb for ever rankling in our bosoms. On the occasion of meeting at dinner Sir C. Green, who had been in Burgoyne's army, and had been made prisoner at Saratoga, Mr. Rush alludes to the good humour with which the campaign was talked of. He adds, 'I mention the incident, because, although the first, it was not the only instance in which I met in England those who had shared in the war of the American Revolution, and who spoke of its events in the same spirit. Belonging to an age gone by, it seems no longer to be recalled in any other spirit than that of history.' Writers, who attribute their own temper to others, have so poured out the vials of the aristocratical *morgue* of our upper classes, that a citizen of a sensitive republic might imagine he would want a pocket-pistol for his protection in our drawing-rooms. On the contrary, Mr. Rush observes, that at our private dinners (he is speaking, at the moment, of the highest circles) 'you remark nothing so much as a certain simplicity, the last attainment of high education and practised intercourse.' When foreign countries were the subject of discussion, he subjoins,—'It was in the spirit of commendation I remark to be so usual.' Cordial wishes towards America, in particular, where everywhere expressed. Mr. Rush was present at a Westminster election, and felt as a friend of liberty ought to feel, when liberty is disgraced by its supporters. He did not, however, generalize on one 'repulsive picture of an English election.' If Mr. Cooper remembers his inference from the statement that Pitt and Fox never met in private, we refer him to Mr. Rush's more extensive observation. 'Their public men exclude politics from private life. You see persons of opposite parties mingling together.' We hope that our American brethren will take the experience and the word of their representative for facts of this description, rather than the stilted and splenetic exaggerations of common informers, who have represented nothing so truly as themselves.

Bigots on both sides the water have agreed on the existence of some peculiar *Americanism* of character, and even language, which disqualifies us from feeling at home, or ever even becoming well acquainted. There is no trace of this in Mr. Rush. He examines and judges our marvels and our contrasts—the rich and the poor, the Lord Mayor's and St. James's, with the philosophy and the good-humour of a practised European. The Emperor Alexander was not more astonished at our city wealth, at the miles of shops—the true ornaments of London—or at the crowd for ever following crowd along its streets. 'A large proportion of them were of the working classes: yet all were whole in their attire; you could hardly see exceptions.' The year 1818 seems to have been almost a gala year for the Court. The plainness of the White House at Washington, however, had not spoiled his eye for other circles; and he stands among the ministers of royalist Europe, looking at the thousand equipages, and the hoops and feathers, with the admiration of a girl at her first drawing-room. Most people are tender critics of a good dinner. We are not, therefore, at all surprised at the evident satisfaction with which the brilliancy of the service, and of the noble guests, is noticed in the Diary alongside the rather meagre specimens of what was said by them. It should be remembered, however, that the recording pen is more restrained in proportion as the tongue may have been less so; and that a dinner itself does not lose more by being served over again, than its most agreeable conversation. Besides, education, aided by the public press, is every day more and more verifying the saying, which distinguished the social charms of the two extremities of London long ago, principally by the fact, that what was talked to wax candles at one end, was talked

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to tallow candles at the other. The forbearance with which Mr. Rush has restrained his description of London routs to the mere mention of their crowds, and to the difficulty of 'getting to them and from them through phalanxes of carriages,' is, after all, the greatest proof of his politeness. It is not much diminished by a passing notice of 'the pleasant young ladies of eighty-two' whom he meets there, and of high law officers, whose ghosts will some day have to dispute with the aforesaid dowagers the right reading of the lines of Pope, and claim a right

'To haunt the places where his Honour died.'

Our love of the country was felt by Mr. Rush to be some counter-action to our artificial habits. It is conveyed through the channels of a hundred out-of-door amusements. Archery meetings and the chase are rather solemnly described as being 'sometimes graced by the competitions of female agility:' while the suspension of even his diplomatic conferences abundantly marked the first of September, our only remaining Saints' day. Strong contrasts of some kind are wanted to save our higher classes from the natural effects of a London season. It is in the multiplied combination of contrasted qualities and pursuits that the strength of our anomalous national character consists.

Mr. Rush confirms, by his own experience, the impossibility which an old member of the diplomatic body had averred to him, of seeing his way clearly through the anomalies of England. The difficulty is one, in proof of which we should quote not only his experience, but, to a certain extent, his example. It is unfortunate, that the most unsatisfactory passages in the volume apply to such important points as the descent of property, and a direct interest in war. In the first case, on one hand, nothing can be got by referring to the present condition of Gavelkind-Kent, for evidence on the political economy part of the problem which Primogeniture and Partibility have to solve. On the other, the custom of primogeniture can be scarce said to be at the root of our 'enthusiastic fondness for the country.' The ancient French noblesse had a law of primogeniture and large estates; yet home was not in the provincial chateau, but in the hotel at Paris. We feel a still stronger objection to the statement that England has a direct interest in war. Mr. Rush declares, 'the British moralist may be slow to think, that it is during war the riches and power of Britain are most advanced; but it is the law of her insular situation and maritime ascendency. The political economist may strive to reason it down, but facts confound him'—p. 250. Accidental circumstances peculiar to a single war, and which may never occur again, form far too narrow grounds for so terrible an exception. We shrink from the suspicion that England is lying under a perpetual temptation which would almost justify a crusade to put her down as a nuisance to mankind. The Republican statesman saw further on one subject than our terrified tory lords. He was master enough of our practice, to judge truly both of the unlimited freedom of the press, and of the speedy limit which is put on newspaper authority. 'Our definition of libel, he says, 'is vague, (how, we ask, can it be otherwise?) but perhaps nowhere has the press so much latitude.' Six months in London satisfied him that it was impossible to write down either the sense or the character of a nation. The supposed journalism of the times is an imputation, indeed, against which the journals themselves have constantly protested. 'Nothing,' says Mr. Rush, 'can be more unfounded than the notion that the newspapers govern the country. There is a power not only in the government, but in the country itself, far above them. It lies in the educated classes.'

The political differences yet left open between England and America are of an embarrassing and critical character. They are, however, none of them of such a nature but that honest negotiation may hope to establish peace on a foundation more honourable and more permanent than our respective fears. America, it is true, has the raw material of power growing up around her to an almost supernatural extent. The national feelings which broke out on the loss of the Chesapeake, show that her spirit is in advance even of her power. It is not the less for her interest and her honour, that she should not be misled by blustering bullies, or theoretical calculators, of whom every country has some to spare, respecting the nature of the difficulties or discontents of England. The time is still, we believe, far distant, when it would not be a gross mistake on her part to imagine that war is better instrument than negotiation for the settlement of our political disputes. What says Mr. Rush? 'Let contemporary nations lay it to their account, that England is more powerful now than ever she was, notwithstanding her debt and taxes. This knowledge should form an element in their foreign policy. Let them assure themselves, that instead of declining, she is advancing: that her population increases fast; that she is constantly seeking new fields of enterprise in other parts of the globe, and adding to the improvements that already cover her islands at home, new ones that promise to go beyond them in magnitude; in fine, that instead of being worn out, as at a distance is sometimes supposed, she is going a-head with the buoyant spirit and vigorous effort of youth. It is an observation of Madame de Stael, how ill England is understood on the continent, in spite of the little distance that separates her from it. How much more likely that nations, between whom and herself an ocean interposes, should fall into mistakes on the true nature of her power and prospects; should imagine their foundations to be crumbling, instead of steadily striking into more depth, and spreading into wider compass.' Speaking of the sea, and the present character of the English navy, he says, 'England, in her next war, will accomplish more as against Europe upon this element, than at any former period. She will start, instead of ending,

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with her supremacy completely established. The displays of her power will be more immediate, as well as more formidable, than the world has before seen.' This, to be sure, is rather a different account from what was sent over not many years ago by a predecessor, as credulous as Mr. Cooper could desire. The premature alarmist advised his government to cut all connexion with us as decently, but as quickly as possible; for we were inevitably going down. Rival interests in England and America are, to a considerable extent committed upon the novel constructions which American statesmen have, from the day of American independence, been struggling to introduce into the Law of Nations; especially into the colonial and maritime code. Our diplomatic relations at Washington are of far more consequence to us than the whole of our outstanding diplomacy in Europe. Their substance and their temper must materially depend upon the view which the American cabinet takes of the law of nations as a science, and on its practice of it as an art. The attention which the general subject has received, and the prominence given to it, are remarkable, and very characteristic. Literary authorship is not as yet a profession in America. It is a part also of her positive policy to steer clear of the affairs of Europe, and to call in her diplomatic missions within as small a circle as possible. A zeal, therefore, on her part, and an indifference on ours, in any important branch of public knowledge, much more in the study of international law, is a fact which could scarcely have been expected. Yet, on our side, there is nothing in English literature and English instruction but a blank; while America possesses a valuable course of lectures on the law of nations, delivered in Columbia College by Ex-Chancellor Kent, as its Law Professor; and also a copious work, published in 1826, on their foreign relations, entitled 'The diplomacy of the United States.'

An examination of her publications, for the purpose of pointing out the innovations which America is preparing, must stand over for some future day. Meanwhile, with every wish to congratulate humanity on the liberal view taken by the American Government on most of the questions which the law of nations and practical diplomacy embrace, there are some rather peculiar exceptions. Their liberality is usually reduced to very narrow limits on the points where it has been the immediate interest of America to be narrow. The very same argument which has been urged at one moment as conclusive when in their favour, is at the next, slurred over as not worth noticing, when it turns against them. Thus, we find Mr. Rush himself, (at p. 325,) insisting, in 1818, that the treaty of 1783 was fundamental and perpetual, for the purpose of preserving American rights. Afterwards, (at p. 338,) he as readily assumes it to be temporary, when it is his object to show that the British rights reserved in it, were abrogated by subsequent events. There is something occasionally almost amusing in the mixture of force and of encroachment with which proposed innovations are from time to time announced in the most didactic American discussions. One of her gravest writers, Ex-Chancellor Kent, anticipates, in sundry places, that America will probably some day see the justice and policy of certain rules which she is now disputing. The period which he fixes upon for her illumination, (and this is said without being in the least aware of any thing at all unreasonable in it,) is the moment that the scale shall chance to turn; and that the rules which are now regarded as so objectionable, shall begin to contribute to her own accommodation and security.

American shrewdness at times leads us to suspect that the importance of a peculiar and special education for most departments of practical politics, (diplomacy among the number,) is overrated in Europe. It is proverbial that the diplomatic corps is no exception, to the prejudices and nonsense which form the atmosphere and almost the mist of every regular profession. The spirit of a conventional body would not have improved Mr. Rush's private journal; and the public portion of his memoirs is ample proof that America was not allowed to lose any thing from an ignorance of the mysteries of the craft. Intelligence, firmness, and straightforwardness, are a guard which no politic fencing-masters can disarm. Violence and subtlety are the opposite besetting sins of practical diplomacy. Jefferson's temper drove him to draw too soon, with the sword's point, the categorical Roman circle within which the adverse negotiator was to return his answer. Franklin and Gallatin betray more of the faulty characteristics of the Italian school.

The treaty of independence of 1783, and the peace of Ghent of 1814, had left the principal points of difference between England and America as unsettled as ever. Some of them were the subject of a diplomatic conference in 1818. Mr. Rush gives us a summary account of these proceedings. A controversy concerning the fisheries, and concerning the boundary line eastward of the Rocky Mountains, was definitively arranged. The exclusive right to the Columbia river, and to the country westward of the mountains; the claim, on the part of America, to navigate the St. Lawrence to its mouth, and to carry on an unrestricted trade between the United States and our West Indian Colonies; these, together with every single point in dispute between belligerents and neutrals, were brought to no more satisfactory conclusion, than that of being hushed up for the moment. America evidently considers that temporary adjustments are, in many instances, her wisest game. She expects to become, on every successive settling day, better able to look to higher terms. In this sense, with regard to territorial pretentions, Mr. Rush significantly observes, that time is for the United States the best negotiator. This, in 1801, was Jefferson's doctrine on the whole range of maritime law. It is the true American faith. 'If we can delay' (writes that most intemperate of statesmen) 'but for a few years the necessity of vindicating the laws of na-

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ture on the ocean, we shall be the more sure of doing it with effect. The day is within my time, as well as yours, when we may say by what laws other nations shall treat us on the sea, and we will say it.' It is true, the prophet of Monticello widely and wildly miscalculated his political dates. Our shame, however, will not be less, if the contemplated contingency ever should arrive. Is it possible that two great and kindred nations have not sufficient sense and virtue to agree upon some other means for the settlement of moral and political questions of this description, than the accident and application of brutal force? Among the questions which stand at present—deliberately set aside for the arbitrement of blood—the main difficulty in the one which is by far the most urgent of them all, proceeds on the acknowledged fact, that an English and an American sailor are so alike, that there is no knowing them from each other. What are we to think of human nature—what of the barbarity of those who hold in their iron hands the happiness of nations,—if that simple statement does not bring the statesmen of both countries, at once and instantly, to terms of compromise and peace!

The most valuable part of Mr. Rush's volume is his narrative of the course which was taken, in the conference of 1818, upon this subject. Our readers will have anticipated that we are alluding to the fearful question of the impressment of supposed British seamen from American vessels. It is the more fearful, as in such case it ought to be, since, in our opinion, we are decidedly in the wrong with respect both to the general question and the conduct of the conference. Mr. Rush explains the principles which were admitted on both sides; the point which the negotiation reached; and the miserable objection upon our part, on which it ultimately went off. The termination is the more strange, since the American Ministers and Lord Castlereagh appear to have been equally desirous of coming to an understanding. The arrangement, although revocable in form, being limited to ten years, was of a nature to slide into permanence, and to have taught us our true interest before we were aware. With this view, it was proposed to exclude the natural born subjects and citizens of either party (persons already naturalized excepted) from serving in the public or private marine of the other. This was the principle agreed upon. The Plenipotentiaries, however, could not agree on the mode by which the persons entitled to the exception should be identified, and on the period from which the operative exclusion under the treaty should begin to run. The reader will perceive from this statement that the negotiators differed only on the cases included in the exception. Lord Ripon and Mr. Goulburn insisted, on the part of Great Britain, that a list of persons entitled to the exception should be made out on both sides, and interchanged within twelve months, specifying the place of their birth, and the dates of their naturalization. Mr. Rush and Mr. Gallatin, on the part of America, showed that it would be quite impracticable in many cases for their government to comply with the proposed conditions. They submitted, therefore, that a natural born British subject, whose name might not appear on the list, should have the benefit of the exception, in case he should be able to produce proof of his having been duly naturalized prior to the exchange of the ratifications of the treaty. The British Plenipotentiaries insisted further, that the benefit of naturalization for this purpose should not attach unless the naturalization had become complete previous to the *signature* of the treaty. The American Plenipotentiaries replied, that, according to their constitution, no treaty was binding until *exchange of ratifications*; and that, consequently, it was impossible to exclude from any of the rights of citizens, (the right of following the seas among the rest,) subjects already naturalized, although between the signature and its exchange. It will be observed that the objections pointed out by the representatives of America were objections of principle, such as no pains on their part could possibly get rid of. On the other hand, the exception was retrospective only. It was to include none but persons who should be already naturalized when the ratifications came to be exchanged; and there could be no fraudulent rush made for naturalization during the interval; since, by the American law, a previous residence for five years is an indispensable condition. How few, therefore, under these restrictions could have fraudently crept in under the American amendment, who would have been shut out by the original British propositions; and in how few years, short as is a sailor's life, must every naturalized British seaman have disappeared from the service of the United States!

We readily admit, that, in the present state of the world, it is very important that civilized nations should endeavour to approximate within reasonable limits the rules by which allegiance is created, suspended, or determined. In the meantime, every country is entitled to use its own discretion how far it will loose its hold on its own citizens. An English merchant is allowed during war, by domicile within a neutral territory, to put on the character of a neutral. The claim of an English sailor to serve on board a neutral vessel, would be no greater inconsistency with, or limitation of, the old common law doctrine, that no one can lay aside his allegiance. However, any modification of our general doctrine of allegiance, or any emancipation of the English seaman from the specific liabilities to which he is at present bound by the unjust anomaly of the English law against him, is a strictly municipal question, to be discussed between the English people and their legislature alone. At the same time it is clear, from a hundred reasons, that by far the most satisfactory way in which impressment from American vessels could possibly be set at rest, would be by putting an end to domestic impressment from our own. The British sailor

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ought to be placed on a level with his fellow subjects. The time is, we hope, arrived when justice will be done to the arguments in his behalf which have been already stated in this Journal, (No. 81, p. 154.) The shipowners of London, in 1818, condemned the practice of impressment; and other officers, besides Sir Murray Maxwell, have long and zealously laboured for its abolition. In the meantime—admitting that, as against the British sailor, England has a legal right to his services independent of contract, wherever he may be found at present—yet it is a right which, as against other countries, can be only exercised in subordination to their independence and their honour. The greater the probability that America is getting up a schedule of unreasonable demands against us, the greater the propriety of our conceding, before that evil day, such demands as she is now preferring, which are really backed by reason. It is evident, from the allegations proved by Mr. Rush on the authority of English documents, that the right cannot be enforced against American vessels, except under circumstances of unavoidable irritation, and of still more gross and unavoidable injustice.

A ship at sea is part of the soil of the country to which it belongs. To this principle a single exception has been admitted. The exception is limited within the purposes to which a ship from its moveable character may be abused. Beyond that, the ship of a nation is as inviolable as its soil. The right of a belligerent to enter a neutral vessel, and search for contraband of war, has no connexion with the right to enter and search for men. The ordering up an American crew, on an American deck, by an English lieutenant, cannot be a peaceable operation; especially where a mistake is so easily made, and where, when once made, it is so revolting in itself, and so fatal in its consequences. In point of fact, it turns out that the number of British seamen whom we have thus regained, falls far short of the number of Americans whom we have wrongfully carried off. Our newspapers would have gladly gone to war for Ambrister and Arbuthnot, two British subjects, executed by General Jackson. Yet they were but two men—wrong doers, and clearly amenable to the law by which they suffered. On the other hand, the two lists made out in 1801 and 1812 of impressed Americans, can be but a small part of the American case against us. From that fraction of their case we may, however, form some opinion on the extent to which freemen who would be a scandal to their English ancestry, unless liberty was as dear as life, must have writhed under our practice of impressment. Prior to September, 1801, eleven hundred and thirty-two native American sailors were set at liberty by the English government, as having been wrongfully impressed! On the war with America in 1812, another division of fourteen hundred and twenty-two native Americans, every one of them having been so taken, were transferred out of our men of war into our prisons! This is proved from English documents. Here are nearly two thousand six hundred sufferers,—victims of a greater outrage than one free nation ever assumed the privilege of inflicting on another;—an outrage which no nation, deserving the name of a nation, and solemnly bound to protect its meanest members, can be expected patiently to endure. The temptation to all this wrong is too trivial to be mentioned. It exists only during war. At that period the number of foreigners in the American navy is, we believe, infinitely less than in our own, where (as we then suspend the navigation acts) it has been calculated at a third of the whole. The crew of the Franklin, which brought over Mr. Rush, amounted to seven hundred men. The London prints would have it that a third of them were Englishmen. In point of fact twenty-five only were foreigners; and of the twenty-five, half belonged to other parts of Europe.

Mr. Rush ends the narrative of his unsuccessful negotiation on this subject as follows: 'I look 'back with unfeigned regret, on the failure it re-'cords. Perhaps I may be wrong, for I speak 'from no authority, but I am not able to divest 'myself of an impression that, had Lord Castle-'reagh been in London, there would not have been 'a failure. I am aware that he was kept inform-'ed of the progress of the negotiation. We had 'reason to believe that the documents were regu-'larly sent on for his inspection. Still, he could 'not share in the full spirit of all that passed. He 'had the European relations of Britain in his 'hands. Impressment, although in truth a pri-'mary concern, could not, at such a season, have 'commanded all his thoughts. But I know how 'anxiously he entered into it before his departure 'for Aix-la-Chapelle. He saw that the great prin-'ciple of adjustment had at last been settled; and 'I can scarcely think that he would have allowed 'it to be foiled, by carrying too much rigour into 'details. It is no part of my present purpose to 'draw the character of Lord Castlereagh in his 'connexion with England, or Europe; but there 'was this in him, which his opponents did not de-'ny, and history will award—an entire fearless-'ness. He knew that a treaty relinquishing im-'pressement, no matter what the terms, would ex-'cite clamour in England, come when it would. 'But having made up his mind to the justice and 'policy of such a treaty, he would have faced the 'clamour.'—Pp. 375-6.

We trust that our present Ministers are prepared to take up, while peace allows us an honourable opportunity for doing so, this most important question. Our Government, in 1803, had proposed to Mr. King to restrict the exercise of impressment within the narrow seas. But the Cabinet of Lord Castlereagh went the true way to work. The right of impressment, it was agreed, should be abandoned altogether. Lord Grey ought not to be left behind by Lord Castlereagh in statesmanlike forethought against future evils; in the exercise of considerate feelings towards America; or in the public spirit which has the courage to denounce the impolicy and injustice

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of an exceptive system, sanctioned by domestic prejudices alone. When policy, humanity, and justice, have one and all concurred thoroughly upon the principle, it is worse than folly to imagine that there can be any insuperable obstacles in the details.

From the Edinburgh Review.

1. *Le mie Prigioni. Memorie di* Silvio Pellico, *da Saluzzo.* 8vo. Torino: 1832.
2. *Memoires de* Silvio Pellico; *traduits de l'Italien, et précédés d'une Notes, Biographique, par A de Latour, et augmentés de Notes, par P. Maroncelli.* 8vo. Paris: 1833.
3. *My Imprisonments.* By Silvio Pellico. Translated from the Italian, by Thomas Roscoe. 12mo. London: 1833.

Great thoughts, it has been said, come from the heart. This looks at first like a delightful maxim. But, in truth, nature has dealt more kindly by us than to confine greatness to a single source. The stoutest advocates for the royalty of the human heart should be content with its standing first—first in power, and first in honour—instead of deeming it the privilege of its birthright, to stand alone. For great, read greatest. Even then, popular notions, on what is meant by greatness and by the heart, will have to undergo vast revisions and reversals; and alas for our vulgar catalogues of great writers and of great men, when the time arrives for bringing our principle and our example into harmony with each other!

We do not complain of the present times as worse in this respect than those that have gone before them. Quite the contrary; and we have still better hopes for the time to come. It is melancholy, meanwhile, to observe, that the chief competitors for, and awarders of, the admiration of mankind, proceed alike on the supposition that this moral canon, however qualified, is nothing but a flowery compliment paid our nature by hypocrites or dupes. What is the history, for instance, of the two individuals of our age, who sought most to overawe their contemporaries by the airs of colossal superiority—each in his own way—and who succeeded most in doing so? They seldom let a day escape without making it a parade and an enjoyment to outrage (the one in his writings, the other by his actions and conversation) what ought to be our dearest and most sacred feelings. This was so evidently and systematically their practice, that many superficial—especially many youthful—minds have fallen into the grievous errors of believing, that in their scornful misanthropy lay the elements of their Samson strength. It had not, however, been left for Napoleon or Byron to discover and take advantage, first, of the weakness of their fellow-creatures in worshipping power in all its manifestations. Genius and gentleness, the severe and the tender virtues, have been long thought—too long and too often found—to go ill together. To be amiable, is so far an admitted presumption against being great, that the same symptoms of heart-felt sympathy and kinship with others, which would pass as things of course in the case of humbler mortals, are hailed as splendid exceptions, when they happen to break forth from among the political or the intellectual masters of our race.

The curse of the hardness of heart by which thousands of Pharaohs have been blighted,—a pleasure in carrying on the scoffer's war against all generous and humane emotions, the miserable ambition of rising to supremacy over one's fellow-men, in order that, from a higher point, we may trample their moral nature deeper into the dirt,—is an empire to which but few, whether in arms or in song, can venture to aspire. To speak only of literature:—Its more general vice of late has not been so much that it is opposed to the heart, as that in its ignorance it mistakes what constitutes one; or, 'busied about many things,' forgets we have one. Criticism has, justly in the main, insisted, that a poet ought to deal with the universal sentiments of mankind rather than with his own personal peculiarities. It might appear to have taught its lesson too successfully; and that most of the tuneful race had left off all converse with themselves, for fear of contracting idiosynerasies, which their neighbours could neither follow nor understand. A reserved and noble mind disdainfully shrinks from the suspicion of setting up for sale in a shop window its own or others' secrets. Can this be the reason that so many of our novelists, in the extravagance of the passion, and the folly of the sentiments, which they substitute for the living reality of affections, come prepared with proof beforehand, that they have not taken from the biography of their own bosoms the prototype of their story? We will not call our present literature heartless; but we occasionally feel, that too little of it either rises from, or passes into the heart; and that the mass of it would be infinitely raised by a more stirring moral movement. There is no want among our writers of energy, learning, argument, or fancy. What we miss most is what, among flowers, is missing in the tulip—a sweetness of nature,—an inner soul. It is on this invaluable property, above all others, that the peculiar influence of the fiction of Manzoni rests. It is this which forms the strength and the charm of the said realities narrated in the little volume before us, by his unfortunate countryman, Silvio Pellico. The English translation of it has been, with great propriety, inscribed to a female* member of a family, which has been long distinguished for a flowing kindness that party politics could not narrow; and which gave us, in the character of Fox, a great example—as great, perhaps, as history can offer of genius grounded on the heart.

These Memoirs contain the story of ten years' imprisonment of a young man of letters,

* The Honourable Miss Fox.

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on a charge of political conspiracy against the Emperor of Austria, in the character of sovereign of Lombardy. An order from government for their suppression was not wanted, to convince the most sceptical critic of their perfect truth. It is unfortunate for the readers of translations that the truth of original impressions is nowhere more strongly marked than in the difficulty of translating works of great simplicity and feeling. The difficulty is one, which neither Mr Roscoe nor M. de Latour have on this occasion overcome. A good preliminary view of the present condition of Italian politics is prefixed to the English translation. An Englishman will see there the nature of the cause in which Pellico was suspected of being engaged. Before we accompany him through the recital of his punishment, it is right that we should thus have the means of comparing the quality of the punishment with that of the imputed crime. His friend and fellow-prisoner Piero Maroncelli, has added a few details to the French translation respecting the several individuals whose names incidentally occur, and M. de Latour has contributed a biographical and literary notice of Pellico himself.

Europe has a deeper interest than mere curiosity in learning what are the character and pursuits of men whom the Austrian government either makes or assumes to be such fatal enemies, that it feels justified in opening with them an account, at which human nature shudders. We do not want any favour to be shown to treason as being, in many cases, the gentleman's crime. Its distinction is in the fact, that it often, like heresy, is grounded on opinion, and may be nothing more than the crime of loving truth, and seeking the happiness of mankind. It is not to be expected, that arbitrary governments *de facto* will recognise the new *de jure* title of patriot reformers. What might be expected, is, that an equitable consideration should be extended towards circumstances and persons, and that the nature of the alleged injury and of the pencil sanction should be put into some sort of moral harmony with each other. Whatever may be the view with which punishment is inflicted—resentment which we ought not, expiation which we cannot, or prevention, which in some degree we are able, to superintend—M. Guizot has demonstrated that capital punishments are wholly unjustifiable in the case of political offences grounded upon opinion. There is worse than wicked mockery in the mitigation by which the injustice of that original sentence is commuted into the atrocities of lingering torment. Those imperial tragedies, of which Spielberg is, as it were, the private theatre, are a hundred times more cruel than any thing which impatient savages have yet been able to combine in the way of torture and of death.

Pellico was born in Piedmont, about 1784, in that fortunate and happy middle class, which is the most favourable position for the virtues, and especially for the most delightful part of them—family affection. He had the fortune, too, whether good or bad, to be born a poet. At six years old he tried his infant hand upon a tragedy among the characters of Ossian. When sixteen, he accompanied his twin sister, on her marriage, to Lyons. He was residing there very happily, when the perusal of 'Il Carne dei Sepolcri,' which Foscolo had just published, inspired anew his youthful imagination. In a few days he had recrossed the Alps, and rejoined his family at Milan; at that time the intellectual capital of Italy. On the restoration, his family returned to Turin, but Pellico was tempted to remain. He had become at once friend and tutor in the families, first of the Count Briche, and afterwards of Count Porro. The latter excellent nobleman,—mild, virtuous, and munificent,—was, together with the still more unfortunate Confalonieri, the centre of a generous and gifted circle, where the elements of the moral and intellectual regeneration of their country were rapidly and deeply forming. In that circle Pellico occupied an honourable place. Monti and Foscolo, agreeing in little else, agreed in a flattering encouragement of his talents. Nevertheless, his modesty and respect for the public were so great, and so much did he value the enjoyment above the vanity of a poet, that his tragedy of 'Francesca di Rimini,' (since the delight of Italy,) and his translation of 'Manfred,' were first published by his friend Lodivico de Brême, and without his consent, in 1819. In the same manner, Count Porro, having subsequently procured, through his children, the manuscript of 'Eufemio di Messina,' privately printed it at Novara, and presented the author with a copy on his birthday. It is the peculiar praise of men of rank in Italy to have been zealous in the encouragement of the fine arts. Porro and Confalonieri took the lead also in more novel experiments for their country's honour. In partnership with Alexander Visconti, they built the first steam-boat seen in Italy. The colleagues of Count Arrivabene,—since so well known by his work 'On the Societies of Public Beneficence in London,'—they established schools of mutual instruction in the principal towns. It was in Porro's house that the celebrated but short-lived Journal, with the friendly title of the 'Conciliator,' was first set up. The suggestion was Pellico's. He was appointed secretary. Its supporters were the leading lights of Italy—Romagnosi, Gioja, Botta, and Manzoni. The censorship, which soon left its conductors no alternative but to stop, must have vibrated through the circle as a warning of a far heavier and closely impending danger. Towards the close of the year 1820, the thunderbolt of power broke in among them. Some were providentially protected by their extreme political prudence; others, as Porro and Arrivabene, saved themselves by flight; the rest were apprehended. They were confined on suspicion, first in the Saint Margaret at Milan;—a prison much worse constructed under the additions made by the Emperor of Austria in 1821, than the old prisons of Venice. To these last they seem afterwards to have been usually transferred for trial. Thence they were trans-

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ported, after sentence, to the fortresses of Lubiana or Spielberg, according to the duration of their imprisonment. Spielberg is already damned to historical infamy as certainly as the Bastile. The tortures endured there by Pellico, Maroncelli, and Confalonieri, are crimes against reason and humanity, which it would be treason towards our nature to forget. Nine-tenths of whatever pain can be justified in punishment is gained by its notoriety. The sentences, such as they were really executed, ought to have been at once read out openly in the square of Venice. Mutilation of a limb would then have been part of the visible judgment passed on Maroncelli. Count Roboni, and Antonio Villa would be known to have been doomed to die by a hunger less quick and more painful than Ugolino's. The Lombard nation would have felt through its every pulse, in the agony of Confalonieri, writhing for six months together on his miserable pallet, the penalty which Austria exacts from the friends of Lombard freedom.

Pellico asks himself in the preface why he has written the present memoirs. Every page bears upon the face of it, the testimony which Lord Brooke gave for his friend Sir Philip Sydney. 'The truth is, his end was not writing, even 'while he wrote, nor his knowledge moulded for 'tables and schools; but his wit and understand-'ing bent upon his heart, to make himself and 'others, not in words and opinion, but in life and 'action, good and great.' Some of his readers, it may be hoped, will also ask themselves, how they can turn the perusal of his narrative to the best account. The person who might profit by it most, is undoubtedly the Emperor of Austria himself. Will his satellites let him see it? The minds of kings are often kept by those about them in a thraldom more degrading even than the fetters of Spielborg. We spoil them, and then blame them for being spoiled. It is the curse of greatness to be attended by slaves, who not only take their humour for a warrant, but who studiously fence them in from the discipline and emotions, in which every one else obtains his best security for virtue. When Pellico and Maroncelli were released, they passed through Vienna on their way to Italy. They were taken by the Commissary of Police, who had them in charge, to the gardens at Schonbrunn. The Emperor accidentally appeared. The loyal servant made them stand aside, lest his Imperial master should be saddened at the sight of their wasted persons! Have Metternich and the Aulic Chamber allowed him to be enlightened, as well as saddened, by the sight of these high-minded and deeply affecting Memoirs? Does he now know the merit, the goodness, the piety, of which he has been made the gaoler? Has he been enabled to measure the full extent of the barbarous injuries of which God will one day make himself the avenger? Are his dreams never haunted by the vision of the scholars and gentlemen of Italy, working in prison clothes in their Moravian dungeon,—bent down by chains under whose weight they are unable to walk, and the pressure of which will not let them sleep—sickening at the smell of food so uneatable that the famished cannot taste it—fainting under the indirect assassination of a sunless atmosphere, and a slow starvation—perishing from the heart's longings after friends to whom they may never write, after parents from whom and of whom they must never hear—supporting each other by manly and religious hopes against desperate temptations to self-destruction—the objects of silent and tremulous compassion to even the lowest ministers of abused justice,—to all, but to him, who alone had the power of relieving them?

The Emperor is one of those amiable sort of persons who pats children on the head when he meets them out a-walking, and who has established among his Austrian subjects a reputation for good-nature, which the ordinary kingcraft of generalized political ambition has not been thought sufficiently personal to belie. There is a stupid constitutional good-nature which is no more meritorious than the good-nature of a drunken man. The individual horrors of Spielberg are a different, and we fear a personal affair. The women of Vienna, who came round the carriages of Pellico and Maroncelli, told them to be of good cheer. 'Our Emperor is so good—he will never leave 'you long at Spielberg; we are sure our *Franz* will remember you.' If *Franz* did remember them at all, so much the worse for *Franz*. Politics are of course excluded from so ticklish a subject as the present volume, printed at the Turin press. There can be, however, only one impression left upon its readers; that is, that the Emperor does not want to read it to become acquainted with the worst part of its contents. The positiveness of the regulations by which the officers on the spot were frightened from the commonest acts of humanity,—the constant reference to Vienna for the slightest mitigations which might be required by the necessities of a dying man,—such as permission to hear mass, or to have a leg cut off—special commissioners sent down to report upon the condition of the prison; occasional direct messages from the Emperor himself—all countenance the general belief that Spielberg was kept as a kind of State Menagerie which the Emperor personally superintended. If the Emperor has a heart, this is a book to break it. If he has a conscience, the best penance and reparation he now can make is to throw open the prison doors of 'the Leads' of Venice (*di tanti che giaceona!*); to set free as many of the hundred, as are still alive, whom Pellico left at San Michele; and to return the noble Confalonieri, Zucchi, and other Italian patriots, even now incarcerated at Spielberg, to their Italian home. It would redeem his character with the present and future ages, were he to consider further, how great is the presumption which disinterested martyrs raise in favour of their persecuted cause. Is there none to teach him that a government which once puts itself at issue with the rising intelligence and virtue of a nation stakes its temporary safety on a collision where victory is disgrace? Is there no-

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body who can elevate him high enough to feel that a land which is the mother of such spirits, must be worthy of a better fate?

It is so easy to be generous at the charge of others, that we all are patriots for former ages and in distant lands. While traversing the crisis of our Stuart-struggle, none is now so base, but that he finds himself in gaol with Hampden, pines away with Elliot in his prison-chamber, and bows his neck upon the scaffold with Russell and with Sydney? Had the sins of our fathers doomed us to be born in Italy, we often think what would have been our courage and our fate. Here, also, at least in imagination and in feeling, we range ourselves, side by side, with her virtuous citizens. Steadfast to the cause of good government and of truth, we follow the men, who, looking forwards to the independence of their country and to the happiness of future generations, dared boldly to put to hazard all on earth belonging to themselves. They failed! In the wanderings of their exile, in the living sepulchre of their dungeons, what can we do but feel as if we were reading our own story in the persons of better men? Instead of this beautiful world which God has given us—instead of useful duties, interchanged affections, an enlarging sphere of brightening prospects—all the love, the promise, and the poetry of life—to what a crisis have they been called! Every thing lost in one fatal moment. Were we to live a thousand years, we should enter a prison walls with very altered feelings from those of a mere spectator, since we have kept company with Pellico. We have mounted with him on his chair and table, to peer down from the lattice-bars on the dome of St. Mark, the glittering cupolas, and the Lagune. We have clung with him to his grated windows for a glimpse of nature, and for something to look like the smile of God, while dawn was breaking over the Valley of Brunn upon his silent prayers. We have brooded with him through ten long years of a solitude so intense, that the step of the turnkey was a pleasure, the whisper of a neighbouring prisoner a blessing, and the sound of an Italian air from a distant dungeon an event. We have shared in all the fluctuations of his hopes and fears—in the spectral terrors of his nights, in the day-dreams of his family affections: we thrilled with him at his glimpse of Gioja, at his chance embrace of Oroboni, and, above all, at his overflowing testimony to the nobleness with which human nature, when cold and forsaken in the hearts of kings and sycophants, yet vindicated its rights, in a thousand other bosoms, to our confidence and love. Streams of moral lustre and heavenly charity broke in, and lightened the darkness most, where the monotony of selfishness, and the servile drudgery of a long acquaintance with, and ministry on the wretched, were most likely to have trodden out the germ of every tender feeling. The characters of the dumb boy, and of Maddalene at Milan, of Angiola at Venice, and of Schiller in Spielberg, belong to scenes, which, in honour of childhood, of woman, of the virtue which makes sentinels and turnkeys a thousand times nobler than the sovereigns whom they have the misfortune to represent, we pray never to forget.

It is not wonderful that the courage, and patience, and faith of Pellico should occasionally have relapsed to our vulgar level; but it is wonderful that, with the prospect before him of a life far worse than a ten years' death-bed, he should so soon have taken up the true position; and have looked out with a firm trust and steady eye on the right support, whether for life or death, which rose up on him from between his prison-bars. At a time and place, when every thing else failed him, virtuous sympathy and religious hopes became his only consolation. He vowed, that in case he ever should return into the world, he would not be ashamed of bearing witness what was The Book which alone in his necessities breathed around him protection and repose. He proved the whole truth of St. Augustin's declaration. In Cicero and Plato, and such other writers, 'I meet 'with many things wittily said, and things that 'have a manifest tendency to move the passions; 'but in none of them do I find these words, *Come 'unto me, all ye that labour and are heavy laden, 'and I will give you rest.*'

The author, in giving us this Journal, has not returned to life and liberty in vain. He has kept his vow. On the one hand, we do not fear that he will enslave himself to the mere pursuits of this world, where, as on a child's rocking-horse, we move to and fro, yet make no progress. His thoughts and feelings have been too long concentrated on one overwhelming consideration, that he should now desire to write his name on water, or trifle in making there the brief and glittering circles which he well knows spread only on the surface, and widen into nothing. Religion, once brought to bear on the heart, raises our intellectual and moral being. It gives to man the style and character of a creature who has been living with a nobler race. On the other hand, restored to the world, he must remember that he has to live in it and for it. He must resume the generous interests and the varied motives to active usefulness, so long necessarily suspended. He must pick up and connect again the threads of life, which have been broken for a time by a terrible misfortune. We rejoice to see, in three recent Tragedies, the first fruits of his liberated muse, that he has re-entered on his honourable career. They are dedicated; in the highest sense of the word, to his parents. They are, perhaps, not the less calculated to answer the moral purpose in which they are conceived, that the touches of beauty in them are more remarkable than strokes of strength; and that the creative spirit of his imagination (is that the effect of all that he has gone through?) appears to be merged in the sensibility of his heart.

Sorrow is an ancient and universal school. If Job is the most sublime, Pellico is among the most touching of its disciples. There might easily be what the world would call a cleverer book than this, which we have so earnestly recommended,

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There can be none more beautiful, none more useful. It is a cup of water for the weary who are fainting by the way-side. It is the gentle voice of peace and charity, which, here and hereafter, is of better worth than all the warring words of our contentious wisdom. The uses of resentment, so well explained by Butler and by Chalmers, find, at the same time, in its pages a guide and guarantee for the rectitude of our indignant feelings. How its reader must hate oppression! how he must despise himself for the thoughts which he has been wasting on his own petty troubles, and still more frivolous enjoyments! how must his spirit wander round the walls of Spielberg, and sigh that he cannot, like Richard's Minstrel, convey to its noble victims the consolation at least of sympathy, if not yet the gladsome tidings of a speedier deliver than death! A cloud, from which more than infamy must, sooner or later burst, has gathered over those fatal dungeons. In the meanwhile, it is some relief to know, that the mind is its own palace; that, chained down where sunbeam never reaches, he who has light in his clear bosom, 'may sit i' th' centre and enjoy bright day,'—a day which emperors cannot shut out from the cells of even Moravia or Venice! Thanks be to God! the prison of patriotism and virtue can be made but half a prison. An angel descends into its depths of misery, and walks through the fiery furnace with spirits sainted by affliction. An exemplification, like the present, of the means by which religion transmutes the greatest sorrow into the greatest joy, has the glory of co-operating with God's highest and most secret purposes. It teaches us how out of evil He brings forth good;—good to the sufferer himself, good to all, who take duly to their own hearts the sufferings of others. But woe to those through whom the evil cometh! No thanks to them that there are minds which, in suffering all things, not only have suffered nothing, but can answer, 'it is good for us to have been here;'—in whom the crushing step of tyranny brings out the strength and sweetness, not the bitterness of their nature; and who are blessed enough to find that there is a fountain of surpassing comfort, which, alas! human weakness seldom reaches, but by passing through the vale of tears.

From Tait's Edinburgh Magazine.

THE PRAISE OF DEBT.

Debt is of the very highest antiquity. The first debt in the history of man is the debt of nature, and the first instinct is to put off the payment of it to the last moment. Many persons, it will be observed, following the natural procedure, would die before they would pay their debts.

Society is composed of two classes, debtors and creditors. The creditor class has been erroneously supposed the more enviable. Never was there a greater misconception; and the hold it yet maintains upon opinion is a remarkable example of the obstinacy of error, notwithstanding the plainest lessons of experience.

The debtor has the sympathies of mankind. He is seldom spoken of but with expressions of tenderness and compassion—"the poor debtor!" the "unfortunate debtor!"

On the other hand, "harsh" and "hard-hearted" are the epithets alloted to the creditor. Who ever heard the "poor creditor," the "unfortunate creditor" spoken of? No, the creditor never becomes the object of pity, until he passes into the debtor class. A creditor may be ruined by the poor debtor; but it is not until he becomes unable to pay his own debts that he begins to be compassionated.

A debtor is a man of mark. Many eyes are fixed upon him; many have interest in his well-being; his movements are of concern; he cannot disappear unheeded; his name is in many mouths; his name is upon many books; he is a man of note—of promissory note; he fills the speculation of many minds; men conjecture about him, wonder about him, wonder and conjecture whether he will pay. He is a man of consequence, for many are running after him. His door is thronged with duns. He is inquired after every hour of the day. He is in the Court of Request, the Court of Conscience, in every court of his district. But he is not as the courtier, servilely suing; no, he is perpetually sued. Judges hear of him, know of him; his name in the Courts is as the Duke of Devonshire's in the Court news. Every meal that he swallows, every coat he puts on his back, every pound he borrows, appears before the country in some formal document. Compare his notoriety with the obscure lot of the creditor, of the man who has nothing but claims on the world; a landlord or fundholder, or some such disagreeable hard character.

The man who pays his way is unknown in his neighbourhood. You shall ask the milkman at his door, and he shall not be known by his score. You shall ask the butcher where Mr. Payall lives, and he shall tell you that he knows no such name, for it is not in his books. You shall ask the baker, and he shall tell you that there is no such person in the neighbourhood. People that have his money fast in their pockets shall have no thought of his person or appellation. His house only is known,—No. 31 is good pay; No. 31 is ready money; not a scrap of paper is ever made out for No. 31. It is an anonymous house; its owner pays his way to obscurity. No one knows any thing about him, or heeds his movements. If a carriage be seen at his door, the neighbourhood is not full of concern lest he be going to run away. If a package be moved from his house, a score of boys are not employed to watch whether it be carried to the pawnbroker. Mr. Payall fills no place in the public mind; no one has any hopes or fears about him.

Bring all things to the test of experiment. Many a man who has for years rejoiced in credit

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has fallen into debt, and never emerged from it; but few indeed that have ever tried debt have returned to credit. The practice is extending, though the opinion is not yet shaped to it. Indeed, the example of national debt, or the whole nation inextricably in debt, expresses the aggregate custom.

Here, too, the sentiment so extensively prevailing, and so little understood, comes into operation. The national creditor is seldom thought of or spoken of but with grudging and repugnance. His debtors claim all consideration, and allow him none. The national creditor stands clear from all the sympathies; no one thinks of the national creditor's wife and children, and pleasant home. No one pictures the ruin that a breach of faith would bring upon them. "The landlord," says Sir W. Ingilby, "lives in a lodging with his old woman and his cat." Who will hesitate to consent to the robbery of a man who lives with an old woman and a cat? Turn the old woman into a wife, the cat into a child, and the lodging into the humble tenement with all the decorums of the love of order, the pride in neatness; and imagine confiscation sweeping off all the little gracings of slender circumstances, and the national creditor might be compassionated; but these things cannot be imagined of the genus, creditor. The creditor always figures in the fancy as a sour single man with grizzled hair, a scowling countenance, and a peremptory air, who lives in a dark apartment with musty deeds about him, and an iron safe as impenetrable as his heart, grubbing together what he does not enjoy, and that there is no one about him to enjoy. The debtor, on the other hand, is always pictured with a wife and six fair-haired daughters, bound together in affection and misery, full of sensibility, and suffering without a fault.

The creditor, it is never doubted, thrives without a merit. He has no wife and children to pity. No one ever thinks it desirable that he should have the means of living. He is a brute for insisting that he must receive in order to pay. It is not in the imagination of man to conceive that the creditor has demands upon him which must be satisfied; and that what he must do to others, others must do to him. A creditor is a personification of exaction. He is supposed to be always taking in, and never giving out.

It is this state of sentiment which accounts for the public disposition to the plunder of creditors. Any scheme for pillaging creditors finds favour in our generation. Creditors will be happy if they escape the fate of the Jews of old.

People idly fancy that the possession of riches is desirable. What blindness! Spend and regale. Save a shilling, and you lay it by for a thief. The prudent men are the men that live beyond their means. Happen what may, they are safe. They have taken time by the forelock; they have anticipated fortune. "The wealthy fool with gold in store," has only denied himself so much enjoyment which another will seize at his expense. Look at these people in a panic. See who are the fools then. You know them by their long faces. You may say, as one of them goes by in an agony of apprehension, there is a stupid fellow who has fancied himself rich, because he had fifty thousand pounds in ———. The history of the last ten years has taught the moral, Spend and regale. Whatever is laid up beyond the present hour is put in jeopardy; there is no certainty but in instant enjoyment; there is no security but in living as fast as the world. The age of movement has a prodigious tendency to outrun the constable. Look at school-boys sharing a plum-cake: the knowing ones eat as for a race, but a stupid fellow saves his portion, —just nibbles a bit, and "keeps the rest for another time." Most provident blockhead! The others when they have gobbled up their shares, set upon him, plunder him, and thrash him for crying out. This is the world illustrated. Men, according to custom, abstain, and save for spoilers. Before the names of "depreciation" and "equitable adjustment" were heard, there might be some reason in the practice, but now it denotes the darkest blindness. The prudent men of the present time, are the men in debt. The tendency being to sacrifice creditors to debtors, and the debting interest (as it may now be called) acquiring daily new strength, every one is in haste to get into the favoured class. In any case, the debting man is safe. He has put his enjoyments behind him—they are safe—no turns of fortune can disturb them. The substance he has eaten up is irrecoverable. The future cannot trouble his past. He has nothing to apprehend. He has anticipated more than fortune would ever have granted him. He has tricked fortune; and his creditors—bah! who feels for creditors? What are creditors?—landlords, lodgers with old women and cats—a pitiless and unpitiable tribe,—all griping extortioners, who would hold the "poor debtor" to unequitable agreements. What would become of the debting world, if it did not steal a march upon this rapacious class? Observe how the tender sympathies of people incline them to any scheme for sacrificing it.

From the Same.

UTILITY OF ECONOMICAL MISSIONS.

It is rare indeed that we can speak of either the wisdom or the success of anything undertaken by the whig ministers; and therefore it is with peculiar satisfaction that we notice one proceeding of theirs, which has been distinguished by both wisdom and success. Our neighbours, the French, with all their general intelligence, have always been sadly ignorant of political economy, and as conceited as they were ignorant. No country ever so abounded with prohibitions, restrictions, and high custom-house duties on foreign articles, for the protection of native industry. Indeed, French industry was so well protected,

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that it was almost destroyed. It was like a child, so abundantly swathed with warm flannel, as to be in danger of suffocation. Every branch of trade had its protection; that is, its power of making the other trades pay more than the natural price of the article. To see that this was in reality a system of mutual pillage, rather than mutual protection, a mere feeding out of each other's dish, instead of their own, necessarily accompanied with grievous waste, was an effort beyond French clear-sightedness in matters economic. The system produced its natural results; but no man ascribed the disastrous state of trade to the system. Nor were the French alone in their blindness. We Britons can only boast of seeing the error of our own ways and theirs a little sooner than they. After the war of armies terminated, a war of revenue officers succeeded to it; custom-houses took the place of castles, and ships of war gave way to revenue-cutters. Along our coast, a strong force, under the denomination of the preventive service, still keeps as vigilant a watch to protect us from an invasion of French wines and brandy, as ever was maintained to prevent the landing of French flat-bottomed boats. But our government has been the first to see the folly of this course, which is one *item* in the account of their merit. Seeing the evil, they resolved to endeavour to get it cured; which is *item* second, in the same account. (We are anxious to make the most of any good they do.) Seeing the evil, and resolving to attempt its cure, they hit upon the very best means of effecting their purpose: *item* No. III. Seeing the evil, resolving to attempt its cure, and choosing the best means of effecting their purpose, ministers selected the man, of all others, most adapted to secure the success of their scheme: *item* fourth. And here the merit (which has not been small) of his majesty's ministers in this matter ends, and Dr. Bowring's begins.

For above a year, Dr. Bowring and an associate (Mr. Villiers) have been engaged in the task of convincing the French nation of the impolicy of the restrictions on their trade with this country. The result has been most satisfactory. We copy from the *Examiner*, a paper distinguished for its accurate knowledge of French affairs.

"Dr. Bowring has lately visited the principal markets and ports of France, for the purpose of ascertaining the wants and opinions of the great commercial, manufacturing, and agricultural interests of France; and, to judge from the universal expression of the departmental newspapers, the removal of commercial restrictions and prohibitions in France would be welcomed by the community at large. At Bordeaux, La Rochelle, Nantes, throughout Britanny and Normandy, the newspapers of all parties concur in the declaration, that the experiments of the prohibitionists have failed, and that the popular interests demand liberty of commerce as the groundwork of future legislation. There is no country in the world where truth penetrates so easily, and travels so rapidly, as in France. A sound philosophy, once introduced, finds a thousand allies in the imaginativeness and enthusiasm of the French people. The sentiments of the country press have been responded to with great ability by the newspapers of the capital. We have seen articles in the *Constitutional*, *Courrier*, *National*, *Journal du Commerce*, *Moniteur de Commerce*, *Bon Sens*, and other Parisian newspapers, full of benevolence and of wisdom. They concur in the declaration that the times of jealousy, and strife, and hatred, are passing away; that the interests of free nations are everywhere the same; that the best and the strongest alliance is the alliance which is reared on mutual benefits. They anticipate, with eloquent delight, a union with England, founded on a common prosperity. Such anticipations we meet with cordial gratulations." In these gratulations we fervently join.

When such is the good effect of one mission of this sort, there should be more of such missions. Why not keep Dr. Bowering employed constantly in this way? We will venture to say that few men have been the means of doing as much good in their whole life as he has accomplished in the course of little more than a year. There is employment in the dissemination of economical truth, for many Dr. Bowrings, if we had them. Not a few might advantageously be employed at home. Although the light of economical science has broken in upon this country, how many dark places yet remain! Even among the conductors of the public press, how many do we yet find raving against free trade as the cause of all the distress of the country! Part of the fudge written against free trade is no doubt so much lying doctrine, paid for in some shape or other by the monopolists whose interests are defended; but more of it proceeds from sheer ignorance, united to presumption. A few conversations with such a man as Dr. Bowring, from whom it is no humiliation to take a lesson, and whose kindly disposition, frank courteousness of manner, and ardent enthusiasm for the good of mankind, make even kings listen to radical doctrines without offence—would soon convince the honest portion of our editors of their ignorance, destroy their conceit, and open their minds to the truth. Some part of Dr. Bowring's enthusiasm and benevolence could not fail to be communicated along with his knowledge. Then, while laying siege to the prejudices of editors in private, Dr. Bowring might give a short course of lectures on the principles of economic science, to the public of our great commercial towns.

Nothing would tend more to enlighten the public mind than lectures on politics and political economy, by men of eloquence and mastery over these subjects. During the approaching parliamentary recess, we wish that several of our popular members of parliament would make their rounds among the principal towns, and promulgate those truths among the people that have fallen upon ears open only to prejudice or self-interest in St. Stephen's. Mr. Cobbett, Mr. Buckingham, and other members, who have been far

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too seldom heard in the house, might thus employ some months, to their own advantage, as well as to that of the public. And we have no wish that this mode of communicating public instruction should be confined to teachers of radical doctrines. If our tory orators think they can find fit audiences among the people of England, Scotland, or Ireland, discourses upon the divine right of kings, passive obedience to the powers that be, the advantages of monopolies, of a national church, of tithes, of taxes on industry, of negro slavery, &c. by all means let them not hide their candle under a bushel, but promulgate these doctrines with all their might, for the good of mankind and their own glory. Nor be our good friends, the whigs, silent, as those who cannot render a reason for the faith that is in them. Their lectures would at least be excellent exercises of the understanding; inasmuch as the general principles of the radicals would require to be reconciled by them with the practice of the tories, if their own theories and practice are to have any consistency. As in the recent case of Messrs. Borthwick and Thompson, the champions of negro slavery and liberty, who lectured in the same towns, and occasionally did battle for their respective causes in presence of large assemblies of interested auditors, —a tory, a whig, and a radical, might travel together in the same sort of harmonious fellowship, as the "wonderful animals" in one of Wombwell's menagerie wagons; and make a tour of the principal towns. Many of those who came for amusement would go away convinced or confirmed by one or other of the orators. The lecture would be repeated to the wife and children at home, and to all visiters for the next three or four weeks; so that as sure as the truth is elicited by conflicting doctrines, the truth of toryism, whigism, or radicalism, in whichever of these *isms* truth may be found, would take root, spread its branches, and scatter its seed over all the land. Other benefits would arise from this peripatetic mode of teaching. The teachers themselves would learn something which it much imports them and their parties to know. During the application of the torture, a surgeon stood by, with his hand upon the patient's pulse, to see that the rack should not strain the miserable wretch beyond the farthest point to which human suffering can go without producing death: in like manner it would be well if our rulers would cause a careful watch to be kept over the effects of their instruments of taxation, that the inflictions may not exceed the strength of the racked sufferers. Even when the relief of the distressed people is the object of legislation, and not a farther application of the taxing engines, it is wise to keep an eye on the effects of state medicines administered with kindly interest. In administering medicine, no less than in inflicting the rack, it is necessary to watch the indications afforded by the looks and pulse of the patient. The part of state physician might be enacted by the peripatetic lecturers; who might report, when the people had as much taxation or protection as they could bear. Of state-medicines, as of state torture, there has been always more than enough. It is difficult to say, whether protections and monopolies, or taxes, have been more injurious to the people.

From Tait's Edinburgh Magazine.

THE EUROPEAN MOVEMENT.

The Cabinet Annual Register for 1832. London: Washbourne.

We have just been revising our thoughts on the bygone year, by help of the instructive and elegant little work, the title of which is prefixed. It was a year, not so much of active as uneasy preparation; the two great Western nations have manifestly been pushing on; and they and the combined despots have stood right in front, hostile, avowedly hostile, but still limiting their operations to system of counter-manœuvring.

The tactics of the opposing parties were very clearly and very amusingly brought by the question of Belgian arrangements; and although we were amongst those who could have desired the adoption, by the western powers, of policy more open and manly, and less savouring, in not a few respects, of the vile and small trickery of the ancient and venerable science of *Diplomacy*,—a science now professed to perfection but by mistresses, lackeys, and court-barbers,—we yet rejoice to acknowledge in the result, an advancement of the authority of liberty, and corresponding retirement of those families of owls and reptiles who scream, and tremble, and hurry to the deep forests when the horizon reddens and promises the morn. To understand the apparently disproportionate attention lavished on the concerns of this trifling country, it is necessary to refer to the European situation of France, and the importance of Belgium in respect of the security of her territories. Confined as *we* are within our seas, and being besides sufficiently unable, and personally disagreeable to the subjects of foreign states—who, almost to a man, hate us with the thorough hatred bestowed of old by starving mobs upon *forestallers*—the despotic powers apprehend little from our example; and in truth, up to a recent period, they *had* little to apprehend from the practical workings of our constitution. France, however, occupies a very different place; and she does not care to conceal that her attitude is to be menancing. Adjoining to the finest possessions of absolutism by territory, and extending far beyond her own bounds that powerful influence derived from the prevalence of her language, the popularity of her literature, and the frankness of her manners, she cannot do otherwise than exercise a potent moral sway over neighbouring states; and her actual power, her immense statistical resources, give her an unquestionable right to speak with authority in regard of every subject connected with

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the general policy of the Continent. In times of old,—when our lively neighbours gloried in their *Grand Monarque*, and before the trumpet of liberty had awakened the dull echoes of the Seine,—France was merely one of the kingdoms of Europe; her wars and alliances were dictated by the ordinary principles, and she contended for no purpose unrecognised by consecrated legitimacy. It was not, accordingly, until the Bastile fell, and from its dust arose that hollow and ominous note of preparation, that her opposition to despotic interests obtained reality, or that reasons existed for placing her in hostility to the powers of the East. But to these powers she now is, and must remain, a bitter and much dreaded foe. Do we remember the tale of the first sixteen years of this century, and yet ask with what hatred they hate France, and at what sacrifices they would root her from among nations? Indeed, they had a success too fatal for mankind; for, by the ever-accursed aid of our own oligarchy, they so broke her strength and bowed down her people, that she submitted to be governed for full three lustrums by the feeblest of all imbeciles,—by a few knaves and bigots, literally unfit for managing the proceedings of a huckster's shop! The invasion of Spain is no brand on France; it merely demonstrates the terrification of the old woman, who then shivered on her throne at the lifting of the little finger of the Cossack of St. Petersburg; and, in truth, so weak and cowardly and cowering was she, that she durst not adventure the chastisement of an insolent petty pirate in Algiers, without pledges and promises, and much solicitation of permission and pardon, at the footstoll of our own all-commanding Duke! Times changed again. Our neighbours shook off their incubus, then, for the "Constructions" of the Congress of Vienna! The "Construction" of the Kingdom of the Netherlands was the most favourite part of that elaborate iniquity. It was a great out-work of despotism—a huge menacing *tête de pont*, pushing into the dreaded and hated country, on its only indefensible frontier, and guarded on the south by a line of fortresses, which, on the very first occurrence of quarrel, would have been surrendered *en masse* into the hands of the Holy Allies. Is it, then, a wonderful thing that the Belgian affairs was a protracted one? It is astonishing, that, by trick, by obstinacy, by every artifice discoverable by bad faith, the three powers should have endeavoured to retard its only possible completion; or that in failure of other means, the poor puppet Dutch King should have betaken himself, in his forlornness, to impious prayers to God? God heard him not; for God is now awakening the nations, and stirring up man with that inspiration which tells him, that he who bears the Divine Image must be FREE! The events of this singular contest are at length part of solid history. The kingdom of the Netherlands is destroyed; Belgium is a neutral state, and virtually dependent upon France; liberty claims the Meuse, and has stretched her territory from Mons and Tournay to Maestricht; and those fortresses on which despotism reckoned so securely, and which we, by the aid of the dear Duke, paid so much to rear, are raised: finally, a new free country is constituted, with powers and prospects of advancement, such as the inhabitants of its territories never previously possessed. While repeating our conviction, that the cabinets of St. James's and the Tuileries would have nothing lowered their dignity or abated their power, by acting more directly, more sincerely, and more manfully, we heartly subscribe to the opinion of a French statesman, that the realization of such results without war, is one of the greatest novelties in diplomacy; but M. Thiers will excuse us, if for that part of his theory of causation in which a vast deal is ascribed to the "noble moderation" of the three powers, we make bold to substitute the trifling circumstance of Earl Grey's supremacy at St. James's, and the consequent success of our Reform Bill.

The powers did not deem it prudent to make war for Belgium:—that is a good indication, and speaks fair for the future. If Britain's moral influence be uniformly exerted on behalf of the right cause, liberty on the Continent must progress with extraordinary rapidity. Upheld by our moral influence, France will be quite able to do for other countries what she has just effected for Belgium. Piedmont is to her south-eastern frontier what Belgium is to her northern; and there are betokenings of a speedy and similar result. Germany is a sort of middle ground; and we think we descry in it the only existing cause of that *final* war which we dread will devastate Europe. Hitherto the old powers have enveloped these fine countries within the black suffocating mantle of despotism; but Germany is growing impatient of the dismal shroud. There is no use in anticipating too fast. Nations as well as persons creep and stoop ere they walk with the demeanour of manhood; but we may gladly recognise and encourage progress. To the ambition of a direct Transrhenane influence, France will never be insensible; and we may remember that the construction of the Confederation was one of Napoleon's most popular as well as most favourite achievements. However moderate the principles and system of the present French cabinets, Germany will unquestionably receive good aid, when she effectively asks it; and if appearances are to be trusted, she will ask it soon. The infamous protocol of Frankford is already producing its only possible fruit; and there seems little doubt that it must be followed up by the attempted abolition of representative assemblies. In Wirtemberg, for instance, a Charles-the-Tenth game is on the eve of being played. The late assembly proved refractory and was dissolved; and the electors are being bribed to return a subservient one. Bribery sometimes does prevail for the moment; but Tories forget one slight fact —*the bribee infallibly hates, despises, and will ultimately overturn the briber.* It is necessary to observe, that in Wirtemberg, about one in

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every seven *citizens*, or one in every thirty-five *inhabitants*, is an elector; so that the opposition is not aristocratical but popular,—it is an undeniable and unequivocal manifestation of the spirit prevalent in that country. In Hesse Cassel we hear of similar doings, as also in several other states; and it has thus become one of our firmest convictions, that although there may yet be, for a few seasons, the field-days of Hambach, such as our own Bonnymuir and Peterloo, and a short period of hollow rejoicing for the truculent slaves of truculent Bashaws, the day of Germany's subjection is fast closing in, and that, amongst the countrymen of Luther and of the hero Arminius, there will speedily be none who cannot look daringly to heaven, and give free vent to his free thoughts!

We know not, if the utterly and uncompromisingly hostile positions of France and the Eastern powers, in regard to their progressing movements, will soon lead to actual collision; but it is clear there is, and must be, a constant and inveterate struggle of *influences*; and it cannot be out of place to speculate somewhat on the probabilities of the issue of that struggle. Abstractly speaking, there is no hope for the despots. They are worn out, wrinkled, and tottering. The blood circulates coldly and sluggishly around their hearts; and they have to meet all the youth of Europe—the stems of our future world. The antiquated fools in this country who occupy certain benches in the House of Lords, look with delight apparently on the chance of an actual struggle, and fain would they hasten it on! Be patient, my Lords! The time is sure though slow, and it may be there as a *period* also for you! Austria, Prussia, Russia, are imposing names; but in such a contest we will back France, single-handed, against them all. It is ridiculous to adduce the factions in France in evidence of external weakness. The Carlists, indeed, would distract and destroy; but no man who knows France, is ignorant of the utter insignificance of that noisy, empty-pated party; and the Republicans, in so far at least as history exhibits them, are not in any way loath to descry a means of disseminating their principles, upholding their country's authority, and extending its power. The despotisms, on the other hand, are unhinged, and altogether insecure. Russia excepted, they are all in danger of crumbling to pieces, even without foreign aid. We have just spoken of the insecurity of Germany; and the German provinces compose the strength alike of Austria and Prussia. Hungary is more than half-disaffected: and she looks with a sorrowful and wistful eye towards her north. The extraordinary number of Austrian Legions in Lombardy is tolerably emphatic with regard to this portion of Metternich's trusteeship; and in Gallicia and the east districts of Prussia, we preserve entire the name and nation of unhappy and immortal Poland. Russia is apparently the strongest of these despotisms; but she, too, contains a remarkable element of weakness, and one not often thought of, although far more dangerous than her factious and greedy aristocracy,—we mean her *discontented serfs*. Let the word REVOLUTION but be spoken and explained to these masses, and farewell to the throne of the CZARS!

Convulsion is proceeding: let us fancy a renewed Europe. The Rhine should limit France; and, than the people bounded by its broad stream, a finer never has existed. Between the Rhine and the Oder are the natural territories of the great German race, which might at length be an united and potent NATION. Were the Germans ONE, and their fine thoughts and heroic wishes moulded and concentrated by a powerful and profound national spirit, what might not be accomplished for man! Again, there is Poland,—over whose recent history we can only shed an unavailing tear,—Poland, not extinct, but mysteriously preserved, and one day assuredly to spring from her grave in glory and immortal power:—Poland confederate with cognate Hungary. These two closely allied but independent states might be the foreguard of civilization—the true rampart of Europe against Gog and Magog. Italy, on the other hand, is a fine theatre for a union of separate republics; and Greece or Egypt might become once more the thriving region of the Levant. We had yet many points to discuss, but the mists of the future thicken around us. Mehemet Ali is engaged in lifting one corner of the prophetic veil:—Let us wait and TRUST:—the world is in GOD HANDS.

From the Monthly Magazine.

VIOLATION OF MILTON'S TOMB.

Extracted from General Murray's Diary—Unpublished.

24th Aug. 1790.—I dined yesterday at Sir Gilbert's. As soon as the cloth was removed, Mr. Thornton gave the company an account of the violation of Milton's tomb, a circumstance which created in our minds a feeling of horror and disgust. He had been one of the visiters to the hallowed spot, and obtained his information from a person who had been a witness to the whole sacriligious transaction. He related the event nearly in the following manner:—The church of St. Giles, Cripplegate, being in a somewhat dilapidated state, the parish resolved to commence reparing it, and this was deemed a favourable opportunity to raise a subscription for the purpose of erecting a monument to the memory of our immortal bard Milton, who, it was known, had been buried in this church. The parish register book bore the following entry: "12 November, 1674. John Milton, gentleman, consumpcon, chancell." Mr. Ascough, whose grandfather died in 1759, aged 84, had often been heard to say,

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that Milton was buried under the desk in the chancel. Messrs. Strong, Cole, and other parishioners, determined to search for the remains, and orders were given to the workmen on the 1st of this month to dig for the coffin. On the 3rd, in the afternoon, it was discovered; the soil in which it had been deposited was of a calcareous nature, and it rested upon another coffin, which there can be no doubt was that of Milton's father, report having stated that the poet was buried at his request near the remains of his parent; and the same register-book contained the entry, "John Milton, gentleman, 15 March, 1646." No other coffin being found in the chancel, which was entirely dug over, there can be no uncertainty as to their indentity. Messrs. Strong and Cole having carefully cleansed the coffin with a brush and wet sponge, they ascertained that the exterior wooden case, in which the leaden one had been enclosed, was entirely mouldered away, and the leaden coffin contained no inscription or date. At the period when Milton died it was customary to paint the name, age, &c. of the deceased on the wooden covering, no plates or inscriptions being then in use; but all had long since crumbled into dust. The leaden coffin was much corroded; its length was five feet ten inches, and its width in the broadest part one foot four inches. The above gentlemen, satisfied as to the indentity of the precious remains, and having drawn up a statement to that effect, gave orders on Tuesday, the 3rd, to the workmen to fill up the grave; but they neglected to do so, intending to perform that labour on the Saturday following. On the next day, the 4th, a party of parishoners, Messrs. Cole, Laming, Taylor, and Holmes, having met to dine at the residence of of Mr. Fountain, the overseer, the discovery of Milton's remains became the subject of conversation, and it was agreed upon that they should disinter the body, and examine it more minutely. At eight o'clock at night, heated with drink, and accompanied by a man named Hawkesworth who carried a flambeau, they sallied forth, and proceeded to the church—

"When night
Darkens the streets, then wander forth the sons
Of Belial, flushed with insolence and wine."
MILTON.

The sacriligious work now commences. The coffin is dragged from its gloomy resting place: Holmes made use of a mallet and chisel, and cut open the coffin slant-ways from the head to the breast. The lead being doubled up, the corpse became visible: it was enveloped in a thick white shroud; the ribs were standing up regularly, but the instant the shroud was removed they fell. The features of the countenance could not be traced; but the hair was in an astonishingly perfect state: its colour a light brown; its length six inches and a half, and although somewhat clotted, it appeared, after having been well washed, as strong as the hair of a living being. The short locks growing towards the forehead, and the long ones flowing from the same place down the sides of the face, it became obvious that these were most certainly the remains of Milton. The quarto print of the poet, by Faithorne, taken from life in 1670, four years before he died, represents him as wearing his hair exactly in the above manner. Fountain said he was determined to have two of the teeth, but as they resisted the pressure of his fingers, he struck the jaw with a paving stone, and several teeth then fell out. There were only five in the upper jaw, and these were taken by Fountain; the four that were in the lower jaw were seized upon by Taylor, Hawkesworth, and the sexton's man. The hair, which had been carefully combed and tied together before interment, was forcibly pulled off the skull by Taylor and another; but Ellis, the player, who had now joined the party, told the former, that being a good hair-worker, if he would let him have it he would pay a guinea bowl of punch, adding, that such a relic would be of great service by bringing his name into notice. Ellis, therefore, became possessed of all the hair; he likewise took a part of the shroud and a bit of the skin of the skull; indeed he was only prevented carrying off the head by the sextons, Hoppy and Grant, who said they intended to exhibit the remains, which was afterwards done, each person paying sixpence to view the body. These fellows, I am told, gained nearly one hundred pounds by the exhibition. Laming put one of the leg-bones in his pocket. My informant assured me, continued Mr. Thornton, that while the work of profanation was proceeding, the gibes and jokes of these vulgar fellows made his heart sick, and he retreated from the scene, feeling as if he had witnessed the repast of a vampire. Viscount C., who sat near me, said to Sir G. "This reminds me of the words of one of the fathers of the church, 'And little boys have played with the bones of great kings!'"

From the Same.

THE UNITED STATES.

FROM GOETHE.

America thou hast it better
Than our ancient hemisphere;
Thou hast no falling castles,
Nor basalt, as here.
Good luck wait on thy glorious spring,
And, when in time, thy poets sing,
May some good genius guard them all
Fron Baron, Robber, Knight, and Ghost traditional!

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From the London Literary Gazette.

HORACE WALPOLE'S LETTERS TO SIR HORACE MANN.

3 *Vols.* 8vo. *London*, 1833. *Bentley.*

FEW writers have afforded the world more entertainment than Horace Walpole; so much indeed, that we might well imagine the mine, however rich, to have been exhausted. How delightfully we are disappointed! The present work, for an abundance of wit, of anecdote, of historical and political information, and of every thing which can render a publication of its kind equally valuable and lively, is, we had almost said, superior to any even of Walpole's preceding volumes. The period comprised is from the year 1741 to the death of George II.;—a period of deep interest, over all the events of which this correspondence throws a light illuminating the most important affairs, intrigues, and changes; and shedding the brilliancy of humour and satire upon the lesser matters connected with personal adventure, the court, the manners of the times, and the thousand trifles which, when touched by so masterly a hand, reflect the very form and pressure of the age.

Altogether, we have not seen a more delicious book; nor can we commend a greater enjoyment to our readers, than the quiet study, in one of these warm days, or the more social evening retreat, and the pages of Walpole's letters to Sir Horace Mann* for their recreation. As for extracts, we do not know where to begin; and unless we quoted the whole production, we are sure we should not know where to end.

In honour of the author's talent, we will commence with some examples of his shrewd observations of life and pregnant style. How neat are the following turns of expression!—

"The parliament does not meet till the first of December, which relieves me into a little happiness. * * * *

"The other night, at the opera, Mr. Worseley, with his peevish face, half-smiling through illnature, told me (only mind!) by way of news, that he heard Mr. Mann was dead at Florence! How kind! To entertain one with the chit-chat of the town, a man comes and tells one, that one's dearest friend is dead! I am sure he would have lost his speech, if he had had any thing pleasurable to tell. If ever there is a metempsychosis, his soul will pass into a vulture, and prey upon carcasses after a battle, and then go and bode at the windows of their relations. * * *

"They list under Sandys, a parcel of them with no more brains than their general; but being malicious, they pass for ingenious, as in these countries fogs are reckoned warm weather. Did you ever hear what Earle said of Sandys? 'He never laughed but once, and that was when his best friend broke his thigh.'"

Of a person much disliked, who had met with a misfortune, Walpole writes:—

"He is more to be pitied, because nobody will pity him."

Again:—

"Fools prey upon one, when one has no companion to laugh them off."

Of George II. and the prince:—

"He and the prince are not at all more reconciled for being reconciled. * *

"I forgot to tell you that the prince was not at the Opera; I believe it has been settled that he should go thither on Tuesdays, and majesty on Saturdays, that they may not meet. * *

"I don't think there is so easy a language as the ministerial in the world—one learns it in a week! * * * *

"I never found that people loved one another the less for living asunder."

Of a brave officer, addicted to lying:—

"When he is brave enough to perform such actions as are really almost incredible, what pity it is that he should for ever persist in saying things that are totally so! * * *

"Is it not amazing, that in England people will not find out that they can live separate without parting? * * * *

London "is just as empty—nothing but half-a-dozen private gentlewomen left, who live upon the scandal that they laid up in the winter. * *

Norfolk "is a melancholy, barren province, which would put one in mind of the deluge, only that we have no water."

The new court, after the resignation of Sir R. Walpole, of which, by-the-by, the account is most curious:—

"'Tis quite ridiculous to see the numbers of old ladies, who, from having been wives of patriots, have not been dressed these twenty years; out they come, in all the accoutrements that were in use in Queen Anne's days. Then the joy and awkward jollity of them is inexpressible! They titter, and wherever you meet them, are always going to court, and looking at their watches an hour before the time. I met several on the birthday, (for I did not arrive time enough to make clothes,) and they were dressed in all the colours of the rainbow: they seem to have said to themselves twenty years ago, 'Well, if ever I do go to court again, I will have a pink and silver, or a blue and silver, and they keep their resolutions."

Anticipating the details of the battle of Dettingen:—

"We at home may be excused for trembling at the arrival of every post: I am sure I shall. If I were a woman, I should support my fears with more dignity, for if one did lose a husband or a lover, there are those becoming comforts, weeds and cypresses, jointures and weeping Cupids; but I have only a friend or two to lose, and there are no ornamental substitutes settled, to be one's proxy for that sort of grief. One has not the satisfaction of fixing a day for receiving visits of consolation from a thousand people whom one don't love, because one has lost the only person one did love. This is a new situation, and I don't like it."

Speaking of Theodore, king of Corsica:—

"An adventurer should come hither; this is the soil for mobs and patriots; it is the country of the world to make one's fortune; with parts never so scanty, one's dulness is not discovered, nor one's dishonesty, till one obtains the post one wanted; and then, if they do come to light, why, one slinks into one's green velvet bag,* and lies so snug.'" * * * * * *

"Charles the Second sold Great Britain and Ireland to Louis XIV. for 300,000*l.* a-year, and that was reckoned extravagantly dear. Lord Bolingbroke took a single hundred thousand for them, when they were in much better repair."

Clumps in ornamental landscape:—

"Sticking a dozen trees here and there, till a lawn looks like the ten of spades. Clumps have their beauty; but in a great extent of country, how trifling to scatter arbours, where you should spread forests! * * * *

"The Duke of Argyle is dead—a death of how little moment—and of how much it would have been a year or two ago! It is provoking if one must die, that one can't even die *apropos!* * *

"I own I cannot much felicitate any body that

* Sir Horace was the English Resident at Florence, with whom Walpole had formed a most intimate friendship, staying with him above a year, just before this correspondence commences.

* "The secretaries of state and lord treasurer carry their papers in a green velvet bag."

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marries for love. It is bad enough to marry; but to marry where one loves, ten times worse. It is so charming at first, that the decay of inclination renders it infinitely more disagreeable afterwards."

The foregoing we have picked out partly for felicities of expression: the following we copy for their wit, drollery, or anecdotical amusement:—

"Sir John Germain was so ignorant, that he is said to have left a legacy to Sir Matthew Decker, as the author of St. Matthew's Gospel.

"Old Marlborough is dying—but who can tell! last year she had lain a great while ill, without speaking; her physicians said, 'She must be blistered, or she will die.' She called out, 'I won't be blistered, and I won't die.'

"In this age we have some who pretend to impartiality; you will scarce guess how Lord Brook shews his: he gives one vote on one side, one on the other, and the third time does not vote at all, and so on regularly. * * *

"Lady Sundon is dead, and Lady M—— disappointed: she, who is full as politic as my Lord Hervey, had made herself an absolute servant to Lady Sundon, but I don't hear that she has left her even her old clothes. Lord Sundon is in great grief: I am surprised, for she has had fits of madness ever since her ambition met such a check by the death of the queen. She had great power with her, though the queen pretended to despise her; but had unluckily told her, or fallen into her power by some secret. I was saying to Lady Pomfret, 'To be sure she is dead very rich!' she replied, with some warmth, 'She never took money.' When I came home, I mentioned this to Sir R. 'No,' said he, 'but she took jewels; Lord Pomfret's place of master of the horse to the queen was bought of her for a pair of diamond ear-rings, of fourteen hundred pounds value.' One day that she wore them at a visit at old Marlbro's, as soon as she was gone, the duchess said to Lady Mary Wortley, 'How can that woman have the impudence to go about in that bribe?' 'Madam,' said Lady Mary, 'how would you have people know where wine is to be sold, unless there is a sign hung out?' Sir R. told me, that in the enthusiasm of her vanity, Lady Sundon had proposed to him to unite with her, and govern the kingdom together: he bowed, begged her patronage, but said he thought nobody fit to govern the kingdom but the king and queen. * * * *

"Churchill [General C—, a natural son of the Marlborough family] asked Pultney the other day, 'Well, Mr. Pultney, will you break me too?' 'No, Charles,' replied he, 'you break fast enough of yourself!' Don't you think it hurt him more than the other breaking would? * *

"I was last week at the masquerade, dressed like an old woman, and passed for a good mask. I took the English liberty of teasing whomever I pleased, particularly old Churchill: I told him I was quite ashamed of being there, till I met him; but was quite comforted with finding one person in the room older than myself. The duke, who had been told who I was, came up and said, '*Je connois cette poitrine.*' I took him for some Templar, and replied, '*Vous! vous ne connoissez que des poitrines qui sont bien plus usees;*' it was unluckily pat. The next night, at the drawing room, he asked me, very good-humouredly, if I knew who was the old woman that had teased every body at the masquerade? We were laughing so much at this, that the king crossed the room to Lady Hervey, who was with us, and said, 'What are those boys laughing at so?" She told him, and that I had said I was so awkward at undressing myself, that I had stood for an hour in my stays and under petticoat before my footman. * * *

"You will laugh at a comical thing that happened the other day to Lord Lincoln. He sent the Duke of Richmond word that he would dine with him in the country; and if he would give him leave, would bring Lord Bury with him. It happens that Lord Bury is nothing less than the Duke of Richmond's nephew. The duke, very properly, sent him word back, that Lord Bury might bring him, if he pleased. I have been plagued all this morning with that oaf of unlicked antiquity, Prideaux, and his great boy. He talked through all Italy, and every thing in all Italy. Upon mentioning Stosch, I asked if he had seen his collection. He replied, very few of his things, for he did not like his company; that he never heard so much *heathenish talk* in his days. I inquired what it was, and found that Stosch had one day said before him, *that the soul was only a little glue.* I laughed so much, that he walked off; I suppose thinking that I believed so too."

Pultney "went in to the king to ask him to turn out Mr. Hill of the customs for having opposed him at Heydon. 'Sir,' said the king, 'was it not when you was opposing me? I won't turn him out: I will part with no more of my friends.' Lord Wilmington was waiting to receive orders accordingly, but the king gave him none."

Of a Mr. Naylor:—"When his father married his second wife, Naylor said, 'Father, they say you are to be married to-day, are you?' 'Well,' replied the Bishop, 'and what is that to you?' 'Nay, nothing; only if you had told me, I would have powdered my hair.'"

George II.:—"At last the mighty monarch does not go to Flanders, after making the greatest preparations that ever were made but by Harry the Eighth, and the authors of the grand Cyrus and the illustrious Bassa: you may judge by the quantity of napkins, which were to the amount of nine hundred dozen—indeed, I don't recollect that ancient heroes were ever so provident of necessaries, or thought how they were to wash their hands and face after a victory. Six hundred horses, under the care of the Duke of Richmond, were even shipped; and the clothes and furniture of his court magnificent enough for a bull-fight at the conquest of Granada. Felton Hervey's war horse, besides having richer caparisons than any of the expedition, had a gold net to keep off the flies—in winter!"

This is worthy of a modern exquisite in the guards or hussars.

"I remember a tutor at Cambridge, who had been examining some lads in Latin; but in a little while excused himself, and said he must speak English, for his mouth was very sore.

"Princess Buckingham* is dead or dying: she

* "Catherine Duchess of Buckingham, natural daughter of King James II. by the Countess of Dorchester. She was so proud of her birth, that she would never go to Versailles, because they would not give her the rank of princess of the blood. At Rome, whither she went two or three times to see her brother, and to carry on negotiations with him for his interest, she had a box at the opera distinguished like those of crowned heads. She not only regulated the ceremony of her own burial, and dressed up the waxen figure of herself for Westminster Abbey, but had shewn the same insensible pride on the death of her only son, dressing his figure, and sending messages to her friends, that if they had a mind to see him lie in state, she would carry them in conveniently by a back-door. She sent to the old Duchess of Marlborough to borrow the triumphal car that had carried the duke's body. Old Sarah, as mad and proud as herself, sent her word, 'that it had carried my Lord Marlborough, and should never be profaned by any other corpse.' The Buckingham returned, 'that she had spoken to the undertaker, and he had engaged to make a finer for twenty pounds.'"

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has sent for Mr. Anstis, and settled the ceremonial of her burial. On Saturday she was so ill, that she feared dying before all the pomp was come home: she said, 'Why won't they send the canopy for me to see? Let them send it, though all the tassels are not finished.' But yesterday was the greatest stroke of all! She made her ladies vow to her, that if she should lie senseless, they would not sit down in the room before she was dead. She has a great mind to be buried by her father at Paris. Mrs. Selwyn says, 'She need not be carried out of England, and yet be buried by her father.' You know that Lady Dorchester always told her that old Graham was her father."

After going out of the Commons and fighting a duel with Mr. Chetwynd, whom he wounded,—"My uncle (says Walpole) returned to the house, and was so little moved as to speak immediately upon the *cambrick bill*, which made Swinny say, 'That it was a sign he was not *ruffled*.' * *

"There has happened a comical circumstance at Leicester House; one of the prince's coachmen, who used to drive the maids of honour, was so sick of them, that he has left his son three hundred pounds upon condition that he never marries a maid of honour! * * *

"Lord Chesterfield says, 'that if we have a mind effectually to prevent the pretender from ever obtaining this crown, we should make him Elector of Hanover, for the people of England will never fetch another king from thence."

Dettingen.—"The maiden heroes of the guards are in great wrath with General Ilton, who kept them out of harm's way. They call him the confectioner, because he says he *preserved* them."

The Catholic Faith.—"I must tell you a *bon-mot* of Winnington: I was at dinner with him and Lord Lincoln, and Lord Stafford, last week, and it happened to be a maigre-day, of which Stafford was talking, though, you may believe, without any scruples: 'Why,' said Winnington, 'what a religion is yours! they let you eat nothing, and yet make you swallow every thing! * * * We are not good at hitting off anti-miracles, the only way of defending one's own religion. I have read an admirable story of the Duke of Buckingham, who, when James II. sent a priest to him to persuade him to turn papist, and was plied by him with miracles, told the doctor, that if miracles were proofs of a religion, the Protestant cause was as well supplied as theirs. We have lately had a very extraordinary one near my estate in the country. A very holy man, as you might be, doctor, was travelling on foot and was benighted. He came to the cottage of a poor dowager, who had nothing in the house for herself and daughter but a couple of eggs and a slice of bacon. However, as she was a pious widow, she made the good man welcome. In the morning, at taking leave the saint made her over to God for payment, and prayed that whatever she should do as soon as he was gone, she might continue to do all day. This was a very unlimited request, and unless the saint was a prophet too, might not have been very pleasant retribution. The good woman, who minded her affairs, and was not to be put out of her way, went about her business. She had a piece of coarse cloth to make a couple of shifts for herself and child. She no sooner began to measure it but the yard fell a-measuring, and there was no stopping it. It was sunset before the good woman had time to take breath. She was almost stifled, for she was up to her ears in ten thousand yards of cloth. She could have afforded to have sold Lady Mary Wortley a clean shift, of the usual coarseness she wears, for a groat halfpenny."

Madame Sevigne "condescended to pun on sending her daughter an excessively fine pearl necklace: '*Voila, ma fille, un present passant tous les presents passes et presents!*" * *

"I have heard old Churchill tell Bussy English puns out of jest-books: particularly a reply about eating hare, which he translated, *j'ay mon ventre plein de poil.*"

"I was lately diverted with an article in the Abecedario Pittorico. In the article of William Dobson, it says, "*Nacque nel quartiere d' Holbrons in Inghilterra.*' Did the author take Holborn for a city, or Inghilterra for the capital of the island of London?"

"Sir Charles Wager always said, 'that if a seafight lasted three days, he was sure the English suffered the most for the two first, for no other nation would stand beating for two days together.'"

A worthy lord mayor furnishes some droll stories, *ex. gr.:*

"Yesterday we had another hearing of the petition of the merchants, when Sir Robert Godschall shone brighter than even his usual: there was a copy of a letter produced, the original being lost; he asked whether the copy had been taken before the original was lost, or after! * *

"This gold-chain came into parliament, cried up for his parts, but proves so dull, one would think he chewed opium. Earle says, 'I have heard an oyster speak as well twenty times.'"

"Hearing of a gentleman who had had the small-pox twice, and died of it, he asked, if he died the first time or the second? If this is made for him, it is at least quite in his style."

Lady Pomfret is almost as good; "She asked what language that was! 'That Madeira being subject to an European prince, to be sure they talk some European dialect!' The grave personage! It was of a piece with her saying, 'that Swift would have written better, if he had never written ludicrously.'"

The first volume alone has supplied us with these bits, and all we have quoted this week is of the date 1741-2—enough to set up a separate work of infinite jest and merriment. Our next series are of a more miscellaneous character.

Of the Walpole family:—When prime minister, Sir Robert, as his son tells us, "was called in the morning, and was asleep as soon as his head touched the pillow, for I have frequently known him snore ere they had drawn his curtains—now never sleeps above an hour without waking; and he, who at dinner always forgot he was minister, and was more gay and thoughtless than all his company, now sits without speaking, and with his eyes fixed for an hour together. Judge if this is the Sir Robert you knew."

Anticipating his being driven out:—"Trust me, if we fall, all the grandeur, the envied grandeur of our house, will not cost me a sigh: it has given me no pleasure while we have it, and will give me no pain when I part with it. My liberty, my ease, and choice of my own friends and company, will sufficiently counterbalance the crowds of Downing street. I am so sick of it all, that if we are victorious or not, I propose leaving England in the spring. * * * *

"Sir Robert found an old account-book of his father, wherein he set down all his expenses. In three months and ten days that he was in London one winter as member of parliament, he spent—what do you think! sixty-four pounds seven shillings and five pence. There are many articles for Nottingham ale, eighteen pences for dinners, five shillings to Bob (now Earl of Orford,) and one memorandum of six shillings given in exchange to Mr. Wilkins for his wig; and yet this old man, my grandfather, had two thousand pounds a-year, Norfolk sterling—he little thought that what maintained him for a whole session, would scarce serve

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one of his younger grandsons to buy japan and fans for princesses at Florence!

He (Sir R., after his retirement) "says he will keep the 12th of February (the day he resigned) with his family as long as he lives."

Of the renowned Admiral Vernon, Walpole says, "Wentworth will certainly challenge him, but Vernon does not profess *personal* valour; he was once knocked down by a merchant, who then offered him satisfaction—but he was satisfied."

"Here is an epigram, which I believe will divert you; it is on Lord Islay's garden upon Hounslow Heath—

"Old Islay, to shew his fine delicate taste
In improving his gardens purloined from the waste,
Bade his gard'ner one day to open his views,
By cutting a couple of grand avenues:
No particular prospect his lordship intended,
But left it to chance how his walks should be ended.

With transport and joy he beheld his first view end
In a favourite prospect—a church that was ruin'd—
But, alas! what a sight did the next cut exhibit!
At the end of the walk hung a rogue on a gibbet!
He beheld it and wept, for it caused him to muse on
Full many a Campbell that died with his shoes on.
All amazed and aghast at the ominous scene,
He ordered it quick to be closed up again
With a clump of Scotch firs that served for a *screen*."

From a third ballad, written by Lord Hervey, we take only a few verses:

"O England, attend, while thy fate I deplore,
Rehearsing the schemes and the conduct of power;
And since only of those who have power I sing,
I am sure none can think that I hint at the king.

From the time his son made him old Robin depose,
All the power of a king he was well known to lose;
But of all but the name and the badges bereft,
Like old women his paraphernalia are left.

To tell how he shook in St. James' for fear,
When first these new ministers bullied him there,
Makes my blood boil with rage, to think what a thing
They have made of a man we obey as a king.

Whom they pleased they put in, whom they pleased they put out,
And just like a top they all lashed him about,
Whilst he like a top with a murmuring noise,
Seemed to grumble, but turned to these rude lashing boys.

* * * * * *

'And to guard princes' ears, as all statesmen take care,
So, long as yours are—not one man shall come near!
For of all your court-crew we'll leave only those
Who we know never dare to say boh! to a goose.

* * * * * *

'For granting his heart is as black as his hat,
With no more truth in this than there's sense beneath that;
Yet as he's a coward, he'll shake when I frown:
You called him a rascal, I'll use him like one.

* * * * * *

'All that weathercock Pulteney shall ask we must grant,
For to make him a great noble nothing, I want;
And to cheat such a man, demands all my arts,
For though he's a fool, he's a fool with great parts.

And as popular Clodius, the Pulteney of Rome,
From a noble, for power did plebeian become,
So this Clodius to be a patrician shall choose,
Till what one got by changing, the other shall lose.

Thus flattered, and courted, and gazed at by all,
Like Phaeton, raised for a day, he shall fall,
Put the world in a flame, and shew he did strive
To get reins in his hand, though 'tis plain he can't drive.

For your foreign affairs, howe'er they turn out,
At least I'll take care you shall make a great rout;
Then cock your great hat, strut, bounce, and look bluff,
For though kicked and cuffed here, you shall there kick and cuff."

Of the *Dilettanti*, Garrick, and Handel, the three following paragraphs are characteristic.

"There is a new subscription formed for an opera next year, to be carried on by the *Dilettanti*, a club, for which the nominal qualification is having been in Italy, and the real one, being drunk."

"All the run is now after Garrick, a wine-merchant, who is turned player, at Goodman's fields. He plays all parts, and is a very good mimic. His acting I have seen, and may say to you, who will not tell it again hero, I see nothing wonderful in it.

* * * * *

"The oratorios thrive abundantly—for my part, they give me an idea of heaven, where every body is to sing whether they have voices or not."

The annexed relate to the manners of the times, &c.

"The ball began at eight, each man danced one minuet with his partner, and then began country dances. * * *

"The beauties were the Duke of Richmond's two daughters and their mother, still handsomer than they: the Duke sat by his wife all night, kissing her hand.

"The supper was served at twelve; a large table of hot for the lady dancers; their partners and other tables stood round. We danced (for I country-danced) till four, then had tea and coffee, and came home.—*Finis Balli.*"

Lord Dover's notes are all that could be wished. We give a single example, in addition to what we have already employed in this review.

"George, earl of Euston, who died in the lifetime of his father, seems to have been a man of the most odious character. He has been already mentioned in the course of these letters, upon the occasion of his marriage with the ill-fated Lady Dorothy Boyle, who died from his ill-treatment of her. Upon a picture of Lady Dorothy, at the Duke of Devonshire's, at Chiswick, is the following touching inscription, written by her mother, which commemorates her virtues and her fate:

'Lady Dorothy Boyle,
Born may the 14th, 1724.

She was the comfort and joy of her parents, the delight of all who knew her angelick temper, and the admiration of all who saw her beauty.

She was marry'd October the 10th, 1741, and delivered (by death) from misery,
May the 2nd, 1742.

This picture was drawn seven weeks after her death (from memory) by her most affectionate mother,
Dorothy Burlington.'"

The Scottish rebellion of 1745, it may readily be supposed, supplied curious material for the correspondence carried on by Walpole; and we shall recommence with a few quotations from the second volume, relating to that memorable occasion, and the last describing the execution of Lords Kilmarnock and Balmerino.

"The young pretender, at the head of three thousand men, has got a march on General Cope, who is not eighteen hundred strong; and when the last accounts came away, was fifty miles nearer Edinburgh than Cope, and by this time is there. The

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clans will not rise for the government: the Dukes of Argyll and Athol are come post to town, not having been able to raise a man. The young Duke of Gordon sent for his uncle, and told him he must arm their clan. 'They are in arms.' 'They must march against the rebels.' 'They will wait on the Prince of Wales.' The Duke flew in a passion; his uncle pulled out a pistol, and told him it was in vain to dispute. Lord Loudon, Lord Fortrose, and Lord Panmure, have been very zealous, and have raised some men; but I look upon Scotland as gone! I think upon what King William said to Duke Hamilton, when he was extolling Scotland: 'My Lord, I only wish it was a hundred thousand miles off, and that you was king of it.' * * *

Sept. 13.—"It is certain that a sergeant of Cope's, with twelve men, put to flight two hundred, on killing only six or seven. Two hundred of the Monroe-clan have joined our forces. Spirit seems to rise in London, though not in the proportion it ought; and then the *person* most concerned does every thing to check its progress: when the ministers propose any thing with regard to the rebellion, he cries, 'Pho! don't talk to me of that stuff.' Lord Granville has persuaded him that it is of no consequence. Mr. Pelham talks every day of resigning: he certainly will, as soon as this is got over!—if it is got over. So, at least, we shall see a restoration of Queen Sophia. She has lain-in of a girl, though she had all the pretty boys in town brought to her for patterns. The young chevalier has set a reward on the king's head: we are told that his brother is set out for Ireland. However, there is hitherto little countenance given to the undertaking by France or Spain. It seems an effort of despair, and weariness of the manner in which he has been kept in France. On the grenadiers' caps is written, *a grave or a throne.* He stayed some time at the Duke of Athol's, whither old Marquis Tullybardine sent to bespeak dinner; and has since sent his brother word that he likes the alterations made there. The pretender found pine-apples there, the first he ever tasted. Mr. Breton, a great favourite of the southern Prince of Wales, went the other day to visit the Duchess of Athol, and happened not to know that she is parted from her husband; he asked how the duke did! 'Oh,' said she, 'he turned me out of his house, and now he is turned out himself.' Every now and then a Scotchman comes and pulls the boy by the sleeve; 'Prence, here is another mon taken!' then, with all the dignity in the world, the boy hopes no body was killed in the action! * * * *

"I must tell you a ridiculous accident: when the magistrates of Edinburgh were searching houses for arms, they came to Mr. Maule's, brother of Lord Panmure, and a great friend of the Duke of Argyll. The maid would not let them go into one room, which was locked, and as she said, full of arms.—They now thought they had found what they looked for, and had the door broke open, where they found an ample collection of coats of arms! * *

"Whatever disaffection there is to the present family, it plainly does not proceed from love to the other. * * * * *

"*Oct.* 11.—The castle of Edinburgh has made a sally, and taken twenty head of cattle, and about thirty head of Highlanders." * *

"I came from town (for, take notice, I put this place upon myself for the country) the day after the execution of the rebel lords: I was not at it, but had two persons come to me directly who were at the next house to the scaffold; and I saw another who was upon it, so that you may depend upon my accounts. Just before they came out of the Tower, Lord Balmerino drank a bumper to King James's health. As the clock struck ten, they came forth on foot, Lord Kilmarnock all in black, his hair unpowdered in a bag, supported by Forster, the great Presbyterian, and by Mr. Home, a young clergyman, his friend. Lord Balmerino followed alone, in a blue coat turned up with red, his rebellious regimentals, a flannel waistcoat, and his shroud beneath; their hearses following. They were conducted to a house near the scaffold; the room forwards had benches for spectators; in the second Lord Kilmarnock was put, and in the third backwards, Lord Balmerino; all three chambers hung with black. Here they parted! Balmerino embraced the other, and said, 'My lord, I wish I could suffer for both!' He had scarce left him, before he desired again to see him, and then asked him, 'My Lord Kilmarnock, do you know any thing of the resolution taken in our army, the day before the battle of Culloden, to put the English prisoners to death?' He replied, 'My lord, I was not present; but since I came hither, I have had all the reason in the world to believe that there was such order taken; and I hear the duke has the pocket-book with the order.' Balmerino answered, 'It was a lie raised to excuse their barbarity to us.' Take notice, that the duke's charging this on Lord Kilmarnock (certainly on mis-information) decided this unhappy man's fate! The most now pretended is, that it would have come to Lord Kilmarnock's turn to have given the word for the slaughter, as lieutenant-general, with the patent for which he was immediately drawn into the rebellion, after having been staggered by his wife, her mother, his own poverty, and the defeat of Cope. He remained an hour and a half in the house and shed tears. At last he came to the scaffold, certainly much terrified, but with a resolution that prevented his behaving in the least meanly or unlike a gentleman. He took no notice of the crowd, only to desire that the baize might be lifted up from the rails, that the mob might see the spectacle. He stood and prayed some time with Forster, who wept over him, exhorted, and encouraged him. He delivered a long speech to the sheriff, and with a noble manliness stuck to the recantation he had made at his trial; declaring he wished that all who embarked in the same cause might meet the same fate. He then took off his bag, coat, and waistcoat, with great composure, and after some trouble put on a napkin-cap, and then several times tried the block; the executioner, who was in white, with a white apron, out of tenderness concealing the axe behind himself. At last the earl knelt down, with a visible unwillingness to depart, and after five minutes dropped his handkerchief, the signal, and his head was cut off at once, only hanging by a bit of skin, and was received in a scarlet cloth by four of the undertaker's men kneeling, who wrapped it up and put it into the coffin with the body; orders having been given not to expose the heads, as used to be the custom. The scaffold was immediately new-strewed with saw-dust, the block new-covered, the executioner new-dressed, and a new axe brought. Then came old Balmerino, treading with the air of a general. As soon as he mounted the scaffold, he read the inscription on his coffin, as he did again afterwards: he then surveyed the spectators, who were in amazing numbers, even upon masts of ships in the river; and pulling out his spectacles read a treasonable speech, which he delivered to the sheriff, and said the young Pretender was so sweet a prince, that flesh and blood could not resist following him; and, lying down to try the block, he said, 'If I had a thousand lives, I would lay them all down here, in the same cause.' He said, if he had not taken the sacrament the day before, he would have knocked down Williamson, the lieutenant of the Tower, for his ill usage of him. He took the axe and felt it, and asked the headsman how many blows he had given Lord Kilmarnock; and gave him three guineas.—Two clergymen who attended him coming up, he said 'No, gentlemen, I believe you have already done

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me all the service you can.' Then he went to the corner of the scaffold, and called very loud for the warder, to give him his periwig, which he took off, and put on a night-cap of Scotch plaid, and then pulled off his coat and waistcoat and lay down; but being told he was on the wrong side, vaulted round, and immediately gave the sign by tossing up his arm, as if he were giving the signal for battle. He received three blows, but the first certainly took away all sensation. He was not a quarter of an hour on the scaffold; Lord Kilmarnock above half a one. Balmerino certainly died with the intrepidity of a hero, but with the insensibility of one too. As he walked from his prison to execution, seeing every window and top of house filled with spectators, he cried out, 'Look, look, how they are all piled up like rotten oranges!' My Lady Townshend, who fell in love with Lord Kilmarnock at his trial, will go no where to dinner, for fear of meeting with a rebel-pie; she says, every body is so bloody-minded, that they eat rebels! The Prince of Wales, whose intercession saved Lord Cromartie, says he did it in return for old Sir W. Gordon, Lady Cromartie's father, coming down out of his death-bed to vote against my father in the Chippenham election. If his royal highness had not countenanced inveteracy like that of Sir W. Gordon, he would have no occasion to exert his gratitude now in favour of rebels."

We will now retrace our steps a little, and go back to the parliamentary struggle after the overthrow of the Walpoles. The following notices are extremely characteristic of the party violence and efforts of that day:—

"The night of the committee, my brother Walpole had got two or three invalids at his house, designing to carry them into the house through his door, as they were too ill to go round by Westminster Hall; the patriots, who have rather more contrivances than their predecessors of Grecian and Roman memory, had taken the precaution of stopping the key-hole with sand. How Livy's eloquence would have been hampered, if there had been backdoors and key-holes to the Temple of Concord!"

On moving for a committee to inquire into the ministry of Walpole:—

"At eleven at night we divided, and threw out this famous committee by 253 to 250, the greatest number that ever was in the house, and the greatest number that ever *lost* a question. It was a most shocking sight to see the sick and dead brought in on both sides! Men on crutches, and Sir William Gordon from his bed, with a blister on his head, and flannel hanging out from under his wig. I could scarce pity him for his ingratitude. The day before the Westminster petition, Sir Charles Wager gave his son a ship, and the next day the father came down and voted against him. The son has since been cast away, but they concealed it from the father, that he might not absent himself. However, as we have our good-natured men too on our side, one of his own countrymen went and told him of it in the house. The old man, who looked like Lazarus at his resuscitation, bore it with great resolution, and said he knew *why* he was told of it; but when he thought his country in danger, he would not go away. As he is so near death, that it is indifferent to him whether he died two thousand years ago or to-morrow, it is unlucky for him not to have lived when such insensibility would have been a Roman virtue."

We proceed to select a few of the amusing miscellanea of which the volumes are so full:—

"I have a good story to tell you of Lord Bath, whose name you have not heard very lately, have you? He owed a tradesman eight hundred pounds, and would never pay him; the man determined to persecute him till he did; and one morning followed him to Lord Winchelsea's, and sent up word that he wanted to speak with him. Lord Bath came down, and said, 'Fellow, what do you want with me?' 'My money,' said the man, as loud as ever he could bawl, before all the servants. He bade him come the next morning—and then would not see him. The next Sunday the man followed him to church, and got into the next pew: he leaned over, and said, 'My money; give me my money.' My lord went to the end of the pew; the man too, 'Give me my money.' The sermon was on avarice, and the text, 'Cursed are they that heap up riches.' The man groaned out, 'O Lord!' and pointed to my Lord Bath. In short, he persisted so much, and drew the eyes of all the congregation, that my Lord Bath went out, and paid him directly. I assure you this is fact.

"Lord Bath has contributed a paper to the World, but seems to have entirely lost all his wit and genius; it is a plain, heavy description of Newmarket, with scarce an effort towards humour. I had conceived the greatest expectations from a production of his, especially in the way of the Spectator; but I am now assured by Franklyn, the old printer of the Craftsman, (who by a comical revolution of things, is a tenant of mine at Twickenham,) that Lord Bath never wrote a Craftsman himself, only gave hints for them—yet great part of his reputation was built on those papers. Next week my Lord Chesterfield appears in the World—I expect much less from him than I did from Lord Bath; but it is very certain that his name will make it applauded."

We pass forward to A.D. 1751; and continue our entertaining selections.

"Our greatest miracle is Lady Mary Wortley's son, whose adventures have made so much noise: his parts are not proportionate, but his expense is incredible. His father scarce allows him any thing; yet he plays, dresses, diamonds himself, even to distinct shoe-buckles for a frock, and has more snuff-boxes than would suffice a Chinese idol with a hundred noses. But the most curious part of his dress, which he has brought from Paris, is an iron wig; you literally would not know it from hair.—I believe it is on this account that the Royal Society have just chosen him of their body. This may surprise you; what I am now going to tell you, will not, for you have long known her follies. The Duchess of Queensberry told Lady Diana Egerton, a pretty daughter of the Duchess of Bridgewater, that she was going to make a ball for her; she did, but did not invite her; the girl was mortified, and Mr. Lyttleton, her father-in-law, sent the mad Grace a hint of it. She sent back this card: 'The advertisement came to hand; it was very pretty and very ingenious; but every thing that is pretty and ingenious does not always succeed. The Duchess of Q. piques herself on her house being unlike Socrates's; his was small and held all his friends; her's is large, but will not hold half of her's: postponed, but not forgot. Unalterable.'" * * * *

"You, who knew England in other times, will find it difficult to conceive what an indifference reigns with regard to ministers and their squabbles. The two Miss Gunnings, and a late extravagant dinner at White's, are twenty times more the subject of conversation than the two brothers, and Lord Granville. These are two Irish girls, of no fortune, who are declared the handsomest women alive. I think their being two, so handsome, and both such perfect figures, is their chief excellence, for singly I have seen much handsomer women than either: however, they can't walk in the park, or go to Vauxhall, but such mobs follow them that they are generally driven away. The dinner was a folly of seven young men, who bespoke it to the utmost extent of expense; one article was a tart made of duke cherries from a hot-house; and another that they tasted but one glass out of each bottle of cham-

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pagne. The bill of fare is got into print, and with good people has produced the apprehension of another earthquake. Your friend St. Leger was at the head of these luxurious heroes—he is the hero of all fashion. I never saw more dashing vivacity and absurdity, with some flashes of parts. He had a cause the other day for ducking a sharper, and was going to swear; the judge said to him, 'I see, sir, you are very ready to take an oath.' 'Yes, my lord,' replied St. Leger; 'my father was a judge.'"

"Did you (Walpole writes) ever receive the questions I asked you about Lady Mary Wortley's being confined by a lover that she keeps somewhere in the Brescian? I long to know the particulars. I have lately been at Woburn, where the Duchess of Bedford borrowed for me, from a niece of Lady Mary, above fifty letters of the latter. They are charming! have more spirit and vicacity than you can conceive, and as much of the spirit of debauchery in them as you will conceive in her writing.—They were written to her sister, the unfortunate Lady Mar, whom she treated so hardly while out of her senses, which she has not entirely recovered, though delivered and tended with the greatest tenderness and affection by her daughter Lady Margaret Erskine: they live in a house lent to them by the Duke of Bedford; the Duchess is Lady Mary's niece. Ten of the letters, indeed, are dismal lamentations and frights on a scene of villany of Lady Mary, who, having persuaded one Ruremonde, a Frenchman, and her lover, to entrust her with a large sum of money to buy stock for him, frightened him out of England, by persuading him that Mr. Wortley had discovered the intrigue, and would murder him; and then would have sunk the trust. That not succeeding, and he threatening to print her letters, she endeavoured to make Lord Mar or Lord Stair cut his throat. Pope hints at these anecdotes of her history in that line,

'Who starves a sister, or denies a debt.'

In one of her letters she says, 'We all partake of father Adam's folly and knavery, who first eat the apple like a sot, and then turned informer like a scoundrel.' This is character, at least, if not very delicate; but in most of them, the wit and style are superior to any letters I ever read but Madame Sevigne's."

News.—"The only thing talked of, is a man who draws teeth with a sixpence, and puts them in again for a shilling. I believe it; not that it seems probable, but because I have long been persuaded, that the most incredible discoveries will be made; and that about the time, or a little after I die, the secret will be found out of how to live forever—and that secret, I believe, will not be discovered by a physician."

Of Astley, a painter, who had returned from Italy, Walpole says, neatly enough:—

"Will Astley promise to continue to do as well? or has he, like all other English painters, only laboured this to get reputation, and then intends to daub away to get money?"

A picture of the times, May 1752:—

"There are two wretched women that just now are as much talked of—a Miss Jeffries and a Miss Blandy; the one condemned for murdering her uncle, the other her father. Both their stories have horrid circumstances; the first, having been debauched by her uncle; the other had so tender a parent, that his whole concern while he was expiring and knew her for his murderess, was to save her life. It is shocking to think what a shambles this country is grown! Seventeen were executed this morning, after having murdered the Turn-key on Friday night, and almost forced open Newgate. One is forced to travel, even at noon, as if one was going to battle. * * * * *

"Miss Blandy died with a coolness of courage that is astonishing, and denying the fact, which has made a kind of party in her favour; as if a woman, who would not stick at parricide, would scruple a lie! We have made a law for immediate execution on conviction of murder: it will appear extraordinary to me if it has any effect, for I can't help believing that the terrible part of death must be the preparation for it."

Anecdotes of the younger Crebillon, and of France:—

"His father one day in a passion with him, said, '*Il y a deux choses que je voudrois n'avoir jamais fait, mon Catilina et vous!* He answered, '*Consolez vous, mon pere; car on pretend que vous n'avez fait ni l'un ni l'autre!*'

"The Duke of Richelieu's son, who certainly must not pretend to declare off, like Crebillon's, (he is a boy of ten years old,) was reproached for not minding his Latin: he replied, '*Eh! mon pere n'a jamais scu le Latin, et il a eu les plus jolies femmes de France!*'

"The Count Charolois* shot a president's dog, who lives near him: the president immediately posted to Versailles to complain: the king promised him justice; and then sent to the count to desire he would give him two good dogs. The prince picked out his two best; the king sent them to the president, with this motto on their collars, *j'appartiens au roi!* 'There,' said the king, 'I believe he won't shoot them now!'"

The next few lines are a witty excuse for not corresponding very regularly:—

"We will write whenever we have any thing to say; and when we have not,—why, we will be going to write."

In 1754, Mr. W. tells his friend:—

"There is a court indeed as near as Kensington, but where the monarch is old the courtiers are seldom young: they sun themselves in a window like flies in autumn, past even buzzing, and to be swept away in the first hurricane of a new reign."

The name of Washington occurs in a singular paragraph, Oct. 6, 1754:—

"The French have tied up the hands of an excellent fanfaron, a Major Washington,† whom they took and engaged not to serve for a year: in his letter he said, 'Believe me, as the cannon-balls flew over my head, they made a most delightful sound.' When your relation, General Guise, was marching up to Carthagena, and the pelicans whistled round him, he said, 'What would Chloe give for some of these to make a pelican pie?' The conjecture made that scarce a rodomontade; but what pity it is, that a man who can deal in hyperboles at the mouth of a cannon, should be fond of them with a glass of wine in his hand! I have heard Guise affirm that the colliers at Newcastle feed their children with fire-shovels! * * * *

"You will have heard long before you receive this, of Lord Albemarle's sudden death at Paris: every body is so sorry for him!—without being so; yet as sorry as he would have been for any body, or as he deserved. * * *

"Lord Bury was at Windsor with the duke, when the express of his father's death arrived; he came to town time enough to find his mother and sisters at breakfast. 'Lord! child,' said my Lady Albemarle, 'what brings you to town so early?' He

* "The Count de Charolois was a man of infamous character, and committed more than one murder. When Louis the Fifteenth pardoned him for one of these atrocities, he said to him, 'I tell you fairly, that I will also pardon any man who murders you.'"

† "This was the celebrated liberator of America, who had been serving in the English army against the French for some time with much distinction."

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said he had been sent for. Says she, 'You are not well!' 'Yes,' replied Lord Bury, 'I am, but a little flustered with something I have heard.' 'Let me feel your pulse,' said Lady Albemarle: 'Oh!' continued she, 'your father is dead!' 'Lord! madam,' said Lord Bury, 'how could that come into your head? I should rather have imagined that you would have thought it was by poor brother William, (who is just gone to Lisbon for his health.) 'No,' said my Lady Albemarle, 'I know it is your father; I dreamed last night that he was dead, and came to take leave of me!'—and immediately swooned."

On the threat of a French invasion:—

"The righteous who hate pleasures and love prophecies, (the most unpleasant things in the world, except their completion,) are finding out parallels between London and Nineveh, and other goodly cities of old, who went to operas and ridottos when the French were at their gates—yet, if Arlington Street were ten times more like to the most fashionable street in Tyre or Sidon, it should not alarm me: I took all my fears out in the rebellion; I was frightened enough then; I will never have another panic. I would not indeed be so pedantic as to sit in St. James's Market in an armed chair to receive the French, because the Roman consuls received the Gauls in the forum. They shall be in Southwark before I pack up a single miniature."

There is nothing new under the sun—only think of *cabs* about eighty years ago!

"All we hear from France is, that a new madness reigns there, as strong as that of *Pantins* was. This is *la fureur des cabriolets; Anglice*, one-horse-chairs, a mode introduced by Mr. Child: they not only universally go in them, but wear them; that is, every thing is to be *en cabriolet;* the men paint them on their waistcoats, and have them embroidered for clocks to their stockings; and the women who have gone all the winter without any thing on their heads, are now muffled up in great caps, with round sides, in the form of, and scarce less than the wheels of chaises."

We mentioned the celebrated Miss Gunnings; and we now copy two characteristic passages relating to them and their lords. Lord and Lady Coventry visited Paris:

"Poor Lady Coventry was under piteous disadvantages; for besides being very silly, ignorant of the world, breeding, speaking no French, and suffered to wear neither red nor powder, she had that perpetual drawback upon her beauty, her lord, who is sillier in a wise way, as ignorant, ill-bred, and speaking very little French himself—just enough to shew how ill-bred he is. The Duke de Luxemburg told him he had called up my Lady Coventry's coach; my lord replied, '*Vous avez fort bien fait.*' He is jealous, prude, and scrupulous; at a dinner at Sir John Bland's, before sixteen persons, he coursed his wife round the table, on suspecting she had stolen on a little red, seized her, scrubbed it off by force with a napkin, and then told her, that since she had deceived him and broke her promise, he would carry her back directly to England. They were pressed to stay for the great *fete* at St. Cloud; he excused himself, 'because it would make him miss a music-meeting at Worcester; and she excused herself from the fireworks at Madame Pompadour's 'because it was her dancing-master's hour.' I will tell you but one more anecdote, and I think you cannot be imperfect in your ideas of them. The Marechale de Lowendahl was pleased with an English fan Lady Coventry had, who very civilly gave it her: my lord made her write for it again next morning, 'because he had given it her before marriage, and her parting with it would make an irreparable breach,' and send an old one in the room of it! She complains to every body she meets, 'How odd it is that my lord should use her so ill, when she knows he has so great a regard that he would die for her, and when he was so good as to marry her, without a shilling!" Her sister's history is not unentertaining: Duke Hamilton is the abstract of Scotch pride; he and the duchess at their own house walk in to dinner before their company, sit together at the upper end of their own table, eat off the same plate, and drink to nobody beneath the rank of earl—would not one wonder how they could get any body either above or below that rank to dine with them at all?"

Afterwards: "Even the era of the Gunnings is over: both sisters have lain in, and have scarce made one paragraph in the newspapers, though their names were grown so renowned, that in Ireland the beggarwomen bless you with, *The luck of the Gunnings attend you!*"

We may conveniently follow this by a few brief bits out of the second volume, recommended either by their neatness, vivacity, or some other quality, for selection. Our sportive fathers often did as foolish things as their sporting sons. *Ex. gr.*:—

"My Lord Rockingham and my nephew Lord Orford have made a match of five hundred pounds, between five turkeys and five geese, to run from Norwich to London. Don't you believe in the transmigration of souls? And are not you convinced that this race is between Marquis Sardanapalus and Earl Heliogabalus? And don't you pity the poor Asiatics and Italians who comforted themselves on their resurrection with being geese and turkeys? Here's another symptom of our glory! The Irish speaker, Mr. Ponsonby, has been *reposing* himself at *Newmarket:* George Selwyn, seeing him toss about bank-bills at the hazard-table, said, 'How easily the speaker passes the money-bills!'

"Mr. Obrien is made Earl of Thomond; my Lady Townsend rejoices; she says he has family enough to re-establish the dignity of the Irish peerage, to which of late nothing but brewers and poultererers have been raised; that she expected every day to receive a bill from her fishmonger, signed Lord Mount-Shrimp!"

A beautiful touch of feeling is conveyed in the annexed assurance after Walpole had lost his dearest friend and Mann his brother:

"I feel your situation, and beg of you to manage me with no delicacy, but confide all your fears and wishes and wants to me—if I could be capable of neglecting you, write to Gal.'s image, that will for ever live in a memory most grateful to him."

A letter of great humour:

"Sir,—I had the honour of being at the taking of Port Mahon, for which one gentleman was made a lord; I was also at the losing of Mahon, for which another gentleman was made a lord: each of those gentlemen performed but one of those services; surely I who performed both, ought at least to be made a lieutenant. Which is all from your honour's humble servant, &c.

"Did you hear (says the writer, speaking of the loss of Mahon, and the attempt to assassinate the French king, January 1757) that after their conquest, the French ladies wore little towers for *pompons*, and called them *Des Mahonnoises?* I suppose, since the attempt on the king, all their fashions will be *a l'assassin.* We are quite in the dark still about that history: it is one of the bad effects of living in one's own time, that one never knows the truth of it till one is dead! Old Fontenelle is dead at last; they asked him as he was dying, *s'il sentoit quelque mal?* He replied *Oui, je sens le mal d'etre.*"

Of a ministerial change it is happily observed:

"The nation expects a change every day: and being a nation, I believe, desires it; and being the English nation, will condemn it the moment it is made."

Here is a pretty story of General Braddock, one of the first of our heroes in the American war:—

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"The duke, who is now the soul of the regency, and who on all hands is allowed to make a great figure there, is much dissatisfied at the slowness of General Braddock, who does not march as if he was at all impatient to be scalped. It is said for him, that he has had bad guides, that the roads are exceedingly difficult, and that it was necessary to drag as much artillery as he does. This is not the first time, as witness in Hawley, that the duke has found that brutality did not necessarily consummate a general. I love to give you an idea of our characters as they rise upon the stage of history. Braddock is a very Iroquois in disposition. He had a sister, who having gamed away all her little fortune at Bath, hanged herself with a truly English deliberation, leaving only a note upon the table with those lines, 'To die is landing on some silent shore,' &c. When Braddock was told of it, he only said, 'Poor Fanny! I always thought she would play till she would be forced *to tuck herself up.*' But a more ridiculous story of him, and which is recorded in heroics by Fielding in his Covent garden tragedy, was an amorous discussion he had formerly with a Mrs. Upton, who kept him. He had gone the greatest lengths with her pin-money, and was still craving. One day that he was very pressing, she pulled out her purse and shewed him that she had but twelve or fourteen shillings left; he twitched it from her, 'Let me see that.' Tied up at the other end he found five guineas; he took them, tossed the empty purse in her face, saying, 'Did you mean to cheat me?' and never went near her more.—Now you are acquainted with General Braddock. * *

"I have already given you some account of Braddock; I may complete the poor man's history in a few more words: he once had a duel with Colonel Gumley, Lady Bath's brother, who had been his great friend. As they were going to engage, Gumley, who had good humour and wit, (Braddock had the latter,) said, 'Braddock, you are a poor dog! here, take my purse; if you kill me, you will be forced to run away, and then you will not have a shilling to support you.' Braddock refused the purse, insisted on the duel, was disarmed and would not even ask his life. However, with all his brutality, he has lately been governor of Gibraltar, where he made himself adored, and where scarce any governor was endured before.

* * * *

"There is a wild young Venetian ambassadress come, who is reckoned very pretty. I don't think so; she is foolish and childish to a degree. She said, 'Lord! the old secretary [Carteret] is going to be married!' They told her he was but fifty-four. 'But fifty-four! why,' said she, 'my husband is but two-and-forty, and I think him the oldest man in the world.'"

Lord Carteret did marry; and Walpole thus notices the manners of the happy pair in public:

"I was with them all at a subscription-ball at Ranelagh last week, which my Lady Carteret thought proper to look upon as given to her, and thanked the gentlemen, who were not quite so well pleased at her condescending to take it to herself. My lord stayed with her there till four in the morning. They are all fondness, walk together, and stop every five steps to kiss."

The following notices of Lord Orford after his retreat from office, and of Pope, are interesting: the date is May 29th, 1744.

"My father has been extremely ill from a cold he caught last week at Newpark. Princess Emily came thither to fish, and he, who is grown quite indolent, and has not been out of a hot room this twelvemonth, sat an hour and a half by the waterside. He was in great danger one day, and more low-spirited than ever I knew him, though I think that grows upon him with his infirmities. My sister was at his bedside; I came into the room, he burst into tears and could not speak to me: but he is quite well now; though I cannot say I think he will preserve his life long, as he has laid aside all exercise, which has been of such vast service to him. He talked the other day of shutting himself up in the farthest wing at Houghton; I said, 'Dear, my lord, you will be at a distance from all the family there!' He replied, 'So much the better?' Pope is given over with a dropsy, which is mounted into his head; in an evening he is not in his senses: the other day at Chiswick, he said to my Lady Burlington, 'Look at our Saviour there how ill they have crucified him!'"

Here is another literary extract:

"The town flocks to a new play of Thomson's, called Tancred and Sigismunda; it is very dull; I have read it. I cannot bear modern poetry; these refiners of the purity of the stage, and of the incorrectness of English verse, are most wofully insipid. I had rather have written the most absurd lines in Lee, than Leonidas or the Seasons; as I had rather be put into the round-house for a wrong-headed quarrel, than sup quietly at eight o'clock with my grandmother. There is another of these tame geniuses, a Mr. Akenside,* who writes odes; in one he has lately published, he says, 'Light the tapers, urge the fire.' Had not you rather make gods jostle in the dark, than light the candles, for fear they should break their heads? One Russell, a mimic, has a puppet-show to ridicule operas; I hear very dull: not to mention its being twenty years too late; it consists of three acts, with foolish Italian songs burlesqued in Italian."

Of the city of London's literary predilections in these days, we are told—

"The good city of London, who, from long dictating to the government, are now come to preside over taste and letters, have given one Carte, a Jacobite parson, fifty pounds a-year for seven years, to write the history of England; and four aldermen and six common-councilmen are to inspect his materials and the progress of the work. Surveyors of common sewers turned supervisors of literature! To be sure, they think a history of England is no more than Stowe's Survey of the Parishes! Instead of having books published with the *imprimatur* of an university, they will be printed, as churches are whitewashed,—John Smith and Thomas Johnson, churchwardens."

On the character of Lord Granville, Walpole makes one of his peculiar points: "His frankness," he says, "charms one, when it is not necessary to depend upon it."

The House of Commons.—"Among the numerous visits of form that I have received, one was from *my Lord Sandys:* as we two could only converse upon general topics, we fell upon this of the Mediterranean, and I made *him* allow, 'that, to be sure, there is not so bad a court of justice in the world as the House of Commons; and how hard it is upon any man to have his cause tried there!'"

The death of the Prince of Wales is thus mentioned in a letter of March 21:

"He had a pleurisy, and was recovered. Last Tuesday was se'nnight he went to attend the king's passing some bills in the House of Lords; from thence to Carlton-house, very hot, where he unrobed, put on a light unaired frock and waistcoat, went to Kew, walked in a bitter day, came home tired, and lay down for three hours upon a couch in a very cold room at Carlton-house, that opens into the garden. Lord Egmont told him how dangerous it was, but the prince did not mind him. My father once said to this king, when he was ill and royally untractable, 'Sir do you know what your father

* "The author of 'The Pleasures of Imagination,' a poem of some merit, though now but little read. —D."

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died of?—of thinking he could not die.' In short, the prince relapsed that night, has had three physicians ever since, and has never been supposed out of danger till yesterday; a thrush had appeared, and for the two or three last evenings he had dangerous suppressions of breath. However, his family thought him so well yesterday, that there were cards in his outward room. Between nine and ten he was seized with a violent fit of coughing. Wilmot, and Hawkins the surgeon, were present: the former said, 'Sir, have you brought up all the phlegm? I hope this will be over in a quarter of an hour, and that your royal highness will have a good night.' Hawkins had occasion to go out of the room, and said, 'Here is something I don't like.' The cough continued; the prince laid his hand upon his stomach, and said, '*Je sens la mort.*' The page who held him up felt him shiver, and cried out, 'The prince is going!' The princess was at the feet of the bed; she catched up a candle and ran to him, but before she got to the head of the bed, he was dead."*

"Prince George (says the author in a subsequent letter, and speaking of our late venerated George III.), who has a most amiable countenance, behaved excessively well on his father's death. When they told him of it, he turned pale, and laid his hand on his breast. Ayscough said, 'I am afraid, sir, you are not well!' He replied, 'I feel something here, just as I did when I saw the two workmen fall from the scaffold at Kew.' Prince Edward is a very plain boy, with strange loose eyes, but was much the favourite. He is a sayer of things! Two men were heard lamenting the death in Leicester-fields; one said, 'He has left a great many small children!' 'Ay,' replied the other, 'and what is worse, they belong to our parish!' But the most extraordinary reflections on his death were set forth in a sermon at May-fair chapel. 'He had no great parts (pray mind, this was the parson said so, not I,) but he had great virtues; indeed, they degenerated into vices; he was very generous, but I hear his generosity has ruined a great many people; and then his condescension was such, that he kept very bad company.'"

We add a piece of Walpole's own moralising:—

"The mortifications and disappointments I have experienced have taught me the philosophy that dwells not merely in speculation. I choose to think about the world, as I have always found, when I most wanted its comfort, it thought about me, that is, not at all. It is a disagreeable dream which must end for every body else as well as for one's-self. Some try to supply the emptiness and vanity of present life, by something still more empty—fame. I choose to comfort myself, by considering that even while I am lamenting my present uneasiness, it is actually passing away. I cannot feel the comfort of folly, because I am not a fool; and I scarce know any other being that it is worth one's while to wish to be. All this looks as if it proceeded from a train of melancholy ideas—it does so; but misfortunes have that good in them, that they teach one indifference."

As we said at the outset, we might prolong these excerpts through many a *Gazette*, and yet not exhaust the information and pleasantry contained in this addition to the lively correspondence of Horace Walpole—out of all question the most agreeable male letter-writer in the English language. But share and share alike is a fair maxim; and, in justice to other claims upon our attention, here we must close. To the taste and intelligence displayed by Lord Dover in editing these volumes, we have already paid the tribute of our cordial applause. A refined and highly cultivated mind could hardly find more fitting occupation than in preparing such a production for the public eye, enlightening the spots which time had obscured, and removing the passages which a change of manners would have caused to be considered somewhat gross in our day, though perfectly free from objection in the reign of George II. We should also, in conclusion, wish to compliment the publisher on the appearance of a work so honourable to his exertions. It is curious enough, in Walpole's own letters, to observe the name of Bentley so frequently connected with his pursuits; and now to see it thus again united to the revival of his literary character, both in the printing and publishing.

Could we but see the late Mr. Wyndham's journal and correspondence in a similar way, what a treat it would be! In the meantime, we are heartily content with Walpole.

FURTHER EXTRACTS.

The Value of Introductory Letters.—Walpole to Mann, of Mr. Hobart, 1746. "Sure you must have had flights of strange awkward animals, if you can be so taken with him! I shall begin to look about me, to see the merits of England: he was no curiosity here; and yet heaven knows there are many better, with whom I hope I shall never be acquainted. As I have cautioned you more than once against minding my recommendatory letters (which one gives because one can't refuse them,) unless I write to you separately, I have no scruple in giving them. You are extremely good to give so much credit to my bills at first sight; but don't put down Hobart to my account; I used to call him the *Clearcake;* fat, fair, sweet, and seen through in a moment."

"You have sent me Marquess Rinuncini with as much secrecy as if you had sent me a present. I was here; there came an exceedingly fair written and civil letter from you, dated 1st May: I comprehended by the formality of it, that it was written for the person who brought it, not for the person it was sent to. —— I was glad to see him—after I had got over being sorry to see him (for with all the goodness of one's *Soquxkin soqubut*, as the Japanese call the heart, you must own it is a little troublesome to be shewing the tombs,) I asked him a thousand questions, rubbed up my old tarnished Italian, and inquired about fifty people that I had entirely forgot till his arrival."—This is *the world!*

English Character.—"Mr. Chute thinks we have to the full all the politeness that can make a nation brutes to the rest of the world."

Lord Lovet, (to whom Walpole is unjust; he did not understand the higher points of his character.)—"When he came to the Tower, he told them, that if he were not so old and infirm, they would find it difficult to keep him there. They told him they had kept much younger: 'Yes,' said he, 'but they were inexperienced; they had not broke so many gaols as I have.' At his own house he used to say, that for thirty years of his life he never saw a gallows but it made his neck ache. His last act was to shift his treason upon his eldest son, whom he forced into the rebellion. He told Williamson, the lieutenant of the Tower, 'We will hang my eldest son, and then my second shall marry your niece.' He has a sort of ready humour at repartee, not very well adapted to his situation. One day that Williamson complained that he could not sleep, he was so haunted with *rats*—he replied,

* "Frederick Prince of Wales was a man in no way inestimable, though his understanding and disposition were cried up by those who were in opposition to his father's government. Walpole says of him, 'His best quality was generosity; his worst, insincerity, and indifference to truth, which appeared so early, that Earl Stanhope wrote to Lord Sunderland from Hanover, 'He has his father's head and his mother's heart.'' His death was undoubtedly a deliverance for those who, had he lived, would have become his subjects."

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'What do you say, that you are so haunted with *Ratcliffes?*' The first day, as he was brought to his trial, a woman looked into the coach, and said, 'You ugly old dog, don't you think you will have that frightful head cut off?' He replied, 'You ugly old ——, I believe I shall.'"

Recipe for a Newspaper Editor.—"Don't reproach me in your own mind for not writing, but reproach the world for doing nothing; for making peace as slowly as they made war. When any body commits an event, I am ready enough to tell it you; but I have always declared against inventing news; when I do, I will set up a newspaper."

Bon-Mot.—"I must tell you another admirable *bon-mot* of Mr. Chute, now I am mentioning him. Passing by the door of Mrs. Edwards, who died of drams, he saw the motto which the undertakers had placed to her escutcheon, *Mors janua vitæ;* he said, 'It ought to have been *Mors aqua vitæ.*'"

Another (not so cleanly.)—"You know all the Stanhopes are a family *aux bon-mots;* I must tell you one of this John: he was sitting by an old Mr. Curzon, a nasty wretch, and very covetous; his nose wanted blowing, and continued to want it: at last Mr. Stanhope, with the greatest good breeding, said, 'Indeed, sir, if you don't wipe your nose, you will lose that drop.'"

Methodism in 1749.—"Methodism is more fashionable than any thing but brag; the women play very deep at both—as deep, it is much suspected, as the matrons of Rome did at the mysteries of the Bona Dea. If gracious Anne was alive, she would make an admirable defendress of the new faith, and build fifty more churches for female proselytes. I must tell you a *bon-mot* that was made the other night at the serenata of *Peace in Europe* by Wall, who is much in fashion, and a kind of Gondomar. Grossatesta, the Modenese minister, a very low fellow, with all the jack-pudding-hood of an Italian, asked, '*Mais qui est-ce qui represente mon maitre?* Wall replied, '*Mais, mon Dieu! l'abbe, ne savez-vous pas que ce n'est pas un opera boufon?*' And here is another *bon-mot* of my Lady Townshend: we were talking of the Methodists; somebody said, 'Pray, madam, is it true that Whitfield has *recanted?*' 'No, sir, he has only *canted.*'"

Alarm of Earthquake.—"A parson, who came into White's the morning of earthquake the first, and heard bets laid on whether it was an earthquake or the blowing-up of powder-mills, went away exceedingly scandalized, and said, 'I protest, they are such an impious set of people, that I believe if the last trumpet was to sound, they would bet puppet-show against judgment.'"

Tutors.—"There is another animal still more absurd than Florentine men or English boys; and that is, travelling governors, who are mischievous into the bargain, and whose pride is always hurt, because they are sure of its never being indulged. They will not learn the world, because they are sent to teach it; and as they come forth more ignorant of it than their pupils, take care to return with more prejudices, and as much care to instil all theirs into their pupils."

Antiquity of the Family of Mirepoix.—"They have brought a cousin of his, a Monsieur de Levi, who has a *tantino* of what I wanted to see. You know they pique themselves much upon their Jewish name, and call cousins with the Virgin Mary. They have a picture in the family, where she is made to say to the founder of the house, '*Couvrez vous, mon cousin.*' He replies, '*Non pas, ma tres sainte cousine, je sais trop bien le respect que je vous dois.*'"*

Heraldry.—Of Anstis, garter king at arms.

"It was to him Lord Chesterfield said, 'You foolish man, you do not know your own foolish business.' * * I have had the old Vere pedigree lately in my hands, which derives that house from Lucius Verus—but I am now grown to bear no descent but my Lord Chesterfield's, who has placed among the portraits of his ancestors two old heads, inscribed, *Adam de Stanhope* and *Eve de Stanhope;* the ridicule is admirable. Old Peter Leneve, the herald, who thought ridicule consisted in not being of an old family, made this epitaph, and it was a good one, for young Craggs, whose father had been a footman, *Here lies the last who died before the first of his family!* Pray mind, how I string old stories to-day! This old Craggs, who was angry with Arthur More, who had worn a livery too, and who was getting into a coach with him, turned about, and said, 'Why! Arthur, I am always going to get up behind; are not you?'"

[From Tait's Magazine, we make the following extracts upon the subject of the same work.]

Who could have hoped for such a stroke of good fortune as this in the summer of 1833! Horace Walpole once more resuscitated to amuse and enliven, to while away heavy hours, and beguile *ennui* with gay prattle and graceful trifling. The world has now settled its estimate of the Lord of Strawberry Hill with tolerable fairness. He is not reckoned quite so great a genius as he was deemed some half-century ago, when the little girls of England sewed his shew bit of Guelphic Gothic in their samplers; nor yet so filigree and japan a personage, as he was set down by his first critics. He was, whatever else, the antipodes of his father; and a wonderfully harmless, and marvellously clever person to have been the son of Sir Robert Walpole, and bred near and within the heavy and poisoned atmosphere of the Court of George II. He was, unquestionably, the prince of the polite gossips of his generation; and, happily, for the entertainment of posterity, one of the few British male persons born with an irresistible propensity to write letters. Whatever a man does from an inherent necessity of his nature, from the impulse of his genius, he will generally do well; or, at least, accomplish with freedom and facility, which are always graceful and attractive, though the art itself were one so seeming simple as opening an oyster. Walpole's letters are, accordingly, always easy and graceful, and, for him, extremely natural productions. The constitutional necessity of telling, once a-day, or oftener, whatever he had said, done, heard, or fancied, his *bon-mots* and his pleasantries, left him no leisure to be premeditative, stiff, and studied. He was immeasurably vain after his own peculiar fashion, though shrewd and sensible; and this vanity, which could not expend itself in conversation, found a vent, a valve, in letter-writing. He did not so much require a correspondent as a recipient. Slender sympathy sufficed in his friends; for, though polite and friendly, he never lost a night's sleep for them; and his selfishness was too reasonable and well-bred to expect that they should disturb themselves much about him. Friendships and enmities he had none; but he was true, and sometimes warm in his kind fancies, and as unreasonable in his pettishnesses. Grammont, Madame de Sevigne, Lady Mary Wortley, and Chesterfield had, before his advent, made letter-writing the field in which the still unpublishing aristocracy were to contend for literary superiority, animated by the comforting assurance that, by the industry of their friends and admirers, the manuscript epistolary effusions might obtain greater publicity than most volumes sent abroad in types, with the deferred consolation of eventually finding prolonged and wider existence, or epistolary immortality itself, when modesty should give way to

* "There is said to have been another equally absurd picture in the same family, in which Noah is represented going into the ark, carrying under his arm a small trunk, on which was written, '*Papiers de la maison de Levis.*'"

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friendly importunity, or the testamentary bequest, in the fulness of time, find its way to the Lintots and Dodsleys of future years. With Grammont, Chesterfield, and de Sevigne for models, Horace Walpole early enjoyed the friendship or acquaintanceship of Gray the poet, the advantages of what is still called the best education, an enviable, or, at least, a conspicuous position in society, and sprightly natural parts. Nature had also bestowed upon him some share of heart and conscience (which he thought it vulgar to possess) to balance an immense portion of vanity and animal vivacity, but not enough to exalt, expand, and refine his moral character,—a scanty endowment of moral qualities for a noble-minded man, but quite enough for a wit, a man of fashion and of fastidiously fine taste, uniting the elegancies and refinements of the travelled courtier with the accomplishments of the scholar and the powers of original genius,—a something which was to be thoroughly English, yet above every British thing; unique, but not singular; sparkling, and yet profound; witty, but wise withal. That he was a man of wit and conventional good taste, as these qualities were understood, not by the boorish semi-German Court of the first Hanoverian Princes in Britain, but by the refined and elegant who condescended to laugh at these circles, is undeniable. Within his own small range, his acuteness possessed the readiness and certainty of instinct; but he sadly mistook when he imagined himself a liberal philosopher. His genius was small, and cold:—by force of imitation he wrote the "Mysterious Mother."

Walpole's Letters are less valuable for the disclosures they make of his personal character and acquirements, than for the bird's-eye view they give of that half-discovered world of fashion and politics into which all love to pry. His private Memoirs of the Court, and of the English aristocracy, are, in many respects, important revelations. He does not "peach," but he gossips out the truth of his contemporaries. Their morals, their manners, their poverty of intellect and coldness of heart, the sophisticated system of their social life, their

Meanness that soars, and pride which licks the dust,

are graphically and faithfully transferred to his piebald or illuminated pages, with only a feeble consciousness of the paltriness or sordid baseness he described, and with no intention whatever to betray the Order, from spite to certain individuals belonging to it,—men and women especially, who had succeeded the Walpole dynasty in favour, popularity, and political power. Thus, though the Letters of Walpole have been chiefly valued for grace of manner, gay anecdote, pleasantry, or conversational smartness and polite sarcasm, we attribute to these lively records more solid merits. Their indirect tendency is worth far more than their obvious purpose, though the writer had gained it to his fullest content. Of the present collection we may say, that it shews more heart and less presumption than some of those that have already been published. The Letters are often hasty, even to the delightful length of becoming *harum-scarum*, sparkling with sallies of wit, and glowing with escapes of feeling,—though that not much. There are, however, several passages, some particularly about a widow's son whom he had sent to his friend as a servant, that shew considerate benevolence, as well as what is less rare in his condition, amiability of disposition, which induce us to believe that Walpole was far from ill-natured, when not yielding to the ready temptation of making a hit, or barbing a poignant sentence. People who must be witty, must be very witty indeed to be always just.

Of Pultney, Lord Bath, an exquisite trimmer, Walpole writes, "My Lady Townsend, said an admirable thing the other day: he was complaining of a pain in his side. "Oh," said she, "that can't be; you have no *side*."

On a daughter of Lady Pomfret's, a proud capricious beauty, to whom and her mother Walpole shews petty spite, chiefly to display his success in sarcasm, we imagine, he has the following epigram. The Lady married Lord Carteret, the minister, who was a widower far advanced in life.

> "Her beauty like the Scripture feast,
> To which the invited never came,
> Deprived of its intended guest,
> Was given to the old and lame."

Of a quack medicine, much in vogue at the time for the stone, which wonderful remedy was prescribed for his father, Walpole says, "I made the doctor angry with me for arguing on this medicine, which I never could comprehend. It is of so great violence as to split a stone when it arrives at it, and yet is to do no damage to all the tender intestines through which it must first pass; I told him I thought it was like an admiral going on a secret expedition of war, with instructions which are not to be opened till he arrives in a certain latitude."

From the Spectator.

MEN AND MANNERS IN AMERICA.

This very clever work—clever, not in the American sense—is the exact complement of Mr. Stuart's Travels; the latter gentleman gave us observation, and the author of *Cyril Thornton* now presents us with speculation. It is true that, had Mr. Stuart's mind been of a philosophising turn, he would have presented us with somewhat different conclusions from those in the volume before us; and we cannot conceive an observer of his cool complexion, gifted with the graceful and flowing style of expression and thought which marks the writer of *Men and Manners in America*, as a person of a cultivated and wealthy imagination. We have now enough concerning America; more will be too much. Mr. Stuart and the present writer supply all our deficiencies: they even correct or corroborate and commentate the works of Captain Hall. Mr. Stuart's work offended nobody, for he simply put down what he saw; and what he saw displeased him not. Captain Hall went theorizing and sermonizing, careless of the accuracy of his observations; careful only that he should make all things fit into his Procrustean notion of the perfect British Constitution. The author before us confirms every line of Mr. Stuart; but exhibits, in his comments upon his experience, the picture rather of his own state of mind as caused by what he met with, than a fair calculation of the results of the present state of facts to the people themselves. But we learn as much from his reasoning against as we could from his reasoning for. We see that no English gentleman could be happy in America; but it does not thence follow that the whole States may not be in the enjoyment of a high degree of comfort and happiness. It is impossible, educated as an English gentleman is, with a contempt and repugnance to a mob, ever to be cordial with the people; and when he finds the people dominant, he is impressed with an intolerable idea of tyranny. He feels shorn of his privileges, and insulted by an overbearing upstart. Greasy jackets and coarse hands are familiarly brought into contact with one who dreads defilement, and shrinks with habitual horror from shapes in which he has been brought up to expect nothing but submission and inferiority. In America, he sees the tendency of every thing to a still more complete democracy, and he thinks with something like dread of the

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still "deeper hell." Every step to the complete dominion of the people, is in his mind, so much depravation: he looks back with regret to those crises wherein he thinks the country might have been saved—that is to say, struck aristocratic. There is much cleverness and plausibility in all this writer's views of America and her political condition; but they will have no weight with one who reflects that in America no class is sacrificed to another—that the amount of general prosperity is enormous and increasing—that though gentlemen have no tacit privileges, the mass of the people have a high sense of independence—that though their conversation, eternally running on party and elections, is dull and boring to a person of European attainments, it is charming to themselves, and gives what so many English gentlemen want, a pursuit, and utterly destroys ennui. The bustle, contention, strife, and struggle, which, according to our author, destroy the charities of life, come to an American in place of some of those charities they rudely violate—it is to their taste—they are born and bred in it. We allow much, nay, all that our author alleges—that the tendency of every thing in America is downwards—that diffusion, and not accumulation is the order of the day—that the results to a refined Englishman are painful. What of all this? America is ruled for itself, and not to please Europeans; and the democratic prejudices are as firmly rooted in the American citizen as aristocratic ones are in the English gentleman. It must be expected that the government, in spirit and deed, partakes of the rudeness and imperfection of its sovereign, the people: no one will venture to say that the Americans, in their present state, are models of perfection—there is ample room for improvement; but is not that improvement going on? is it not a necessity of human nature to improve under the influence of freedom, prosperity, and education? They are now in a transition state: turning the penny is the grand *summum bonum*, says our author; but there will come a time when the penny is allowed to rest: then will the arts be encouraged, literature be fostered, manners studied, and the science of agreeability more extensively taught. The Americans have not yet, and could not be expected to have doffed the *worky's* jacket, but they think that no reason why they should stay away from the President's parties. The author is much disgusted at seeing worsted stockings, West country boots, dusty jackets, brown necks, and old-fashioned home-made gowns, at a grand party given by the President. These are the very things that would have gratfied Mr. Stuart: and here is the difference, but not the only difference between the two writers. Mr. Stuart, we apprehend, has dwelt much in the country—has farmed and planted, and been brought a good deal into contact with all classes on matters of mutual concern. The author of *Cyril Thornton*, we guess—for we do not know him by name, and forget whether we ever did (a proof, we dare say, of our ignorance of what is called "literary" gossip, and which to us is foolishness,)—has been, probably, a dandy in his day, a gentleman of great refinement, whose talent lent a grace even to puppyism. The man, however, outgrows this first coxcombry of the lately-emerged butterfly; service, hard service, responsibility, thought, and experience, bring forward the treasures of education, and call the superior mind into play: at this stage, the dandy becomes the true gentleman, and is soon a man of the world: but he always remains the aristocrat. In society, no one needs wish a pleasanter companion; in the more intimate relations of life, he is a zealous steady friend, a person of scrupulous honour, and stern integrity. The mass or mob he despises, and whether at an election or at a public meeting, will gratify himself by a sneer, or further his own interests by cheating and gulling the poor creatures with a flattering glozing speech full of claptraps about liberty, British constitution, and happiness of being born a Briton. Imagine such a person in America: he will be feted by the gentlemen of that country—that is to say, those whom education and wealth have made refined and informed; but must necessarily be disgusted by the men—the citizens of a land where the will of the people is the sovereign will, and the business of the lives of their great men is to court and persuade it. It is very profitable, however, to learn what such a man reports of a country in which decidedly the most important political experiment is being tried that ever was attempted on the face of the globe. Moreover, this writer has a manner of communicating his impressions which must be pleasing to every one who has a taste for graceful writing: he has humour, taste, style, and (shall we avow it?) so inbred is the aristocratic feeling in an English gentleman, though our judgment condemns, our sympathy goes along with him. It is not improbable that, exposed to the same circumstances, we should feel exactly as he does, and have to maintain a pretty sharp struggle with the aristocratic dæmon within. We view the progress of America with a feeling of triumph; but we are not at all sure that we could get through the country itself in good humour.

The author appears to have entered upon his American residence just at the time Mr. Stuart closed his. He begins with a description of the great New York procession of trades in honour of the late Revolution in France, with which the other gentleman finishes. The different sensations produced in the minds of these two writers, by this extraordinary exhibition, are perfectly curious. The sources of the disappointment of the one and gratification of the other are perfectly characteristic: we see the difference between a man of taste, and what is called a practical man: both are right—the position from which each viewed the same object, was the cause of difference. Mr. Stuart has no fancy, no sense of the ridiculous: the author of *Cyril Thornton* is critical, refined, sensitive—with noble views of the grand, and a heart awaiting to have its chords struck by elevating and exciting objects.

This writer's observations on fagging at our public schools, and the abhorrence of it in America, exhibit both the acuteness and the prejudices of the author, and also throw light on the state of feeling in the States: it introduces also an allusion to the foul blot of that nation—its actual slavery in the South and its virtual slavery in the North.

"A striking difference exists between the system of rewards and punishments adopted in the schools of the United States and in those of England. In the former, neither personal infliction nor forcible coercion of any kind is permitted. How far such a system is likely to prove successful, I cannot yet form an opinion; but judging solely from the seminary under Dr. Griscomb, I should be inclined to augur favourably of its results. It has always, however, appeared strange to me, that the Americans should betray so strong an antipathy to the system of the public schools of England. There are no other establishments, perhaps, in our country, so entirely republican both in principle and practice. Rank is there allowed no privileges, and the only recognized aristocracy is that of personal qualities. Yet these schools are far from finding favour in American eyes. The system of fagging, in particular, is regarded with abhorrence; and, since my arrival, I have never met any one who could even speak of it with patience. The state of feeling on this matter in the two countries presents this curious anomaly: a young English nobleman is sent to Westminster or Winchester to brush coats and wash teacups; while the meanest American storekeeper

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would redden with virtuous indignation at the very thought of the issue of his loins contaminating his plebeian blood by the discharge of such functions.

"This difference of feeling, however, seems to admit of easy explanation. In England, the menial offices in question form the duties of *freemen*; in America, even in those States where slavery has been abolished, domestic service being discharged by negroes, is connected with a thousand degrading associations. So powerful are these, that I have never yet conversed with an American who could understand that there is nothing intrinsically disgraceful in such duties; and their being at all considered so, proceeds entirely from a certain confusion of thought, which connects the office with the manners and character of those by whom it is discharged. In a country where household services are generally performed by persons of respectable character, on a level, in point of morals and acquirements, with other handicraftsmen, it is evident that such prejudice could exist in no material degree. But it certainly could not exist *at all* in a country, where, for a certain period, such services were performed by *all*, including every rank below royalty. Let the idea of personal degradation, therefore, be wholly abstracted, and then the question will rest on its true basis—namely, whether such discipline as that adopted in our public schools, be favourable to the improvement of the moral character or not?

"In England, the system is believed, from long experience, to work practically well. No man will say, that British gentlemen, formed under the discipline of these institutions, are deficient in high bearing, or in generous spirit; nor will it readily be considered a disadvantage, that those who are afterwards to wield the united influence of rank and wealth, should, in their early years, be placed in a situation, where their personal and moral qualities alone can place them even on an equality with their companions.

"It is very probable, indeed, that a system suited to a country in which gradation of ranks forms an integral part of the constitution, may not be adapted to another, which differs so widely in these respects as the United States. Here, there is no pride of birth or station to be overcome; and whether under circumstances so different, the kind of discipline in question might operate beneficially or otherwise, is a point on which I certainly do not presume to decide. I only assert my conviction, that in this country it has never yet been made the subject of liberal and enlightened discussion, and therefore that the value of Transatlantic opinion with regard to it is absolutely null. The conclusion adopted may be right, but the grounds on which it is founded are evidently wrong."

The author then goes to visit a Black and Brown school: we quote his remarks for the benefit of America: here is the cancerous shame which eats into the heart of that country, and from which the death stroke will come if from any quarter.

"It has often happened to me, since my arrival in this country, to hear it gravely maintained by men of education and intelligence, that the negroes were an inferior race, a link as it were between man and the brutes. Having enjoyed few opportunities of observation on people of colour in my own country, I was now glad to be enabled to enlarge my knowledge on a subject so interesting. I therefore requested the master to inform me whether the results of his experience had led to the inference, that the aptitude of the negro children for acquiring knowledge was inferior to that of the whites? In reply, he assured me they had not done so; and on the contrary, declared, that in sagacity, perseverance, and capacity for the acquisition and retention of knowledge, his poor despised scholars were equal to any boys he ever had known. "But alas! Sir," said he, "to what end are these poor creatures taught acquirement, from the exercise of which they are destined to be debarred, by the prejudices of society? It is surely but a cruel mockery to cultivate talents when, in the present state of public feeling, there is no field open for their useful employment. Be his acquirements what they may, a negro is still a negro; or, in other words, a creature marked out for degradation, and exclusion from those objects which stimulate the hopes and powers of other men."

"I observed, in reply, that I was not aware that, in those States in which slavery had been abolished, any such barrier existed as that to which he alluded. "In the State of New York, for instance," I asked, "are not all offices and professions open to the man of colour as well as to the white?"

"I see, Sir," replied he, "that you are not a native of this country, or you would not have asked such a question." He then went on to inform me that the exclusion in question did not arise from any legislative enactment, but from the tyranny of that prejudice, which, regarding the poor Black as a being of inferior order, works its own fulfilment in making him so. There was no answering this, for it accorded too well with my own observations in society, not to carry my implicit belief.

"The master then proceeded to explain the system of education adopted in the school, and subsequently afforded many gratifying proofs of the proficiency of his scholars. One class were employed in navigation, and worked several complicated problems with great accuracy and rapidity. A large proportion were perfectly conversant with arithmetic, and not a few with the lower mathematics. A long and rigid examination took place in geography, in the course of which questions were answered with a facility, which I confess would have puzzled me exceedingly, had they been addressed to myself.

"I had become so much interested in the little party-coloured party before me, that I recurred to our former discourse, and inquired of the master, what would probably become of his scholars on their being sent out into the world? Some trades, some description of labour of course were open to them, and I expressed my desire to know what these were. He told me they were few. The class studying navigation were destined to be sailors; but let their talents be what they might, it was impossible they could rise to be officers of the paltriest merchantman that entered the waters of the United States. The office of cook or steward was indeed within the scope of their ambition; but it was just as feasible for the poor creatures to expect to become Chancellor of the State, as mate of a ship. In other pursuits it was the same. Some would become stonemasons or bricklayers, and to the extent of carrying a hod or handling a trowel, the course was clear before them; but the office of master bricklayer was open to them in precisely the same sense as the Professorship of Natural Philosophy. No white artificer would serve under a coloured master. The most degraded Irish emigrant would scout the idea with indignation. As carpenters, shoemakers, or tailors, they were still arrested by the same barrier. In either of the latter capacities, indeed, they might work for people of their own complexion, but no *gentleman* would ever think of ordering garments of any sort from a *schneider* of cuticle less white than his own. Grocers they might be, but then who would conceive the possibility of a respectable household matron purchasing tea or spiceries from a vile "Nigger?" As barbers, they were more fortunate, and in that capacity might even enjoy the privilege of taking the President of the United States by the nose. Throughout the Union, the department of domestic service

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peculiarly belongs to them, though recently they are beginning to find rivals in the Irish emigrants, who come annually in swarms like locusts.

"On the whole, I cannot help considering it a mistake to suppose that slavery has been abolished in the Northern States of the Union. It is true, indeed, that in these States the power of compulsory labour no longer exists; and that one human being within their limits can no longer claim property in the thews and sinews of another. But is this all that is implied in the boon of freedom? If the word mean any thing, it must mean the enjoyment of equal rights, and the unfettered exercise in each individual of such powers and faculties as God has given him. In this true meaning of the word, it may be safely asserted, that this poor degraded caste are still slaves. They are subjected to the most grinding and humiliating of all slaveries, that of universal and unconquerable prejudice. The whip indeed, has been removed from the back of the negro, but the chains are still on his limbs, and he bears the brand of degradation on his forehead. What is it but mere abuse of language to call him *free*, who is tyrannically deprived of all the motives to exertion which animate other men! The law, in truth, has left him in that most pitiable of all conditions, *a masterless slave*.

"It cannot be denied, that the negro population are still compelled, *as a class*, to be the hewers of wood and drawers of water to their fellow-citizens. *Citizens!* there is indeed something ludicrous in the application of the word to these miserable Pariahs. What privileges do they enjoy as such? Are they admissible upon a jury? can they enroll themselves in the militia? will a white man eat with them, or extend to them the hand of fellowship? Alas! if these men, so irresistibly manacled to degradation, are to be called *free*, tell us, at least, what stuff are slaves made of!"

Mrs. Trollope and others have told us much of the pride of "helps" and the inconvenience of "Blacks;" but our author puts the painfulness of the subject of service in a few striking lights, which may be useful to those who dream of living comfortably in the United States.

"Another circumstance, probably not without its effect in recommending both paucity and plainness of furniture, is the badness of the servants. These are chiefly people of colour, habituated from their cradle to be regarded as an inferior race, and consequently sadly wanting both in moral energy and principle. Every Lady with whom I have conversed on the subject, speaks with envy of the superior comforts and facilities of an English establishment. A coloured servant, they declare, requires perpetual supervision. He is an executive, not a deliberate being. Under such circumstances, the drudgery that devolves on an American matron I should imagine to be excessive. She must direct every operation that is going on from the garret to the cellar. She must be her own housekeeper, superintend all the outgoings and comings in, and interfere in a thousand petty and annoying details, which, in England, go on like clock-work, out of sight and out of thought.

"If it fare so with the mistress of an establishment, the master has no sinecure. A butler is out of the question. He would much rather know that the keys of his cellar were at the bottom of the Hudson than in the pocket of black Cæsar, with a fair opportunity of getting at his *Marston* or his *Bingham*. Few of the coloured population have energy to resist temptation. The dread of punishment has been removed as an habitual motive to exertion, but the sense of inextinguishable degradation yet remains.

"The torment of such servants has induced many families in New York to discard them altogether and supply their places with natives of the Emerald Isle. It may be doubted whether the change has generally been accompanied by much advantage. Domestic service in the United States is considered as degrading by all untainted by the curse of African descent. No native American could be induced to it, and popular as the present President may be, he would, probably, not find one of his constituents whom any amount of emolument would induce to brush his coat or stand behind his carriage. On their arrival in this country, therefore, the Scotch and English, who are not partial to being looked down upon by their neighbours, very soon get hold of this prejudice; but he of that terrestrial paradise, "first flower of the earth, and first gem of the sea," has no such scruples. Landing often at the quay of New York, without hat, shoes, and sometimes less dispensable garments, he is content to put his pride in his pocket, where there is always ample room for its accommodation. But even with him domestic service is only a temporary expedient. The moment he contrives to scrape together a little money, he bids his master good morning, and fired with the ambition of farming or storekeeping, starts off for the back country.

"The nuisance of this is, that no White servant is ever stationary in a place. He comes a mere clodpole, and is no sooner taught his duty, and become a useful member of the house, than he accepts the Chiltern Hundreds, and a new writ must forthwith be issued for a tenant of the pantry. Now, though annual elections may be very good things in the body *politic*, the most democratic American will probably admit, that in the body *domestic* the longer the members keep their seats the better. Habits of office are of some value in a valet as well as in a secretary of state, and how these are to be obtained by either functionary, as matters are at present ordered in this country, I profess myself at a loss to understand.

"When you enter an American house, either in quality of casual visitor or invited guest, the servant never thinks of ushering you to the company; on the contrary, he immediately disappears, leaving you to explore your way, in a navigation of which you know nothing, or to amuse yourself in the passage by counting the hat-pegs and umbrellas. In a strange house, one cannot take the liberty of bawling for assistance, and the choice only remains of opening doors on speculation, with the imminent risk of intruding on the bedroom of some young lady, or by cutting the Gordian knot by escaping through the only one you know any thing about. I confess that the first time I found myself in this unpleasant predicament the latter expedient was the one I adopted, though I fear not without offence to an excellent family, who, having learned the fact of my admission, could not be supposed to understand the motive of my precipitate retreat."

We have, of course, plenty of condemnation of the haste with which American meals are despatched: there is also no toleration for the filthy habits of spitting and smoking, and strong censuro is expressed of the blasphemy and violence of language as well as the dram-drinking and tipsiness encountered on board the steam-boats. In the latter point the author seems to have been very unfortunate. In his experience of the higher and more refined persons, such as those in station and of wealth, this writer is more eulogistic than any who have preceded him: indeed, his introductions, and, we dare say, his personal qualifications, gave him very extensive opportunities: but of the mass, he brings away most unfavourable impressions. We believe that his experience must have been embittered by his travelling with a White servant: there is no doubt that this would expose him to perpetual annoyance both in his own and his servant's person, and might frequently make him a mark with the tipsy democrat. His servant was obliged to

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brush his master's clothes in secret, and could not avoid being subjected to continual expressions of contempt for condescending with a white skin to perform menial offices.

The following account of a debate in Congress will be new to our readers: indeed, all that is said on this subject is admirable, though tinged with a colour of ridicule inseparable from the writer's modes of viewing things which do not excite his enthusiasm.

"During my stay in Washington, I had the good fortune to be present at one debate in the House of Representatives, which excited much public interest. It related to the appointment of Mr. Randolph as Minister to the Court of Russia. The circumstances were as follow. Early in 1830, it was judged right by the Cabinet of Washington to have a resident Minister at the Court of Russia. The individual selected for this high appointment was Mr. John Randolph, a gentleman of much eccentricity, high talents, and confessedly gifted with extraordinary powers as a debater. Though this gentleman has never held any political office, yet he has uniformly engrossed a very large share of the public attention, and has had the art, or the misfortune, in his own country to attract an unexampled portion of sincere admiration and vehement dislike. No man in America ever brought to debate an equal power of biting sarcasm, and few men, perhaps, if so gifted, would have used it so unsparingly. With the qualities of a statesman, Mr. Randolph is not considered by his countrymen to be largely endowed. His true element is opposition. He has attacked every successive Administration for the last thirty years; with what vigour and effect those who have writhed under the torture of his withering invectives can alone adequately describe. There is, indeed, something almost fearfully ingenious in his employment of epithets, which cut, as it were, to the very core, the objects of his wrath. In habit and feeling no man can be more aristocratic than Mr. Randolph, yet he has always been the stanch advocate of democratic principles. In one respect he is the very converse of Jefferson. He detests French literature and French society, praises England and her government, perhaps more than they deserve; and among his strange and multifarious acquirements must be included an accurate acquaintance with the genealogies of the whole British Peerage!

"When the situation of Minister to the Court of St. Petersburg was offered to this remarkable individual, he candidly informed the President that the state of his health was such as to render him incapable of braving the severities of a Russian climate, and that, unless permitted to pass the winter months in London or Paris, he should feel compelled to decline the appointment. The permission was granted, and Mr. Randolph departed on his mission. He left, however, many enemies behind him, men who had suffered under the lash of his eloquence, and were naturally anxious to seize every opportunity of retorting punishment on so formidable an opponent.

"A few days before my arrival in Washington, the subject of this appointment had been fairly brought into debate, and a Mr. Tristram Burgess, from Rhode Island, had made a vehement attack both on Mr. Randolph and on the Government. This called up Mr. Cambreleng, one of the members for New York, a gentleman of great talent, and decidedly the first political economist of the Union, who entered warmly on the defence of Ministers. There is no doubt that Mr. Cambreleng, under the influence of temporary excitement, in some degree exceeded the legitimate limits of legislative discussion. Mr. Tristram Burgess happened to be an elderly gentleman with a hooked nose, a head bald on the summit, but the sides of which displayed hair somewhat blanched by time. In allusion to these personal peculiarities, Mr. Cambreleng certainly said something about the fires of Etna glowing beneath the snows of Caucasus, and also, rather unpleasantly, compared his opponent to a bald-headed vulture. There can be no doubt of the bad taste of all this; and I know Mr. Cambreleng well enough to entertain the perfect conviction, that had any opportunity of subsequent explanation been afforded him, he would have been most ready to disclaim any hasty expression that could be considered personally offensive to his opponent. It appeared, however, that explanation was neither demanded nor expected. The House adjourned, and nearly three weeks elapsed before the subject again came on for discussion.

"I had no sooner reached Washington than I learned that great expectations were excited by the anticipated reply of Mr. Burgess, who was one of the crack orators of the house. Poor Mr. Cambreleng was evidently regarded as a doomed man; his fate was sealed; he could have no chance in a war of words with an intellectual giant like Mr. Tristram Burgess! I received congratulations on all hands on my good fortune in enjoying at least one opportunity of hearing a first-rate specimen of American eloquence. In short, the cry was still "he comes;" and when on the appointed day, he did come, it was bearing such a mass of written papers as gave promise of a prepared and voluminous speech.

"The promise was not belied. Mr. Burgess's talent for diffusion was of the first order, and the speech was Shandean. Being, however, what is vulgarly called *a slow coach*, he did not get over the ground so rapidly as might have been desired, considering the vast distance he was determined to travel. I know at least that he was three days on the road, and the point to which he at last conducted his passengers appeared to my vision very similar to that from which he started.

"Though my curiosity had been a good deal excited, the first three sentences were enough to calm it. Mr. Burgess was evidently a man of some cleverness, with a tolerable command of words, and a good deal of worldly sagacity. He occasionally made a good hit, and once or twice showed considerable adroitness in parrying attack; but he was utterly wanting in taste and imagination; there were no felicities either of thought or expression; nor could I detect a trace of any single quality which could be ranked among the higher gifts of an orator. A three days' speech from such a man was certainly a very serious affair; and though, as a matter of duty, on so great an occasion, I did bring myself to sit out the whole of it, it was done with the resolute determination to endure no second penance of a similar description.

"Were it possible to give any tolerable report of a speech which, of itself, would fill a volume, I would willingly appeal to it as exemplifying the justice of every blunder, both of taste and judgment, which I have attributed to American eloquence. There were scraps of Latin and of Shakspeare; there were words without meaning, and meanings not worth the trouble of embodying in words; there were bad jokes, and bad logic, and arguments without logic of any kind; there was abundance of exotic graces and home-bred vulgarities; of elaborate illustration of acknowledged truths; of vehement invective and prosy declamation; of conclusions without premises, and premises that lead to no conclusion; and yet this very speech was the subject of an eight days' wonder to the whole Union! The amount of praise bestowed on it by the public journals would have been condemned as hyperbolical if applied to an oration of Demosthenes. Mr. Burgess, at the termination of the session, was feted at New York; and Rhode Island exulted in the verbal prowess of the most gifted of her sons!

"There can be no doubt, therefore, that the speech

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of Mr. Burgess was an excellent speech of the kind; and in order to give the reader some more definite notion of what that kind was, I shall enter on a few details. Be it known, then, that a large portion of the first day's oration, related to the personal allusions of Mr. Cambreleng, who as the reader is aware, had said something about the snows of Caucasus and bald-headed vultures. Such an affair in the British Parliament would probably have been settled at the moment, by the good feeling of the House. If not, a short and pithy retort was certainly allowable, and good sense would have prevented more.

But the House of Representatives and Mr. Burgess manage these affairs differently. The orator commenced upon gray hair, and logically drew the conclusion, that as such discoloration was the natural consequence of advanced years, any disrespectful allusion to the effect implied contempt for the cause. Now, among every people in the world, Mahometan or Christian, civilized or barbarous, old age was treated with reverence. Even on the authority of Scripture, we are entitled to assert that the gray head should be regarded as a crown of honour. All men must become old, unless they die young; and every member of this House must reckon on submitting to the common fate of humanity, &c. &c. &c., and so on for about a quarter of an hour.

"Having said all that human ingenuity could devise about gray hair, next came bald heads; and here the orator, with laudable candour, proceeded to admit that baldness might in one sense be considered a defect. Nature had apparently intended that the human cranium should be covered with hair, and there was no denying that the integument was both useful and ornamental. I am not sure whether, at this stage of the argument, Mr. Burgess took advantage of the opportunity of impressing the House with a due sense of the virtues of bear's grease and macassar oil. I certainly remember anticipating an episode on nightcaps and Welsh wigs, but on these the orator was unaccountably silent. He duly informed the House, however, that many of the greatest heroes and philosophers could boast little covering on their upper region. Aristotle was bald, and so was Julius Cæsar, &c. &c. &c.

It was not till the subject of baldness had become as stale and flat, as it certainly was unprofitable, that the audience were introduced to the vulture, who was kept so long hovering over the head of Mr. Burgess's opponent, that one only felt anxious that he should make his pounce and have done with it. Altogether, to give the vulture—like the devil—his due, he was a very quiet bird, and more formidable from the offensive nature of his droppings, than any danger to be apprehended from his beak or claws. In truth, he did seem to be somewhat scurvily treated by the orator, who, after keeping him fluttering about the hall for some three hours, at last rather unceremoniously disclaimed all connexion with him, and announced that he, Mr. Burgess, was "an eagle soaring in his pride of place, and, therefore, not by a moping owl to be hawked at and killed!" This was too much for gravity, but luckily the day's oration had reached its termination, and the House broke up in a state of greater exhilaration than could reasonably have been anticipated from the nature and extent of the infliction.

"We would request attention to the more calm and dispassionate observations which follow, on American eloquence and on the character of its statesmen and their employment in Congress. There are many good remarks on other general subjects: the observations on the Tariff are excellent; those on Prison Discipline good; but the author does not fairly balance the respective merits of the Auburn plan and that of Philadelphia. We would recommend to his perusal the article on that subject in the last *Foreign Quarterly Review*. The characters and sketches of the illustrious men of America are drawn with much taste and ability. These Travels are, in short, a model in every thing of a personal nature: the whole of the writer's conduct and style gives us the strongest impression that we have to deal with a perfect English gentleman. As to the scenery and the general features of American country, the reader will find no more accomplished painter than the author: but he was not in search of the picturesque, and, except for Niagara, never goes out of his way for it: besides, he never ventured Westward. He descended the Ohio and Mississippi, and of the characters of these rivers he gives powerful sketches; but the Hudson he saw in winter and bad weather; and his business seems to have been strictly what he describes it—"Men and Manners in America."

EXTRACTS FROM ALISON'S HISTORY OF EUROPE DURING THE FRENCH REVOLUTION.

Death of Madame Roland.

THIS heroic woman had been early involved in the proscription of the Girondists, of whom her splendid talents had almost rendered her the head. Confined in the prison of the Abbaye, she employed the tedious months of captivity in composing the Memoirs, which so well illustrate her eventful life. With a firm hand she traced, in that gloomy abode, the joyous as well as the melancholy periods of her existence; the brilliant dreams and ardent patriotism of her youth; the stormy and eventful scenes of her maturer years, the horrors and anguish of her latest days. While suffering under the fanaticism of the people, when about to die under the violence of the mob, she never abandoned the principles of her youth, or regretted her martyrdom in the cause of freedom. If the thoughts of her daughter and her husband sometimes melted her to tears, she regained her firmness on every important occasion. Her Memoirs evince unbroken serenity of mind, though she was frequently interrupted in their composition by the cries of those whom the executioners were dragging from the adjoining cells to the scaffold.

"On the day of her trial she was dressed with scrupulous care in white. Her fine black hair fell in profuse curls to her waist; but the display of its beauty was owing to her jailers, who had deprived her of all means of dressing it. She chose that dress as emblematic of the purity of her mind. Her advocate, M. Chaveau Lagarde, visited her to receive her last instructions; drawing a ring from her finger, she said,—'To-morrow I shall be no more; I know well the fate which awaits me; your kind assistance could be of no avail; it would endanger you without saving me. Do not therefore, I pray you, come to the Tribunal, but accept this as the last testimony of my regard.' Her defence, composed by herself the night before the trial, is one of the most eloquent and touching monuments of the Revolution. Her answers to the interrogatories of the judges, the dignity of her manner, the beauty of her figure, melted even the Revolutionary audience with pity. Finding they could implicate her in no other way, the President asked her if she was acquainted with the place of her husband's retreat? She replied, that 'Whether she knew it or not she would not reveal it, and that there was no law by which she was obliged in a court of justice, to violate the strongest feelings of nature.' Upon this she was immediately condemned. When the reading of her sentence was concluded, she rose and said, 'You judge me worthy to share the fate of the great men whom

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you have assassinated. I shall endeavour to imitate their firmness on the scaffold.' She regained her prison with an elastic step and beaming eye. Her whole soul appeared absorbed in the heroic feelings with which she was animated.

"She was conveyed to the scaffold in the same car with a man whose firmness was not equal to her own. While passing along the streets, her whole anxiety appeared to be to support his courage. She did this with so much simplicity and effect, that she frequently brought a smile on the lips which were about to perish! At the place of execution she bowed before the gigantic statue of Liberty, and pronounced the memorable words, 'Oh, Liberty! how many crimes are committed in your name!' When they arrived at the foot of the scaffold, she had the generosity to renounce, in favour of her companion, the privilege of being first executed. 'Ascend first,' said she, 'let me at least spare you the pain of seeing my blood flow. Turning to the executioner, she asked if he would consent to that arrangement; he replied, 'That his orders were, that she should die the first.'—'You cannot,' said she, with a smile, 'I am sure, refuse a woman her last request?' Undismayed by the spectacle which immediately ensued, she calmly bent her head under the guillotine, and perished with the serenity she had evinced ever since her imprisonment.

"Madame Roland had predicted that her husband would not long survive her. Her prophecy was speedily fulfilled. A few days afterwards, he was found dead on the road between Paris and Rouen; he had stabbed himself in that situation, that he might not, by the situation in which his body was found, betray the generous friends who had sheltered him in his misfortunes. In his pocket was contained a letter, in these terms:—'Whoever you are, oh! passenger, who discover my body, respect the remains of the unfortunate. They are those of a man who consecrated his whole life to be useful to his country; who died as he had lived, virtuous and unsullied. May my fellow-citizens embrace more humane sentiments; not fear, but indignation, made me quit my retreat when I heard of the murder of my wife. I loathed a world stained with so many crimes.'

Death of Robespierre.

"The conspirators finding themselves abandoned, gave themselves up to despair; the National Guard rushed rapidly up the stair, and entered the room where Robespierre and the leaders of the revolt were assembled. Robespierre was sitting with his elbow on his knees, and his head resting on his hand; Meda discharged his pistol, which broke his under jaw, and he fell under the table. St. Just implored Le Bas to put an end to his life. 'Coward, follow my example,' said he, and blew out his brains. Couthon was seized under a table, feebly attempting to strike with a knife, which he wanted the courage to plunge in his heart; Coffinhal, and the younger Robespierre, threw themselves from the windows, and were seized in the inner court of the building. Henriot had been thrown down the stair by Coffinhal, but though bruised and mutilated, he contrived to crawl into the entrance of a sewer, from whence he was dragged out by the troops of the Convention.

"Robespierre and Couthon being supposed to be dead, were dragged by the heels to the Quai Pelletier, where it was proposed to throw them into the river; but it being discovered, when day returned, that they still breathed, they were stretched on a board, and carried to the Assembly. The members having refused to admit them, they were conveyed to the Committee of General Safety, where Robespierre lay for some hours stretched on a table, with his broken jaw still bleeding, and suffering alike under bodily pain, and the execrations of those around him. From thence, he was sent to the Conciergerie, where he was confined in the same cell which had been occupied by Danton, Hebert, and Chaumette. At length he was brought, with all his associates, to the Revolutionary Tribunal, and as soon as the identity of their persons was established, they were condemned.

"At four in the morning, on the 29th July, all Paris was in motion to witness the death of the tyrant. He was placed on the chariot, between Henriot and Couthon, whose remains were as mutilated as his own; the crowd, which for long had ceased to attend the executions, manifested the utmost joy at their fate. The blood from his jaw burst through the bandage, and overflowed his dress; his face was ghastly pale. He shut his eyes, but could not close his ears against the imprecations of the multitude. A woman breaking from the crowd, exclaimed—'Murderers of all my kindred, your agony fills me with joy; descend to hell, covered with the curses of every mother in France!' Twenty of his comrades were executed before him; when he ascended the scaffold, the executioner tore the bandage from his face; the lower jaw fell upon his breast, and he uttered a yell, which filled every heart with horror. For some minutes the frightful figure was held up to the multitude; he was then placed under the axe, and the last sounds which reached his ears were the exulting shouts, which were prolonged for some minutes after his death.

Along with Robespierre were executed, Henriot, Couthon, St. Just, Dumas, Coffinhal, Simon and all the leaders of the revolt. St. Just alone displayed the firmness, which had so often been witnessed among the victims whom they had sent to the scaffold. Couthon wept with terror; the others died uttering blasphemies, which were drowned in the cheers of the people. They shed tears for joy, they embraced each other in transport, they crowded round the scaffold to behold the bloody remains of the tyrants. 'Yes, Robespierre, there is a God!' said a poor man as he approached the lifeless body of one so lately the object of dread; his fall was felt by all present as an immediate manifestation of the Divinity."

AMERICAN REFUGEE SLAVES.

[*Being part of an article on the British Slave Colonies, in Blackwood's Magazine.*]

THE American refugee slaves are the next class who deserve notice. They have been settled in Trinidad, and consisted, I believe, on their arrival there about eighteen years ago, of 1100 men, 309 women, and 217 children; altogether, 1626. These were, I believe, principally field slaves, or agricultural labourers when in the United States. Great Britain paid these States, for these people, the sum of twelve hundred and fifty thousand dollars, making, with the expense of the commission at St. Petersburg, attending the reference to the Emperor of Russia, and the additional expense of transporting them from America to Trinidad, a sum exceeding 300,000*l.* sterling. Since they went there, they have cost the British Government upwards of 30,000*l.* sterling more, besides the value of the land, sixteen acres given to each grown up person, some of it in cultivation of provisions, cocoa, &c. above, if land is to be taken worth any thing, 60,000*l.* more; or together, 400,000*l.* sterling on this free labour speculation. I passed through a part of their location in January last, and have collected a particular and accurate account of the whole. They have done nothing: they are scattered, and utterly demoralized.

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These people were located in the vicinity of *Savannah-le-Grande*, the most fertile part of Trinidad. They were settled in companies in a military way. The cultivation of provisions for their own supply, and some product for exportation, as directed by Sir Ralph Woodford, was abandoned in consequence of orders from England. Mr. Mitchell, their superintendent, with a salary of 400*l.* sterling per annum, endeavoured to keep them all at work on his own estate, by persuading them that they would not get paid if they wrought on any other. He had then an estate with about thirty slaves, yielding a fair return, and clear of debt. About this time he sent to England some sugar, as he said, the produce of *free labour*, about which a great noise was made. The fact was, that notwithstanding his unlimited authority, and the application of the whip, to the extent that the flagellations inflicted amongst these people exceeded those inflicted on all the sugar plantations in the districts of both Naparimas, still these people would not work, nor could he obtain any labour from them at a profit, which compelled him to purchase a considerable number of slaves, at a very high rate, in order to carry on the cultivation of his estate. From this cause it got deeply in debt at the commencement of the late ruinously low prices of sugar; and it is now, after his death, in the hands of a mortgagee, and his family left without a farthing! Government discontinued the superintendent at the beginning of last year, since which period these people have begun to scatter themselves all over the country. Only about a thousand of them can be found. They go upon estates where they are supported by the slaves. A few among them occasionally engage in the labour of cutting wood and canes, in order to procure rum and a little salt fish, and such clothes as will cover their nakedness. They drink rum to excess. Those who engage in cutting wood, never drink less than a bottle a-day, and two if they can get it. These people, together with the free Indians and Spanish peons, look with contempt upon an estate that has not got a still upon it! When they first arrived from America, they were both a moral and religious people. Without teachers, they for a time performed their public and private devotions regularly, and in a very serious manner. With their freedom, however, their religion has vanished. There is now neither church nor school in any of the settlements. The former preachers have degenerated into irreclaimable drunkards. A schoolmaster, lately sent among them, has been obliged to retire, on account of want of success, encouragement and pay, and is now obliged to cut canes, in order to support his existence! The timber which had been cut and dragged a considerable distance from the woods, for the purpose of building a church and a school-house, now lies rotting on the ground. Not one will put a hand to it. Government cruelly neglected these people. They pointedly refused to send them a religious teacher until about eighteen months ago, when the Bishop of Barbadoes sent a clergyman with a salary of 300*l.* sterling per annum, for the establishment. When he arrived on the coast, about six miles distant, not one of them, either for love or money, would engage to carry his baggage. It was carried to the settlement by slaves. Disgusted and terrified at what he saw and heard, he only remained among them for a few days, when he left, declaring that nothing could induce him to return or stay among such a set of savages. In fact, the only instructors and helpmates that Government sent among them, were a set of dirty, ignorant, and savage Congo women, rescued from the wreck of a Spanish slave-ship at Anegada, and sent from Tortola to this settlement in Trinidad, at the expense of £385 5*s.* sterling, to the British Treasury.

From Tait's Edinburgh Magazine.

THE ROMANCE OF POLITICS.

It is well known that, upon the abdication of Charles X., Beranger, the most philosophic of modern poets, exclaimed, "*On a detrone la chanson!*" The ludicrous had disappeared with the *ancien regime*. In like manner did *we* exclaim, when the Lord Mayor's feast of 1830 decreed the downfall of the Tories, "The romance of politics is at an end." No more petticoat ministries; no more Rosa-Matilda pensions! There was a rumour of an ex-Chancelloress at the feet of Lord Durham—the echo died away—and from that day to this, Cupid has been superseded in the Cabinet Council. The *romantiques* among the young reporters are therefore sadly to seek in those tender episodes which enlivened the holidays of Walmer Castle. The laurels of the Woolsack disdain a single rose; and were it not for the loveliness of Lady G———, the Whig Ministry would make a sorry show, even in the annals of the drawing-room.

A very tender subject is, however, beginning to agitate the sensibility of the weavers of political romance. The Heiress Presumptive is advancing towards the age when princesses are wooed, and kingdoms won; and the elevation in life of Prince Leopold, Cadet of Saxe-Coburg Saalfeld, already creates a stir among the microscopic Highnesses of Germany. The attic stories of the palaces of half-a-dozen capitals whose dominions are too minute for the map, appear to be in a state of commotion; and the Princesses dowager of Reuss-this and Saxe-the-other, are busily occupied in mending up the shirts and stockings of their Ernests and Gustavuses, with a view to despatching them to the probation-preliminary of Almack's, and Lady Grey's assemblies. When Lady Keith (now the wife of *Count Flahault*, and then Miss Mercer Elphinstone) obliged the young Saxon Captain and Serene Highness with a letter of introduction to Princess Charlotte of England, very little could she have anticipated the time when King Leopold of Belgium would extend his royal hand for her to kiss. But the lesson has not been thrown away, either upon her ladyship or those gothic Sovereignties which so closely resemble the Marquisate of Carrabas; and there has not been such a commotion among the tiny regalities which furnish twenty men per kingdom to the confederation of the Rhine, since the crusade of Walter the Penniless.

Scarcely was it known on the Elbe that the young prince of Cumberland had inherited the physical visual infirmity of his grandfather, and that circumstances might render it difficult to bestow a preference upon the son of the Duke of Cambridge, than the Nassaus began to number their tribes, and all the Protestant feeders upon royal *sauer kraut* to calculate upon the personal attractions of their junior branches: The old women of France persuaded themselves that the Duke of Orleans, like Paolo of Rimini, was gone a-wooing for his brother;—and the black Brunswickers asserted that Duke William would shortly return with white favours. Since the days of Portia and Belmont, never was there seen such a congress of suitors!

Yet the question has its serious side. On the event of this frivolous wooing, of this preference to be accorded by a child, how much of the future destinies of England hang suspended! Is there no hope of an amendment in that relic of barbarism, our Royal Marriage Bill? a Bill which renders the interests of Great Britain tributary to those of the Kingdom of Hanover!—a Bill which legislates for England as for a feof of the Empire! For three years past, the most popular of his Majesty's brothers has been the husband of an amiable woman, the daughter of an Irish Earl, without obtaining

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the aid of Parliament in the legalization of a marriage lawful in the eye of Heaven; and now, in defiance of the spirit of the times, some high and mighty transparency, formed in the schools of Jena, Berlin, or Gottingen, ignorant of our very language, and insensible to the spirit of our constitution, will probably be imported, duty free, as a government bargain, to receive the hand of the daughter of the Duke of Kent, and the inheritance of our ancient monarchy! We own we never regarded with a favourable eye the cousinly alliance pointed out by the partiality of the Tories; and now it appears unaccomplishable. The security of the succession unquestionably demands an early marriage for the heiress presumptive; a marriage to be solemnized at a period when the two Princes George will, we trust, be pursuing their studies at one of our national universities. A boy and girl upon the throne would, we conceive, throw a more mischievous measure of power into the hands of favourites and family connexions, than even the union of the future Queen of England with one of her distinguished subjects.

From Blackwood's Magazine.

BURIAL OF AN EMIGRANT'S CHILD IN THE FOREST.

BY MRS. HEMANS.

SCENE.—*The banks of a solitary river in an American Forest. A tent under pine-trees in the foreground.* AGNES *sitting before the tent with a child in her arms, apparently sleeping.*

Agnes. Surely 'tis all a dream—a fever-dream!
The desolation and the agony—
The strange red sunrise—and the gloomy woods,
So terrible with their dark giant boughs,
And the broad lonely river! all a dream!
And my boy's voice will wake me, with its clear,
Wild, singing tones, as they were wont to come
Through the wreath'd sweet-brier, at my lattice panes
In happy, happy England! Speak to me!
Speak to thy mother, bright one! she hath watch'd
All the dread night beside thee, till her brain
Is darken'd by swift waves of fantasies,
And her soul faint with longing for thy voice.
Oh! I *must* wake him with one gentle kiss
On his fair brow!
(*Shudderingly*) The strange damp thrilling touch!
The marble chill? Now, now it rushes back—
Now I know all!—dead—*dead!*—a fearful word!
My boy hath left me in the wilderness,
To journey on without the blessed light
In his deep loving eyes—he's gone—he's gone!
[*Her* HUSBAND *enters.*
Husband. Agnes, my Agnes! hast thou look'd thy last
On our sweet slumberer's face? The hour is come—
The couch made ready for his last repose.
Agnes. Not yet! thou canst not take him from me yet!
If he but left me for a few short days,
This were too brief a gazing-time, to draw
His angel-image into my fond heart,
And fix its beauty there. And now—oh! *now*,
Never again the laughter of his eye
Shall send its gladdening summer through my soul,
Never on earth again. Yet, yet delay!
Thou canst not take him from me.
Husband. My belov'd!
Is it not God hath taken him? the God
That took our first-born, o'er whose early grave
Thou didst bow down thy saint-like head, and say,
"His will be done!"
Agnes. Oh! that near household grave,
Under the turf of England, seem'd not half,
Not half so much to part me from my child
As these dark woods. It lay beside our home,
And I could watch the sunshine, through all hours,
Loving and clinging to the grassy spot,
And I could dress its greensward with fresh flowers,
Familiar, meadow-flowers. O'er *thee*, my babe,
The primrose will not blossom! Oh! that now,
Together, by the fair young sister's side,
We lay, 'midst England's valleys!
Husband. Dost thou grieve,
Agnes! that thou hast follow'd o'er the deep
An exile's fortunes? If it *thus* can be,
Then, after many a conflict cheerily met,
My spirit sinks at last.
Agnes. Forgive, forgive!
My Edmund, pardon me! Oh! grief is wild—
Forget its words, quick spray-drops from a fount
Of unknown bitterness! Thou art my home!
Mine only and my blessed one. Where'er
Thy warm heart beats in its true nobleness,
There is my country, *there* my head shall rest,
And throb no more. Oh! still by thy strong love
Bear up the feeble reed!
[*Kneeling down with the child in her arms.*
And thou, my God!
Hear my soul's cry from this dread wilderness,
Oh! hear, and pardon me. If I have made
This treasure, sent from thee, too much the ark
Fraught with mine earthward-clinging happiness,
Forgetting Him who gave, and might resume,
Oh! pardon me.
If nature hath rebell'd,
And from thy light turn'd wilfully away,
Making a midnight of her agony,
When the despairing passion of her clasp
Was from its idol stricken at one touch
Of thine Almighty hand—Oh, pardon me!
By thy Son's anguish pardon. In the soul
The tempests and the waves will know thy voice—
Father, say, "Peace, be still!"
[*Giving the child to her Husband.*
Farewell, my babe,
Go from my bosom now to other rest!
With this last kiss on thine unsullied brow,
And on thy pale calm cheek these contrite tears,
I yield thee to thy Maker.
Husband. Now, my wife,
Thine own meek holiness beams forth once more
A light upon my path. Now shall I bear,
From thy dear arms, the slumberer to repose—
With a calm, trustful heart.
Agnes. My Edmund, where—
Where wilt thou lay him?
Husband. Seest thou where the spire
Of yon dark cypress reddens in the sun
To burning gold?—there—o'er yon willow-tuft?
Under that native desert-monument
Lies his lone bed. Our Hubert, since the dawn,
With the gray mosses of the wilderness
Hath lined it closely through; and there breathed forth,
E'en from the fulness of his own pure heart,
A wild, sad forest-hymn—a song of tears,
Which thou wilt learn to love. I heard the boy
Chanting it o'er his solitary task,
As wails a wood-bird to the thrilling leaves,
Perchance unconsciously.
Agnes. My gentle son!
Th' affectionate, the gifted!—With what joy—
Edmund, rememberest thou?—with what bright joy
His baby-brother ever to his arms
Would spring from rosy sleep, and playfully
Hide the rich clusters of his gleaming hair
In that kind youthful breast!—Oh! now no more—
But strengthen me, my God! and melt my heart,
Even to a well-spring of adoring tears,
For many a blessing left.

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(*Bending over the Child.*) Once more farewell:
Oh! the pale piercing sweetness of that look,
How can it be sustained? Away, away!
[*After a short pause.*
Edmund, my woman's nature still is weak—
I cannot see thee render dust to dust!
Go thou, my husband, to thy solemn task;
I will rest here, and still my soul with prayer
Till thy return.
Husband. Then strength be with thy prayer,
Peace on thy bosom. Faith and heavenly hope
Unto thy spirit. Fare thee well a while!
We must be Pilgrims of the Woods again,
After this mournful hour.
[*He goes out with the child. Agnes kneels in prayer.*
After a time voices without are heard singing

THE FUNERAL HYMN.

Where the long reeds quiver,
Where the pines make moan,
By the forest-river,
Sleeps our babe alone.
England's field-flowers may not deck his grave,
Cypress-shadows o'er him darkly wave.

Woods unknown receive him,
'Midst the mighty wild;
Yet with God we leave him,
Blessed, blessed child:
And our tears gush o'er his lovely dust,
Mournfully, yet still from hearts of trust.

Though his eye hath brighten'd
Oft our weary way,
And his clear laugh lighten'd
Half our hearts' dismay;
Still in Hope we give back what was given,
Yielding up the Beautiful to Heaven.

And to Her who bore him,
Her who long must weep,
Yet shall Heaven restore him
From his pale, sweet sleep!
Those blue eyes of Love and Peace again
Through her soul will shine, undimm'd by pain.

Where the long reeds quiver,
Where the pines make moan,
Leave we by the river
Earth to earth alone!
God and Father! may our journeyings on
Lead to where the blessed boy is gone!

From the Exile's sorrow,
From the Wanderer's dread
Of the night and morrow,
Early, brightly fled;
Thou hast called him to a sweeter home
Than our lost one o'er the Ocean's foam.

Now let Thought behold him
With his angel look,
Where those arms enfold him,
Which benignly took
Israel's babes to their Good Shepherd's breast,
When his voice their tender meekness bless'd.

Turn thee, now, fond Mother!
From thy dead, oh! turn!
Linger not, young Brother,
Here to dream and mourn:
Only kneel once more around the sod,
Kneel, and bow submitted hearts to God!

From the same.

WOOD-WALK AND HYMN—BY MRS. HEMANS.

Move along these shades
In gentleness of heart; with gentle hand
Touch—for there is a spirit in the woods.
WORDSWORTH.

FATHER.—CHILD.

Child. There are the aspens, with their silvery leaves
Trembling; for ever trembling! though the lime
And chestnut boughs, and those long arching sprays
Of eglantine, hang still, as if the wood
Were all one picture!
Father. Hast thou heard, my boy,
The peasant's legend of that quivering tree?
Child. No, father; doth he say the fairies dance
Amidst the branches?
Father. Oh! a cause more deep,
More solemn, far, the rustic doth assign
To the strange restlessness of those wan leaves!
The cross, he deems, the blessed cross, whereon
The meek Redeemer bowed his head to death,
Was framed of aspen wood; and since that hour,
Through all its race the pale tree hath sent down
A thrilling consciousness, a secret awe,
Making them tremulous, when not a breeze
Disturbs the airy thistle-down, or shakes
The light lines of the shining gossamer.
Child, (*after a pause.*) Dost thou believe it father?
Father. Nay, my child,
We walk in clearer light. But yet, even now,
With something of a lingering love I read
The characters, by that mysterious hour,
Stamp'd on the reverential soul of man
In visionary days; and thence thrown back
On the fair forms of nature. Many a sign
Of the great sacrifice which won us Heaven,
The Woodman and the Mountaineer can trace
On rock, on herb, and flower. And be it so!
They do not wisely that, with hurried hand,
Would pluck these salutary fancies forth
From their strong soil within the Peasant's breast
And scatter them—far, far too fast!—away
As worthless weeds:—Oh! little do we know
When they have soothed, when saved!
But come, dear boy!
My words grow tinged with thought too deep for thee.
Come,—let us search for violets.
Child. Know you not
More of the legends which the Woodmen tell
Amidst the trees and flowers?
Father. Wilt thou know more?
Bring then the folding leaf, with dark brown stains,
There—by the mossy roots of yon old beech,
Midst the rich tuft of cowslips—see'st thou not?
There is a spray of woodbine from the tree
Just bending o'er it, with a wild bee's weight.
Child. The Arum leaf?
Father. Yes, these deep inwrought marks,
The villager will tell thee—(and with voice
Lower'd in his true heart's reverent earnestness)—
Are the flower's portion from th' atoning blood
On Calvary shed. Beneath the cross it grew;
And, in the vase-like hollow of its leaf,
Catching from that dread shower of agony
A few mysterious drops, transmitted thus
Unto the groves and hills, their sealing stains,
A heritage, for storm or vernal wind
Never to waft away!
And hast thou seen
The Passion-flower?—It grows not in the woods,
But 'midst the bright things brought from other climes.

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Child. What, the pale star-shaped flower, with purple streaks
And light green tendrils?
Father. Thou hast mark'd it well.
Yes, a pale, starry, dreamy-looking flower,
As from a land of spirits!—To mine eye
Those faint wan petals—colourless—and yet
Not white, but shadowy—with the mystic lines
(As letters of some wizard language gone)
Into their vapour-like transparence wrought,
Bear something of a strange solemnity,
Awfully lovely!—and the Christian's thought
Loves, in their cloudy penciling, to find
Dread symbols of his Lord's last mortal pangs,
Set by God's hand—The coronal of thorns—
The Cross—the wounds—with other meanings deep,
Which I will teach thee when we meet again
That flower, the chosen for the martyr's wreath,
The Saviour's holy flower.
But let us pause:
Now have we reach'd the very inmost heart
Of the old wood.—How the green shadows close
Into a rich, clear, summer darkness round,
A luxury of gloom!—Scarce doth one ray,
Ev'n when a soft wind parts the foliage, steal
O'er the bronzed pillars of these deep arcades;
Or if it doth, 'tis with a mellow'd hue
Of glow-worm-colour'd light.
Here, in the days
Of Pagan visions, would have been a place
For worship of the wood-nymphs! Through these oaks
A small, fair gleaming temple might have thrown
The quivering image of its Dorian shafts
On the stream's bosom: or a sculptured form,
Dryad, or fountain-goddess of the gloom,
Have bow'd its head o'er that dark crystal down,
Drooping with beauty, as a lily droops
Under bright rain:—but we, my child, are here
With God, our God, a Spirit; who requires
Heart-worship, given in spirit and in truth;
And this high knowledge—deep, rich, vast enough
To fill and hallow all the solitude,
Makes consecrated earth where'er we move,
Without the aid of shrines.
What! dost thou feel
The solemn whispering influence of the scene
Oppressing thy young heart? that thou dost draw
More closely to my side, and clasp my hand
Faster in thine? Nay, fear not, gentle child!
'Tis Love, not Fear, whose vernal breath pervades
The stilness round. Come, sit beside me here,
Where brooding violets mantle this green slope
With dark exuberance—and beneath these plumes
Of wavy fern, look where the cup-moss holds
In its pure crimson goblets, fresh and bright,
The starry dews of morning. Rest awhile,
And let me hear once more the woodland verse
I taught thee late—'twas made for such a scene.
(*Child speaks.*)

WOOD HYMN.

Broods there some spirit here?
The summer leaves hang silent as a cloud,
And o'er the pools, all still and darkly clear,
The wild wood-hyacinth with awe seems bow'd;
And something of a tender cloistral gloom
Deepens the violet's bloom.

The very light, that streams
Through the dim dewy veil of foliage round,
Comes tremulous with emerald-tinted gleams,
As if it knew the place were holy ground;
And would not startle, with too bright a burst,
Flowers, all divinely nurs'd.

Wakes there some spirit here?
A swift wind fraught with change, comes rushing by,
And leaves and waters, in its wild career,
Shed forth sweet voices—each a mystery!
Surely some awful influence must pervade
These depths of trembling shade!

Yes, lightly, softly move!
There *is* a Power, a Presence in the woods;
A viewless Being, that with Life and Love
Informs the reverential solitudes:
The rich air knows it, and the mossy sod—
Thou, *Thou* art here, my God!

And if with awe we tread
The Minster-floor, beneath the storied pane,
And midst the mouldering banners of the dead;
Shall the green voiceful wild seem *less* Thy fane,
Where Thou alone hast built?—where arch and roof
Are of thy living woof?

The silence and the sound
In the lone places, breathe alike of Thee;
The Temple-twilight of the gloom profound,
The dew-cup of the frail anemone,
The reed by every wandering whisper thrill'd—
All, all with thee are fill'd!

Oh! purify mine eyes,
More and yet more, by Love and lowly Thought,
Thy Presence, Holiest One! to recognise,
In these majestic aisles which Thou hast wrought!
And 'midst their sealike murmurs, teach mine ear
Ever Thy voice to hear!

And sanctify my heart
To meet the awful sweetness of that tone,
With no faint thrill, or self-accusing start,
But a deep joy the heavenly Guest to own;
Joy, such as dwelt in Eden's glorious bowers
Ere Sin had dimm'd the flowers.

Let me not know the change
O'er Nature thrown by Guilt!—the boding sky,
The hollow leaf-sounds ominous and strange,
The weight wherewith the dark tree-shadows lie!
Father! oh! keep my footsteps pure and free,
To walk the woods with Thee!

From Tait's Edinburgh Magazine.

HYMN TO THE DAYLIGHT.

COME from the crystal chambers of thy rest,
O Light! the life of sleep-forsaken eyes!
The Earth has worn a sorrow, since the west
Tracked thy last footstep in the purple skies;—
The air is sick with darkness, and the breast
Of the old deep slow heaves with hollow sighs.
Cast on this world of gloom, and grief, and fear,
Thy torch of sparkling beams; Fair Light, appear!

Come! for the earth shows ghastly; clammy dews
Load the chill forest; dark the meadows lie:
Music is mute; all lovely scents and hues
Are dead or hidden:—through the rack on high
The errant Moon her lonely path pursues,
Hymned by the wailing winds, that pant and sigh,
Like parted spirits o'er the corpse of earth;—
Bring glory forth: O give the Morning birth!

There be worn watchers thirsting for that sight,
Perplexed with sudden fears, and wan with awe:

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Old griefs have risen, and moaned the livelong night;
And graves have yielded bloodless shapes, to draw
The shivering wretch's curtain:—vague affright
Hath sate in painted halls and huts of straw,
And bound the strangling sleepers in a chain
Of frenzied dreams. O give them breath again!

And there have been stern visitants, that haste
In the thick darkness to the watcher's ear,
Telling unwelcome histories of the past;
And, raising from the gloom, with words severe,
Guilt, weakness, error suffered or embraced,
Have bid forgotten wrong and shame appear;
Till conscience shrank, and started at the view
Of gathered ill, yet owned the picture true.

Come! there are soft, yet wo-provoking, sprites,
Born of light fancy in the teeming brain,
That chase the soul with shew of fond delights,
And baseless hopes, and prizes none may gain;
Most mocking bliss! that wakened sense requites
With blank regrets, and disappointment vain!
Come! ere the bright possessions grow too fair,
And madness strike the eyes that find them air!

Day hath enough of mourning! Come, and still
The vision-anguish, drawn from phantom themes,
That strikes the passive sense with fancied ill,
And darkens slumber with distressful dreams
Of friends grown false, of bitter wrongs that chill
The spirit's trust; with childish grief, that streams
In tears most passionate from sleeping eyes,
And adds a shade to waking miseries.

Come, and win back to earth the vagrant, Thought;
Haste! for its might grows fearful when alone:
Free from the slumbering clay wherein it wrought,
It seeks to pierce the veil of mystery thrown
Betwixt the seen and hidden; and, distraught
With sounds half-heard, and sights obscurely shewn,
Eager and dizzied with its strange delight,
Throbs o'er the gulf where Life and Death unite.

And Night hath memories. From the broken chain
Of warm affection worn in youth's fair spring,
From loves the tomb hath severed yet not slain;
From hopes that once were happiness, they bring
A strain of sad bereavement; while a train
Of plaintive spectres to the mourner cling,
Most dear, yet oh! most thrilling; and his breath
Faints at the silent earnestness of Death!

Life may not bear such pangs of sick regret—
Alas! most vain! the task of labouring still
Through Day's incessant toil, and wear, and fret,
They make too heavy. Wake the languid will
To hope and struggle; bid the heart forget
A void it must not feel, and cannot fill;
Chase the fond gloom those dear subduing shades
Cast o'er the soul that craves all strengthening aids.

Shine through the half-lit chamber, where the hours
Creep with slow misery past the sick man's bed;
Allay the restless burning that devours
The fevered frame when fickle sleep hath fled;
Let thy sweet mate, the morning-breath of flowers,
Cool the hot pulses of his weary head.
O! he hath tossed and yearned in long, long strife;
Shed o'er his couch thy smile, O joy of life!

Symbol of freedom, open truth and right,
Shoot thy keen arrows through this gloom below,
Where, in the shelter of accomplice night,
The prowling caitiff strikes his coward blow,
And pale-eyed traitors' whispering bands unite,
And rapine prowls, and lawless passions glow;
Shine out,—abash the guilt that shrinks from day,
And scare its slaves, like vultures, from their prey!

Hark! what glad music bursts from Nature's tongue,
To hail the opening of thy seraph-eye!
The mountain peaks in glory forth have sprung,
The sun-kissed waters sparkle to the sky;
The air is quick with fragrance; Earth has flung
Her funeral robe aside: sick phantoms fly;
Vain dreams and sadness, mystery and shade
Are fled: 'Tis day! The wakened world is glad!

V.

From the Examiner.

WAR IN THE EAST.

The contest which for the last three years has been carrying on in the East, appears at last to be brought to a close. All accounts which have arrived for this month past, unite in representing the army of the Sultan of Egypt as retiring within the limits which have been fixed on in a treaty of peace, and we may now, therefore, take a general view of the result of the war as it affects the political position and interests of all parties concerned, viz., Mahomet Ali the Sultan of Egypt and his son Ibrahim, the Sultan of Constantinople, the Czar of Russia, and the other Sovereigns of Europe and their respective subjects.

The Sultan of Egypt has been the principal gainer; the treaty of peace leaves him in possession of his former territories of Egypt, and the new acquisitions of Palestine and Syria with the neighbouring territories, extending as far as that great natural boundary Mount Taurus, which separates his newly acquired dominions from the provinces anciently known under the name of Asia Minor. He has thus an immense accession of people brought under his sway, of at least three to four millions, including the rich cities of Damascus and Aleppo, and many valuable seaport towns. He has now the means of rewarding his friends, and attaching them to the fortunes of his family. He has also gained the Turkish provinces on the coast of Arabia, and a great influence over the sacred territory of Islamism, as the protector of the holy cities of Mecca and Medina, the resort of the pilgrims. As the possessor of Damascus it will be his duty also to conduct, by his lieutenants, the grand procession of the Hadj, or pilgrims, from all the provinces of the Turkish dominion, which will there assemble; by which means he will always have it in his power to form a party amongst the chief men of the empire. With his glory of past military success, his vast revenues and military means, he may now sit down a great Sovereign to consolidate his power and organise future enterprises when opportunity shall occur. But with all his glory and all his acquisitions it is clear that the Sultan of Egypt must feel himself to be a disappointed man. The whole Turkish empire was within his grasp. His troops were close on the capital; his emissaries every where met with a friendly reception in the provinces of Asia, and the sight of his colours on the Bosphorus would have been the signal for the Turkish population of Constantinople to rise to one man to dethrone the last of the Ottomans and pro-

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claim Mahomet Ali as the Caliph, the Chief of the Faithful, the restorer of orthodox faith, and the founder of a new dynasty under which the empire might yet regain its strength and its glory. In vain the French ambassador blustered and threatened, having no available force to support his denunciations; in vain did England protest against his advance; a few weeks would have seen Ibrahim in undisputed possession of all the empire, had not Russia interposed with a fleet and army which he was not prepared to encounter, and his father was compelled to accept with reluctance and regret a treaty which gave him territory which only a few years ago was probably far beyond the range of his utmost hope.

That he or his son will renew the attempt when opportunity occurs may be regarded as certain.

Mahomet of Turkey has had the mortification to be conquered in war by the Czar, and afterwards to become indebted to his conqueror for the preservation of his life, and for that portion of the dominions which remains to him. This sovereign has proved himself to be unequal to the crisis in which he has been placed, and perhaps barely sufficient to guide the affairs of government in ordinary times. That the empire of Turkey was fallen far behind the lowest states of Europe in the career of improvement in the arts of peace and war was evident, and it became necessary to make an attempt at renovation if her existence as a nation was to be preserved. But Mahomet was unequal to the task, and the measures which he pursued were most unsuitable, as they only destroyed what was in existence and could not substitute better instead.

Mahomet's reign has been unfortunate. In the winter of 1812 he bought a peace with Russia at the expense of a province, and the army on the Danube, thus relieved, was able, by a flank movement, to destroy the magazine of the French in Poland, and occasion a ruinous addition of many hundred miles of their disastrous retreat through the snow. The man who could thus act may be said, without superstition, to have been doomed. In the south of his European dominions the long-oppressed Greeks have succeeded in throwing off his yoke. A war with the Russians brought their armies within sight of his capital, and left him despoiled of his riches and strength, with curtailed dominions, and the conclusion of the present war with his rebel governor compels him to acknowledge Mahomet Ali as an independent sovereign, and to yield up to him a third of his dominions: whilst he is hated by his Christian subjects for his cruelty and oppression, and by the Mahometans for the same cause, and for his supposed betrayal of their customs and faith. As the last humiliation, he is obliged to sue his hereditary enemies for deliverance, and bring their armies to the suburbs of his capital.

As regards his immediate personal gratification perhaps he has acted prudently. For he saves his life, the semblance of a throne, and even if Russian protection should leave him to be only a phantom king, he will still retain his palace and harem.

The Emperor of Russia, in the usual sense of the words, may be called the chief gainer, though how can he really be thought to gain who already has far more than he can enjoy? and how can he permanently strengthen an empire by additional territory, which already is with difficulty kept from falling to pieces by its own weight? If he has not directly excited the Sultan of Egypt to the war, it is extremely probable that his gold has influenced the courtiers of that chief to give such advice. Enough has been gained by him to weaken the empire of the Turks, and the progress of the war has been stopped at the point which was to him most advantageous. If Mahomet Ali had become the successor of the Chief of the Faithful, the Turkish empire, on a change of dynasty, might have renewed its youth, and the ambitious hopes of the court of St. Petersburg might have been put off to a distant day. It was his manifest policy to become the humane and kind protector of his Ottoman brother, and to interpose to save the empire of his hereditary foes. His fleets and armies have learned the way to Constantinople, and the subjects of the Porte have now been taught to view the Russians in the two-fold character of conquerors and deliverers. Their moral influence is now extended into every province, and whether they come as conquerors or allies we may now regard the empire as their own.

To France the termination of the war has been unmingled mortification. Her threats have been derided by the Sultan of Egypt, and the Turkish Sultan has thrown himself into the arms of Russia, her rival, and, we may add, inveterate foe. The French ships of war presenting themselves at the Hellespont were denied admittance, and the attempt of one vessel to pass was resisted by force. It was the interest of France that Mahomet Ali should succeed, and the only excuse for attempting to uphold the falling dynasty is, that a fear was entertained lest Russia and Austria should, in the scramble, lay hold of some of the districts which lay convenient for their territory.

The interest of England is the same as that of France. She has been saved from the mortification of her ally by her more prudent diplomatists not threatening what they had not the force prepared to effect.

Austria must have watched the progress of events with watchful eye. The Turkish provinces of Bosnia, Servia, and Albania lie exceedingly convenient; and we can only wonder at the apathy which did not send in an army, with disinterested declarations of coming to *preserve them for the Sultan*.

The subjects of the European sovereigns have perhaps but only a remote interest in the quarrel, if we except the unprovided young courtiers, who might find profit and honour in such provinces as their sovereigns might gain.

If we endeavour to view the whole subject merely as philanthropists we have cause to rejoice. The inhabitants of Syria and Palestine will profit by the change of sovereigns; we may expect population rapidly to increase, and provinces, now a desert, to become as of old "like the garden of the Lord."

The Sultan of Egypt will restore peace, and protect person and property, hitherto for centuries past totally unsafe. With his enlarged dominions we may hope that he will cease to combine the two characters of sovereign and merchant, which has hitherto proved the chief source of the defects in his generally excellent administration; and that the happiness of the people will be decidedly increased, we may hope that the condition of the Christian portion of the population will be ameliorated by a diminution of those grievances which have hitherto pressed so heavily on them.

To the lovers of antique architectural glory, Baalbec and Palmyria will be now easily accessible; the botanist and mineralogist may explore regions hitherto almost unknown; and the pilgrims of all nations may visit the holy cities and return in safety to gratify their friends with tales of the East.

If Turkey soon totally cease to figure in the map of Europe, humanity will not regret the change; and, viewing such an event as probable, we do not grudge the sum contributed by this country for the establishment of a kingdom in Greece, the enlargement of which will prove the best counterpoise to the encroachments of already too powerful empires.

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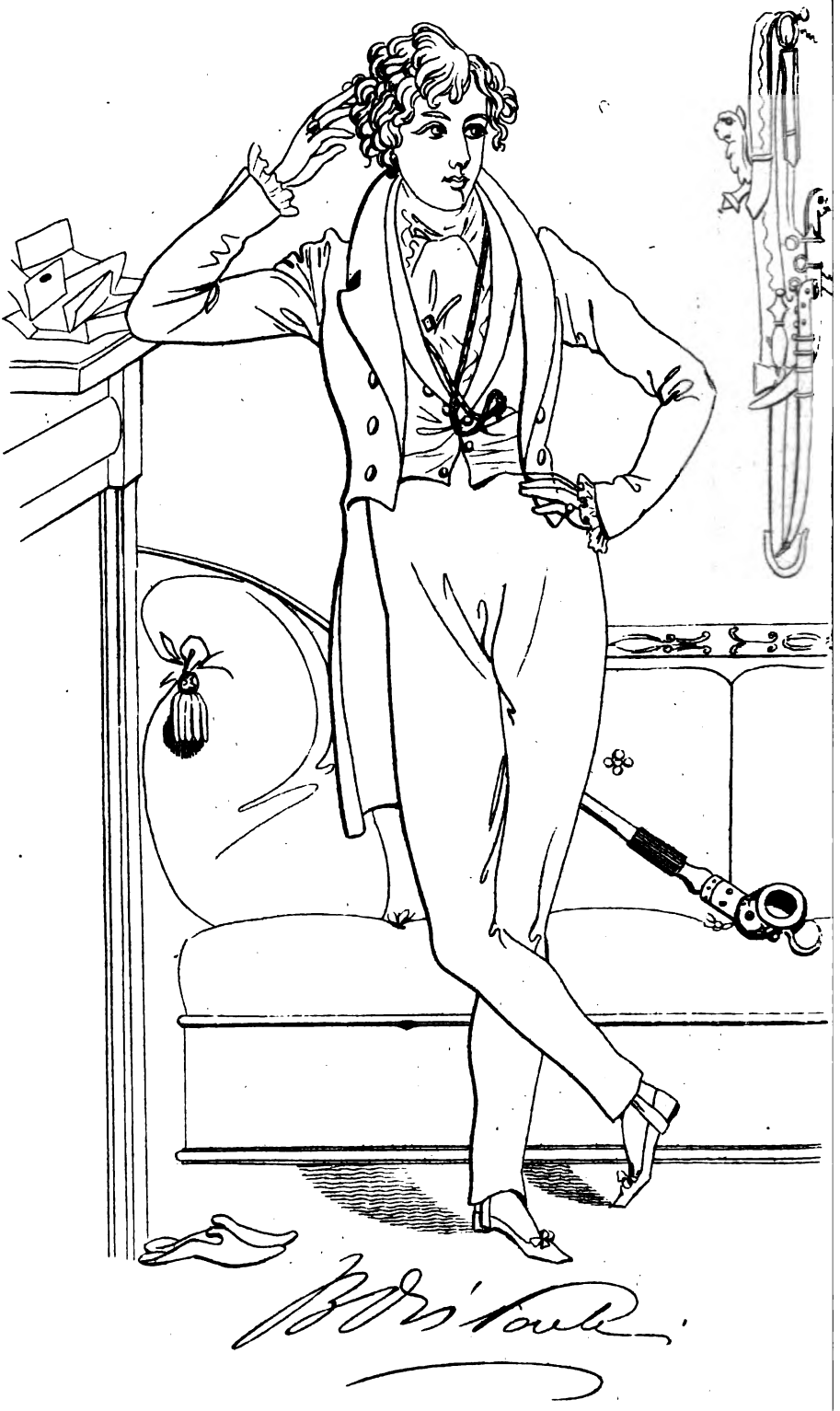

AUTHOR OF "VIVIAN GREY."

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MUSEUM

OF

FOREIGN LITERATURE, SCIENCE, AND ART.

NOVEMBER, 1833.

From the British Critic.

LIFE OF COWPER.*

In the present day, when the highest honours are too often bestowed upon departed genius, without sufficiently regarding the good or evil influence it may have exercised upon the public mind, and when the adornments of art and the labours of criticism are lavished upon the illustration of a text, oftentimes decidedly immoral, and scarcely ever devoted to the advancement of right or religious principles, at this time especially, we are bound to welcome every attempt to diffuse more generally the names and works of those men, who, considering their talents only entrusted to them for the benefit and moral improvement of their fellow-creatures, were unceasingly lifting up their voices in the cause of piety and virtue. We are therefore thankful to Mr. Taylor for affording us, in his Life of Cowper, an opportunity of cherishing, both in our own hearts, and in the hearts of our readers, the remembrance of one, whose meekness and singleness of mind entitle him to our admiration, not less than his poetry and his griefs endear him to our affections.

One of the earliest shocks sustained by the delicate spirit of Cowper was the loss of his mother, who died when he was only six years old. A very delightful essay might be written upon the attachment of literary men to their mothers. Our early and recent history is full of examples. Sir Fulk Greville has recorded "the ingenious sensibleness" of Sir Philip Sidney's parent, who chose to hide herself from the eyes of a "delicate time," and devote her days to the education of her children, and if it had not been for the watchful interest of his mother, one of the most gifted and unfortunate of the sons of genius, might, in our own day, have been a butcher or hosier at Nottingham.

How deep a sensation the death of his mother produced upon the mind of Cowper, may be conceived from those exquisite verses, composed more than fifty years after the event, upon receiving her portrait from his cousin, Anne Bodham;—verses, the most pathetic, perhaps, in our language, and which seem to have been written, as they must ever be read, with eyes full of tears. Not content with eulogizing her virtues in poetry, he made her picture the subject of melancholy thought in the letters he addressed, at that time, to Lady Hesketh, Mrs. King, and Mr. Johnson. We think this incident in the infant life of Cowper deserving of particular notice. He was sent soon after to a large school, according to Hayley, at Market Street, in Hertfordshire, although Cowper says, in the memoir of his own life, that his first school was in Bedfordshire. The melancholy sufferings he underwent are well known; his gentle and almost feminine spirit was ill fitted to carry him through a large school. He became the victim of a petty tyrant, who subjected him to the most humiliating inflictions of his cruelty. Cowper continued at this place until he had reached his eighth year, and the manner in which he received his first religious impressions is so indicative of his excited and imaginative temperament, that we will give the account of it in his touching words.—"One day, as I was sitting alone, upon a bench in the school, melancholy and almost ready to weep, at the recollection of what I had already suffered, and expecting at the same time my tormentor every moment, these words of the Psalmist came into my mind, 'I will not be afraid of what man can do unto me.' I applied this unto my own case, with a degree of trust and confidence in God that would have been no disgrace to a much more experienced Christian. Instantly I perceived in myself a briskness and cheerfulness of spirit which I had never before experienced, and took several paces up and down the room with joyful alacrity." To none but a boy of a very extraordinary mind would such feelings as these have suggested themselves. The susceptibility which had already been the cause of so much unhappiness to Cowper at Market Street, contributed towards making him wretched at Westminster, where he was now removed. There can be no doubt that the miseries of his after life were considerably increased, perhaps in some measure originated, by the nervous timidity which his youthful sorrows had nourished and given birth to. The impression left by them upon his mind was never erased, and in the *Tyrocinium* he gave utterance to his sentiments.

While we cannot but regret the plan of education adopted towards Cowper, we wish to be understood as by no means imputing the consequences which resulted from it to the system of public instruction. Our youthful prejudices, indeed, are all enlisted in its favour; it

* The Life of William Cowper, Esq. compiled from his Correspondence and other Authentic Sources of Information. By Thomas Taylor. London, 1832.

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has its evils, but it still possesses a compensating number of advantages. There is an ancestral dignity about Eton and Winchester, and similar establishments, which imparts a peculiar feeling to the student. His love of fame and virtue is excited by the remembrances living in every old form around him. The writer of this article can say for himself, that he never sat down in that venerable hall, upon whose walls the names of Bennet, of Jones, and of Byron were graven, without feeling all the powers of his understanding deeply excited.

Cowper left Westminster in his eighteenth year, and although he cannot be said to have had any very vivid ideas of the Divine Revelation, his heart was soon open to receive religious consolation. This is proved by his conduct at Market Street and Westminster.—When Dr. Nicholls, the head master, was preparing his pupils for confirmation, Cowper was much affected both by his manner and exhortations. He now for the first time, says Mr. Taylor, attempted prayer in secret, but being little accustomed to that excercise of the heart, and having very childish notions of religion, he found it a dificult and painful task, *and was even then alarmed at his own insensibility.* We have marked the last remark in italics for the purpose of contrasting it with the following observations of Mr. Taylor in the same page. "Such was the character of young Cowper in his eighteenth year, when he left Westminster School—notwithstanding his previous serious impressions, he seems not to have had any more knowledge of the nature of religion, nor even to have discovered any more concern about it, than many other individuals have been known to feel at an early age, who have never afterwards given it any attention."

We know Cowper to have been a most relentless judge, in later times, of his youthful negligence with regard to religion, and Mr. Taylor may be borne out to a certain degree in what he states. But the fact of a schoolboy being *alarmed at his own insensibility* in prayer, is a most powerful evidence of a mind deeply affected by religious truth; and however the impression might have been afterwards weakened, we do not think it was ever obliterated.

If the plan of education had been unwisely chosen, the profession of the law, for which Cowper's father designed him, was selected with equal want of judgment. His habitual shyness, united to a peculiar sensitiveness of temperament, totally unfitted him for an occupation requiring qualities exactly the contrary. His literary life commenced with his residence in the Temple, in 1752, when he was in his twenty-first year. His efforts were, however, chiefly confined to translations from the ancient and modern poets, and an occasional contribution to a periodical of that day, called *The Connoisseur.* In Mr. Duncombe's Horace, published in 1759, two of the satires were rendered by Cowper.

He had not been settled long in the Temple, when, according to his own account, he was seized "with such a dejection of spirits as none but those who have felt the same can have the least conception of." He lay down at night in horror, and arose in the morning in despair. His former studies lost their charm, and even his favourite classics could not gain his attention. Some accident at length presented him with Herbert's poems. "This was the only author," he says, "I had any delight in reading. I pored over him all day long; and though I found not in his work what I might have found —a cure for my malady, yet my mind never seemed so much alleviated as while I was reading it." Cowper continued the study of these poems until advised by a relative to lay them aside as more "likely to nourish his disorder than to remove it."

We could name many works more adapted to the wants of a person labouring under acute mental depression than Herbert's poems; but a pretty intimate acquaintance with their style enables us to acquit them of any disposition to nourish such a disorder rather than remove it. Herbert is not a melancholy writer; to employ one of his quaint but expressive images, he puts blood into the pale cheeks of death, and teaches us to look upon it as a friend rather than a foe. His piety, too, is always simple and unbigoted, and in places where he allows his heart to speak unfettered by the mannerisms and pedantry of the age, his poetry is full of soft and expressive melody. But to return to Cowper. He continued in this deplorable condition for a twelvemonth, when having experienced, he says, the inefficacy of all human means, he at length betook himself to God in prayer; he composed a set of prayers and made frequent use of them. Change of scene having been recommended, he went to Southampton with some friends, and it was at a place called Freemantle, about a mile from the town, that he was one evening visited by an extraordinary power which seemed at once to remove all mourning from his heart. Cowper at first considered the sudden alteration in his feelings to be the effect of a miracle, and his subsequent reference of it to the change of scene and the variety of the place, he attributed to the instigation of Satan. This is another instance of the extraordinary feelings of Cowper. There was surely nothing very impious in supposing the beauty of the weather and the sublimity and serenity of the scene around, to have been instrumental in clearing away the gloom which brooded over his thoughts. To one, indeed, who believes the very air we breathe to be full of the melody of the Omnipresent Spirit, such a belief is perfectly natural. Cowper thought and felt otherwise, and the issue was deplorable. The blessing was of a truth converted into a poison, and when he returned to London he burnt his

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prayers, and lost at the same moment his thoughts of devotion and of dependence upon God. Such, at least, are his own affecting words. The death of his father, in 1756, aroused him from his lethargy of despair, and by the kindness of a friend he obtained the appointment of reading clerk in the House of Lords. He was now in his thirty-first year, and his anticipated union with his amiable and accomplished cousin promised him a life of happiness. But in Cowper the seeds of misery were early sown and nurtured. His nervous timidity had grown with his growth and strengthened with his years. The mere idea of appearing at the bar of the House of Lords in his official capacity overwhelmed him with alarm. His conduct at this time really seems to verify the character of himself so playfully drawn in a letter to Lady Heaketh, where he says that though not a fool, he had more weakness than the greatest of all fools. After a painful struggle with contending passions he resigned the office and received the clerkship of the journals in its stead. The event proved how lamentable was the exchange. His friend's right of appointment was called in question, and Cowper was desired to prepare himself for examination in the House of Lords. The dreadful issue of the mental agony which he underwent was near at hand. When the day of trial arrived, even his most anxious friends coincided in the propriety of his resigning the appointment. By this occurrence all Cowper's prospects in life were entirely destroyed, and we think in the obstacle it presented to his union with his cousin, to whom he was most warmly attached, may be found one of the great causes of his future misery.

Mr. Taylor very properly argues that the malady which now obscured the poet's understanding can in no way be said to have originated with religion. His recent struggles had reduced his mind to a state of weakness perfectly pitiable. When, therefore, the conviction of his unworthy state pressed suddenly upon him, the effect was as terrible as it was instantaneous. The moment he began to feel acutely that he had lived without God in the world, his sins, both real and imaginary, rose up in array against him. He has left us a record of his sufferings, and they were such as would have drawn blood from any soul. The Sword of the Spirit seemed to guard the Tree of Life from his touch. In every volume he opened he found something that struck him to the heart; even the parable of the barren fig-tree he applied to his own case with a strong persuasion that it was a curse pronounced upon him by the Saviour; and to complete this catalogue of horrors, he was tormented with a fear of immediate judgment.

Mr. James Montgomery, in some remarks upon a subsequent attack of Cowper's malady, has shown very clearly that these delusions were generated in his own distempered mind.

"With regard to Cowper's malady," he says, "there scarcely needs any other proof that it was not occasioned by his religion than this, that the error on which he stumbled was in direct contradiction to his creed. He believed that he had been predestinated to life, yet under his delusion imagined that God, who cannot lie, repent or change, had in his sole instance, and in one moment, reversed his own decree which had been in force from all eternity. At the same time, by a perversion of the purest principles of Christian obedience, he was so submissive to what he erroneously supposed the will of God, that, to have saved himself from the very destruction which he dreaded, he would not avail himself of any of the means of grace, even presuming they might have been efficacious, because he believed they were forbidden to him."

Among the diseases to which the human eye is subject, is one which has the effect of presenting every object under an aspect totally different from that properly belonging to it; in the case of Cowper the eyes of the understanding appear to have been visited with a like affliction; all the gentle mercies and long suffering kindness of the gospel were unobserved, and one fearful sentence was alone distinctly visible, written in characters of fire—his own heinous sin and the horrors of immediate judgment.

On the 7th of December, 1763, Cowper was removed to St. Alban's and placed under the care of Dr. Cotton, the friend of Young, and peculiarly fitted, by the meekness of his heart and his elegant and polished taste, to minister to the sick mind of the poet. Cowper's torments for some time rather increased than diminished. He beheld every thing through the most exaggerated medium—his recovery was almost miraculous. The cloud of horrors which had in his own words so long hung over his mind, began rapidly to flee away, and the year he passed with Dr. Cotton, after his restoration to mental health, appears to have been one of the most peaceful seasons in his life. At this time he composed two hymns, which he styled specimens of his first Christian thoughts. We cannot refrain from quoting the following verses from that entitled *Retirement*. The storm and the clouds were passed away, and the sweet song of peace was alone heard in his heart.

"The calm retreat, the silent shade,
With prayer and praise agree,
And seem by thy sweet bounty made
For those who follow thee.

"There, if thy Spirit touch the soul,
And grace her mean abode,
Oh, with what peace, and joy, and love,
She communes with her God.

"There like the nightingale, she pours
Her solitary lays;
Nor asks a witness for her song,
Nor thirsts for human praise."

Cowper removed to Huntingdon in June, 1765, and it is delightful to read his accounts

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of the uninterrupted happiness he enjoyed, in his letters to Lady Hesketh and Mrs. Cowper. "As to my personal condition," he assures them, "I am much happier than the day is long; *sunshine and candlelight see me perfectly contented.*" Persons accustomed to read the life of Cowper, unassisted by the perusal of his numerous letters, are apt to forget that his gloom was broken by these pleasant intervals. His residence at Huntingdon terminated soon after the death of Mr. Unwin, and his removal to Olney followed. During the earlier period of his abode in that place, the majority of his hymns were composed. These sacred songs, which have carried hope and consolation into so many dwellings, have been often praised, and by none with more truth and elegance than James Montgomery, a poet resembling Cowper not more in the purity and sweetness of his verse, than in the simple and fervid piety of his life. Viewed only in the light of poetical compositions, the hymns are no tentitled to a distinguished rank; they possess little, if any, of that rich imagery which flows like a stream of gold through some of our religious poetry. They have neither the eccentric boldness or grandeur of Quarles, nor the sweet and picturesque fancy, recommended by the most heart-rending pathos, which we meet with in the enthusiastic lays of Crashaw. Perhaps the whole range of our poetry does not contain a composition which so completely paralyses the soul with fear and trembling as the *Dies Iræ* of that writer. But the hymns of Cowper have a merit peculiarly their own and resulting from the circumstances under which they were written. They are in fact communings with his own heart, and therefore especially applicable to the alleviation of the common sorrows and troubles of life; they afford faith to the doubting, hope to the despondings, and strength to the tempted. The hymn beginning "God moves in a mysterious way," can never be read without sensations of the most profound awe; it was composed during a lonely walk in the fields at Olney, and as Montgomery has beautifully said, in the twilight of departing reason. Several circumstances may have combined to bring on that second and more dreadful visitation which attacked Cowper in 1773. It is a singular fact, that after his settlement at Olney, his correspondence became less frequent than formerly. This change, owing perhaps to his constant intercourse with Mr. Newton, is we think to be lamented—it deprived him of the advantages his feelings always derived from pleasant and affectionate society—for his letters are the most conversational we have ever read—and threw him too much back upon his own reflections. The loss of a brother, whom he dearly loved, also wounded his heart severely. In adopting, with certain restrictions, Mr. Hayley's opinion of the misery frequently seen to result from "a wild extravagance of devotion," we trust that our meaning will not be misunderstood. Cowper's intimacy with Mr. Newton was so close, that "they were seldom seen walking hours apart from each other.' It might have been wished that this intercourse had been a little varied by lighter and equally innocent companionship. But an allusion to this subject is sufficient, and we are anxious to pass over the long period of five years during which this most interesting of mourners pined under the weight of anguish unalleviated by the slightest consolation. The unwearying care and solicitude with which his tender nurse, Mrs. Unwin, watched over him throughout his protracted illness, have won her a place by the poet's side in all our bosoms. We are also indebted to her advice for the poems which soon after made their appearance.

It has been remarked that the poems of Cowper were, with few exceptions, written at the request of friends. He composed his hymns to please Mr. Newton; translated the songs of Madame Guyon to oblige Mr. Bull and wrote his Table Talk, Truth, &c. to gratify Mrs. Unwin. His great work, the *Task*, was undertaken entirely at the desire of Lady Austen, and to her suggestion we are to attribute the most celebrated of modern ballads, John Gilpin. His version of Homer was alone the fruit of his uninfluenced choice.

The composition of Table Talk and the Progress of Error furnished him with employment during the winter months. It is not easy to discover in these poems any traces of that morbid depression from which the poet was not then entirely relieved. He found poetry the most effectual opiate of his distress. "When I am in pursuit of pretty images," he writes to Mr. Newton, "or a pretty way of expressing them, I forget every thing that is irksome, and like a boy that plays truant, determine to avail myself of the present opportunity to be amused, and to put by the disagreeable reflection that I must after all go home and be whipt again." The chief merits of Table Talk consist in the vivacity and playfulness of the dialogue. The thoughts generally flow in an easy and simple manner, but occasionally the versification assumes a bolder tone, and rolls along with that stately and swanlike course which the bard expressed himself anxious to obtain. Take the beautiful character of Lord Chatham for an example.

"Not so—the virtue still adorns our age,
Though the chief actor died upon the stage.
In him Demosthenes was heard again;
Liberty taught him her Athenian strain;
She clothed him with authority, and awe
Spoke from his lips, and in his looks gave law.
His speech, his form, his action full of grace,
And all his country beaming in his face.
He stood, as some inimitable hand
Would strive to make a Paul or Tully stand.
No sycophant or slave, that dared oppose
Her sacred cause, but trembled when he rose;

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And every venal stickler for the yoke
Felt himself crush'd at the first word he spoke."

The excellent observation which concludes the poem deserves a cordial approval from every well regulated mind; if genius is to be a sufficient indemnification to its possessor for his contempt of morality and religion—though "Butler's Wit, Pope's Numbers, Prior's Ease," be combined to ornament every line—we agree with the Christian poet in considering "one madrigal" of Sternhold and Hopkins, one aspiration of a lowly, humble and contrite heart, to be worth them all.

The *Progress of Error* is for the most part weakly written, and the satire of the author sometimes degenerates into caricature. Occidimes, we suspect, never existed as "a pastor of renown" any where save in the writer's imagination, and the characters of Clodio and Gorgonius might have been omitted with advantage. In other parts he is more successful; his apostrophe to Lord Chesterfield, as the modern Petronius, and his attack upon the pandering romance-writers of his day are admirable. We may point out the following exquisite couplet, where the reiteration is peculiarly sweet; he is speaking of music.

"Hark! how it floats upon the dewy air,
Oh, what a dying, dying close was there."

And the manner in which he ridicules the common idea of supposing the careless trifling away of our time innocent—

"Innocent! oh, if *venerable Time*,
Slain at the foot of Pleasure be no crime."

The *Progress of Error* was followed by *Truth*, which was composed, we learn, from a letter addressed to Mr. Unwin, soon after its publication, on purpose to inculcate the eleemosynary character of the gospel as a dispensation of mercy in the most absolute sense of the word, to the exclusion of all claims of merit on the part of the receiver; consequently to set the brand of invalidity upon the plea of works.

The volume containing these poems, with some others, appeared in the spring of 1782, and was at first rather coldly received, notwithstanding the care the poet had taken to rub, as he expressed it, the public gums with a coral, recommended by the tinkling of all the bells he could contrive to annex to it.

The acquaintance Cowper made with Lady Austen in the autumn of 1781, was a source of great delight to him, and the happy influences of it are discoverable in his letters. The lady appears, indeed, to have been endowed with every quality necessary to render her company acceptable to the poet. To lively and prepossessing manners were added a cultivated mind and a still rarer and more precious sensibility. The tears, says Cowper, started into her eyes at the recollection of the smallest service. Her conversational powers and her musical talents were equally devoted to his amusement, and with the most gratifying results. We have already alluded to the accidental occurrence which gave rise to the *Task*, a poem embracing almost every variety of style, both serious and humorous. But it possesses, independent of its poetical merits, a particular interest from the incidental notices scattered through it of the writer's manner of life and occupation. It is in fact the autobiography of the poet, and on that account is read with the same delight with which we peruse the Confessions of Rousseau and the Essays of Montague, except that it is alike free from the affectation of the first and the coarseness of the second. The Task, like the Angler of Isaac Walton, immediately enlists the sympathies of the reader in the cause of the writer. We never weary of Walton's company, but "stretch our legs up Tottenham Hill," and drink "a civil cup" at the Thatched House, and sit down with him after a day's sport under the beech tree close "by the primrose hill," and finally part from him in sorrow, and long for "the 9th of May," when we may enjoy his society again—and so it is with Cowper in the *Task*; he takes the reader by the hand, as it were, and leads him into the scenes of his youthful days, when he loved

". . . . the rural walk, thro' lanes [sheep
Of grassy swarth, close cropp'd by nibbling
And skirted thick with intertexture firm
Of thorny boughs."

The reader, perhaps, can remember, as well as the poet,—

"How oft, the slice of pocket store consumed"—

he fed—

"On scarlet hips and stony haws,
On blushing crabs, or berries, that emboss
The bramble, black as jet, or sloes austere."

The first book of the *Task* abounds in the most beautiful pictures of nature. The traveller with the poem in his hand may trace out every haunt commemorated by the poet. He may find the cottage

"Perched upon the green hill's top, but close
Environ'd with a ring of branching elms,
That overhang the thatch,"

and then descending over the rustic bridge, he mounts again, "ankle deep in moss and flowery thyme," until he reaches the summit. Thomson has not surpassed the landscape which Cowper has drawn of the view from this eminence—every rural sound seems to have an echo, and every tint upon the trees a colour in his verse. The willow with its silver-lined leaf, the deeper green of the elm, and the dark glossy foliage of the oak, are all distinctly marked. We think the *Sofa* bears internal evidence of having been written when the spirits of the author were more than usually exhilirated. It has been the custom of many critics to denounce Cowper's elaborated descriptions of nature, and to compare them with

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the more rapid touches of Burns. Admitting for a moment the validity of the criticism, the cause of the difference may be given in Cowper's beautiful words in a letter to Mr. Hill. After observing that the winter season, which generally destroys the flowers of poetry, unfolds his, he continues, "In this respect, therefore, I and my contemporary bards are by no means upon a par. They write when the delightful influences of fine weather, fine prospects, and a brisk motion of the animal spirits make poetry almost the language of nature; and I when icicles depend from all the leaves of the Parnassian laurel, and when a reasonable man would as little expect to succeed in verse as to hear a black-bird whistle."

Poetry, therefore, which was natural in Burns, was an acquirement in Cowper. It was to one the language in which the healthful joy of his heart found utterance, and to the other an instrument of amusement and occupation, to the expulsion of less pleasing reflections. The majority of Burns's poems were composed in the open air—some of the most exquisite, when holding the plough—joy came to him of its own accord; but it had to be allured to the fireside of the melancholy Cowper.

It may be worth while to illustrate our remarks by a passage from each writer. The following address to Evening from the *Task* will answer our purpose—

"Come, Evening, once again season of peace;
Return, sweet Evening, and continue long!
Methinks I see thee in the streaky west,
With matron steps slow moving, while the Night [ploy'd
Treads on thy sleeping train; one hand em-
In letting fall the curtain of repose
On bird and beast, the other charged for man
With sweet oblivion of the cares of day;
Not sumptuously adorned, not needing aid,
Like homely-featured Night, of clustering gems;
A star or two just twinkling on thy brow
Suffices thee: save that the moon is thine
No less than her's, not worn indeed on high
With ostentatious pageantry, but set
With modest grandeur in thy purple zone,
Resplendent less, but of an ampler round.
Come, then, and thou shalt find thy votary calm,
Or make me so."—*Book* iv. p. 106.

Now contrast this passage with two stanzas from the *Birks of Aberfeldy.*

"Now Simmer blinks on flowery braes,
And o'er the crystal streamlet plays,
Come, let us spend the lightsome days
In the birks of Aberfeldy.

"While o'er their heads the hazel's spring,
The little birdies blithely sing,
Or lightly flit on wanton wing
In the birks of Aberfeldy."

These verses were composed by Burns while standing under the falls of Aberfeldy near Moness, and they are warm with the sunshine of a glad and cheerful heart. We differ, however, entirely from the judgment which awards the meed of superior excellence to the pictures of the Scottish bard, and think the invocation to Evening which we have quoted, far more impressively picturesque than any passage of a similar nature to be found in his works. It breathes a grand and sombre solemnity, reminding us of the pathetic prayer to Sleep in the Oréstes of Euripides.

But dismissing all argument upon the comparative merits of Cowper and Burns, as painters of nature, we are certain that even the most cursory examination of the Task will convince the reader, that the delicate organs both of sight and hearing were never in the most celebrated painters or poets more exquisitely modulated than in the bard of Olney. To begin with a domestic image, every student will recognize in

"The glowing hearth . . . . .
With faint illumination that uplifts
The shadows to the ceiling, there by fits,
Dancing uncouthly to the quivering flame,"

the strange productions of his own "parlour twilight."

If the reader be partial to winter walks in the woods, he has probably heard the redbreast flitting from tree to tree, and wherever it rests shaking

"From many a twig the pendant drops of ice
That tinkle in the withered leaves below;"

and his wanderings in the early spring mornings must have led him sometimes to those green and silent

"Lanes in which the primrose ere her time
Peeps through the moss that clothes the hawthorn root;"

or perhaps in the evening, when he has been waiting in the thick copse, and scarcely venturing to move, lest he should disturb the nightingale, he may have seen

"The moonbeam sliding softly in between
The sleeping leaves,"

and giving the birds all the light they desired for their music. The number of these exquisite pictures may easily be increased, but we will rest satisfied with defying the most ardent admirer of Burns or any other poet to adduce images of greater delicacy and beauty than those we have given. Cowper possessed also in a very eminent degree that power of pourtraying the habits of the poor which has rendered Crabbe's poetry so celebrated. We can only afford space to the following specimen of "the taper soon extinguished," which he saw

"Dangled along at the cold finger's end,
Just when the day declined."

In the second book the author becomes almost entirely didactic, his object having been

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in the first "to allure the reader by characters, by scenery, by imagery, and such poetical embellishments, to the reading of what may profit him." There can be no doubt that he was only deterred by the fear of disgusting the idle reader, from making his compositions entirely and exclusively religious—a sort of exhortation in metre. He declares that he was "compelled and scourged" into the composition of verse, and that if he could have made his own choice, or if he were even permitted to do it then, those hours which he spent in poetry he would devote to God. These expressions in a letter to Mr. Newton in 1786, after the completion of the Task, which was published in the summer of 1785. We would gladly proceed in the analysis of the beauty of the Task, if our limits did not warn us to forbear.

The close of the year 1784 was rendered gloomy to Cowper by the loss of Lady Austen's society.

"Some of his biographers," says Mr. Taylor "have unjustly and without the slightest foundation, attempted to cast considerable odium upon the character of Mrs. Unwin for her conduct in this affair, as if all the blame of Cowper's separation from Lady Austen were to be laid at her door. One has even gone so far as to state that her mind was of such a sombre hue, that it rather tended to foster than to dissipate Cowper's melancholy. . . . . The fact is, that Cowper never felt any other attachment to either of these ladies than that of pure friendship, and much as he valued the society of Lady Austen, when he found it necessary for his own peace to choose which he should please to retain, he could not hesitate for a moment to prefer the individual who had watched over him with so much tenderness, and probably to the injury of her own health. The whole of his conduct in this affair, and indeed the manner in which he has everywhere spoken of his faithful inmate, proves this indubitably."

Without attempting to decide whether Mrs. Unwin was in fault or not, one thing is quite evident, notwithstanding the negative of Mr. Taylor, that Cowper's separation from Lady Austen was attributable in some measure to her. The probable solution of the mystery is, that Mrs. Unwin viewed with a jealous eye the superior influence exercised over Cowper by their accomplished visitor, and by her consequent dissatisfaction reduced him to the alternative we have mentioned. Mr. Hayley has glossed over this untoward event, but it is clear, from the terms in which Lady Austen spoke to him of the farewell letter written to her by Cowper, that she considered herself the aggrieved party; at any rate the irritation of her feelings, which induced her to burn the letter, has precluded the possibility of obtaining a clear elucidation. Certain it is they parted to meet no more.

Lady Austen was subsequently married to a Mons. de Tardif, a French gentleman of poetical talents, and died at Paris on the 12th of August, 1802, somewhat more than two years after Cowper.

After the completion of the Task, Cowper began to discover that a constant succession of employment was essential to his well being, and he accordingly commenced the most arduous of all his works, the translation of Homer. How deeply his mind was occupied with the adequate performance of this voluntarily undertaken engagement, may be learnt from his correspondence, which for several years after abounds with pleasing anecdotes of his progress. We almost see him now, "as soon as breakfast is over," retiring to the "nutshell of a summer house," crowded "with pinks, roses, and honeysuckles," and lined with "garden mats, and furnished with a table and two chairs," where he remained seldom less than three hours, and often more.

The peculiar tone of the poet's character is shown even in the manner in which he mentions the translation to his friend Mr. Newton. I am inclined to think, he says, that it has a tendency to which I myself am at present a perfect stranger; and in 1791, when the translation was completed, he observed to Mr. Newton, that he thought any person of a spiritual turn may read Homer with advantage. It is probable that unless Cowper had been actuated by some such belief, he would not have persevered with such unremitting patience in the toil, for his idea of the responsibility attendant upon the composition of a book was awful in the extreme. What we have done, he said, when we have written a book, will never be known till the day of judgment.

That Cowper entertained a very just conception of what a translation ought to be, is evident from the letter he addressed to Hayley in 1794, in reply to some observations upon a disputed passage in his Homer. We have another reason, besides its critical merit, in making the following extract from this letter; it was nearly the last he wrote to Hayley, and with very few exceptions the last he ever wrote at all.

"Imlac, in Rasselas, says—I forget to whom—'You have convinced me that it is impossible to be a poet.' In like manner I might say to his lordship, you have convinced me that it is impossible to be a translator. On his terms I would defy Homer himself, were he alive, to translate the Paradise Lost into Greek. Yet Milton had Homer much in his eye when he composed that poem. Whereas Homer never thought of me or my translation. There are minutiæ in every language, which, translated into another, would spoil the version. Such extreme fidelity is, in fact, unfaithful. Such close resemblance takes away all likeness. The original is elegant, easy, natural; the copy is clumsy, constrained, unnatural. To what is this owing? To the adoption of terms not congenial to your purpose, and of a context such as no man writing an original would make use of. Homer is everything that a poet should be. A

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translation so made of him will be everything that a translation of Homer should not be. Because it will be written in no language under heaven. It will be English and it will be Greek, and therefore it will be neither. He is the man, whoever he may be, (I do not pretend to be that man myself,) he is the man best qualified as the translator of Homer who has drenched, and steeped, and soaked himself in the effusions of his genius, till he has imbibed their colour to the bone, and who, when he is thus dyed through and through, distinguishing what is essentially Greek from what may be habited in English, rejects the former and is faithful to the latter, as far as the purposes of fine poetry will permit, and no farther; this, I think, may be easily proved. Homer is everywhere remarkable for ease, dignity, energy of expression, grandeur of conception, and a majestic flow of numbers. If we copy him so closely as to make every one of these excellent properties of his absolutely unattainable, which will certainly be the effect of too close a copy, instead of translating, we murder him. Therefore, after all his lordship has said, I still hold freedom indispensable. Freedom, I mean, with respect to the expression; freedom so limited, as never to leave behind the *matter*, but at the same time indulged with a sufficient scope to secure the spirit, and as much as possible of the manner; I say as much as possible, because an English manner must differ from a Greek one, in order to be graceful, and for this there is no remedy. Can an ungraceful awkward translator of Homer be a good one? No! but a graceful, easy, natural, faithful version of him—will not that be a good one? Yes; allow to me but this, and I insist upon it that such a one may be produced upon my principles, and can be produced on no other."

The translation of the Iliad and Odyssey, which occupied him five years, was published in two quarto volumes in 1791. It has never obtained a popularity equal to that of Pope, which is indebted for much of its general acceptation to the circumstance of its being rather an English poem than a Grecian. It has not a look of antiquity about it, and the heroes walk about frequently with an air more resembling the court of queen Anne, than of Priam or Agamemnon. At a more convenient season we may probably offer our readers a few remarks upon the comparative merits of the English and other versions of these old Asiatic stories. Italy especially has been frequent in her attempts to render the tale of Troy into her own language.

We pass on rapidly to the latter days of Cowper. In the November of 1793, Hayley paid a second visit to Weston, where he found his friend in apparent health, and enlivened by the society of Mr. Johnson and Mr. Rose, who had arrived from Althorpe, the seat of Earl Spencer, with an invitation to Cowper to meet Gibbon at that place. Although the poet was then in the possession of all his faculties, Mr. Hayley discovered something in his appearance which inclined him to form melancholy forebodings of the future. His situation was rapidly becoming dreadful in the extreme. The spectacle of Mrs. Unwin, reduced to a state of the most deplorable imbecility, was of itself sufficient to agitate his heart beyond endurance. But her afflictions rather increased than diminished his love, and one of the tenderest poems in this or in any language was composed by him at this time, in token of his unabated attachment. The threads of his "Mary" had indeed wound themselves round his heart.

After various ineffectual changes of place, towards the close of October, 1796, it was thought desirable to remove Cowper and his afflicted companion to Mr. Johnson's house at East Dereham. Three years ago we availed ourselves of the opportunity afforded by a residence in the neighbourhood to make a long-purposed visit to the grave of Cowper. Dereham, our readers are aware, is a town in Norfolk, and remarkable for little save the memory of him who has made it almost sacred ground. We were not aware when we arrived, that Sarah Kerrison, the faithful servant who attended Cowper and Mrs. Unwin during their last years, was then living in the place; but we eagerly sought her out when we had acquired the pleasing intelligence. The cottage in which this faithful domestic resided is situate at the end of the principal street, and presented something of a poetical appearance in the beautiful flowers with which it was ornamented. We shall not soon forget the hours we passed in listening to every trait of the departed poet.

The tears came into our eyes when we thought of his daily visits to the bedside of poor Mrs. Unwin, where he sat folded up in the curtain—the most afflicted of mourners weeping by the most pitiable of sufferers! His first question to Sarah Kerrison in the morning was always to this effect—"Sally, is there life above stairs?"—an inquiry rendered still more affecting by the plaintive tone in which it was uttered. After the decease of Mrs. Unwin, he beheld the corpse, and having gazed upon it for a few moments, uttered a cry of deep and passionate grief, and burst away from the sight. From that day he was never heard to mention her name; but so anxious were his friends to keep his mind from brooding over her whom he had lost that, if we remember aright, some time elapsed before Mrs. Kerrison appeared in his presence in mourning. These precautions proved unnecessary, for he never after referred to the event—a most striking proof indeed, as Mr. Taylor remarks, of the intense anguish of his own sufferings. With an affectionate zeal beyond all praise, Mr. Johnson devoted his time and studies to the amelioration of his relation's miseries. He had the satisfaction of seeing his endeavours sometimes crowned with partial success. Cowper was continually haunted by the fear of accidents befalling him, which were generated by his troubled imagination. He used frequently to express a doubt to Mrs. Kerrison

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whether she would find him there in the morning. Mr. Johnson relates a pathetic anecdote, which illustrates this singular delusion. One morning, after breakfast, he placed on the table Villoison, Barnes and Clarke, opening them all, together with the poet's translation, at the place where he had left off a twelvemonth before, but talking with him, as he paced the room, upon the ideas that distressed him, when Cowper said to him—"And are you sure that I shall be here till the book you are reading is finished?" Upon his kinsman assuring him that he would, and pointing out the books, he took up one of them, saying—"I may as well do this, for I can do nothing else." The last of Cowper's original compositions was *The Cast Away*, a poem founded on an incident in Anson's voyage, but principally remarkable for the allusion it contains to his own condition. This was the last gleam of that pure fire which was soon to be extinguished for ever in this world! Mr. Taylor has described the last days of the poet with much simplicity and feeling. Most sincerely do we wish that the cloud of delusion might have been chased away from his soul ere he was taken hence. But it was not. So serene and peaceful was his death, that its precise moment was unobserved by those who stood at the foot of his bed. Thus beautifully did the christian poet fall asleep; a slumber only to be broken by the dawn of Paradise and the voices of those whom he loved, and whom we may believe, without presumption, that he met in a land where all tears were wiped away from their eyes.

Although Cowper had resided some years at Dereham, so great was his unwillingness to meet the public observation, that he could never be prevailed on to take his airings in any but the most secluded lanes, and if he thought himself observed, he not unfrequently covered up his face with his hands. To such a painful power had his nervous shyness attained. His personal appearance was therefore scarcely known in the town where he died, and few of its inhabitants can say that they were acquainted with the outward lineaments of the poet. We believe he never attended divine service during the latter years of his life; his reply to any request to that effect invariably being, that he was not worthy.

Cowper was buried in that part of Dereham Church called St. Edmund's Chapel, on Saturday, the 2d of May, 1800. Having died without a will, his affectionate relation, Lady Hesketh, readily became his executrix, and erected a tablet to his memory, the inscription upon which was written by Hayley. The monument is very simple, as becomes the meekness of him whom it commemorates. It consists of a slab of white marble, with *The Task* placed by the side of the Bible, and overhung by a branch of laurel. Underneath are two tablets; the one on the left to the memory of Mary Unwin, and the other on the right in remembrance of Miss Margaret Perowne, whose sisterly watching of the poet in his last and protracted sickness entitles her to this communion with his name. It was on a delicious summer evening that we made the sketch of the monument of which we have given a brief description, and we yielded to the pleasing fancy, as the sunlight played over that memorial of death, that the poet himself might not be unconscious of the humble aspirations of our heart before it—a belief in some measure countenanced by the poet himself in several of his letters, where he alludes to the probable happiness of the blessed.

We have already commented in passing upon some of the poetical works of Cowper, and we have only space to add a few general remarks.

The admirers of Southey, Wordsworth and Coleridge, do not, we suspect, always bear in mind that to Cowper these great poets were indebted for their style, and frequently for their manner. Of the three, Wordsworth presents the most striking resemblance to his master; he looks out upon nature with the same mild and unfevered eye that dwells with equal rapture upon the most lowly and the most sublime objects; upon the eternal hills which lose their heads in the clouds, and the gentle daisy blooming at his feet. But the highest praise in our power to give Cowper's poetry, is the appellation it so truly deserves of *Christian*. He never for an instant forgot the paramount importance of Religion, and looked upon his imagination only as a handmaid who might be employed in strewing with flowers the path to the Holy Temple. In this light he considered all the embellishments of his verse,—we have, in another part of this article, shown that his own taste would have been gratified by their erasure.

Mr. Taylor has contrasted the productions of Cowper with those of Milton and Young, and he very properly concludes that from both these illustrious writers he differs essentially. Milton may be considered the bard of the Old Testament, and Cowper of the New. The moment our mind enters within the hallowed precincts of Milton's Paradise, we feel oppressed and spell-bound; we know that we tread upon holy ground. His images, too, are all reflected from the most ancient and venerable times: he startles our ears with the war-cries of barbaric legions and the unfurling of ten thousand banners upon the air. His poems are filled, moreover, with the most magnificent displays of earthly power and greatness. The gorgeousness of the Jewish polity—the picturesque pomp of the Roman government—the chaste and *sculptured* elegance of Athens, have all a place in his verse, and are continually passing before our eyes. His views of religion are rarely practical, and still seldomer experimental. He speaks of it almost constantly like a *poet*. Cowper, on the contrary, is rarely theoretical, but always striving to be practical. He only seeks to amuse, that he

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may instruct: he explains the truths of the gospel with the plainness and dignity of a Christian minister, until the "immortal fragrance," diffused around,

"Tells us whence his treasures are supplied."

In his youth Cowper was an admirer of Cowley, or, as he calls him, the "splendid Cowley," but he imbibed none of the affected quaintness and pedantry which obscured the genius of that most idiomatic of English prose writers. We do not remember more than two or three instances of pedantry in all Cowper's works. One of these occurs in the first book of "The Task," where, after describing the life of the gypsies, he adds—

". . . . . The sportive wind blows wide
Their fluttering rags, and shows a tawney skin,
The vellum of the pedigree they claim."

The construction of his versification is equally original with his style. It is no more like Milton's than it is like Young's. His pauses are regulated by no rule save his own judgment. His numbers have not the embossed richness of Milton's, or the stately flow frequently attained by Thomson; but they are full, sonorous, and purely English. He has enlarged the stock of poetical phraseology by the application of epithets hitherto confined to prose, and has consequently imparted a healthful strength, if we may so speak, to his compositions, which will preserve them for ages. But it is time to bring these observations to a conclusion, and we cannot do so better than by joining in the sentiment expressed in these lines:

"Poet and saint, to him is justly given
The two most sacred names of earth and heav'n."

We must, however, give a parting word of praise to the elegance with which Mr. Taylor's life of the poet is printed, and the good taste and piety with which it is written. A most beautiful portrait of Cowper adorns the volume.

From the Foreign Quarterly Review.

BERANGER.*

FRANCE has always been regarded as the classical land of the song. Besides the wit, acuteness, and extreme sensitiveness to slight impressions which distinguish her inhabitants, the cause of their eminent success in this department may perhaps be looked for in the character of their language. Deficient as it is in variety, inadequate to express with accuracy the minute shades of feeling and complicated modes of thought which more philosophical tongues are able to define, it possesses above all others the power of adapting itself to common sentiments and ordinary purposes with energetic felicity. This was probably the definition which Charles V. had in view, if he was the author of the traditional definition of European languages which appropriates French to the object of conversation with a friend. Now the language of a song is, in fact, the same with that which is held by friends in intimate dialogue with one another. A song is the poem of society. And it has been observed, in corroboration of this estimate of the peculiar aptitude of the French tongue for this species of composition, that it has no poetical diction in the strict acceptation of the phrase. It possesses, indeed, a certain number of metaphors and images, which have been for a long time conventionally appropriated to the use of the versifier; and every peruser of French poetry has felt the wearisome effect produced by the repetition of these "phrases banales" which so greatly disfigure the usual terseness and simplicity of the language. But these phrases are exceptions, and are immediately perceived to be such by the reader. In our language, on the contrary, (and if we had space on the present occasion we might extend the remark to others, ancient as well as modern,) the phraseology of conversation, and that dedicated to the use of the poet, are, as it were, two perfectly distinct and collateral series of expressions. Some of our modern poets have denied the correctness of this division, and have endeavoured to obliterate the line of demarcation which existed between the "sermo pedestris" and its more elevated neighbour; but their efforts, we apprehend, have produced little effect upon the general taste of the country. Our judgment is still involuntarily shocked by any undue appropriation, on the part of the poet, of those very expressions which are considered most apt and energetic in common life. We believe that a curious philologist might extend this comparison between the two tongues much farther, and show that the English habitually employ, in fact, different languages for several distinct purposes, the French nearly the same for all. We do not commonly use our written English in familiar conversation, but a sort of "lingua franca," in which the ordinary business of life is transacted by all ranks, containing a thousand ellipses and alienations, and substituting common words with a sort of conventional signification for those more classical terms which the dictionary would afford us. A long conversation might be held in English by means of the verbs "go," "get," "take," and three or four more such universal auxiliaries. Yet we should consider the use of many of these truncated phrases as inelegant, even in writing the most ordinary letter; while the language suited to the latter would be equally inapplicable to the objects of the orator or the poet. As there has been said to be, in English, a separate grammatical rule for every word, so there is a separate grammar for every species of composition. Now the French language, as we think, is much more inflexible, and admits of much less violent distortions

* Chansons Nouvelles et Dernieres de P. J. de Beranger. Dedees a M. Lucien Bonaparte. Paris, 1833. sm. 8vo.

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It has ordinarily but one word to express one thought, and that word applicable alike in dialogue, in correspondence, in philosophy, in poetry. Still less does it bend itself to the employment of grammatical or rather ungrammatical license, which can rarely be indulged in without transgressing into vulgarity.

Does not this fact explain, without the necessity of having recourse to more recondite investigations, the superior popularity of French to that of English poetry? We contend that our own bards have approached much nearer to an accurate representation of nature, both objectively and subjectively considered; that the French school has voluntarily submitted to rules which confine and maim its energies; that their writers pourtray, while ours embody; that their dramatic personages are artificial, the passions of their stage rather conventional than real. And it is no small justification of our opinion, that more than half the French literary public has of late years substantially adopted the same. Yet the works of Corneille, Racine, and Voltaire, are the familiar reading of Frenchmen in those classes among which, in England, there prevails an almost total indifference to all our poetical literature. We cannot but apprehend that the cause of their apathy is to be found in the fact, that the language of English verse is not that of the people. It is absolutely unintelligible to them; its images are not habitual to their minds, its very words are foreign to their ears. It is the hieratic dialect of the educated classes only. In France, on the contrary, if the framework of poetry be more artificial than among ourselves, the actual speech is nearly the same with that which passes current in common society. A Frenchman in love, or a Frenchman in a passion of jealousy, may be essentially very different creatures from the Orestes and Orosmanes who strut upon the stage; but the language in which they would convey their sentiments, omitting a few bombastic phrases, would in substance be almost the same; while even of our old drama, which always has been and still remains the most popular portion of our literature among the many, how large a part is written in a tongue absolutely unknown to them! If many of the scenes of Shakspeare present us with the real image of the world in its every-day garb, there is likewise a great proportion of them written in the heroic diction of the stage, which is no more the speech of the commonalty than the Hellenized phraseology of Ennius or Terence was that of the Roman populace and legionaries. Thus the pleasure which they experience, even from the representation of his plays upon the theatre, is but an interrupted and imperfect gratification.

In the composition of pieces which must by their nature aspire to perfect simplicity and intelligibility, such as songs, great difficulty arises to the English writer from the variety of dialects thus dedicated by usage to different purposes. However satisfied he might be that the concise and energetic expression of a sentiment in adequate language is all that can be required of him, the stubborn principles of our taste come constantly in opposition to the desired uniformity. He cannot and must not descend to the actual language of our streets and parlours. Yet if he deviates into the heroic diction, his original object is unattainable. To combine the two without rendering the artificial juncture too apparent, is the great problem which he has to solve. And so arduous is the solution of this problem, that every one will acknowledge how far more rare and difficult an accomplishment it is to achieve, in English, a song that shall be at once popular and elegant, than to write a tolerable epic canto or dramatic scene. Who does not feel that the minstrelsy of our greatest living songwriter, exquisitely beautiful from the delicacy of its art, neither is, nor ever can be, extensively popular in the true sense of the word?

We should imagine that in the French language the chief difficulty of composition was of an entirely opposite nature. From the absence of a systematic poetical dialect, the great question which tries the skill of the writer is, how to give sufficient elevation to his strains without incurring the danger of bombast and obscurity. He will, therefore, succeed with greatest felicity where least of dignity is required. We conclude, therefore, that it is to him an easier task to compose a popular song, ballad, couplet or "romance," than to succeed in a more serious composition. Lord Byron's poet of society

> "In France would write a chanson,
> In England a six canto quarto tale."

This writer the most popular now living in Europe, whose volumes, with the prose of the late Paul Courier, from the common manuals of a great proportion of the youth of France, was born in Paris in the year 1780. Notwithstanding the aristocratic prefix of his name, which it has pleased his fancy to abandon of late years, and on which he has commented in his celebrated song, "Je suis vilain et très vilain," his parents belonged to the rank of humble tradespeople. Much of his early life was passed under the roof of an aunt, who kept a small auberge at Péronne in Picardy. There he was likewise educated at a primary school founded by an enthusiast upon the maxims of Rousseau. In this school the urchins, who were thus philosophically drilled into citizenship, were regimented, wore a military costume, sent deputations and presented addresses to Robespierre, Tallien, and other ephemeral dignitaries of the revolution. The abilities of the future poet were early put in requisition on these occasions; and he then imbibed those enthusiastic feelings which he so eloquently refers to at a later period, when the illusions which excited them have partially vanished. Such are the associations which

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dictated the following verses, written on casually meeting with a female whom he had seen representing the Goddess of Liberty in one of the revolutionary pageants.

"Est-ce bien vous, vous que j'ai vu si belle," &c.

"Can this be you, whom I beheld so fair,
When round your car exulting myriads came,
And hailed you queen in Her immortal name,
Whose triple flag you waved aloft in air?
Vain of each loud salute, each gazing eye,
Proud in flush'd youth and conscious beauty's glow,
You moved a goddess through the glittering show,
Goddess of Liberty!

"Stately you rode o'er monarchs' ruined glory,
Around you flashed in steel our armed powers,
Our maidens, while they strew'd your path with flowers,
Mixed their soft chaunts with hymns of warlike story:
I, hapless child, whom Chance and Penury
Right scantly nourished with their bitter bread,
I cried, Be thou a mother to my need,
Goddess of Liberty!

"Those days' red scroll is character'd with crime;
Yet could not such mine innocent youth appal;
To my boy's heart my country's love was all,
And hatred for her foes of foreign clime!
For all were then in arms, for her to die;
Each heart was proud, and poverty waxed bold:
O give me back my boyish days of old,
Goddess of Liberty!

"Like lava slumbering in its mountain hoard
The people rests from many a toilsome year:
And twice the stranger legions have been here,
Our Gaulish gold to balance with the sword.
Alas! when France around thee raised her cry,
And symbolized her hopes in Beauty's beam,
Thou wert an idol, and those hopes a dream,
Goddess of Liberty!

"I see thee once again. Time's envious wing
Hath chill'd and tarnish'd those love-darting eyes:
That brow, where many a wintry wrinkle lies,
Yet seems to blush for its departed spring.
Weep not! fond hopes and aspirations high,
Car, flowers, youth, glory, greatness, all are o'er;
And these are past, and thou divine no more,
Goddess of Liberty!"

At fourteen Béranger was apprenticed to a printer, M. Laisney, of whom he speaks in terms of affectionate attachment; and, indolent as he was, he says in one of his songs, that the consciousness of exercising "le métier de Franklin" made him already think himself a philosopher. At seventeen he became domiciled at Paris, under the roof of his father, whose circumstances appear at this time to have been considerably improved by some accession of fortune.

At this period his mind received its decisive impulse towards literary enjoyment. He was not calculated to shine in the more brilliant paths to fame, which presented so tempting a prospect to youthful energy in that turbulent time. Diminutive in stature, feeble in constitution, and uncomely in appearance, as his portrait avouches and his songs confess, ("Jété sur cette boule, laid, chétif et souffrant,") he had no temptation to embrace the active life which then solicited enterprizing citizens to exertion. Although at a later time he entertained the thought of obtaining a situation in the Egyptian colony, his destiny and inclination combined to make him, what he has ever since remained, a genuine untravelled Parisian. His ambition was confined to visions of poetical distinction; his dreams were of comedies in the elevated style—of dithyrambics suggested by the attractive reveries of Chateaubriand—of an epic poem on the subject of Clovis, for which he was to collect and arrange materials, and to defer the execution to the age of thirty. Poverty and indolence together—(for his early life was one of great vicissitudes; the short prosperity of his family was followed by utter destitution; he was often obliged, as himself expresses it, to live on *panade* for eight days together in order to make up for the expense of the cheapest party of pleasure with the earliest of his Lisettes)—gradually averted the ambitious current of his thoughts. In 1803, in a mixed humour of disappointment and boldness, he made a packet of his juvenile verses, and a dressed them, with a letter, which, he says, was stamped with the impress of republican pride hurt by the necessity of seeking a patron, to Lucien Bonaparte, then eminent as a protector of letters. The brother of the First Consul appears to have treated him not only with generosity, but with kind and delicate attention; and when forced to leave France, he assigned over to the youthful and friendless poet his pension as a member of the Institute.

From that unfortunate epoch the position of Béranger in society, although humble, was established, and sufficient for his very moderate desires. He obtained an insignificant situation in the University, which he did not lose until his political encounter with the government of Louis XVIII. During this peaceful era of his life he gradually abandoned his various schemes of poetical distinction. Living among the people, a close and somewhat satirical observer of the manners and sentiments of society, he imbibed a taste for the simple lyric style, to which he ultimately devoted himself. "Va," he would say to himself on seeing Désaugiers pass in the street, "j'en ferais aussi bien que toi, des chansons, n'était ce pas mes poëmes." His first published essays of this nature, and perhaps his best in the gay and humorous strain, date from the last years of the Empire. It was long before he could be brought to consider these light effusions as entitled to anything more than an ephemeral popularity. Even now he professes to be sceptical as to the durability of his fame. Such are the sentiments he expresses in the preface to the volume whose title is placed at the head of this article.

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"Notwithstanding all that friendship has done for me, notwithstanding the approbation of illustrious names and the indulgence shown me by the interpreters of public opinion, I have always believed that my name would not survive me—that my reputation would sink the more swiftly from having been necessarily buoyed up by the party interest which has become attached to it. Men have judged of its duration by its extent; I have formed another calculation in my own mind, which will come true even in my life-time, if I should live to grow old."

In this passage, and in several others of the preface in question, we are inclined to suspect some slight affectation of modesty. But if Beranger really feels what he has here expressed, such an estimate of his own celebrity must be allowed to accord with the general simplicity and want of ostentation which have characterized his life.

His career as a song-writer has in fact passed through three very different stages of celebrity. As an agreeable writer of bacchanalian and slightly satirical songs, the character in which he first appeared, he has, perhaps, no greater claims on immortality than others who have signalized themselves in the same department. Many of these compositions are exquisite in their kind, but we question whether any French songster, or indeed any modern Bacchanal of the south of Europe, can be very deeply penetrated with the true inspiration of the grape. Whether we consider it a credit or a dishonour to our national character, we and our continental brethren of Teutonic descent seem alone to have preserved in much purity the worship of the God of Wine. We find plenty of wit and gaiety in these favourite catches of the Societe du Caveau, but they seem to be always on their weakest ground when they desert love and satire, and confine themselves to the praises of their Ai and Mursaulx. They have nothing of the sublime energy of conviviality which dignifies, for example, the strains of our own lamented Captain Morris.

Beranger's next step carried him into the turbulent arena of politics. Having no military ambition or active enterprize, he had never entered into the warlike enthusiasm of France under the Empire. On the contrary, when the system of wholesale depopulation began to grow unfashionable in the circles of Paris, he aided in the general sentiment, as far as he could do so with safety, by the covert allusions contained in some of his earlier songs (such as *Le Roi d'Yvetot*). Thus far there was a similarity between his political feelings and those of Paul Courier, whose extreme indifference to martial honours had made him shun the most brilliant opportunities of personal advancement. But, unlike the pamphleteer, the poet never "donna dans la Restauration." He never seconded the temporary popularity acquired by the author of the Charter, and never consented to the slighest compromise or concealment of his dislike to foreign occupation and foreign institutions. He refused the odious dignity of the censorship, which was offered him during the Hundred Days; but he welcomed the second restoration with no greater cordiality than the first. And although subsequent events have made him take part against the government of the Barricades with nearly as much energy as he had displayed in combating those whom it dethroned, he has never relaxed his hostility to the exiled family. Witness his eloquent address to Chateaubriand.

"Et tu voudrais t'attacher a leur chute!
Connais donc mieux leur folle vanite:
Au rang des maux qu'au ciel meme elle impute,
Leur cœur ingrat met ta fidelite."

We yet await, with some apprehension, for the reflections of his muse on the recent romance of the Prince Lucchesi Palli. Nevertheless, he appears to have been drawn into the agitated life of a partizan writer against government, in which he has purchased glory probably at the expense of much happiness, less by his own natural disposition than in obedience to the wishes of his friends, and seduced by the temporary applause which greets a useful political ally. He became intimate with the successive leaders of the liberal party. Of these Manuel and Lafitte are the two of whom he seems to speak with the greatest esteem and respect. "I have never known," he says in his preface, "more than one man from whom I could not have become separated if he had arrived at power—that man was Manuel, to whom France still owes a tomb." Here, perhaps, he intends some covert satire on the same persons whom he has slightly touched in his late song, "A mes amis devenus ministres." Under such guidance, the pen of Beranger acquired a degree of bitterness very foreign to his real nature. Harassed by the vengeance of the government against which he had declared war, he fell into the common querulousness of those who choose to consider themselves persecuted, where they have themselves irritated a powerful enemy into open quarrel. But this is the view which the political satirist, of whatever party, uniformly takes of his own case. Whilst unrestrained, he braves power in the boldest terms. His reader would suppose from his language that he and the state were two conflicting giants.

——"There comes my mortal enemy,
And either he must fall in fight, or I."

But when he falls into tribulation, he becomes in his own eyes an innocent, helpless victim, and his former enemy an unprovoked persecutor. This is a situation of no great dignity, and one which we regret to see occupied by a man of genius and integrity.

Beranger was twice fined and imprisoned—in 1821 and 1828. Hostile as we are, on principle, to all such prosecutions, we must admit that the poet had given strong provocation;

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we cannot therefore wonder that the governments of those times should have sought to check the career of a writer who, not contented with openly attacking both the reigning system and its individual supporters, continually represented the rulers of the nation, not as mistaken or ignorant magistrates whose errors ought to be corrected, but as implicable enemies who must be wholly got rid of. But the conduct of the ministers was equally imbecile and unjust, in mixing up, as they were pleased to do in their prosecutions, attacks on themselves with what they termed attacks on decency and religion. The people never fail to detect the paltry artifice by which governments endeavour to identify their own cause with that of religion and morality, and by confounding together separate offences, to add a sort of reciprocal strength to charges of a totally distinct nature, either of which by itself would have been insufficient to secure a conviction. All prosecutions on the ground of vicious intent are odious in principle, except such as are employed against direct violations of public decency. Beranger was reprehensible enough on this score also; but he was too prudent to give his enemies so fair a pretext of attack by rendering public his most licentious productions. Consequently, the government, in order to support its favourite charge of vice and immorality, was fain to fix upon passages which the most scrupulous censorial prudery would have passed over as perfectly innoxious, had they not been indited by one for whom the Procureur du Roi was laying in wait on other accounts. "On ne voulut pas ne faire porter le judgement que sur des chansons politiques," says the poet, "et on n'osa pas incriminer les chansons contre les Jesuites; il fallut bon gre mal gre que *l'Ange gardien*" (a bold and witty song, but one not more irreligious in its tendency than half the daily effusions of the Parisian press) "payat pour toutes."

Undoubtedly, if we are to judge of their merit by the effect which they have produced, the political songs of Beranger are the most powerful efforts of this description which have ever been made public. Nor can a foreigner fully enter into their deserts, or with fairness attempt to depreciate that which he cannot wholly understand. Much satire, which appears to the casual reader weak and pointless, derives the whole of its energy from being in accordance with the ephemeral sentiment, from reproducing the joke or anecdote current in the circles of the day. To judge of its value, we must duly estimate not only the real importance of the matter to which the lines refer, but the space which it occupied in the public mind at the time when they were written. But having made this candid avowal of our own insufficiency to decide on such a question, we may the more boldly confess that we cannot feel that the fame of Beranger is much advanced by the great majority of his political songs. His satire seems to us frequently vapid and spiritless; a happy thought, an ingenious expression, is too often purchased by many a line of vulgar and insipid common place. The living fire is often wanting, and its absence ill supplied by the false scintillations of point and epigram, or an exaggerated affectation of sentiment and assumed enthusiasm. It is easy to account for the temporary popularity acquired even by the poorest of these effusions. Beranger, in this, as in all his other capacities, the true poet of the people, has devoutly adopted all the narrow prejudices and mistaken views of national honour, together with all the real patriotic ardour, which distinguish the great mass of uneducated politicians of his country. His poetry is a faithful mirror, representing in succession all the unfounded and grotesque images which for the last eighteen years have been conjured up in the imagination of the Parisian quidnuncs. No illiberal hatred of foreigners has been rejected by his better feelings, no gross excess of national vanity has ever shocked his judgment. And, like many other wits, he never appears so happily inspired as when the subject before him affords an opportunity for exposing to ridicule the religious observances of his country. Here too he flatters and shares to the utmost the prejudices of the vulgar Parisian. The Jesuits appear so constantly present to his imagination as the authors of all evil, that we think a more orthodox joker might retort upon him successfully the language of his famous "Mandament," in which he makes the preacher attribute every crime and misfortune since the creation, to Voltaire and Rousseau.

There is, however, another numerous class of his political songs, or rather small poems, of very various degrees of merit, which appeal to more general feelings, and express the deeper convictions of the poet. Many of these relate to that favourite subject, the military glory of France; some of these are extremely beautiful, others partake more or less of the exaggeration and bad taste which the popularity of the Marseillaise seems to have introduced into French poetry of this description (as where, in "Le Cordon Sanitaire," a grenadier opens a vein for the purpose of assisting in the conversion of the white flag into the tricolor). But none of his appeals to this ready source of French sensibility seem to have attained an equal popularity with that unique effort of the simple poet Désaugiers,

"Dis-moi, soldat, t'en souviens-tu."

Others embrace an extended view of European politics, and the future destiny of the human race, and contain, all of them, the sparkles of that glorious fire which animates the grandest, perhaps, of his national lyrics, and one of the noblest offerings which poetry has made at the shrine of modern civilization, "La Sainte Alliance des Peuples."

"J'ai vu la Paix descendre sur la terre,
Semant de l'or, des fleurs et des epis.

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L'air etait calme, et du Dieu de la guerre
Elle etouffait les foudres assoupis:
Ah, disait elle, egaux par la vaillance,
Francais, Anglais, Belge, Russe, ou Germain,
Peuples, formez une Sainte-Alliance,
Et donnez vous la main."

We should despair as much of giving by translation any idea of the stately march and dignity of this majestic ode, as of retracing the evanescent grace of the lighter poems, which we have not ventured to attempt. Perhaps the following verses (the original was written in 1829) may excite attention from the solicitude with which Europe has more recently watched the aspect of the heavens in their most threatening quarter.

LE CHANT DU COSAQUE.

"Thou steed, the Cossack's noble friend,
Bound to the trumpet of the North!
Once more the winds their pinions lend
To that wild war-note issuing forth:
Come bathe thy seething flanks again
In the red streams of rebel Seine!
Snort, my proud courser! for we go
To trample kings and nations low.

"Thou fret'st not silver with thy foam,
Gold decks not now thy saddle-bow;
But where our squadrons make their home,
Ours are the treasures of the foe!
And thou ere long shalt find a stall
In arched dome of royal hall.

"Kings, prelates, nobles, fiercely pressed
By vassals struggling to be free,
Have cried, Approach, thou Tartar guest!
To reign o'er them, we'll crouch to thee:
I seize my lance, and cross and crown
Before that signal bow them down.

"A giant phantom met my view,
With blood-shot eye and regal vest:
He cried, My reign begins anew!
And shook his war-axe o'er the West.
Kings of the Huns! our tribes inherit
Thine ancient realm, thy tameless spirit.

"All Europe's dower of ancient fame,
Arts, temples, learning, laws and rites,
Shall vanish hence in dust and flame,
Where'er thy burning hoof alights:
For where the Cossack's foot hath gone,
The Desert's peace must reign alone!
On, my proud courser! for we go
To trample kings and nations low."

But if we have formed a correct estimate of the genius of Beranger, it is not by his merits as a political song-writer that he will be finally judged, when called before a more impartial tribunal than that of "La Jeune France," whose prejudices he has thus condescended to flatter. The promise of higher efforts and more generous inspiration was already developing itself in his early attempts, when, at the commencement of his career, he had sufficient judgment to rate at its real value the rapid popularity which these lighter effusions were acquiring. There runs even through his gayest productions an occasional vein of philosophic melancholy and tenderness sufficiently evident to show that his lyre possessed, even then, chords of much more deep and thrilling music than those which he had accustomed himself to strike. Perhaps the vicissitudes of his later life, the prosecutions by which he has suffered, and the counsel which his mind has taken of herself during the many solitary hours of his imprisonments, have tended to mature this germ of poetical sensibility. It is certain, at least, that he has only in his more recent progress fully abandoned himself to those outpourings of deep pathos, mixed with philosophical meditation, which characterise the last and most perfect class of his productions. His muse, deserting the narrow political circle which so long confined her, has made a bold step into the boundless field of thought suggested by the more universal feelings and passions of the human commonwealth. Her efforts aspire rather to the character of odes than of songs, of which they present only the form and lyrical arrangement. The subject is generally found in some reflection suggested by the passing occurrences of the day, or by some picturesque point of view in the exterior of common life, such as it exists among the lower classes, and such as Beranger has long studied and most faithfully expressed it. From these humble topics the poem diverges, like so many of the noblest lyrics of Burns, into a high strain of moral thought, or into the vast maze of meditations which the state and prospects of modern society open to the inquirer. If the tone of these meditations is generally of a melancholy and sceptical cast, dissatisfied with the present, and doubtful of the future, it is at least a scepticism tempered by a strong sympathy with the ordinary domestic feelings and attachments of mankind, which the poet seems to respect as the true and only landmarks of civilization. All this train of ideas is bound together and connected with the original thought by the recurring verses which form the chorus of the song.

In the labour of the chansonnier, this burden occupies the same place with relation to the whole composition which is filled by the rhyme in each couplet of ordinary poetry. The difficulty which he finds in adapting the whole of his little work to this portion of it, which must be, as it were, the key-note of the accord—must express the central thought, to which all the divergent ideas of the poem must be ingeniously attached—is of the same nature with that which the common versifier feels while engaged in the process of "hunting for a rhyme." And the mode in which the song-writer of real genius accomplishes his object differs from that pursued by the mere ballad-maker, just as rhyme is differently handled by the poet and the poetaster. Panard, Collé, and the other easy chansonniers of French so-

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ciety, usually adopted some popular "refrain," and endeavoured, *bon gré mal gré*, to force a number of trivial thoughts into tolerable continuity with this thesis, to use a school expression. And in the same manner every versifier who happens to read these lucubrations will painfully acknowledge with ourselves the toil and vexation of spirit which are endured by a hapless being who has found a rhyme which tickles his ear and is anxious either to find a thought to suit it or to adapt it by violence to the subject which he has in hand. The process by which the man of genius, such as Beranger, developes the sentiment which he has within himself into the form of the tiny and beautiful creature of imagination which it is destined to become, is essentially different from this rough operation. To him, the idea which is to be illustrated first presents itself; a rude and undigested mass. Rarely does it assume a definite shape until after it has long occupied a place in the repositories of his mind. Nor is it by an actual process of labour that this shape is at last evolved, although much labour must be gone through, with little immediate effect in the previous consideration of it. The critical moment of production comes at once, and the result flashes upon the imagination like lighting, frequently during waking hours at night, when the mind of the poet is disengaged from the course of ordinary associations. A single unexpected thought or an unsolicited word then presents itself, and determines the whole futurity of the song. The moral sentiment or purpose which is to be developed, the image under which that sentiment is to be illustrated, the burden, which is, as it were, the mechanical engine by which the scattered portions of the image are to be manufactured into a single figure, all become present to the intellect at one glance. The whole future picture is there, in smaller dimensions, like natural objects seen through a camera lucida. Then the poet, if he pleases, may go to sleep again; in the expressive language of Beranger himself, "il tient son affaire." It matters not then whether the execution of the song is finished off in an hour or two of happy humour, or whether, as is more frequently the case with Beranger, it furnishes occupation for a considerable time, the subject being frequently touched and retouched, taken up or laid aside. Whether its completion be the work of days or years is of no consequence to the poet. *Il tient son affaire.* Time and occupation cannot rob him of his idea, for it made its appearence at once, like Minerva from the brain of Jupiter, perfect and armed at all points.

We have already hinted at the resemblance which appears to us to exist between the poetical characteristics of Beranger and Burns. There are few analogies in the whole range of comparison between the literature of the wo nations, which have struck us more forcibly. That such a resemblance should be traced between the Parisian, weak and inert in corporeal frame, and shut out from nature for fifty years between the glaring walls of his narrow streets, and the hardy peasant nurtured in the free air of the Scottish uplands, will surprise none of those who know how far the deep springs of the human mind lie beneath its superficial currents, and how a similar relative position may produce a corresponding similarity of effect on two characters, whose positive circumstances of situation are widely different. Both were raised into notice by the exertion of their mental powers from among the lowest ranks of their countrymen. Both had imbibed the habits and tastes of their fellows, exalted, but not changed, by superior genius. Both aspired, from the beginning, to the distinction of being, emphatically, the popular poets of their respective cotemporaries. "S'il reste de la poesie au monde," says Beranger in his preface, "c'est dans ses rangs (those of le peuple) qu'il faut la chercher. Qu'on essaie donc d'en faire pour lui." Neither of them had acquired the slightest tincture of that over-refinement which makes more educated poets strive to avoid, as hacknied and trivial, the common topics and feelings of work-day society. Neither, in their simplicity, were apprehensive of being considered vulgar; and, consequently, each has effectually avoided the imputation. The ethical characteristics of their genius are equally similar. Each was actuated by deep pride and consciousness of merit, and each, unfortunately, has carried his assumed independence and haughtiness of mood so far as not only to scorn the outward formalities of social life, but likewise to stigmatize its morality as cant and hypocrisy. If the genius of Burns exhibits more fire and sustained brilliancy, and his homely tenderness possesses a more exquisite pathos, a wider field of observation and habits of more extended thought have given to Beranger a deeper cast of philosophic reflection. Nothing is more remarkable than the magic by which his wild and apparently artless strains occasionally call up in the reader's mind a long and serious train of associations, and lead him unawares into the perplexed labyrinth of metaphysical or political subtilties. We cannot venture to translate, and still less to paraphrase, the singular ballad of "Les Bohemiens," one of his most popular efforts, and in which this art seems to us eminently displayed:—

"Sorciers, bateleurs, et filous,
Reste immonde
B'un ancien monde,
Sorciers, bateleurs, et filous,
Gais Bohémiens, d'ou venez-vous?"

"D'ou nous venons? l'on n'en sait rien.
L'hirondelle
D'ou vous vient-elle?
D'ou nous venons? l'on n'en sait rien:
Ou nous irons, le sait-on bien?

"Sans pays, sans prince, et sans lois,
Notre vie
Est digné d'envie:

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Sans pays, sans prince, et sans lois,
L'homme est heureux l'un jour sur trois
* * * * *
"Voir, c'est avoir. Allons courir!
Vie errante
Est chose envirante:
Voir, c'est avoir. Allons courir!
Car tout voir, c'est tout conquerir.

"Ton œil ne peut se détacher,
Philosophe
De mince etoffe,
Ton œil ne peut se detacher,
Du vieux coq de ton vieux clocher."
* * * * *

"Les Bohemiens" are not indeed, the gypsies of Burns; but each poet exhibits alike a strong sympathy with those proletary classes which live in habitual violation of the law, and that far greater number who obey it rather as a powerful enemy than a paternal protector. Smugglers and poachers are great favourites with Beranger. "Jeanne la Rousse" and "Jacques," in his last supplemental collection, are beautiful and pathetic pieces, and more effective attacks on the aristocracy of modern wealth than all that the coarse indignation of our corn-law poets can furnish. "Les Contrebandiers" is less interesting; but it may, perhaps, be more easy to give some idea of its tone and spirit by translation.

"'Tis midnight, dark midnight, so forward my boys,
Mules ready, men steady, our work is begun;
Look out for the signal; no bustle, no noise;
But see to the priming of pistol and gun:
There are numbers against us, but lead is not dear,
And dark though it be, yet our balls will see clear.

"'Tis the life of a hero, the life that we live, boys,
With deeds full of daring and peril to tell;
Our silks and our trinkets, the gold that we give, boys,
The girls of our mountains remember them well;
Town, castle, and cottage, our traffic they know,
Though the law calls us rogues, yet the people says no.

"Nor whirlwind nor snow-drift our courage affright,
We sleep while the torrents are roaring aloud;
Our hearts they grow bolder, our footsteps more light,
On the peaks of our frontiers, in tempest and cloud;
How oft have we trampled their desolate heath,
And braved from their summit the foemen beneath!

"Skill, labour, and forethought are wasted in vain,
While monarchs with taxes the roads barricade;
So forward, my gallants! on land and on main
We hold in our hands the true balance of trade;
And Heav'n, that protects us, fulfils its design,
To scatter the riches that law would confine.

"Our governors, drunk with the madness of power,
On the free gifts of nature may triple each tax;
Law blights on their branches the fruit and the flower,
In the cabin of labour breaks hammer and axe;
To solace our thirst and the land to enrich,
When God makes a river—Law makes it a ditch.

"What! 'twixt kingdoms united in triumph and woes,
Arts, language, and rights, can they sever the chain,
Or make of one people two nations of foes,
By the protocol-parchment which cuts them in twain?
No! they spin the same wool, the same vintage they drain,
And the smuggler takes heed lest their labour be vain.

"O'er the ramparts of kingdoms the little bird flies,
And no sentinel bids him new monarchs obey;
The hot breath of summer yon rivulet dries,
Which serves as a limit to kings and their sway.
We leap o'er the barriers they bid us revere,
Those blood-purchas'd lines which have cost them so dear.

"The deeds of the smuggler each cottage can sing,
The smuggler whose musket, so deadly and true,
In bidding our mountains' old echo to ring,
May one day, perchance, waken liberty too:
When our country's in peril, her foes full of glee,
She'll cry to the smuggler, come, battle for me!"

The superstitions of the French peasantry afford undoubtedly far less attractive subjects for the poet than the wild supernatural world of Scottish imagination. But such as they are, they too have furnished convenient themes for the excursive reveries of this self-taught philosopher. In attempting to imitate one or two specimens of this class of his compositions, we must again warn the reader that we do not select those which appear to us the best, but those of which we have conceived it most easy to transfer the general tone and sentiment into our own language. And he will readily conclude that poetry, of which the peculiar charm consists in purity and terseness of expression, must appear to great disadvantage in the uncouth garb of a translation.

"LES ETOILES QUI FILENT.

"Berger, tu dis que notre etoile
Regle nos jours et brille aux cieux."
"Oui, mon enfant: mais dans son voile
La nuit le derobe a nos yeux.'"
"Berger, sur cet azur tranquille
De lire on te croit le secret:
Quelle est cette etoile qui file,
Qui file, file, et disparait!"

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"Shepherd! thou say'st our earthly doom
Obeys some star's mysterious power."
Yes, my fair child: but night's deep gloom
Veils from our eyes the destined hour.
"Shepherd! thou read'st the stars aright,
Hast tracked each planet's wandering way;
Say, what betides yon falling light,
Which shoots, and shoots, and fades away!"

My child, some mortal breathes his last,
His star shoots downward from its sphere;
That being's latest hours were past
Mid' jovial friends and festive cheer;
All reckless sped his summon'd sprite
While flushed in evening sleep he lay—
"See! yet another fleeting light
Which shoots, and shoots, and fades away!"

My child, how pure, how bright its beam!
There sank a maiden good and fair;
This morn repaid each wishful dream,
Each constant sigh, each hour of care;
This morn her brow with flowers was dight,
She crossed her father's doors to-day—
"See! yet another passing light
Which shoots, and shoots, and fades away!"

Just then, a high and mighty lord,
New-born, in gold and purple sleeping,
His infant breath to Heaven restored,
And left a princely mother weeping!
Courtier, and slave, and parasite
Were gathering round their future prey—
"See! yet another meteor-light,
Which shoots, and shoots, and fades away!"

My child, how comet-like it gleamed!
A royal favourite's star was there,
Who laughed our woes to scorn, and deemed
'Twas pride to mock a realm's despair;
Even now his flatterers hide from sight
The portraits of their God of clay—
"See! yet another wandering light,
Which shoots, and shoots, and fades away!"

My child, the blessings of the poor
Wing'd heavenward yonder fleeting soul;
Distress but gleams from other's store,
From his she reaped a plenteous dole:
From far and near, this very night,
Towards his doors the houseless stray—
"See! yet another falling light,
Which shoots, and shoots, and fades away!"

That star controll'd a monarch's fate!
Go! welcome, son, thy lowly dwelling;
And envy not the stars of state
In lustre or in size excelling:
For didst thou shine all coldly bright
In useless grandeur, men would say,
'Tis but a passing meteor-light
Which shoots, and shoots, and fades away!

"LE JUIF ERRANT.

"One draught to slake these lips unblest,
Christian! I ask of thee but one;
The wandering Hebrew wretch thou seest
Whom still the whirlwind hurries on.
Worn down with years, yet aged never,
Upon the day of doom in vain
I dream each night in wildering fever,
Each morn the sun comes forth again,
And whilst I roam, earth turneth ever,
Ever, for ever!

"From age to age it bears me on
O'er dust that once was Greece and Rome,
O'er thousand empires past and gone,
As sea-winds drive the fleeting foam:
The seeds of good that die unblest,
And ill's rich harvest I've beheld,
And new-born worlds from ocean's breast,
That shall outlast the worlds of eld.

"My heart is changed, but changed in wrath;
I fain would succour mortals' woe,
But ere their thanks can bless my path,
The summoning whirlwind bids me go!
Forward! the sufferer's hand may grasp
The little alms I love to give;
But may not press with grateful clasp
My passing hand which bids him live.

"If in hot noon's relentless hours,
By shady lea or murmuring wave,
I strive to rest mid summer flowers,
I hear the restless whirlwind rave!
One peaceful dream—one draught of pleasure—
Can such celestial wrath awake?
A long repose of endless leisure
Might scarce suffice my thirst to slake!

"If by the spot which saw my birth
I long to stand, and gaze alone,
To trace each ridge of mouldering earth,
Each grassy mound, each formless stone;
The whirlwind comes! away, away—
Break not thy fathers' funeral sleep;
Whilst earth abides, thou canst not stay,
No place of rest for thee they keep!

"The Son of God in torture dying,
I mocked him with a fiendish yell—
Beneath my feet the earth is flying—
The whirlwind comes—farewell, farewell!
Ye tyrant sons of wrath and pride,
My marvellous sufferings you see;
In heartless scorn I dared deride
Not heaven—but wrong'd humanity!"

If we have succeeded in conveying, either by our remarks or our imitations, any idea of the character of this truly original poet, it will be seen that the secret of his success chiefly consists in the universal and popular view which he studies to take of life in every one of its aspects. He disdains to employ no sentiment, no train of ideas, however trivial or common-place, provided they are such as do actually occupy and interest the minds of the million. He recoils before no expression or image, because it has been hacknied by common usage, provided it still finds an echo in the hearts of those to whom it is addressed. The spirit of external nature seldom appeals to his imagination. He does not exhibit or possess any acute sense of its beauties. This is a taste which the inhabitants of most countries only acquire with the progress of refinement, and which even in our highly-advanced

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civilization is chiefly confined to the educated few. He is most at home in the crowded dwellings of Paris, in the bivouac of the soldier, or in the cabin of the countryman, in tracing the vague opinions, or expressing the simple desires of the multitude. And hence it arises that Beranger, without the knowledge of a single Greek or Latin author, is to our apprehension by far the most classical poet of the present day, because in the development of his mind and the progress of his genius he pursued the same track which was trodden by the children of a less refined generation. Our impressions, (in modern times,) whether relating to external nature, or to the experience of human life, are mostly received at second hand. We begin to think through the medium of books, before we have begun to observe for ourselves. Hence a standard of reference is early formed in our minds, which, whether it be true or false, is not that which we should have naturally acquired, and widely different from that which the education of circumstances would have led us to adopt. Hence we view all objects as through a glass, which cannot represent them without a certain degree of distortion, and are frequently astonished without reason, when we reflect how widely different an aspect nature and man assume to the educated and the uneducated observer. And notwithstanding all that has been said of the general spread of intelligence, we cannot but apprehend that the barrier between these two classes is increasing rather than diminishing in strength and substance. Hence the great benefit of classical instruction is, that it tends to correct our minds by causing us to intersperse our ideas with those of a race of men who formed their conclusions and drew their observations and their images after a fashion entirely different from our own. They studied universal human nature; we, the factitious character of a particular class. Beranger, without the slightest tincture of classical attainments, has arrived at nearly the same point with them through natural taste and favourable circumstances. He is the poet of modern France, just as Archilochus and Simonides were the poets of their Ionian fellow-citizens, without distinction of high and low. Nor could we find any where poetry so nearly resembling his own (especially in those philosophical ballads which we regard as his most perfect compositions) as in the relics of the early lyric writers of the Anthology. They exhibit the same simple unity of purpose. The poet seems to pour out at once the whole thought with which his mind is pregnant, without curtailing its dimensions or altering its shape to please the taste of fastidious critics. He cares not whether his image is a trivial one, or has been a thousand times repeated before. It is his property, just as it was that of his predecessors, for although he repeats he does not imitate. Hence, in Beranger, as in those ancient fragments, we find much that appears trite, insipid, and commonplace; but we find withal that true and genuine simplicity which is only attained by consummate art and laborious exertion.

Another point of resemblance between the French chansonnier and these pristine writers, arises (we fear) from confirmed irreligious persuasion, acting upon a kindly, yet melancholy temperament. He may be gay and humorous, bitter, sarcastic, light, and careless by turns on the surface; but plaintiveness is the hidden soul of all his poetry. Futurity is to him only an object of gloomy foreboding. *Carpe diem*, is in his mouth not the trivial common-place of ordinary conviviality, but a most deep and heartfelt acknowledgment of the only truth which his philosophy recognizes. Youth and pleasure constitute the only substantial good: every day which passes is an irreparable loss, a comrade to be mourned for, as a departed friend. Many of his most beautiful songs do but echo, in many a mournful variation, this thought, which comes so sadly home to the hearts of thousands, which admit of few other thoughts. "Bonsoir," "Encore des Amours," "J'ai cinquante ans," "La Vieillesse," "La Comète de 1832," "Treize a Table,"—all these are but so many exquisite manifestations of that dark importunate spirit, which came at intervals to wrinkle the brows of Anacreon and Meleager beneath their coronals of flowers.

But we must hasten to bring to a close this imperfect tribute of admiration, rendered to a writer whose peculiar beauties a foreign critic must with diffidence attempt to appreciate, although they are such as to endear him more and more to us at every successive perusal. We have been the more tempted to extend to some length these remarks on poems which many may still be disposed to regard as mere fugitive trifles, by the feeling that if the title be denied to their author, France possesses at present no poet of original talent. The established leaders of the classical and romantic schools have enjoyed a popularity, rather exacted by the strenuous efforts of their respective partisans, than proceeding from natural and unextorted admiration. Delavigne and Lamartine, writers whose reputation seems to sustain itself with difficulty, offer, each of them in his own manner, nothing but cold reflections of the brilliancy of Byron. The peculiar fashion in poetry which was set by that daring innovator seems scarcely to have outlasted one generation of readers; and the minor herd of his followers will, of course, fall rapidly into insignificance. As for Victor Hugo, who seems to occupy the most prominent, if not the most exalted place in the French Parnassus of the day, he is far too obscurely sublime in his exalted flights, and too deeply immersed at other times in the shades of bathos, to allow our moderate and timid criticism to attempt an admeasurement of his actual dimensions; and we turn with fresher and fresh-

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er enjoyment from the laborious dulness or more laborious extravagance of these and the other poets of the day, to the terse spirit and profound sensibility of a writer whose magic is the more powerful from being apparently exercised by a hand unconscious of its dominion. Even his occasional tameness and insipidity become pleasant to the reader, because they seem inseparably connected with that tender simplicity which tints, as it were, the distance of all his various pictures with its quiet colouring. Many will, no doubt, prefer to regard him as the favourite chansonnier of social enjoyment, wit, and satire. We think that he has higher titles to present fame and future immortality, and that his own exclamation paints most truly the real strength of his lyrical genius.

"Mon Dieu, vous m'avez bien dote:
Je n'ai ni force ni sagesse:
Mais je possede une gaite
Qui n'offense pas la tristesse."

From the Edinburgh Review.

CHARACTERISTICS OF GOETHE.*

In a former number, we had occasion to make some remarks upon the theory of translation; a subject on which we have no inclination to resume our controversial labours, and to which we should not have alluded at present, had it not been for a sort of challenge offered by Mrs. Austin, in her interesting Preface to the work before us. The conclusion at which she arrives in discussing this topic is, that there are two perfectly distinct aims of translation;—the one, to use her own words, where matter alone is to be transferred; the other, where both matter and form. Wherever, she adds, the form and colour of an author is important, a translation, proceeding upon the principle of considering how the author would have written in English, is, in her opinion, a failure; and for this reason, (we are sorry she has selected an instance so little to our taste,) she never can prevail on herself to read Pope's Homer; finding it impossible to take the least interest in a work in which the very peculiarities which she wants to know are effaced, and replaced by others. And she quotes, in support of her own opinion, a passage of Goethe, which she pronounces oracular, and decisive of the point; but in which that author seems to us, according to his usual fashion, to have rather stated the difficulty than resolved the problem.

Unquestionably there is much truth and reason in her arguments, and we are inclined most willingly to admit all the license which she demands, except the actual substantiation of foreign for English idiom. When once the simple rule of taste, which forbids this transgression, is violated, the work in question can no longer be said to be 'rendered into English,' for words alone do not constitute a language; otherwise the interlineations in a Hamiltonian grammar deserve, as far as we can perceive, the honours of accurate and perfect translation. But we are much inclined to fear, that Mrs. Austin's argument on this subject, although its purpose be not confessed, is intended as a covert defence of that most barbarous style which has been introduced of late by too many German scholars and men of talent, under pretence of making us acquainted with the peculiarities of our neighbours; and which only tends at once to corrupt the purity of our native composition, and to occasion in our minds an insuperable dislike to the foreign tongue which we only know through the medium of this hideous travesty. Whether this be the case or not, we are certain that no translator ever stood less in need of an apology on his own behalf than the authoress of these volumes. We can scarcely find the means of expressing, except in language which may be misinterpreted as the diction of indiscriminating flattery, our admiration of the truly extraordinary manner in which she has rendered all their various contents—metaphysical reasonings, political declamation, and social dialogue—into correct, nervous, vernacular English. Most of our readers will remember the interest which was excited by the appearance of the 'German Prince's Travels in England;' and how obstinately, notwithstanding all the assertions of critics and booksellers, and the strongest internal evidence of authenticity, many people persisted in believing the work to have been manufactured at home, merely because the language did not offer the slightest traces of transfusion from a foreign original. The volumes before us evince the same elegance of expression, the same felicitous rendering of each original phrase by its English counterpart, at once with accuracy and freedom, employed on a far more difficult subject; for we have here to deal with Germans speaking of and to their countrymen, and employing allusions and modes of diction appropriate to a truly national subject. Mrs. Austin has demanded, in her Preface, much more extensive powers than we would, perhaps, have willingly confided to her; but in her execution she has in no respect overstepped the limits which the most fastidious partisan of Dryden and Johnson's laws of translation could have laid down. The only license which she has assumed has been the employment of certain technical words, used by the Germans in a strict philosophical sense, whose corelatives in our dialect, although not sanctioned by usage, might be pure and classical according to the analogy of the language, and for which we have no current substitutes. And with this slight assistance only she has succeeded in more faithfully representing to us the characteristics of the modern German school of writers, than has

*Characteristics of Goethe. From the German of Falk, von Muller, &c. With notes original and translated, illustrative of German Literature. By Sarah Austin. 3 vols. 8vo. London: 1833.

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been done by those numerous translators, who have not scrupled to distort and disfigure our language in the most merciless fashion, under the plea of modelling it to reproduce the peculiar diction and idiom of their original.

There is only one portion of her attempts in the way of translation, which, we must confess, we wish, she had left untried,—namely, her literal versions of passages from Goethe's lyrical pieces and elegies. It is very true that they are most exact, and as elegant as such exactness will permit; and that she apologizes for their insertion as merely intended 'for the convenience of those who do not read German. It would give me extreme pain,' she says, 'that they should be regarded as intended in any degree to represent Goethe's poems. They are intended only to illustrate the text, by showing what is the matter of those poems.' But it would be fairer, we think, to leave her unlearned clients in their original ignorance. It seems almost impossible to read any poem, and more especially light and fugitive pieces such as these, in a literal translation, without extreme distaste; we can hardly picture to ourselves the existence of beauties in the original, when the copy before our eyes presents so melancholy a residuum, exhausted of all grace, life, and elegance. Such a version may indeed be of great value to a learner; and, in the case of a poem such as 'Faust,' where a great moral purpose and a great dramatic plan are developed, interest may probably be found even in the most prosaic and unornamented rendering. But in a book intended for mere English readers, and with respect to poems of which the beauty is of so aerial and evanescent a character, we cannot but think it injustice towards the author to drag him in this unseemly fashion before a cold irreverent audience. Perhaps also Goethe suffers more than any other poet from such exposure; his exquisite sense of melody, and power over the mechanism of verse, having been almost the mightiest instruments of his magic. Great as the musical flexibility of the German language is, no one had imagined before his appearance that it could be employed in such various forms of harmony, each equally consummate and faultless. This is a point on which an English critic may hardly venture to pronounce an opinion; but, in echoing the universal homage paid by Germany to Goethe's unrivalled excellence in this respect, we do but express our own sentiments, founded as they are on imperfect knowledge. There is no modern poet whatever, in reading whom we have derived such constant pleasure from the mere imaginary tones, the idea of melody which verse creates. His own saying respecting Wieland, might be, with still greater truth, applied to himself,—that if any one had shot down a cart-load of words on his desk, he would have found means to arrange them into a beautiful poem. In the employment of ancient metres (which has been successfully practised by no modern nation except his own) he has equalled in sweetness, and much surpassed in variety, his master Voss, the father of the domestic idyl. The harmony of his Elegies, of 'Reynard the Fox,' of 'Herman and Dorothea,' is peculiar and original, founded on that of the ancients, and yet not precisely the same; a flourishing colony of classical rhythm, transplanted into a barbarous soil. In the octave metre of the Italian romancers, to which he has imparted a melancholy sweetness quite different from the character of his models; in the rapid tones of his ballads;—in rhythmical prose, unrhymed iambics, and the long, irregular, sustained melody of the splendid soliloquies of 'Faust;'—his command over the rugged joints and sinews of language, to mould them into smoothness in every possible shape, is equally perfect and inexplicable.

Mrs. Austin has presented us, in these three volumes, with a variety of materials for judging of the character of Goethe, both as a man and an author. The first two are principally occupied with a translation of Falk's little work, 'Goethe Portrayed from Personal Intercourse,' with valuable notes and comments by the translatress, containing versions of most of the passages in Goethe's works, to which allusion is made in her text. Falk was a sort of Boswell in his way, a professed eulogist of Goethe; and we are not to look for much philosophical discernment among the indiscriminate praises which he bestows on every part of his hero's character. He seems to have regarded his friend rather as a seraphic creature of pure intellect, than an earthly philosopher; and it appears not a little surprising that such a work can have been published during the lifetime, and almost under the eyes of Goethe himself. But its chief value arises from the conversations which are reported in it. The wonderful versatility of the poet is conspicuous in the declamatory lectures which they contain, delivered by him on an infinite variety of subjects,—always interesting, and frequently rising into lofty eloquence; but creating, upon the whole, that unsatisfactory impression so often produced by the reported sayings of men who speak for display, from the difficulty of distinguishing between their sober earnest, and their voluntary assumption of paradox. Several other little treatises make up the compilation: such as Friedrich von Muller's 'Goethe considered as a Man of Action;' M. Soret's 'Notes on Goethe,' originally published in the *Bibliotheque Universelle de Geneve;* a couple of Memoirs of the Grand Duke of Weimar and his consort, and fragments of some other works. We are inclined to prefer among these the Memoir of M. Soret, a Genevese gentleman attached to the Court of Weimar. Although, by living in the company of Goethe and his intimates, he has acquired something of the tone prevailing in that *coterie*, and of the style of vanity and affectation in which, like all other small

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societies, they speak of their own especial great man, yet, as a foreigner, he views his subject less after the fashion of a party, and with more general intelligence than the other authors of this compilation; while, from close personal intercourse, he has much valuable information to communicate. We must however confess, that we have looked through these volumes with some feelings of disappointment, perhaps unwarranted, in finding that they add so little to our knowledge of the poet's personal history. Most of his biographers, as far as we have been able to ascertain, have hitherto done little more than compile from his own narratives of different periods of his life; and these narratives are curious, for the most part, rather from the psychological developments which they exhibit, than from any variety of incidents. These he either briefly commemorates, or hints at after an enigmatical fashion of his own. Probably few points of interest would be found to attract the general reader in the course of a career so little diversified. Goethe was placed in the situation of Privy Counsellor at Weimar, at the age of twenty-six; and almost the whole of his after time was spent in the quiet circle of that little court, and in the fulfilment of the routine duties of his situation. Still, in a work professing to give an account of the illustrious deceased, we expected to find some new details respecting the events of his life; for every life has its adventures, and although they may be in themselves of an ordinary and uninteresting cast, yet common domestic occurrences may contribute powerfully to the development of genius, and leave on such a mind a more indelible impression than the most varied and exciting actions and sufferings on that of a common adventurer. But Mrs. Austin appears to have abstained purposely from personal details respecting her hero, upon a principle of delicacy, which may, we think, be too rigorously observed. We fully appreciate the honourable feeling which induced her to refuse any extracts from the anonymous gossip of the '*Buchlein von Goethe*;' and to decline rendering her work more popular, and more provocative to our appetite for scandal, by insertions from an unauthenticated and hostile pamphlet. But why pass over such details as her own authorities furnish her with? Why, for instance, omit all M. Soret's anecdotes respecting Goethe's early love affairs? If they contain any thing more than a mere transcript of Goethe's own mystic revelations in the *Dichtung und Wahrheit*, we must confess that we should like to have known a little about this important part of a poet's biography. A few such narratives would have interested us more, perhaps, than several of the miscellaneous matters with which she swelled her compilation; such as the *resume* of Schelling's metaphysical system, or the facetious remarks of the Jekyll of Weimar, Herr von Einsiedeln, (the only specimens of German humour which these pages contain, but adding very little to their liveliness.) In M. Soret's Memoir, we find a very moving episode concerning a certain Lili—a paragon, it should seem, of beauty and intelligence, whom Goethe loved as tenderly as she loved himself: there was no obstacle which it would have been impossible to surmount,—and yet he could not marry her! The elective affinity in this case went so far, that the poet appears to have thought of quitting Weimar and the Privy Council, for a cottage, with Lili, in the backwoods of America. Who was Lili? What was her name, degree, and complexion? How did this promising love-affair arise, and why was it broken off? If Mrs. Austin is able to answer these questions, we are sorry that her reverence for departed genius has induced her to withhold such desirable information. As it is, she has given us no commentary whatever on M. Soret's performance, except one long note on 'Goethe's Golden Jubilee;'—a sort of speech-making and musical pageant, enacted at Weimar in 1826, which seems to have been an exhibition agreeably uniting the stately emptiness of an Oxford commemoration, with the vivacious insipidity of a Stratford festival.

But it would be unjust and unreasonable to judge of a work like the present simply as a biographical memoir. It has, in fact, very different claims on our attention. Mrs. Austin has abstained altogether from pronouncing her own opinions respecting Goethe and his works: her object has been to set faithfully before us the portrait which is drawn of him by his countrymen and cotemporaries. He is placed not in the point of view in which it might be easiest or more fashionable to contemplate him, but in which he is actually regarded by those who have been bred up in intimacy with his person, and nourished on the literary food contained in his writings. Thus we obtain, as it were, a reflective view of Goethe: for we have the words and sentiments of men who measure him according to the standard of thought which he has himself raised in their minds;—the recollections of a great man preceeding from the pens of his own disciples, while his words are still sounding in their ears, and his ideal presence still fresh in their apprehension. The narratives of such writers possess many of the advantages, together with many of the defects, which attend an autobiography. Their descriptions are more characteristic, the conclusions at which they arrive more congenial with the spirit of the subject of their work, than those of distant and unconnected observers. But, on the other hand, we are to expect from them no impartial criticism, and no discrimination. All these notices of Goethe are in fact little more than so many funeral eulogies. There is no attempt to bring forward the strong points of his genius in a more marked manner, by contrasting them with his weaknesses: he is painted, as Queen Elizabeth was by the artists of her Court, without shade or perspective. Mrs. Austin has thought it

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incumbent upon her to adopt without reserve the same laudatory tone, wherever she speaks of her hero in her own person. All that has been urged against him, in this country as well as in his own, is dismissed in a tone of indignant contempt, as if it could only proceed from the scandal-loving and depreciating spirit of the age. We are treated to a constant repetition of the usual circular argument employed in such cases—that if we do not like Goethe, it is because we do not understand him—if he appears to us obscure and enigmatical, it is because we possess not the true feeling of sympathy which would safely conduct us to the solution of all his mysteries.

Of this tendency to the mysterious, which detracts so greatly from the pleasure experienced by the ordinary reader in perusing the works of Goethe, his admirers, of course, speak in the most reverential terms. They desire, in plain language, that we will exercise our faith in receiving, without hesitation, all which appears dark to our unrefined understanding. 'Goethe,' says his excellent and undoubting eulogist, Her von Muller, had 'a strong liking for the enigmatical, which frequently interferes with the enjoyment of his works. I have heard him often maintain that a work of art, especially a poem, which left nothing to divine, could be no true, consummate work: that its highest destination must be ever to excite to reflection; and that the spectator or reader could never thoroughly enjoy and love it, but when it compelled him to expound it after his own mode of thinking, and to fill it up out of his imagination.' 'Goethe,' says M. Soret, 'might have revealed himself more distinctly; but mystery was with him the object of a sort of reverence, or the result of a system. We may suppose him to have said, "I will reveal myself only to those who can understand me, and they will divine me at half a word."' Mrs. Austin eloquently and warmly, after her fashion, defends her hero against the same charge. 'The truth is, I have never yet met with a German who affected to understand Goethe throughout. How far this is his fault I do not take upon me to discuss, much less to decide. It is possible that "the mysterious, the sibylline, the incoherent," in his writings has no meaning; but it seems unlikely.' And she quotes, in support of the modest deference to superior acquirements, a remarkable passage of Mr. Coleridge with respect to the Timæus of Plato; showing the reasons why it is more probable that the obscurity of the great philosopher argues our want of profoundness than his deficiency in clearness; and concluding, 'therefore, utterly baffled in all my attempts to understand the ignorance of Plato, I conclude myself *ignorant of his understanding*.'

This is a doctrine and an illustration, which, notwithstanding all our admiration for the departed genius, and our agreement with Mrs. Austin in her general estimate of his merits, we cannot allow to pass without controversy. The example of Plato bears, in our apprehension, no reasonable analogy to the case of any modern writer. Little as we are aided by the the dim external light which ancient history throws on the purpose and character of that philosopher, we may affirm thus much with tolerable certainty; that his writings, for the most part, were not intended for the comprehension of the unassisted reader; that they bear a symbolical character; and that the few to whom they were dedicated, were aided in their study, not merely by superior intelligence and wisdom, but by the actual possession of certain lost canons of construction, keys, or antitypes, perhaps arbitrary in great measure, and certainly enveloped in artificial, intentional concealment. When, therefore, modern authors take Plato and the other early philosophers for their model, and deem their studied and emblematic diction a fit subject of imitation, they are, in fact, like men mimicking arbitrary signs and gestures to which they attach no meaning, but which, among those who first employed them, bore a conventional significancy. There is in the present day no sect of transcendentalists—no secret Eleusinian language used among literary men of the higher order. He who writes for the world must use the dialect of the world; and if the general consent of his readers, including his devoted followers, pronounces him unintelligible, we may safely conclude that there is no hidden meaning which a few privileged persons only can develope. Unless it is asserted, that we are to continue to see, like the neophytes of old, darkly and through a glass, where is the use of exalted talent and genius, if they are wasted in exhibiting a gift of tongues? Is not the possessor a barbarian to us? What avails it to the student, that Goethe is pronounced to have possessed an exalted wisdom beyond the reach of vulgar comprehension, if it be enveloped in whole volumes of elaborate 'amphigouris,' in verse and prose, in which the bewildered admirer is perpetually in search of a meaning which seems constantly near, and as constantly eludes his grasp?

And it is not the least embarrassing peculiarity which the reader of Goethe has to encounter, that there is no obvious line of distinction in his writings, between the palpable and the indefinite. Almost every one of his more important works (except such as were written for the stage) leads us gradually out of daylight into his favourite region of shadows. When we would willingly content ourselves with remaining exoteric admirers of his genius, he forces us to become the unprofiting hearers of his revelations: for as soon as we become interested in his incidents as facts, in his personages as human beings, they are straightway carried off in a cloud from the surface of the earth, and we are forced to bear them company into a region where they re-appear only as abstractions or personified oracles.

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All his visions, like Virgil's pageant of the shades, conclude with the 'ivory gate, which warns us that all we have seen was but a dream. Thus from the dramatic reality of 'Faust,' wonderful in its delineations of character, profound but simple and earnest in its severe philosophy, inviting thought and amply repaying it, we are plunged, in 'Helena,' into an incoherent, revolting mass of unsubstantial contradictions. In 'Wilhelm Meister's Apprenticeship,' we travel on for a long while, pleasantly enough, in company with a singular collection of personages, many of whose ways, and much of whose language, are neither very interesting nor always intelligible; but who entertain us, in spite of ourselves, by their mixture of humour and instructiveness, and by the singularity of the adventures which befall them. But no sooner are the principal characters brought within the walls of the fatal castle which is the term of their wanderings, than all their individuality vanishes at once, and we are left to fight our way to the end of the three volumes, through a series of devious, intricate passages of thought, occasionally emerging into light, only to plunge again into deeper gloom. And in the continuation, the travels of Wilhelm Meister, the hero is sent forth no longer to encounter real adventures among creatures of flesh and blood, but as a sort of metaphysical Don Quixote, armed at all points to encounter, in endless controversy, a host of dreamlike, shapeless chimeras; while the wearied reader is kept awake only by his admiration and astonishment at the unwearied powers of language which are wasted in this unprofitable parade.

Nor is it encouraging to feel ourselves impelled to the conviction, that much of Goethe's obscurity, even in the merely æsthetic parts of his works (to use a German distinction,) arises from habitual cautiousness—from a reluctance to commit himself by embracing decided opinions on any subject. In their didactic portions, this peculiarity is still more evident; his meaning seems constantly half-expressed; it is left incomplete, we will not say from fear, but from a sense of the peculiar position which he occupied—a kind of literary sovereignty watched by jealous rivals. At once a courtier and a man of the world, he lived in society, and was forced to conform to its sentiments, yet anxious all the while to form a reputation of originality. And this reflection leads us seriously to consider the effect produced upon the genius of Goethe by his external circumstances. He may be pronounced singularly fortunate among literary men. From the time of his early youth to his protracted decease, he passed an easy, untroubled life, whose wants were all anticipated; surrounded by admirers, in the bosom of a friendly court, where he was received on terms of equality, such as even the pettiest prince has rarely adopted towards a son of the Muses. Notwithstanding the whispers of his devotees concerning internal conflicts, mental difficulties, and struggles with the world, his pilgrimage was, after all, little more than a continued sail, with favourable wind and tide, down the stream of time. But it is our deep conviction that all which the poet gained in personal happiness by this singular good fortune, was lost to him in eventual celebrity; and that his genius was diverted from its natural path into a less profitable direction.

In maintaining this opinion, we shall find ourselves in direct opposition to the ordinary partisans of Goethe. They seem to think that any complaint of the undecided and enigmatical tone of his propositions respecting society, morality, and religion, amounts to an accusation of servility. This is by no means the sin with which we think him justly chargeable. Goethe's mind was, naturally, as independent and upright as an enthusiastic love of virtue, and a clear and active intellect, could jointly make it. By living attached to the rulers of a small and powerful monarchy, the friend of the honest, straightforward, benevolent Duke of Weimar, and his more gifted consort, he was not liable to fall into that intentional obsequiousness which degrades the writers who traffic for the favour of greater Princes. There were at Weimar no great interests to be served by the prostitution of literary talent; and Goethe cannot be accused of having, in any one instance of which we are aware, sought or received the wages of an advocate. But the effect of perpetual contact with the world, in blunting the acuteness of genius, seems much more insidious and impalpably progressive. He who devotes himself to society, and has already attained its highest honours, must be constantly thinking of self, of the place which he occupies, and the means of best securing that place; which he soon finds to consist in avoiding all provocations to vehement controversy, and acting quietly and constantly on the defensive. While most of those around him are struggling to change their position or direction, his unconscious effort, like that of a man standing still, is to preserve an equilibrium. All great displays of strength, all violent emotions, are consequently out of his province. This is so marked a peculiarity of Goethe's disposition, both as a man and as a writer, that his eulogists derive it from a supposed natural propensity. 'In Goethe's character,' says Falk, in the first page of Mrs. Austin's translation, 'we find a most sensitive shrinking from all intense impressions, which by every means, and under every circumstance of his life, he sought to ward off from himself.' And, with the true philosophy of a wet-nurse, he proceeds to derive this softness of temperament from the poet's mother, of whom he tells several edifying stories to the same effect. Can this be said, morally, of the author of 'Werter,' the impassioned youth of whom Goethe himself has left the portrait in his memoirs! or physically, of the man who, as

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he informs us in his Campaign of 1792, would ride within reach of a battery, in order to experience that strange and exciting sensation known to military men abroad by the name of the cannon-fever? Is not the marked manner in which he avoided all vehement literary agitation, rather to be attributed to the education of circumstances, and the caution early learnt by a man of worldly and ambitious character?

One of the most evident results of Goethe's social relations on his opinions is to be found, as may be expected, in his views of the moral and political destinies of mankind. We are none of those enthusiasts who reject alike the discursive reveries of the poet, and the reasoning of the philosopher, unless these happen to have espoused warmly their own favourite sentiments on matters of common public discussion. We are far from wishing that Goethe had been a partisan in any sense. He might have occupied a place of much more imposing dignity, as arbiter between the prejudices and passions of ordinary men. But there are many who do complain, and we think not unreasonably, that he systematically averted his regards from all the great questions which agitate society. He refused alike to meddle with the petty discussions of the day, and with the vast conflicts which have been fought for years, or for centuries, and which involve the happiness of our own, as well as all future generations. Not only he would not himself look for a moment at any of these things, but his spleen and indignation were vented upon all persons who embraced party with any degree of warmth. Because he knew that naked forms of government are insufficient to make nations happy; therefore, he deemed all men foolish or insane, who would dream of improving society at all, except by the utterance of some thousand sage saws and enigmatical maxims, in verse and prose, of which the general bearing seems to be, to recommend all mankind to exercise the virtues of patience and moderation, and let the world go on as it has hitherto done:—very judicious advice, which we hear every day from the mouths of many privy-councellors who have little in common with Goethe, except his title, and his fondness for the *juste milieu*. Indifference became a fixed idea in his mind, and he embraced it with exclusive and dogmatical ardour. All who attached themselves to any sect or party, with zeal and steadfastness, were dreamers or mountebanks in his imagination, according as he supposed them to be actuated by honest blindness or by hypocrisy. 'Goethe wanted to observe,' says Falk; 'his age wanted to act; and to seize upon every occasion, however slight, which presented itself as a possible reason for action. It was this which once led him to say to me, "Religion and politics are a troubled element for art: I have always kept myself aloof from them as much as possible." There was but one party, for which, with such views, he could declare himself, that, namely, under whose influence tranquillity might be expected, or even hoped for, let it be found how it might.'

In Doring's life of Goethe, (a work we believe, of little value, except from the occasional memoranda of Goethe's personal acquaintance which it contains,) the reader will find an account of a conversation with Schulze, in which Goethe's zeal against the zealous is strongly portrayed. Mrs. Austin, of course, makes the most of her favourite's character on this as on other points. 'That Goethe was indifferent to the progress of human improvement, and the sum of human happiness, appears to me incredible..... Indifferent to many of the questions that are most fiercely debated, he might—nay, rather he *must*—be: for his wide and prophetic glance pierced far beyond the strife of the hour..... It was not, surely, that he was indifferent to the welfare of mankind, but that he thought it a pernicious illusion to look for healing to sources whence he was persuaded healing could never come. His labours for the improvement of the human race were unwearied, calm, and systematic. But if the political neutrality be obstinately observed, subjected him to the vehement denunciations of many of his countrymen, it will probably be still more revolting to English readers. It is, however, unreasonable to expect the same earnestness and vehemence in support of any cause or system from a man who sees it with all its limitations and possible attendant evils, as from one who can perceive nothing but advantages. The same clear, serene, far-reaching glance which enabled him to discern "the soul of goodness in things evil," and thence inclined him to tolerance and indulgence, revealed to him the evil that lurks amid the greatest apparent good, and thus moderated his expectations and tempered his zeal.'

This is eloquent pleading, undoubtedly; but it does not, we think, reach the root of the matter, or evolve the primary motives of Goethe's mind. If there be any moral purport to be arrived at by a general comparison of his works, it amounts only to this; that the highest aim of man is to accommodate himself to the circumstances in which he is placed with relation to the natural world and to his fellows; to attend to his own æsthetic development; to consider the perfection of art as the most consummate scope of all industry; and to leave both social and supernatural interests to take care of themselves. 'But,' says Falk, with much *naivete*, 'it happened that religion and politics, church and state, were exactly the cardinal points within which the age in which he lived was destined to be remodelled.' (We should like to know 'within' what other 'cardinal points' any age ever was or can be remodelled.) 'All action and all science were irresistibly determined to this centre.' In all ages and countries, religion and politics have

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been the great engines of improvement; and, in the history of European kingdoms, those periods are the darkest in which they have been neglected, and art substituted for them as the main object of men's thoughts. To perceive that a strong tendency towards æsthetic development, in the mass of a nation, is often accompanied by a vicious, mean, or insignificant character, we need only look at the peasantry of Greece, and the populace of the streets of Italy. That where obtuseness of feeling, on these points, is compensated by a serious and reflective disposition, strongly excitable by religion and politics only, the greatest public happiness prevails—Scotland, Holland, and America may witness. The man of superficial refinement, acting upon Goethe's principle, shrinks from the coarse violence and vulgar prejudice which indicate the state of popular feeling in such countries as these. The philosopher who sees a little farther into the great problem of human life, knows that these very defects are signs of the inward health and vigour of the commonwealth. But Goethe, according to Falk, 'would rather talk, in society, of one of Boccaccio's tales, than of matters on which the welfare of Europe was thought to depend. Such characters as Luther and Coriolanus' (an odd juxtaposition) excited in him a sort of *uncomfortable* feeling, which could only be explained on the hypothesis, *that their natures stood in a sort of mysterious opposition to his.*' Therefore, the reader will look in vain, in Goethe's works, for counsel on any matter of public interest. All is dark; and although acute minds fancy they discover occasional suggestions, which lead them, as they imagine, into the spirit of the author, another page, or another work, will produce quite a contrary impression. On religion, for instance, (and we select this topic not to please English prejudice, which very unreasonably insists on measuring the opinions of foreigners on that subject by the standard of our insular orthodoxy, but merely as affording a strong instance in our favour,) it is quite impossible to attain to any definite view of his sentiments. In early youth, he framed a sort of Pantheistic system for himself. Some of his works bear the occasional impress of a mystic devotion. Even the Catholics have sometimes claimed him for their own. On the other hand, the beautiful little poem, 'Die Geheimnisse,' seems rather to regard Revelation as an ideal scheme than a substantial fact. A remarkable passage in Wilhelm Meister's 'Wanderjahre' would seem to indicate that the writer had at last settled down into a sort of ultra-rationalism. But, from the general contemplation of his scattered notions on this subject, only one conclusion can be arrived at; namely, that in his opinion, no sect whatever was, or could be, in the right. Goethe has been compared to Voltaire: in some respects, the comparison does him injustice; but Voltaire had one decided advantage over him—that of a clear, consistent, intelligible purpose: for, as Herder thought, Schiller wrote, and Goethe himself cited with admiration,

> 'Self-contradiction is the only wrong;
> And, by the laws of spirit, in the right
> Is every individual character
> Which acts in strict consistence with itself.'

Goethe's mind, on the contrary, was a power which refused all direction; which wandered without distinct aim or object—given to quarrel with all those who possessed a firmer faith or a more practical disposition. As a poet, he is immortal; as a thinker, (pity that two such titles should be divided!) he has formed no school, produced no system; rendered his mind in no respect a portion of the mind of the time in which he lived, and for which he wrote. The admiration which he has achieved is but a barren wreath, whose flowers can never ripen into fruit.

But we must not do Goethe injustice as a man, if we are inclined to think that too cold and cautious a demeanour diminished his literary influence on society. In his mind, early and cherished feelings of patriotism were combined with an ardent personal attachment to his friends, the Duke of Weimar, whom he had accompanied into France, and by whose side he had shared the dangers of the Duke of Brunswick's ill-starred invasion; and his noble-minded Duchess, whose calm and princely dignity, during the disasters of 1806, rebuked even the petulant mood of Napoleon. He felt most acutely the temporary degredation of his sovereign during the miserable years which followed the battle of Jena. The following passage strongly portrays his high-minded loyalty, and will serve also as an admirable specimen of the talents of our graceful and energetic translatress. Falk had related to Goethe some acts of imprudence on the part of the Duke, which had subjected him to the displeasure of his imperial oppressor.

'Goethe heard me, in silence, up to this point. His eyes now flashed with fire, and he exclaimed, "Enough! What would they have them, these Frenchmen? Are they human? Why do they exact the utterly inhuman? What has the Duke done, that is not worthy of all praise and honour? Since when is it a crime for a man to remain true to his old friends and comrades in misfortune! Is the memory of a high-minded man so utterly nothing in their eyes? Why do they require from the Duke to obliterate all the noblest recollections of his life—the seven year's war—the memory of Frederick the Great, his uncle—all that is great, glorious, and venerable in the former condition of Germany, in which he took an active part, and for which he at last set crown and sceptre on the die? Do they expect that he is to wipe out all this as with a wet sponge from the tablets of his memory, like an ill-reckoned sum, because it pleases his new master? Does

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your empire of yesterday, then, already stand so immoveably steadfast, that you are exempt from all, even the slightest, fear of participating in the changes of human things?* Formed by nature to be a calm and impartial spectator of events, even I am exasperated when I see men required to perform the impossible. That the Duke assists wounded Prussian officers robbed of their pay; that he lent the lion-hearted Blucher four thousand thalers after the battle of Lubeck, that is what you call a conspiracy!—that seems to you a fit subject for reproach and accusation!

"'Let us suppose the case, that to-day or to-morrow misfortune befell your grand army; what would a general or a field-marshal be worth in the Emperor's eyes, who would act precisely as our Duke has acted under these circumstances! I tell you the Duke shall act as he acts, and he must act so! He would do great injustice if ever he acted otherwise! Yes—and even were he thus to lose country and subjects, crown and sceptre, like his ancestor the unfortunate John, yet must he not deviate one hand's-breadth from this noble manner of thinking, and from that which the duty of a man and a prince prescribes in such an emergency.—Misfortune! what is misfortune? This is a misfortune, that a prince should be compelled to endure such things from foreigners: And if it came to the same pass with him, as formerly with his ancestor Duke John; if his ruin were certain and irretrievable, let not that dismay us: we will take our staff in our hands, and accompany our master in his adversity, as old Lucas Kranach† did; we will never forsake him. The women and children, when they meet us in the villages, will cast down their eyes and weep, and say one to another,—That this is old Goethe and the former Duke of Weimar, whom the French Emperor drove from his throne because he was true to his friend in misfortune; because he visited his uncle, the Duke of Brunswick, on his death-bed; because he would not let his old comrades and brothers-in-arms starve!'"

We have heard it remarked by an acute, although fanciful, metaphysician, that all thinkers take their part early in life, and become, according to the bent of their dispositions, either Platonists or Aristotelians. It seems to have been Goethe's ambition to combine the two characters. With a mind naturally prone to enthusiasm and mysticism, he purposely placed himself in what appears to us a false position;—endeavouring to consider the eternal world in a strictly objective point of view, to observe individual objects without attempting to generalize, and to submit mind and matter alike to the test of experience. He seems to have voluntarily abdicated, as a dangerous pre-eminence, the poetical supremacy which he had so early acquired; and to have laboured, throughout his later life, to neutralize the effect produced by, 'Werter,' 'Faust,' and his earlier dramas, and to persuade mankind that his real vocation was of quite another sort. His admirers are enraptured with what they call his 'manysidedness,' (one of the words which Mrs. Austin insists on naturalizing,) that is, as they explain it, his power of withdrawing his mind from itself, 'divesting himself of intellectual identity, becoming that which he contemplated or described, feeling the sensations and thinking the thoughts of other beings.' They endeavour to represent him as at once an accurate observer of nature and art, and a sagacious describer of that world of which he was a citizen, possessed of an acute and learned spirit of human dealings. It is hardly necessary to remark that such praise appears, *a priori*, unphilosophical and ungrounded. There are few instances indeed; may we not say none?—in which the same person has obtained celebrity as a natural philosopher, and as a dramatic delineator of human passion and thought. But we apprehend that neither of these excellences constituted the distinctive characteristic of Goethe's talents. His friends portray his life as one continued course of empirical observation. He studied, they say, the characters of those around him—was ever more anxious to obtain their opinion, and to trace their modes of thinking, than to develope his own;—and it is noticed of him, that in later life, when all persons of distinction who came to Weimar made a point of paying their respects to him, he always preferred seeing his visitors one by one, in order to get as much as possible out of each of them. It will be recollected that Sir Walter Scott described his own self-elected course of mental education in precisely similar terms. The extremely different result which, in the cases of these two great men, followed the same line of practice, will at once convince us of the radical difference which existed between their mental powers. The dramatic or descriptive scene of the English writer are chiefly admirable, as all Europe knows, from what German critics would call their intense objectiveness. They call up to the reader's imagination the most vividly distinct impressions of the things represented, and never remind him for an instant of the peculiarities, or the very existence, of the author himself. The least interesting passages in his works are those comparatively rare ones where he speaks, either expressedly or impliedly, in his own person. In the writings of Goethe, on the contrary, the fruits of his observation seldom reappear without having undergone a most curious process of alteration within the ever-active laboratory of his thoughts, and becoming mixed and identified with his own idiosyncrasy. We call a dramatic essay

* We seem to hear the poet echoing the indignant apostrophe of his favourite Prometheus to the new Deities of Olympus:

νεον θεοι κρατειτε, και δοκειτε δη
ναιειν απαντα πιεζοντες; ουκ εκ των εγω
δικαιους τυραννους εξεπεσουσας ορωμαι;

† Lucas Kranach, the painter, petitioned Charles V. to be allowed to share the captivity of his patron, John Frederic, Elector of Saxony, when made prisoner at the battle of Muhlberg; and was actually confined with him for five years.

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natural, either where the events are such as might consistently happen, or where the personages are made to act probably in improbable positions. In the novels of Goethe, the events are, for the most part, highly improbable; and the personages act and think after a fashion of their own, wholly different from the ordinary way of the world. We cannot but look on them less as actual characters, than as personified theories or abstractions; or as embodying sometimes wild reveries of the author's own imagination, sometimes those which he had perceived to be generally prevalent among the ardent and fanciful spirits with whom he associated. And with regard to his observations on Art and Nature, they seem to have been always pursued rather in search of arguments to support some preconceived metaphysical theory, than in the true spirit of patient investigation. In this estimate of Goethe's genius, we feel that we are venturing to differ from much which is written and said respecting him in his own country; but we have preferred drawing our own results from a comparison of his works, however imperfect, to echoing the voice of his disciples, who, perhaps, portray him less as he actually was than as he wished to be represented.

His history seems to afford abundant evidence of this peculiar self-deception, or self-misrepresentation. The first work by which the young citizen of Frankfort became at a single start the most prominent charcter in Germany, was the 'Sorrows of Werter.' It is not easy to decide on the real excellence of a performance, which derived so much of its success from reproducing in a tangible shape the undefined longings and crude sentiments prevalent among a large class of society, in those peaceful but dissatisfied times. But assuredly its magic does not consist in any thing like an approximation to existing characters or probable incidents. There is no individuality or distinct personal character in either of the two lovers; they are generalizations of human passion—symbols of the workings of the young author's mind, excited by those which fermented in the breasts of his comrades, the children of his generation. 'Goetz von Berlichingen' afforded food of another kind to the restless and discontented spirit of these youthful enthusiasts; not by its vivid pictures of ancient times and thoughts, in which it is excelled by many other works of the same description, but by collecting into one centre all the vague feelings of discontent with existing society and institutions which then prevailed; and reproducing them in the character of a magnanimous, honourable rebel, edifying all readers by his noble contempt for laws and lawyers, and his generous assertion of the Fist Right, and maintaining himself in singleness of purpose against the guile of men in authority. The portrait of Goethe, at this period of his life, is just what might be expected from the character of these early works. 'Goethe was with us,' writes his friend Jacobi in 1774, 'a handsome youth of five-and-twenty, from the crown of his head to the sole of his foot, all genius, power, and strength, a spirit of fire with the wings of an eagle, qui *ruit immensus ore profundo*. The more I think him over, the more intensely I feel the impossibility of writing, to one who has neither seen nor heard Goethe, any thing comprehensible concerning this extraordinary creature of God. . . . He is one of the possessed, to whom it is allowed in scarcely any event to act otherwise than involuntarily. It requires to be only an hour in his company to find it in the highest degree ridiculous to desire him to think and act in any other fashion than his own.' Wieland, who saw him for the first time when he removed to Weimar, in 1775, writes of him in the simplicity of his heart:—'Goethe, *who has been with us eight days*, is the greatest genius, and the best and most amiable man whom I know.' Many other instances might be adduced of the impression which he made on society of his fiery unrestrained genius, his extraordinary eloquence, and youthful imagination. How then did it come to pass that so ardent and impetuous a character, at so early an age, assumed at once the cautious habits of a courtier, threw aside by a single effort the romantic tendencies which had so long impelled him, confined his wishes to the possible,—his views to the horizon which bounded the common eye? Sagacity and ambition may have produced such a change in his outward demeanour; but years could hardly have wrought so complete an alteration in the intellectual and moral man. The *apparent* reaction, however, was complete. Admitted into a new world, and becoming conversant with its children, instead of the sympathizing enthusiasts, male and female, in whose company his former years had been passed, Goethe conceived the bitterest distate to the whole cast of thought and behaviour which himself had so powerfully contributed to produce in Germany. He became so suddenly convinced, that as the world could not be reformed by the yearnings and strivings of philosophers of twenty, it became the duty of an enlightened man steadfastly to oppose himself to all longings after theoretical perfection. With a heart still full of romance, he forced himself to adopt a system coldly and deliberately sceptical—to believe only in the Practical, over which personal experiment and observation had given him the mastery.

But the efforts of Goethe to recall within bounds the wild current of youthful energy, which his own example had sent wandering in all directions but the right, were, to his great disappointment, wholly ineffectual. The Storm-and-Power epoch, as the Germans call it, had commenced, and the ardent leaders of the fashion held on their way—Werter and Berlichingen their watchwords in the charge, inundating the land with supernatural horrors,

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exaggerated sentiment, and extravagant mysticism. Numberless lovers, in blue frock-coats and yellow waistcoats, (the *costume de rigueur* of a 'sentimental-passionate ascetic,') raved and despaired at the feet of their respective Charlottes, who came gracefully from parlour and store-room (the favourite retreat of a German heroine) to flirt with their husbands' unmarried friends; and future Goetzes schemed their Utopian revolts, which the approaching time was about to exhibit in stern and savage reality. While the Privy-Councillor was directing the theatre at Weimar, studying classical antiquity under the auspices of Herder, and going through his apprenticeship in the little world of which he had become a member, the lustre of his general popularity was on the wane, eclipsed by the brilliancy of newer comets. He has recorded a singular instance of the rebellion of the spirits which he had raised against himself, in the narrative of his interviews with young Plessing, in the second part of his 'Memoirs;' an occurrence which he improved into a poem in his worst taste, the 'Harz-Reise im Winter.' A somewhat similar contrast was strongly marked in his first interview with Schiller, in 1787. The latter poet, ten years younger than Goethe in age, and with still greater disparity of disposition, whose 'Robbers' had exercised a similar influence with that formerly produced by the author of Werter on the students and young ladies of Germany—who, more recently, in his 'Don Carlos,' had endeavoured to portray ideal excellence in the character of a philanthropic statesman—was not likely to meet with much favour at the hands of the elder author, now waging determined war against enthusiasts of every class. Goethe, moreover, had at this time taken part against the Kantian philosophy; expressed himself adverse to the study of final causes, and all reasoning *a priori;* while Schiller had adopted these and other imaginative doctrines with all the warmth of a partisan. To him, therefore, Goethe appeared 'ein kalter Mensch,' a cold experimentalist, a slave of intellect, and an enemy to reason. But the difference was rather in seeming than in reality; for Goethe's tendency to mysticism, notwithstanding his assiduous endeavours to restrain it, still exercised paramount influence over his mind; while the ardour of Schiller in pursuing the 'high priori road,' was gradually wearing away before the added experience of years. His partialities and prejudices were laid aside by both; and those two noble minds were soon united in intimate friendship, which the early death of Schiller alone divided. His memory was zealously defended by Goethe against his posthumous assailants; and Mrs. Austin has reported some expressions uttered by the latter in conversation, a year only before his death, which form as noble a eulogy as ever orator pronounced over the tomb of departed genius. 'He,' (Schiller) 'strode forward with awful rapidity. If I was a week without seeing him, when we met I was astounded, and knew not where to lay hold of him, I found him so much further advanced. And so he went on, ever forwards, for forty-six years—then, indeed, he had gone far enough!'

For many years these two poets continued their labours together; a rare, perhaps an unparalleled instance of writers of high and original genius following the same career together, without jealousy or suspicion, and aiding each other by the free intercommunion of their knowledge and fancy. Many of their ballads and miscellaneous poems were composed in a sort of amicable rivalry; and they strongly illustrate the difference that prevailed between their characters. Those of Goethe possess, perhaps, much greater variety of ornament, and display higher flights of imagination; some of them, the 'Bride of Corinth' for instance, are perfect epic compositions in their miniature shape. Yet there is something far-fetched in the conception, and complicated in the structure, of most of them; they seem constantly to suggest, in a dark manner, the existence of some hidden meaning beyond their first and obvious import; and they very rarely appeal to the common sensibilities of our nature. Schiller's, on the contrary, seem all simplicity and earnestness, full of popular sentiment, and natural, unaffected pathos. There could not, in fact, be a stronger external contrast than that between his frank, impetuous, open nature, and the courtier-like reserve and ironical caution of his older companion. Schiller was inclined to trust all the world; he wrought as it were in public, and liked, as Goethe says, to converse with others on any poetical subject which he had undertaken, and to frame and discuss all manner of plans and evidences for his intended work. Goethe laboured on a contrary principle. He always preferred enveloping his own designs in silence, and catching information and assistance obliquely from the minds of others, without exposing his own. This propensity he describes in his mystical manner, calling it 'a superstition which had been confirmed by experience, that I must not speak of an undertaking, if I would have it succeed. A very deep meaning lies in that notion, that a man in search of buried treasure must work in utter silence; must speak not a word, whatever appearance, either terrific or delightful, may present itself. And not less significant is the tradition, that one who is on an adventurous pilgrimage to some precious talisman, through the most lonesome mountain-path or dreary desert, must walk onwards without stopping, nor look around him, though fearfully menacing or sweetly enticing voices follow his footsteps and sound in his ear.' (Mrs. Austin's *Characteristics*, vol. ii. p. 322.)

Many volumes of commentaries have been written on the drama of 'Faust,' and each new expositor has thought it his duty to invent

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some theory respecting its object and intention; attributing to its author numberless ingenious designs which he never dreamt of. But there is some truth, we cannot but think, in the supposition that it records to a certain extent the change in his sentiments and mode of thinking (Denkungsart,) which did partially take place within his mind, and which he endeavoured to persuade himself and others had been wholly accomplished. Although not published until 1790, we know that the first part of this extraordinary work was conceived and partly executed many years before; that its idea was in fact coeval with his earliest poetical plans. It seems to express, in its complete form, the feelings of two very different periods of his life. We see at once that the philosopher in his study, made restless and miserable by his sense of the worthlessness of earthly science, and pouring out his soul in eloquent aspirations after communion with superior essences, is no other than the young and eager student himself, revolving now the subtleties of Spinoza, and now the riddles of Paracelsus. There is not a line which does not bear the impress of some ardent feeling, which had glowed in the bosom of the poet with tenfold fiercer heat than even his own burning words could express. Is it not also possible, although not quite so evident, that the magician, in the second phase of his earthly existence—when the sceptical fiend has taught him to lay aside the study of final causes, and confine his views to practical results—no less represents the writer himself in the self-chosen abasement of his spiritual dignity? We do not mean that the experiences of the outer world, to which Goethe subjected himself when he abandoned his own inner contemplative being, were of the same nature with the scenes into which he conducts his student-hero. What he meant to represent, (if this theory be true,) was the immediate passage from the speculative to the practical, of whatever particular sort this last might be. And he wished to depict the change as complete at once, far more complete than it could really become, or than it actually was within his own heart. This supposition explains what sometimes appears an inconsistency in the conduct of the piece, when it is merely considered as dramatic, and the personages as stage characters. From the moment in which Faust completes his contract with the fiend, and becomes externally an altered man, the change in his character is also effected; except in one scene, which appears in rather forced contrast to those which accompany it, there is scarcely any recurrence, even in recollection, to his former state of being. The aspiring Magian is entirely lost in the sensual libertine, or the reckless lover. Even on the Harz, surrounded by mysteries, in the exciting atmosphere of a half-revelation of the spiritual world, he shows scarcely any desire to penetrate into the higher secrets of the place; he exhibits little curiosity or amazement, and no wish except to find out the prettiest witch for his partner in the waltz. He acquiesces without reluctance in Mephistophele's suggestion to keep out of the crowd, and find out some quiet nook beyond the crush and turmoil of the festival; even as the young courtier at Weimar sought to avoid the public exhibition of his talents, and the excitement of bustling society, and tied down his genius to the purpose of amusing and delighting a small circle, and piling together miscellaneous instruction for himself.

For several years after his establishment at Weimar, Goethe wrought comparatively little for his reputation. His labours were principally confined to the production of lighter pieces for society and the stage, in the management of which he took a prominent and highly useful part, at once directing public taste, and encouraging native and imported talent. Weimar soon became, and continued for many years, a place of pilgrimage, to which literary men resorted from all parts of Germany; some for instruction and entertainment, others in search of patronage. 'Berturch, the father, who was treasurer to the Duke, used, in after times, to speak with great glee of a singular head in the accounts which he had to submit in those days. It consisted almost entirely of breeches, waistcoats, shoes and stockings, for German literati; who came wandering within Weimar's gates, slenderly provided with those articles.' Meanwhile the poet occupied his mind in studies of a very extensive, but very desultory nature. He seems to have early adopted the resolution to know something of everything. His favourite empirical philosophy admonished him to collect observations from all quarters, to form no theories, but to lay steadily and surely the foundation for future inductions. Such were the principles he laid down for himself; but the innate poetical and generalizing tendency of his mind directed all his struggles to very different results. He had always been an admirer of art; he drew, etched, (indifferently enough, we fancy,) studied music, botany, chemistry, natural philosophy, and learnt a little of every language of which a grammar and vocabulary could be procured. He gradually adopted the notion that nature had intended him less for a poet than a great experimentalist and discoverer in physical science. He imagined a new theory of vegetation—as wild and rhapsodical as ever presented itself to the brain of an early philosopher, before Bacon had bidden experience supply the place of fiction. And, by that singular contradiction, of which his life affords so many instances, he insisted that this theory was deduced from no imaginary process of reasoning, but from his own actual remarks; and was extremely discomposed whenever practical botanists treated his visionary scheme as a 'poesie manquee,' instead of respecting it as a real discovery. He writes from Naples in 1786—'I must, moreover, tell you in confi-

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dence, that I am very near the whole secret of the generation and organization of plants, and that it is the simplest thing that can be imagined. Under this sky one may make the most beautiful observations. The main point, where the germ really lodges, I have discovered beyond all doubt; all the rest I have a general view of, only some points must be more distinctly made out. The archetypal plant (Urpflanze) will be the strangest creature in the world, which Nature herself shall envy one. With this model, and the key to it, one may then invent plants *ad infinitum*, which *must* be consistent; *i. e.* which, if they do not exist, yet might exist, and are not mere picturesque shows and shadows, but have an inward truth and necessity. The same law will be applicable to all animal bodies.' This is rather a Platonic piece of natural history. But he expanded the same idea, in 1797, into the form of a very beautiful elegy, (the 'Metamorphosis of Plants,') for which shape it seems much more fit than for that of an elementary treatise. A very singular passage in Falk (vol. i. p. 70,) would seem (could we feel certain in reading any discourse or production of this extraordinary man, in his later years, that his words are really to be understood as expressing definite opinions) to indicate, that he assumed a similar hypothesis as the basis of his views of the whole series of creation.

More eloquent inspiration breathes in none of Goethe's elaborate works, than in those delightful 'Letters from Italy,' from which we have extracted the above quotation. None exhibit more strongly the struggle which existed between the imaginative tendency of his genius, and his cherished practical doctrines. They lay open to us the very heart of the poet; and every object of which he speaks with real feeling, is coloured with the tints of his high-wrought enthusiasm. But in those very details on which he seems to pride himself—acute remarks on society, tasteful criticisms on art, graphic descriptions of scenery—in these, we think, the most ordinary book of travels often surpasses him. He has noted down all his impressions with sedulous minuteness, but without selection or discrimination; so that the whole would be tedious from its prolixity, were it not for the occasional outbreaks of the poetical spirit through this undigested mass of observations. From very early youth, the desire of seeing Italy had been incessantly present to Goethe's mind—a constant and even painful sensation. No man has described so well what none ever felt more acutely, that unconquerable, indefinable sentiment, which seems an original passion in many minds—that yearning after change of place, that attraction towards the distant and unseen, which envelopes foreign climates and scenery in hues of imaginary brightness. This feeling had thrilled a thousand times within the heart of the youthful poet, exciting the same wild longings which his Faust expresses, when wandering forth, a wearied student, from his closet, to feel the influence of the sunset.

'For Matter aids not with corporeal wings
The Spirit's light imaginings:
Yet to each soul that hidden pulse is given,
That whispering voice which beckons her away,
When o'er our heads, lost in the expanse of heaven,
The lark entunes her thrilling lay;
When sweeping o'er the forest-brake
The eagle's mighty pinions strain,
And o'er wild heath and marshy lake
Speeds to his home the bandied crane.'

This restless feeling was exalted and dignified, in respect to Italy, by the desire to behold the source of nearly all which makes life ideal. There never yet was a student with a soul in the slightest degree elevated above the mere routine of classical instruction, in whose mind, at one period or another of his life, the wish to visit the shores of the Mediterranean, and to worship the spirit of the Past in its holiest shrine, the City of the Soul, has not amounted to an importunate longing. But among the greater number of those who are not early enabled to fulfil their wish, the cares and manifold distractions of the world gradually deaden the edge of this peculiar sentiment, until its acuteness survives in recollection only. It was, on the contrary, a singularity in Goethe's mind, that in him the enthusiasm of youth retained all its freshness, at a time of life when most look back upon it as a loss past recalling, and others, who still possess, are rather apt to conceal it, from habitual fear of ridicule. Perhaps, too, the quiet and almost collegiate character of the little circle in which Goethe lived, tended to keep alive these juvenile feelings: which are to soon stifled among the bustle of more active society. He felt and wrote like a schoolboy, when, at the age of seven-and-thirty, his long-cherished hope of seeing Italy was at last on the point of fulfilment. He longed, like his own Mignon, after the land of the orange and myrtle: he counted the degrees of latitude as he advanced, and fancied that every southern breeze brought with it the airs of a more favoured climate. 'God be thanked,' he writes from Venice, 'that I am enabled once more to love all which I have valued from my earliest youth! How happy I feel myself in venturing once more to approach the classical authors! For I may now unburden my mind and acknowledge my own weakness: For many years I have not dared to look into any Latin writer, or to contemplate anything which renewed the idea of Italy in my mind. If such an impression was produced by accident, it caused me the most acute suffering. Herder often used to taunt me with learning all my Latin out of Spinoza; for he had remarked that this was the only Latin book which I read: he did not know how sedulously I was obliged to guard myself from the ancients, how I took refuge from the very

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anguish of my spirit in those abstruse generalities. Had I not taken the resolution which I am now fulfilling, I must have gone to utter ruin: to such maturity had the desire to see these objects with my own eyes arrived in my mind. Historical knowledge availed me nothing: the things themselves stood only at a hand's-breadth from me, but parted by an impenetrable wall. And now, the impression which they produce on me is scarcely as if I saw them for the first time, but rather as if I were revisiting them.'—'At last,' he writes a few weeks later from Rome, 'I have reached the capital of the world! . . . . . The desire to arrive at Rome, was so great, increased so strongly with every moment, that all attempt at delay was vain, and I remained only three hours in Florence. Now I am here and at rest, tranquillized, as it seems, for the rest of my life. For it may well be said that a new life dawns within us, when we see that with our eyes as a whole, which we knew before only by fragments and by rote. All the dreams of my youth I now behold in actual life: the first copperplate prints which I remember (my father had the views of Rome hanging in an ante-chamber) are now become a reality, and all which I have long known in pictures and etchings, prints and woodcuts, plaster and cork, stands collected before me. Wherever I go, I fall in with some acquaintance in a new world: it is all as I had imagined it, and yet all new. Even the same I can say of my own observations and ideas. I have had no absolutely new thoughts—have found nothing entirely strange; but my old ideas are become so pronounced, so lively, so connected, that they may pass for new ones. When Pygmalion's Elisa, whom he had fashioned to the fullest resemblance of his wish, and to whom he had given as much truth and existence as the artist can, at length came before him and exclaimed, I am she! how different was the living creature from the sculptured stone!' Naples affected him, if possible still more powerfully. 'When I attempt to write words, pictures only will present themselves to my mind; the fruitful land, the free ocean, the vapoury islands, the smoking mountain; and I do not find within myself the organs wherewith to reproduce all this in description. I have seen much, and thought much more: the world opens itself farther and farther, and all which I have long known becomes now, for the first time, truly mine. How early man knows; how late he is enabled to use his knowledge! . . . . . And yet the world is but a simple wheel, similar to itself in every point of its revolution, and appearing to us so strange and multiform, only because we are ourselves carried around with it.'

It was not until his return from Italy that Goethe's mind can be said to have received its full development, and to have displayed, with greater maturity of powers, the same activity which had characterised his early youth. It was then that he published, within the space of a very few years, Faust, Tasso, Iphigenie, Reineke, Fuchs, Wilhelm Meister, and his works on optics and botany, besides miscellaneous pieces;—the whole comprehending, either in substance or episode, almost every species of composition. To attempt a critical analysis of all, or any of these works, would equally exceed our limits and our powers. Of 'Wilhelm Meister,' in some respects the most remarkable of them all, we shall only observe here, that of all Goethe's works of fiction, it deserves, perhaps, the least attention from the reader who is only attracted by incident, character, or description; but affords matter of peculiar interest to him who considers it as deciphering, according to the author's adopted conclusions, the riddle of human life; who loves to pursue the workings of his mind, and to track the strange, enigmatical, tortuous wanderings of his genius; or to engage in the ever-baffled, yet ever-attractive, chase after his meaning, through the labyrinth of his flowing style and multifarious imagery. No book has been more extensively misunderstood; some rejecting it as an unintelligible treatise on metaphysics under the garb of an ill-arranged fiction; others again praising it as displaying wonderful knowledge of the actual world, and delineating a host of natural characters and situations. We cannot understand the merit which is attributed to it in this respect. To us the characters, with one or two exceptions, seem rather like personifications of so many different trains of thought, than like real beings, such as we meet with in the world. Or rather they have a twofold existence; the one as creatures of pure intellect under different modifications; the other as managers and actresses, barons and shopkeepers, who are introduced performing their ordinary affairs, and represented to the life in their household garbs and daily necessities, with the minuteness of a Dutch painting:—but their adventures, their passions, the more exalted part of their domestic history which furnishes the ordinary stuff of dramas and romances, all appear incongruous, far-fetched, unnatural. As for the extreme vulgarity with which this performance has been reproached, the slovenly dressings and undressings, the dirty cookery, the gross and greasy eatings, drinkings, and lovemakings, with which it abounds, one observation is perhaps important—that if this unpleasant singularity do partly proceed from that want of sufficient feeling for the physical dignity of man's nature, which has been said we know not how justly, to characterise both Goethe and Germany, it is perhaps in a greater measure owing to the system which the writer had deliberately adopted; that the real circumstances of life in all their variety, without concealment or refinement, were the fittest subject to which the reader could apply his attention. Upon the whole, the perusal of this strange romance draws us on with irresistible

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captivation, wandering from one half-resolved doubt to another, still less satisfactorily answered, until, at the end of each long and dreamy stage in our pilgrimage, we feel half convinced that the author has been sedulously mystifying us,—half inclined to believe that there lurks some profound revelation in the pages which we have read: thus alternately attracted and repulsed, constantly tempted to throw down the book altogether, we are yet carried on, as by an involuntary agency, to the end of the three long volumes, to close them at last with the conviction that the author is one of the inspired—a man of true and original powers, although we cannot make our own idiosyncrasy coincide with his, or answer why he is at times so unfathomably deep, at others so inane and superficial.

The remainder of Goethe's more important original works, produced at a later period of his life, and many of them within the last fifteen years, exhibit, we think, but too manifest proof that the fertility of his mind had outlasted both the fire of his genius and the discretion of his better taste. We are quite aware how strongly this opinion is at variance with most of the judgments which have been passed by his compatriots on their great national author;—by critics who, undoubtely, are qualified by education and habit to feel, comprehend, and estimate him far better than ourselves. But we do not set our sentence in opposition to theirs; for we perceive immediately that the premises from which we reason are entirely different. Our standards of taste are so widely, so irreconcilably apart, that what to us appears a gradual degeneracy from the simple into the unintelligible, from fact and nature into paradox and affectation, is esteemed by them a gradual advance towards perfection. Goethe, they say, was ever learning, ever instructing himself as well as others; his mastery was obtained by a true and vast comprehension of the world and its manifold contents; and as he acquired every day fresh intelligence, so he strengthened and sharpened his power of expressing that intelligence. All this is founded on views widely different from our own, both of the strength of Goethe's character, and of the immutable laws of art and human nature. Posterity will judge whether our English realism, of which Goethe himself and the host of his followers speak with such extreme contempt, or the idealism of Germany, be the truest medium through which the objects of thought are contemplated; or whether there be a mixture of right and wrong in both principles, and the discovery of the real laws of taste and imagination is to belong to happier times, and a more instructed society. In the meantime we are bound to reverence the writer whom the most literary nation of Europe selects as the worthiest representative of her genius—we are not blind to the innumerable beauties which sparkle through the dross of his meanest performances—but it would be mere cant and affectation to join in the praise of humour and pathos which we cannot relish; of sentiments manipulated, softened, and smoothed away, until we can no longer sympathize with what remains of them; of philosophy which appears to us sometimes incomprehensibly mysterious—such as we find them in the principal of Goethe's later works, —the "'West-Oestlicher Divan,' 'Wilhelm Meister's Travels,' and the lately published 'Continuation of Faust.' After long hovering over the boundary-line between the real and unreal, Goethe's muse seems at last to have deserted the day, and taken her flight into the land of shadows, where English intellect cannot presume to follow her.

For these reasons we much prefer to contemplate Goethe's character, in his declining years, as the critical head of German literature, and the umpire and legislator of Art, in the extended sense in which his countrymen apply the word, rather than in his capacity of original author. He possessed among his fellow-citizens the same authority which, half a century before, the Patriarch of Ferney had so widely exercised, but with more benignant philosophy, and among a generation schooled to distrust the brilliant paradoxes which had misled their fathers. Never, perhaps, was literary pre-eminence so widely recognized and for so long a time, as that which he enjoyed, especially from the death of Schiller and Wieland to his own. In reviewing the ever-varying aspect of European society during the last half century, it is pleasent to turn our glance from that turbulent external world to the quiet microcosm of Weimar, and behold Goethe—whose dictatorship outlived the German Empire, the French Revolution, the Rhenish Confederacy, the dynasty of Napoleon, and the Holy Alliance—calmly surveying, with no troubled or changeful eye, the successive waves which burst and raged impotently at his feet. Up to his very last moment, the activity of his mind was undiminished; he was as insatiable in his thirst for information as any of the young companions in whose society he delighted. Philology, art, and natural history, were passing in constant review before him; on whatever subject he was addressed, he always found, 'au courant du jour;' whether in discussing the productions of the modern French school, which he terms the 'literature du desespoir,' the odes and tragedies of the most popular modern Italian authors, or the various works of our own later writers, with whom, in many departments, he had a very extensive acquaintance. If his notions on England and English society were somewhat confused, and founded on hasty assumptions, (as we should be apt to conclude from the dialogue contained in the German Prince's Travels in England, if correctly reported by that ingenious writer,) we attribute this less to want of information, than to the habitual rapidity with which he was

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wont to convert the various matter which his insatiable curiosity received from all quarters into the form of a theory. He took a deep interest in the progress of Lord Byron's life and authorship,—beginning, perhaps, from the notion which he entertained that Manfred was an imitation of his own Faust;—an idea more true in reality than it may appear at first sight; for although Lord Byron was certainly unacquainted both with the language and the poem, yet it is impossible not to perceive, upon comparison of the two dramas, that the spirit and tendency of the earlier one had, by some indirect channel, penetrated into the mind of the English author, and become a portion of his thoughts. But Goethe appears, generally speaking, to have taken less interest in our imaginative and philosophical literature, than in the progress of our industry, the practical discoveries of our men of science, and, still more, in the narratives of our travellers and colonists. Here, the bigoted realism of which he accused us was in its right place; and the value of our sedulous diligence in the collection and arrangement of facts was duly estimated. When we add to these studies his zealous and unwearied exertions to render popular Oriental, Romaic, and Spanish literature and the poetical fragments of the inferior European tribes, by translation and criticism, and consider also the constant claims of society on his time, we shall hardly find a similar instance of persevering energy continuing to the most advanced age, or a mind whose original strength has lasted so long and so well. To retain in old age the full power of mental enjoyment, when the soul is too often occupied only by mournful sympathy with the decay of its earthly companion;—to carry the wakeful curiosity and apprehensiveness of youth, together with the collected energy of manhood, even to the very gates of death, and meet that event at last in such tranquil guise, that it scarcely appears more than a casual halt in the passage from temporal to eternal contemplation;—this is the true *Eugeria* of the ancients and their much-desired *Euthanasia*.

In the thirty-third volume of Goethe's works, now before us, we find a collection of Reviews written by him for the *Frankfurter Gelehrten Anzrigen*, in 1772 and 1773, and for the *Allgemeine Literatur-Zeitung* of Jena, in 1804, 1805, and 1806; while another volume contains his remarks on, and extracts from, various recent works,—among others the Tragedies of Manzoni. How long, how wonderful a train of associations is called up by the aspect of these little books! The mind's eye is fatigued and dazzled by the long succession of images, the phantasmagoria of sixty years—

> 'In dim and shadowy vision of the past
> Seen far remote, as country which hath left
> The traveller's speedy step, retiring back
> From morn till even——

all of which passed in substance and reality before the eyes of this patriarch. He abode among us, in his latter years, like the old Venetian republic, connecting what may be called ancient with modern history; for the rapid march of events has anticipated time, and made us look upon the period of his youth as an age gone by. In our country, those years have witnessed the decay of the dominion of Pope and Johnson; the rise of the latter empire, as Byron insisted upon calling it,—the dynasty of a class of writers whose taste and style were mainly formed by importations from Germany, principally furnished by Goethe himself, aided by Schiller, Wieland, and Kotzebue, in their respective capacities. They have seen this school attain an extent of popularity which literature had never before enjoyed in England; and have seen it finally dwindle and decay by the successive deaths or abdications of the chiefs of its aristocracy. In Germany still greater changes have taken place: a language has been refined, almost from barbarism, to a degree of elegance and polish of which it had not been thought susceptible, and from which, in the opinion of some, it is already beginning to degenerate. And during all this time, the founder of the new sect has inhabited his academy by the banks of Ilm, and exercised a critical sovereignty over forty millions of his fellow-Germans; appealed to, first as the youthful and ardent discoverer of the mine; next, in full manhood, as its most successful and persevering explorer; lastly, in his old age, as the surviving witness of the days of its lavish wealth,—of the luxury and gorgeousness which it spread around,—of its gradually decreasing productiveness, perhaps of its final abandonment.

Upon the whole, we cannot, after using our best endeavours, adopt the Teutonic mode of judging this great writer, which it is the main object of the present work to recommend to us. But we are not the less admirers of his genius, and conscious of the extraordinary influence he has exerted on cotemporary literature, both within and without his country;—in this island especially, where numbers have imbibed, from intermediate transfusion, a portion of his spirit, who are utterly ignorant of his language and his works. With this feeling, it is a subject of regret to us that Mrs Austin has employed her unusual knowledge of that tongue, and her eminent talents for composition, on such service as the present. Where is the use of endeavouring to make an unlearned public acquainted with the vague, circumlocutory eulogies poured forth by the admirers of Goethe, when Goethe himself—the author—is absolutely unknown among them! Forty volumes of his works are on our shelves; sixteen posthumous ones are in course of publication; of all this mass, how much is penetrable by the English reader? A few German students may peruse Mrs. Austin's volumes as a matter of curiosity and interest; but to them

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the original is attainable, and she cannot expect that the great body of those whom she wishes to instruct can derive much benefit from these detached notices of a writer of whom they are completely ignorant, except by reputation. She announces, in her present work, that she has undertaken to translate the correspondence between Goethe and his friend Zelter, and we doubt not that she will thus communicate to us much curious information; but were it not too late to dissuade her from a labour already commenced, we would most earnestly request her to do something towards removing our ignorance of the writer before she introduces us farther to the man. We know of no translator who has shown one-tenth part of the capability which she has evinced for undertaking so difficult a task. We have, indeed a translation of 'Wilhelm Meister' by the hand of a master of the language; but its author has adopted, upon principle, that Anglo-Teutonic style, which no scolding or admonition will ever make palatable to our prejudiced taste; and it is, moreover, a work, which, as a whole, it is perhaps impossible to read with advantage in any tongue but the original. But Goethe, in his prose composition, is, as it seems to us, one of those writers who might be most easily made known to us by fragments; because his several works seldom present a distinct unity of object, but consist, for the most part, of a number of detached trains of thought, alternately taken up and laid aside. His tales, romances, and reviews, his memoirs, (hitherto exceedingly ill translated,) and their still more interesting continuation in the Italian travels, the Campaign of 1792 and the 'und Jahres Hefte,' (from which the notes to the volumes before us contain most interesting extracts,) all these might surely afford materials which, when wrought on by such a hand as Mrs. Austin's, would do more towards imparting to the British public some knowledge of the great idol of their Teutonic brethren, than if some persevering translator were to render accessible to us all the heavy volumes of insipid or paradoxical commentary, whith which his admirers have sought to overlay correct criticism, and to deter the student from forming a free and impartial estimate of his character and powers.

From the Athenæum.

INTERIOR OF SOUTHERN AUSTRALIA.*

New Holland, or, as it is now called, Australia, is an Island, or rather continent, after its own kind. The trees are ever green, which is more than can be said of the ground: the animals are not fierce, which has not been always said of the people; the rivers, instead of running towards the sea, run in many instances inland: their waters, unlike those of European rivers, are occasionally salt; the plains and hills, wherever they have been explored, are found fitter for pasturage than grain; and the climate is so favourable to human nature, that physicians are almost unknown. But there is no continuous greensward as in England; the grasses grow in tufts, at distances from each other, like dibbled cauliflowers; the woods are, in their nature, hard and heavy, and suitable mainly for cabinet work; there are few rivulets or small streams; and the land is visited every thirty or forty years by a draught so intense, that the lowest plains are parched, the lakes dried up, and the chief rivers—and some of them are large ones; actually stop in their course, and trees rise where waters ran. The chief productions of this splendid mainland are wool, grain, and butter and cheese; the chief inhabitants are convicts, or their descendants; and as the whole belongs, without dispute, to England, there is a certainty of its becoming, in course of time, the seat of empire, where our laws and language will, as in America, be established beyond the reach of fortune. No country under the sun is increasing in numerical strength like Australia: the tide of emigration, by free will, as well as by compulsion of the law, has for a long time flowed to that settlement: all those, (and they are not few,) who do not like to run the risk of becoming Americans, sail for the east; and we may see, as we glance our eye over the map, that the names of the old isle are revived in the new; we have Cumberland, Westmoreland, Northumberland, and hundreds of others equally well known, which show what the settlers are thinking about, and to what land they are looking.

We are but as yet making ourselves acquainted with Australia: our navigators have put a belt about it; but our travellers have not yet penetrated far inland; and we can only guess that the many noble rivers which belong to it run not wholly through deserts, but water rich alluvial plains and pastoral mountains. The reports of Commissioner Biggs, the writings of Wentworth, the very interesting volumes of Mr. P. Cunningham, the surveys of Oxley, and the travels of Allan Cunningham the botanist, have made us intimate with the people and the country around the coast, and even far inland. But Capt. Sturt has done more than any one else—he has traversed fearlessly no less than 3222 English miles, exploring the courses of rivers, examining the hills, and woods, and vales, and laying all down in a map with the accuracy of a sworn surveyor. Oxley travelled 1600 miles, Allan Cunningham 2000, and other adventurers have their hundreds to talk about; but the travels of Sturt are by far the most extensive and im-

* Two Expeditions into the Interior of Southern Australia, during the Years 1828, 1829, 1830, and 1831: with Observations on the Soil, Climate, and General Resources of the Colony of New South Wales. By Capt. Charles Sturt, 39th Regiment, F. L. S. and F. R. G. S. 2 vols. London: Smith, Elder & Co.

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portant. We lament, however, that he performed them during the years of drought; every where he found the beasts of the field, and even the fowls of the air, retiring before the heat and the drying up of the streams; and we never remember to have read any thing so touching, as when, burning with thirst, he rushed with his companions over an arid desert to a broad and noble river, and, lying down to drink, found its waters salt!

The introduction contains many interesting particulars regarding the progress of the colony; and bestows some well-merited praise upon the amiable and enterprising M'Arthurs, who introduced sheep-farming, and produced the first fine wool; but we hasten from the author's speculations upon the climate and the country, though ingenious and probable, to the actual discoveries which he made in the interior during his two journeys. In the month of September 1828, Capt. Sturt received the Governor's commands to take proper assistants with him, and explore the country from the Valley of Wellington to the extensive marshes in which, it may be remembered, Oxley lost the great river Macquarie. As the former survey was made during a wet season, it was hoped that a dry one would be more propitious; and accordingly our adventurers began their expedition, well armed, for fear of attacks from the natives, with provisions in their boats, and everything suitable for the undertaking.

The Macquarie continued to flow broad and deep, bearing the expedition along through many a wild wood and extensive plain. Wherever Sturt went, he found hordes of savages: they seemed to have no fixed habitations, and no settled employment; their time was spent in providing for the wants of the day: they usually carried fishing-nets and spears; some of them had dogs,—and we are warranted in saying, from the experience of our adventurers, that they are neither so fierce of nature nor so void of talent, as has been hitherto represented. It is said, that in Ireland the peasantry used to set fire to their shealings, or cabins, rather than pay half-a-crown of hearth tax; they seem to be imitated in this by the natives of New Holland:—

"Continuing our journey on the following morning, we at first kept on the banks of the creek, and at about a quarter of a mile from where he had slept, came upon a numerous tribe of natives. A young girl sitting by the fire was the first to observe us as we were slowly approaching her. She was so excessively alarmed, that she had not the power to run away; but threw herself on the ground and screamed violently. We now observed a number of huts out of which the natives issued, little dreaming of the spectacle they were to behold. But the moment they saw us, they started back; their huts were in a moment in flames, and each with a firebrand ran to and fro with hideous yells, thrusting them into every bush they passed. I walked my horse quietly towards an old man who stood more forward than the rest, as if he intended to devote himself for the preservation of his tribe. I had intended speaking to him, but on a nearer approach I remarked that he trembled so violently that it was impossible to expect that I could obtain any information from him; and as I had not time for explanations, I left him to form his own conjectures as to what we were, and continued to move towards a thick brush, into which they did not venture to follow us."

In another attempt to get into conversation with the tribes of the desert, our travellers are more successful:—

"As we were travelling through a forest we surprised a hunting party of natives. Mr. Hume and I were considerably in front of our party at the time, and he only had his gun with him. We had been moving along so quietly that we were not for some time observed by them. There were seated on the ground, under a tree, and two others were busily employed on one of the lower branches cutting out honey. As soon as they saw us, four of them ran away; but the fifth, who wore a cap of emu feathers, stood for a moment looking at us, and then very deliberately dropped out of the tree to the ground. I then advanced towards him, but before I got round a bush that intervened, he had darted away. I was fearful he was gone to collect his tribe, and, under this impression, rode quickly back for my gun to support Mr. Hume. On my arrival, I found the native was before me. He stood about twenty paces from Mr. Hume, who was endeavouring to explain what he was; but seeing me approach he immediately poised his spear at him, as being the nearest. Mr. Hume then unslung his carbine, and presented it; but, as it was evident my reappearance had startled the savage, I pulled up; and he immediately lowered his weapon. His coolness and courage surprised me, and increased my desire to communicate with him. He had evidently taken both man and horse for one animal, and as long as Mr. Hume kept his seat, the native remained upon his guard; but when he saw him dismount, after the first astonishment had subsided, he stuck his spear into the ground, and walked fearlessly up to him. We easily made him comprehend that we were in search of water; when he pointed to the west, as indicating that we should supply our wants there. He gave his information in a frank and manly way, without the least embarrassment, and when the party passed, he stepped back to avoid the animals, without the smallest confusion. I am sure he was a very brave man; and I left him with the most favourable impressions, and not without hope, that he would follow us."

On reaching the marshes into which the Macquarie empties itself, into the narrative of Oxley, Captain Sturt found where water had been, indeed, but he not only could not find the marshes, but he lost the Macquarie itself. The river, hitherto deep and broad, disappeared all at once in the dusty desert; and though the country was explored for upward of twenty miles round, it did not re-appear, and the travellers went in search of other streams. The country is low, and covered with reeds

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and shells; Sturt inclines to the belief, that as the Macquarie has no tributary streams, it is swallowed up in seasons of drought by the burning deserts; and, that in moist seasons, it spreads its waters out into extensive marshes, and uniting into a stream again continues its course. From the lowlands, where they lost the stream, they proceeded in a north-westerly direction: they could find no water any where to allay their thirst; at last, when about to abandon themselves to despair, a noble river burst on their view—the result is well described:—

"The channel of the river was from seventy to eighty yards broad, and enclosed an unbroken sheet of water, evidently very deep, and literally covered with pelicans and other wild fowl. Our surprise and delight may better be imagined than described. Our difficulties seemed to be at an end, for here was a river that promised to reward all our exertions, and which appeared every moment to increase in importance to our imagination. Coming from the N. E., and flowing to the S. W., it had a capacity of channel that proved that we were as far from its source as from its termination. The paths of the natives on either side of it were like well trodden roads; and the trees that overhung it were of beautiful and gigantic growth.

"Its banks were too precipitous to allow of our watering the cattle, but the men eagerly descended to quench their thirst, which a powerful sun contributed to increase; nor shall I ever forget the cry of amazement that followed their doing so, or the looks of terror and disappointment with which they called out to inform me that the water was so salt as to be unfit to drink! This was, indeed, too true: on tasting it, I found it extremely nauseous, and strongly impregnated with salt, being apparently a mixture of sea and fresh water. Whence this arose, whether from local causes, or from a communication with some inland sea, I know not, but the discovery was certainly a blow for which I was not prepared."

This new river they baptized the Darling: they followed its stream for awhile, and found what may be called a native village—almost the only thing of the kind discovered in the country:—

"On the 5th, the river led us to the southward and westward. Early in the day, we passed a group of seventy huts, capable of holding from twelve to fifteen men each. They appeared to be permanent habitations, and all of them fronted the same point of the compass. In searching amongst them, we observed two beautifully made nets of about ninety yards in length. The one had much larger meshes than the other, and was, most probably, intended to take kangaroos; but the other was evidently a fishing net.

"In one hut, the floor of which was swept with particular care, a number of white balls, as of pulverized shells or lime, had been deposited—the use of which we could not divine. A trench was formed round the hut to prevent the rain from running under it, and the whole was arranged with more than ordinary attention."

These inland tribes seem superior in look and manners to the squalid wretches who infest the coast, and sometimes spread terror among the settlers:—

"The natives of the Darling are a clean-limbed, well-conditioned race, generally speaking. They seemingly occupy permanent huts, but their tribe did not bear any proportion to the size or number of their habitations. It was evident their population had been thinned. The customs of these distant tribes, as far as we could judge, were similar to those of the mountain blacks, and they are essentially the same people, although their language differs. They lacerate their bodies, but do not extract the front teeth. We saw but few cloaks among them, since the opossum does not inhabit the interior. Those that were noticed, were made of the red kangaroo skin. In appearance, these men are stouter in the bust than at the lower extremities; they have broad noses, sunken eyes, overhanging eyebrows, and thick lips. The men are much better looking than the women. Both go perfectly naked, if I except the former, who wear nets over the loins and across the forehead, and bones through the cartilages of the nose. Their chief food is fish, of which they have great supplies in the river; still they have their seasons for hunting their emus and kangaroos. The nets they use for this purpose, as well as for fishing, are of great length, and are made upon large frames. These people do not appear to have warlike habits, nor do they take any pride in their arms, which differ little from those used by the inland tribes, and are assimilated to them as far as the materials will allow. One powerful man, however, had a regular trident, for which Mr. Hume offered many things without success. He plainly intimated to us that he had a use for it, but whether against an enemy or to secure prey, we could not understand. I was most anxious to have ascertained if any religious ceremonies obtained among them, but the difficulty of making them comprehend our meaning was insurmountable; and to the same cause may be attributed the circumstance of my being unable to collect any satisfactory vocabulary of their language. They evinced a strange perversity, or obstinacy rather, in repeating words, although it was evident that they knew they were meant as questions. The pole we observed in the creek, on the evening previously to our making the Darling, was not the only one that fell under our notice; our impression, therefore, that they were fixed by the natives to propitiate some deity, was confirmed. It would appear that the white pigment was an indication of mourning. Whether these people have an idea of a superintending Providence I doubt, but they evidently dread evil agency. On the whole I should say they are a people, at present, at the very bottom of the scale of humanity."

Our travellers fell in with the Darling again, many miles in advance to the south-west—its waters were deeper and not quite so salt as on their first acquaintance. After having advanced into the country 1272 miles, the expedition returned without loss of life, having discovered an almost navigable river, and ascer-

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tained that the Macquarie in a dry season, runs no farther than where Oxley in his map lays down the marshes. The land explored, was not rich nor inviting to the settler: but the interest which formerly belonged to the Macquarie, was now transferred to the Darling; and men marvelled whither so large a river could run, and a fresh expedition to its banks was talked of.

In September 1829, Capt. Sturt received a command from the Governor, to proceed to Camden, and trace the course of the river Morumbidgee, or such rivers as were connected with it; some hope was entertained that the Darling might be fallen in with, as it appeared to direct its course towards the latitudes in which his line of journey lay. The second journey, amounting in length to nearly two thousand miles, was most successfully performed. The Morumbidgee was followed in its westerly course till it joined a hitherto undiscovered river, sixty-seven yards wide at the mouth, which was named "The Murray," in honour of Sir George Murray. Farther on, the united streams are increased by the salt waters of the Darling, and the three rivers, under the name of the Murray, empty themselves into the salt lake of Alexandrina, and pass into the sea at Encounter Bay, near Cape Jervis. The exploring party were picked men: Mr. M'Leay, a volunteer, accompanied them, and the whole were guided by the counsel and example of Sturt, who seems to have shown all the courage, fortitude, forbearance, and hardihood of body necessary for success. The expedition moved forward in two boats; the lands through which they sailed, were often beautiful and sometimes rich; nor was their journey without its dangers—they were often embarrassed by the sudden contractions and expansions of the river, and often menaced by the wild tribes, who, in parties of fifties and hundreds, roamed armed along its banks. The following passage shows some of the impediments which the Morumbidgee presented: it also introduces us to the river Murray:—

"We rose in the morning with feelings of apprehension and uncertainty; and, indeed, with great doubts on our minds whether we were not thus early destined to witness the wreck and the defeat of the expedition. The men got slowly and cautiously into the boat, and placed themselves so as to leave no part undefended. Hopkinson stood at the bow, ready with poles to turn her head from any thing upon which she might be drifting. Thus prepared, we allowed her to go with the stream. By extreme care and attention on the part of the men, we passed this formidable barrier. Hopkinson in particular exerted himself, and more than once leapt from the boat upon apparently rotten logs of wood, that I should not have judged capable of bearing his weight, the more effectually to save the boat. It might have been imagined that where such a quantity of timber had accumulated, a clearer channel would have been found below, but such was not the case. In every reach we had to encounter fresh difficulties. In some places huge trees lay athwart the stream, under whose arched branches we were obliged to pass; but, generally speaking, they had been carried, roots foremost, by the current, and, therefore, presented so many points to receive us, that, at the rate at which we were going, had we struck full upon any one of them, it would have gone through and through the boat. About noon we stopped to repair, or rather to take down the remains of our awning, which had been torn away; and to breathe a moment from the state of apprehension and anxiety in which our minds had been kept during the morning. About one, we again started. The men looked anxiously out a-head; for the singular change in the river had impressed on them an idea, that we were approaching its termination, or near some adventure. On a sudden, the river took a general southern direction, but, in its tortuous course, swept round to every point of the compass with the greatest irregularity. We were carried at a fearful rate down its glassy and contracted banks, and in such a moment of excitement, had little time to pay attention to the country through which we were passing. It was, however, observed, that chaly beate-springs were numerous close to the water's edge. At 3 P. M., Hopkinson called out that we were approaching a junction, and in less than a minute afterwards, we were hurried into a broad and noble river.

"It is impossible for me to describe the effect of so instantaneous a change of circumstances upon us. The boats were allowed to drift along at pleasure, and such was the force with which we had been shot out of the Morumbidgee, that we were carried nearly to the bank opposite its embouchure, whilst we continued to gaze in silent astonishment on the capacious channel we had entered; and when we looked for that by which we had been led into it, we could hardly believe that the insignificant gap that presented itself to us, was, indeed, the termination of the beautiful and noble stream whose course we had thus successfully followed. I can only compare the relief we experienced to that which the seaman feels on weathering the rock upon which he expects his vessel would have struck—to the calm which succeeds moments of feverish anxiety, when the dread of danger is succeeded by the certainty of escape."

That the natives saw not this invasion without alarm, is sufficiently manifest in the following very graphic description—a warlike tribe who happened to see the boats, rushed spear in hand into a shallow part of the stream to attack them—their escape was next to miraculous:

"It was with considerable apprehension that I observed the river to be shoaling fast, more especially as a huge sand-bank, a little below us, and on the same side on which the natives had gathered, projected nearly a third-way across the channel. To this sand-bank, they ran with tumultuous uproar, and covered it over in a dense mass. Some of the chiefs advanced to the water to be nearer their victims, and termed from

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ime to time to direct their followers. With every pacific disposition, and an extreme reluctance to take away life, I foresaw that it would be impossible any longer to avoid an engagement, yet with such fearful numbers against us, I was doubtful of the result. The spectacle we had witnessed had been one of the most appalling kind, and sufficient to shake the firmness of most men; but at that trying moment my little band preserved their temper and coolness, and if anythnig could be gleaned from their countenances, it was that they had determined on an obstinate resistance. I now explained to them that their only chance of escape depended, or would depend, on their firmness. I desired that after the first volley had been fired, M'Leay and three of the men would attend to the defence of the boat with bayonets only, while I, Hopkinson, and Harris, would keep up the fire as being more used to it. I ordered, however, that no shot was to be fired until after I had discharged both my barrels. I then delivered their arms to the men, which had as yet been kept in the place appropriated for them, and at the same time some rounds of loose cartridge. The men assured me they would follow my instructions, and thus prepared, having already lowered the sail, we drifted onwards with the current. As we neared the sand-bank, I stood up and made signs to the natives to desist; but without success. I took up my gun, therefore, and cocking it, had already brought it down to a level. A few seconds more would have closed the life of the nearest of the savages: the distance was too trifling for me to doubt the fatal effects of the discharge; for I was determined to take deadly aim, in hopes that the fall of one man might save the lives of many. But at the very moment, when my hand was on the trigger, and my eye was along the barrel, my purpose was checked by M'Leay, who called to me that another party of blacks had made their appearance upon the left bank of the river. Turning round, I observed four men at the top of their speed. The foremost of them as soon as he got a-head of the boat, threw himself from a considerable height into the water. He struggled across the channel to the sand-bank, and in an incredibly short space of time, stood in front of the savage against whom my aim had been directed. Seizing him by the throat, he pushed him backwards, and forcing all who were in the water upon the bank, he trod its margin with a vehemence and an agitation that were exceedingly striking, At one moment pointing to the boat, at another shaking his clenched hand in the faces of the most forward, and stamping with passion on the sand; his voice, that was at first distinct and clear, was lost in hoarse murmurs. Two of the four natives remained on the left bank of the river, but the third followed his leader (who proved to be the remarkable savage I have previously noticed) to the scene of action. The reader will imagine our feelings on this occasion; it is impossible to describe them. We were so wholly lost in interest at the scene that was passing, that the boat was allowed to drift at pleasdre. For my own part I was overwhelmed with astonishment, and in truth stunned and confused; so singular, so unexpected, and so strikingly providential, had been our escape."

The valley through which the Murray runs, seems worthy of the consideration of the government:

"The valley of the Murray, at its entrance, cannot be less than four miles in breadth. The river does not occupy the centre, but inclines to either side, according to its windings, and thus the flats are of greater or less extent, according to the distance of the river from the base of the hills. It is to be remarked, that the bottom of the valley is extremely level, and extensively covered with reeds. From the latter circumstance, one would be led to infer that these flats are subject to overflow, and no doubt can exist as to the fact of their being, at least partially, if not wholly, under water at times. A country in a state of nature is, however, so different from one in a state of cultivation, that it is hazardous to give an opinion as to its practical *availableness*, if I may use such a term. I should, undoubtedly, say the marshes of the Macquarie were frequently covered with water, and that they were wholly unfit for any one purpose whatever. It is evident from the marks of the reeds upon the banks, that the flood covers them occasionally to the depth of three feet, and the reeds are so densely embodied and so close to the river side that the natives cannot walk along it. The reeds are the broad flag-reed (arundo phragmatis,) and grow on a stiff earthy loam, without any accompanying vegetation; indeed, they form so solid a mass that the sun cannot penetrate to the ground to nourish vegetation. On the other hand, the valley of the Murray, though covered with reeds in most places, is not so in all. There is no mark upon the reeds by which to judge as to the height of inundation, neither are they of the same kind as those which cover the marshes of the Macquarie. They are the species of round reed of which the South Sea islanders make their arrows, and stand sufficiently open, not only to allow of a passage through, but for the abundant growth of grass among them. Still, I have no doubt that parts of the valley are subject to flood; but, as I have already remarked, I do not know whether these parts are either deeply or frequently covered. Rain must fall simultaneously in the S. E. angle of the island in the intertropical regions, and at the heads of all the tributaries of the main stream, ere its effects can be felt in the lower parts of the Murray. If the valley of the Murray is not subject to flood, it has only recently gained a height above the influence of the river, and still retains all the character of flooded land. In either case, however, it contains land that is of the very richest kind—soil that is the pure accumulation of vegetable matter, and is as black as ebony. If its hundreds of thousands of acres were practically available, I should not hesitate to pronounce it one of the richest spots of equal extent on earth, and highly favoured in other respects. How far it is available remains to be proved; and an opinion upon either side would be hazardous, although that of its liability to flood would, most probably, be nearest to truth. It is, however, certain that

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any part of the valley would require much labour before it could be brought under cultivation, and that even its most available spots would require almost as much trouble to clear them as the forest tract, for nothing is more difficult to destroy than reeds. Breaking the sod, would, naturally, raise the level of the ground, and lateral drains would, most probably, carry off all floods; but, then the latter, at least, is the operation of an advanced stage of husbandry only. I would, however, observe, that there are many parts of the valley decidedly above the reach of flood. I have, in the above observations, been more particularly alluding to the lowest and broadest portions of it. I trust I shall be understood as not wishing to overrate this discovery on the one hand, or on the other, to include its whole extent in one sweeping clause of condemnation."

We heartily recommend these volumes to public notice. They are full of interest; well and modestly written; carefully illustrated; and, on the whole, make us better acquainted with the interior of Australia and its native tribes, than any other work we have hitherto met with. We shall return to them again.

[SECOND NOTICE.]

In our last notice we principally confined ourselves to the narrative parts of Captain Sturt's volumes: the difficulties he had to contend with, the means by which he overcame them, the extent to which he succeeded in penetrating hitherto unknown regions, and the general features of the country through which he passed. We must now say something as to the results of the expedition, in a scientific and practical point of view; and examine how far they improve our acquaintance with the geography and natural history of our Australian colonies, or hold out hopes of favourable locations to future emigrants.

The eastern shore of Australia presents, as its general character, a range of hills, running at a greater or less distance from the sea; approaching it, opposite Sydney, within about forty miles, but retiring further as we ascend to the northward. This range goes by the name of the Blue Mountains, and rises to the altitude of between 3000 and 4000 feet. Further south, rather in the rear of this range, and at a greater distance from the coast, is a second, called the Australian Alps, stretching as it were, across the south-east corner of the island [or continent, as it may be called;] of which we have very little information, save that their peaks are covered with snow all the year round. This, in a medium latitude of 36°, would justify us in assigning them an elevation of 10,000 or 12,000 feet, if the application of general rules were at all admissible to a country where *jackasses** are taught to whistle, and *quadrupeds* hop on their tail and hind legs. The Blue Mountains, however, are the most important feature, as from them arise the greater number of the rivers, on which the fertility and inhabitable nature of a country must always be closely dependent. Of these rivers, such as rise on the eastern side have a short and easy course to the sea; they do not, however, gain it by the most direct route, but those to the south of Sydney have an inclination northwards, while those to the north, have an inclination southwards; thus showing the general dip of country, both north and south, to be tending towards the capital. This disposition may be said to prevail from Shoal Haven to Port Macquarie, a line of coast including the most thickly inhabited and fertile parts of the colony. Those rivers, on the contrary, which arise on the west of this range, pursue their course into the long, flat deserts of the interior, where they were supposed, by Surveyor-General Oxley, to terminate in a great inland sea. The ascertaining of this point was one of the first objects of Captain Sturt's expedition.

In noticing the geographical facts which we have attempted to describe, Captain Sturt remarks:

"It is singular, that there is no pass or break in these mountains, by which any of the rivers of the interior can escape in an easterly direction. Their spine is unbroken. The consequence is, that there is a complete division of the eastern and western waters, and that streams, the heads of which are close to each other, flow away in opposite directions; the one to pursue a short course to the sea; the other to fall into a level and depressed interior, the character of which will be noticed in its proper place."

To us this appears anything but singular: indeed, it was, perhaps, one of the first observations in physical geography, that rivers arising on the opposite slopes of the highest lands ran in different directions. A glance at the Andes, which from one side send down the Amazon through such an extensive course, while from the other countless small streams seek the nearest sea—or at the Rocky Mountains of North America, supplying the Missouri to the Atlantic, and the Columbia to the Pacific—or, finally, at the high central Table of Asia, whence rivers flow to all the seas by which it is surrounded, will at once show the generality of this observation. On the contrary, that a river should cut through a mountain range is so unusual, that the supposed impossibility of it had, probably, been the cause of so long concealing the course of the Niger, until Mr. Lander successfully traced it, through a singular defile, to its final termination in the Bight of Benin.

The Macquarie was one of those Australian rivers flowing into the interior, on which Captain Sturt made his first expedition in search of this unknown sea. The general character

* A species of bird, to which the colonists have given this name from its singular voice. (*Dacelo gigantea*, Leach.)

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of these rivers varies but little. They leave their mountain source with vigour and impetuosity: swollen by the rains, which, except in seasons of drought, are generally abundant, they rush forward with rapid torrent, and roll along, constantly overflowing their banks. Soon, however, the descent of their bed becomes less precipitous; unlike the European rivers, they are fed by few or no tributary streams; their course becomes more difficult, more impeded. The trees, which they themselves had swept along in their strength, now collect in their beds, and retard the advance of their waters. The current fails: they have reached the dead flats of the interior. Rushes spring up, and divide their bed; sand-banks rise, and show their thirsty backs; or, perhaps, a stiff clay soil comes to offer it resistance. The power to cut through it is lost, and the river terminates in a swamp, and a plain covered with reeds.

This termination is much influenced by the nature of the season. Mr. Oxley, whose journey was made after excessive falls of rain, lost the river in a deep marsh of great extent. Captain Sturt, who set out after a long continued drought, describes the river as ceasing to flow where "the soil was a stiff clay; the reeds, closely embodied, rising to a height of ten or twelve feet; and the waters, in some places, ankle deep, but, in general, scarce sufficient to cover the surface." The variations of seasons, so remarkable as to cause these differences, seem to recur with almost periodical regularity in the colony:

"Those season, during which no rain falls, appear, from the observations of former writers, to occur every ten or twelve years; and it is somewhat singular that no cause has been assigned for such periodical visitations. Whether the state of the interior has anything to do with them, and whether the wet or dry condition of the marshes at all regulate the seasons, is a question upon which I will not venture to give any decisive opinion. But most assuredly, when the interior is dry the seasons are dry, and *vice versa*. Indeed, not only is this the case, but rains, from excessive duration in the first year after a drought, decrease gradually year after year, until they wholly cease for a time. It seems not improbable, therefore, that the state of the interior does, in some measure, regulate the fall of rain upon the eastern ranges, which appears to decrease in quantity yearly as the marshes become exhausted, and cease altogether, when they no longer contain any water. A drought will naturally follow until such time as the air becomes surcharged with clouds or vapour from the ocean, which being no longer able to sustain their own weight, descend upon the mountains, and being conveyed by hundreds of streams into the western lowlands, again fill the marshes, and cause the recurrence of regular seasons."

It is certainly too much to require that an officer, sent on an expedition of discovery, should be meteorologist, botanist, and zoologist, in addition to undertaking the objects with which he is more immediately charged; but we cannot avoid noticing the singular assumption and contradiction involved in the above sentence: assumption, inasmuch as it is necessary to the theory that the colony should, for ten successive years, derive its supply of rain from the marshes of the interior; but, on the eleventh or twelfth, be supplied by "the clouds and vapours from the ocean, with a stock, not only sufficient to water the colony, but to fill the marshes for another decennial period;" contradiction, for we are assured, in one sentence, that "when the interior is dry the seasons are dry," while the very next informs us, that rains of the greatest duration fall "the first year after a drought." In this latter case, it is evident, the author has simply inverted the consequence: had he told us, that when the season was dry the interior became dry, he would have placed matters in a more natural order.

A necessary result of these violent rains is, that the rivers are subject to be raised by floods to a great height. Mr. Oxley mentions, as nothing uncommon, the floods rising to a height of forty or fifty feet, in a rapid mountain stream named the Boyne, which he found south of Gatcombe Head. As a provision against such swells, the rivers of the interior are all furnished with double banks—the outer to answer on those occasions, the inner to contain their ordinary stream. The space between the two banks is an alluvial flat, generally of the richest kind; and is distinguished by botanical productions not to be found in any other situation. Thus,

"The blue-gum trees, again, were never observed to extend beyond the secondary embankments of the rivers, occupying that ground alone which was subject to flood and covered with reeds. The trees waved over the marshes of the Macquarie, but were not observed to the westward of them for many miles; yet they reappeared upon the banks of New-Year's Creek as suddenly as they had disappeared after we left the marshes, and grew along the line of the Darling to an unusual size. But it is remarkable, that even in the midst of the marshes, the blue-gum trees were strictly confined to the immediate flooded spaces on which the reeds prevailed, or to the very beds of the water-courses. Where the ground was elevated, or out of the reach of flood, the box (unnamed) alone occupied it; and, though the branches of these trees might be interwoven together, the one never left its wet and reedy bed, the other never descended from its more elevated position."

Captain Sturt was able, subsequently, to generalize this fact into the observation, that an apparent connexion always subsisted between the geological formation of a country and its vegetable productions: "so strong, indeed, was this connexion, that I had little difficulty, after a short experience, in judging of the rock that formed the basis of the country

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over which I was travelling, from the kind of tree or herbage that flourished in the soil above it." The observation, indeed, is not original, even as referring to Australia; but it is always gratifying to find the results noticed by men of experience, bearing out the anticipations formed by men of science. The ultimate application of this fact to purposes of practical utility, is a point to which our author has not alluded. We shall, therefore, supply the omission, by giving one or two instances of such application, from an interesting paper on geology, read by Mr. A. Berry before the Philosophical Society of Australia.

"The plants produced on our clay soil contain, generally, little or no alkaline salt; perhaps, because it does not exist in the soil. Tobacco abounds in alkaline salt; it is not, therefore, proper for such soils; and although the plant will vegetate in them, its quality must be inferior. The clay soil is equally unfitted for the vine, because the roots will penetrate to the aluminous schistus, which will either poison the plant or communicate an inferior flavour to the grape. Again, the vine will grow luxuriantly in the mere alluvial soil, and the fruit will be large, but the juices watery. The truth of these remarks is beautifully exemplified by this country in a state of nature, where, in the midst of iron-bound gum-tree forests, we meet with circumscribed spaces, in which plants of a different description are growing with tropical luxuriance."

The vegetable productions of Australia have, perhaps, had the greatest share of consideration. Sir Joseph Bankes, in Captain Cook's voyage—Mr. White, who accompanied Governor Phillips—Mr. Allan Cunningham, who, in addition to several excursions made by himself, was officially attached, as botanist, to the expedition of Surveyor-General Oxley, but above all, Mr. Robert Brown, naturalist to the unfortunate expedition under Captain Flinders, have furnished us with most important and valuable information on this head. The present work adds nothing to our previous knowledge here: this Captain Sturt candidly confesses: "Our botanical specimens were as scanty as our zoological: indeed, the expedition may, as regards these two particulars, almost be said to have been unproductive." (Vol. ii. p. 183.) Of course, we mean not to impute this as blame. The task of conducting an exploring party through hitherto untried regions; of supporting the men's spirits, and animating them to fresh exertions "in a barren and dry land," where their lips cracked and their tongues clove to their mouths beneath a scorching sun; the cares of dragging the necessary provisions through a sandy soil, where the oxen sunk to their knees at every step, or of navigating an unknown river, where shoals lay at every turn, trees in every reach, with their branches ready to tear from stem to stern the frail bark which bore them; while the banks were lined with treacherous natives, thirsting for blood and eager to gratify their cannibal appetites on the little party that for the first time penetrated their gloomy wilds; all these, with the necessary attention to the regions through which they passed, to observing the depths of rivers, the heights and bearings of distant hills, and the general features of the country, were surely sufficient for any one man; and we feel no hesitation in saying, that these various and important duties were well and ably executed by Capt. Sturt.

The plants of Australia as far as examined are rather novel than useful. Four-fifths of them, according to Cunningham, are *eucalypti*, and other genera of *myrtaceæ*. One of them, the blue-gum tree received its botanical appellation, *eucalyptus piperita*, from White, in consequence of yielding an oil that in its nature and medical powers much resembled our oil of peppermint. Another, the red-gum tree, is so uncommonly productive of resin, as much as sixty gallons flowing from a single tree, that it has got the name of *eucalyptus resinifera*. The native fruit trees are in general bad, and scarce produce anything worth eating, but, *en revanche*, all those that have been transplanted there have thriven beyond all calculation: the orange yields its golden fruits, the vine its ruby clusters, and peaches are so plenty that Wentworth tells us he has seen hogs (perhaps *de grege Epicuri*) fed on them.

Geology seems to have benefitted more by our author's expeditions, but we could scarcely hope to make his observations on this subject interesting without referring them to some system. He seems to have found primary formations rather rare, as might have been anticipated in so flat and unvaried a country. Granite ranges, however, did occasionally occur, as beyond Yass plains, where they succeeded old red sandstone, and stretched as "far as the banks of the Morumbidgee River, over an open forest country broken into hill and dale." Such formations were generally marked by the best verdure. Alluvial depositions prevail, but more especially towards the interior part of the country, which, though at present not containing anything like a sea or lake, bears marks of having been, at no very remote period, the bed of a great inland collection of waters. Captain Sturt says,

"My impressions, when travelling the country to the west and N. W. of the marshes of the Macquarie, was, that I was traversing a country of comparatively recent formation. The sandy nature of its soil, the great want of vegetable decay, the salsolaceous character of its plants, the appearance of its isolated hills and flooded tracts, and its trifling elevations above the sea, severally contributed to strengthen these impressions on my mind."

The alluvial formation to the N. W. of Sydney is so general and complete, that during the whole of the first expedition, (that up the Macquarie,) "not a single stone or pebble was picked up on any of the plains, and the only rock-formation discovered, was a small

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freestone tract near the Darling River. There was not a pebble of any kind either in the bed of the Castlereagh, or in the creeks falling into it." A similar fact is noticed with respect to the Ganges, along which, Malte-Brun says, "not a pebble exists for 400 miles from its mouth."

Caverns are found to exist here, as with us, in the limestone strata. From their great importance to geological science, they have attracted much attention; and many gentlemen have been to examine their contents. We are not, we regret to say, in possession of any scientific account of such investigations; we can, therefore, only present our readers with the few observations Captain Sturt ventures:

"The caves into which I penetrated, did not present anything particular to my observation; they differed little from caves of a similar description into which I had penetrated in Europe. Large masses of stalactites hung from their roofs, and a corresponding formation incrusted their floors. They comprised various chambers or compartments, the most remote of which terminated at a deep chasm that was full of water. A close examination of these caves has led to the discovery of some organic remains, bones of various animals imbedded in a light red soil; but I am not aware that the remains of any extinct species have been found, or that any fossils have been met with in the limestone itself. There can, however, be little doubt but that the same causes operated in depositing these mouldering remains in the caves of Kirkdale and those of Wellington Valley."

In this, and one other sentence in which Captain Sturt refers to these caves, he is evidently under the mistake of supposing that Dr. Buckland accounted for the collection of bones in the Kirkdale caverns, by referring them to the action of water. Our readers are aware that not only these, but similar cavities in Germany, have been evinced to have served as dens to successive generations of hyænas, by whom the bones were accumulated. Now, as we are unaware that Australia possesses any such beasts of prey, a new and very interesting source of inquiry is here presented; and we must regret very much that Captain Sturt was not a little more particular in mentioning the description of bones found, to what animals they belonged, in what state they presented themselves, whether broken or whole, whether rolled and rounded so as to evince the action of water, or with their edges sharp and defined. These and many other such circumstances it would be necessary to know, before a proper opinion could be formed on this question. Of minerals, coal and iron are the principal. Coal is abundant, not so bituminous as ours, burning clearly and rapidly. It is getting daily more into demand at Sydney, accordingly as wood becomes more scarce. It can be had at the pit's mouth for five shillings a ton, but the expenses of carriage raise it to twenty shillings at Sydney. Iron is little worked; indeed, it can be little object, while, as Mr. P. Cunningham says, they can purchase English iron on the quay at Sydney for three halfpence a pound.

Of their animals we shall say little. Their most remarkable peculiarity, the *marsupium* or pouch in which the young spend some part of their lives before being fully born, is sufficiently well known. The reason for such a formation is still to be investigated; nor do we know even of a probable hypothesis respecting it. Sir Charles Bell was the last to propound one, but, in doing so, was candid enough to record an objection to it which is quite fatal. We either heard or read somewhere lately, not, however, as it strikes us, from competent authority, that some of the animals which had been transplanted from this country were beginning to show traces of a marsupiate formation. We have before said, that general principles have no reference to Australia, so that, respecting this fact, we neither venture to affirm nor deny. *Fides ejus rei penes auctores erit.*

As to the prospects which the newly-discovered tracts hold out to settlers, they are very poor. Every remove from Sydney, as long as Sydney is the only place where the conveniences of life can be procured, is an obstacle hard to be got over; but one much more insuperable is to be found in the recurrence of those droughts from which the interior in particular suffers so much, that what Mr. Oxley had navigated as a broad and rapid river, Captain Sturt walked through as a muddy bed, with a remote succession of turbid pools. We cannot terminate this notice, which has already run to a greater length than we had intended, without expressing our deep regret that these expeditions should have terminated so unhappily for their excellent leader. With his own simple and affecting account of his sufferings, we shall conclude,—again heartily recommending the work to the notice of our readers:—

"Notwithstanding that I have in my dedication alluded to the causes that prevented the earlier appearance of this work, I feel it due both to myself and the public here to state, that during these expeditions my health had suffered so much, that I was unable to bear up against the effects of exposure, bodily labour, poverty of diet, and the anxiety of mind to which I was subjected. A residence on Norfolk Island, under peculiarly harrassing circumstances, completed that which the above causes had commenced; and, after a succession of attacks, I became totally blind, and am still unable either to read what I pen, or to venture abroad without an attendant. When it is recollected, that I have been unassisted in this work in any one particular, I hope some excuse will be found for its imperfections. A wish to contribute to the public good led me to undertake those journeys which have cost me so much. The same feeling actuates me in recording their results; and I have the satisfaction to know, that my path among a large and savage population was a bloodless one; and

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that my intercourse with them was such as to lessen the danger to future adventurers upon such hazardous enterprises, and to give them hope where I had so often despaired. Something more powerful than human foresight or human prudence, appeared to avert the calamities and dangers with which I and my companions were so frequently threatened; and had it not been for the guidance and protection we received from the Providence of that good and all-wise Being to whose care we committed ourselves, we should, ere this, have ceased to rank among the number of His earthly creatures."

DIFFERENT IMPORTANCE OF SONG-WRITING IN ENGLAND AND IN FRANCE.

(Being part of an article in the Edinburgh Review.)

We may advert to one or two circumstances which we think must always prevent Beranger from ever occupying in other countries, and particularly in our own, the same high and commanding rank which he unquestionably occupies in the literature of France.

The first of these is the different rank and importance of song-writing in the two countries; a difference arising essentially out of the absolute contrast which they present in point of national character. The man who observed that, provided he had the making of the national songs, he cared little who had the making of the laws, uttered an observation in which there was much point and truth, as applied to France, but none whatever as applied to England. Song has never, with us, attained the dignity and importance of a political agent. We grumble abundantly, in prose, over our taxes and national debt, and make it clear as daylight, in occasional pamphlets, or more deliberate octavos, that we are a very miserable and long-suffering people. But the resources of rhyme, or popular ridicule, and music, seem scarcely to have occurred to us as agents in the work of political regeneration. Feeling seriously and permanently, we speak the language of seriousness, and seem, in our appeals to others, to disdain the use of any means of producing effects less earnest or straight-forward than those which have influenced ourselves. They manage these things, if not better, at least very differently, in France. There song has, from the first, had its grave and important office. In times of despotism, it was the safety-valve by which the pent-up vapour of popular discontent found a ready, and it was then thought, a harmless vent. In more modern times, it has invariably been the subtilest and most irresistible instrument by which obnoxious men or measures have been assailed. Vivacious, sensitive, versatile, with an inexhaustible exchequer of self-complacency and good-humour at command, the Frenchman passes rapidly from the sense of suffering to the perception of everything which is, or can be rendered ridiculous in the man, woman, or thing, which has been the source of his annoyance. Is he jilted? he puts his perfidious mistress to death by an epigram. Is he roughly handled by the ministry? he makes their lives miserable by a 'chanson.' Is his vanity mortified by the success of a literary rival? he withers his laurels by a parody. Ridicule, in some shape or other, is in France the universal solvent, which nothing can resist—an instrument applied indiscriminately to all purposes, good or bad, mean or magnificent; now shaming men out of their vices or absurdities, where a graver monitor would have sought entrance in vain,—now blighting, with its touch, the warmest emotions, and the most generous sentiments;—an unsparing force, which, like the wind,

'Blows where it listeth, laying all things prone,
Now to o'erthrow a fool, and now to shake a throne.'

Against a course of persevering attacks on the side of the ridiculous, no form of government, no system of education, no code of manners, or even morals, we believe, could long be able in France to maintain its ground. It was Shenstone, we think, who used to bless God that his name was one on which it was impossible for any man to make a pun; but none but a Frenchman can fully appreciate the advantage of such a blessing. A minister who has got a name, which is provocative of puns, or hitches with an unlucky facility into rhyme, can scarcely consider his tenure of office worth more than six months' purchase. Every successive *calembourg* diminishes his numbers on a division, and the last new song is sure to leave him in a minority on the civil list. Of all the modes in which poetry can be made subservient to purposes like these, song is evidently the most effective, and universal, and immediate, in its operation. It speaks not to a particular class, but to all; its brevity fixes it in the memory; the creature of the moment, it avails itself of every allusion, every passion, every prejudice of the day: the language of the saloon and the cabaret lie equally within its range; while its outward form appears so trivial and harmless, that even despotic governments are deterred by the dread of ridicule from attemping to interfere with it. The song-writer himself, on the other hand, enjoys some advantages which are peculiarly his own. Instead of being, like the dramatist, the novelist, or the epic poet, the butt of other people's satire, he has the pleasure of being the marksman. If his popularity be not very permanent, at least he has not long to wait for it. He draws on the public at sight, and pockets the discount, in the shape of fame, on the spot. An electric sympathy, like that between the actor and his audience, is established between himself and that public for which he writes; each new production of his muse, caught up and re-echoed with delight upon their part, reaches his ear again in a thousand shapes—not the less delightful even that it

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comes accompanied by the dreary melody of street-singers and barrel-organs,—and stirs up his fancy and strengthens his courage for new and higher efforts.

No wonder if in a country like France, where song has long been all-powerful, a writer of Beranger's powers should possess, not merely popularity, but a degree of literary rank and eminence which we in this country find it difficult to understand as enjoyed by any song-writer whatever. To enable us to do so, our government would require to have been what Champfort defined the old French monarchy to be, 'an absolute monarchy tempered by songs.' Confined with us to the expression of individual feeling, and chiefly to domestic themes, our amatory or bacchanalian effusions have seldom employed the pens of our most distinguished poets, and the few good songs we possess seem rather to have been the careless productions of accident; than written on any system or with any study. Not that we want the perception of those qualities wherein the beauty and merit of a song consists; we can relish its wit, or sympathize with its pathos, as keenly as our neighbours; and no really good song which has appeared among us, has ever failed to make its way into, and keep its place in the memory of the public. But unless a complete, and, we think, by no means desirable revolution in our national character were to be effected, and song-writing to become with us, as in France, the great vehicle of public opinion, as well as private feeling, we cannot expect that this department of poetry should be allowed to occupy the same high rank, or that the *Chansonnier* should take his seat beside the epic poet or the dramatist, without awakening our special wonder.

What would even Beranger have been in his own country, had the field of song been as unimportant there as with us;—had his muse confined herself to themes of love and wine, to pastoral ballads, and to little pictures of domestic life, drawn from the auberge, the village fete, the guard-house, or the guinguette? A great and original poet unquestionably—but not the popular idle which he is at present. He himself apologizes for the introduction of these lighter themes, on the ground that they had been the means of bespeaking fame for their graver political companions. We suspect the state of the case to have been just the reverse; and that thousands who would never have bestowed a thought on the former, have been beguiled into studying them, and discovering their excellencies, solely through the importance which his name had acquired by the powerful and caustic wit of his political satires; the tact and boldness with which he had caught and embodied in his verses the essence of popular feeling; and the hardihood with which he had given them to the world. How matters may stand a century hence—is no more difficult to conjecture. Then, in all probability, the relative importance of his political diatribes, and the calmer and truer inspirations of his muse, will be better appreciated, and the memory of Beranger be known, less as the successful and persevering satirist of the Restoration, than as one who had with equal boldness and success struck out a new path in the midst of a track which appeared the most hackneyed;—by taking the simplest, the most universal feelings,—the most common-place sentiments and images—provided only they were true, unforced and natural—as the groundwork of his poetry, and yet, by the tact and skill employed in their construction, and the felicity of their expression, investing them with a high and peculiar character of originality. 'What oft was thought, but ne'er so well expressed,' is a better definition of Beranger's style of composition than it was of wit. The oftener the thought has occurred to others, so much the better with him; it is an evidence of its truth—its universality; its power of affecting the fancy and the heart. What remains for him is to impart to this thought, so familiar to all, though till then perhaps vaguely and indefinitely,—form, colour, and existence; so that, when presented to our notice, it is felt at once to be an old acquaintance, and yet awakens all the interest and curiosity with which we regard a new one. We in vain endeavour to recall, in all the works of Beranger, a reflection which strikes us as absolutely new;—an idea or image which has not been long familiar to us in some shape or other. The originality lies entirely in the application and use of the idea, or the point and compactness with which the image is brought out by his hands. In this respect his success is frequently magical. In song-writing, more than anything else, every verse, every expression, is of importance. In longer compositions the excellence of the general plan, the eloquence or pathos of particular passages may make up for the occasional tediousness or feebleness of others. But in these brief compositions, the whole must be perfect; a halting line, a forced turn of expression, is fatal to the effect. No good song, we will venture to say, was ever written in a hurry. The leading idea my be conceived, followed out into its leading details, and the skeleton of the composition struck off at a heat; but all that gives it its characteristic grace and finish, must be the work of careful and persevering labour. Beranger's songs, it may easily be imagined, are not the work of a day. He is, in fact, an extremely slow composer; frequently laying aside the subject on which he is employed for weeks, and patiently waiting, till, by dint of long reflection on the subject, and careful polishing,—by the selection of the happiest allusions,—by the careful elimination of every phrase or usage which appears *recherche* or ornate,—he has given to the whole that unity and appearance of ease and simplicity at which he aimed. The con-

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sequence is, that though by no means so immaculate as is sometimes thought, his manner is unquestionably the most finished of any of the French song-writers.

The point in which Beranger's songs strike us as so superior to English songs in general, is that the plan of the former is invariably most carefully arranged; the latter seem to have no plan at all: each of his forms a complete whole, from which not a verse could be taken away without running the general effect; most of ours might be turned upside down, or half a dozen verses fairly cut out by any critical Procrustes, without materially affecting the connexion of the ideas. Nothing in Beranger's songs seems to have 'dropped in by accident;' each of the details bears on and advances the general result. How well selected is every feature of the picture, which, in a few stanzas, he exhibits of the mental agony of Louis XI. at Plessis les Tours; the warm sun of spring enlightening all around, the cheerful villagers dancing on the green, the pale and shivering tyrant advancing like a phantom in the midst of his guards, in the hope to drive the demon of melancholy from his bosom, by the sight of their harmless gaiety; and then, distracted with the sight of mirth which guilt could not share, flying in despair back to his gloomy towers. With what skill are the incidents arranged in the little piece, entitled *The Fifth of May*—a subject, in the treatment of which, a person of less tact would infallibly have made shipwreck, either on the side of exaggeration or commonplace! Wearied with the sight of foreign invaders, a French soldier has departed a voluntary exile for India. Five years have elapsed, and a longing desire to revisit his country seizes on his mind. He embarks on board a Spanish ship for Europe—he delights himself with the prospect of revisiting his native place, his family—the son whose hand is to close his eyes. He draws near to St. Helena, and while the recollections of its illustrious captive are crowding on his mind, a black flag is suddenly displayed from the rock, announcing that the 'world's great master' had died there, forsaken and alone. The *refrain* of the song embodies the leading idea of the whole composition.

'Pauvre soldat je reverrai la France;
La main d'un fils me fermera les yeux.'

The very same skill and selection of incidents distinguish his comic ballads; such, for instance, as the *Marquis of Carabas*—a most ludicrous picture of the pretensions of the restored noblesse; the *Roi d'Yvetot*, a political lesson administered to Buonaparte, which it would have been well if he had followed; and the exquisitely comic little piece of *Le Senateur*, in which an old dotard praises the attractions of his wife, and the attentions of his friend the senator, in a way which makes the grounds of the senator's complaisance transparent to all the world except the husband himself.

The following piece, entitled *La pauvre Femme*, from the present volume, which we shall attempt (with due diffidence) to render into English in the measure of the original, possesses a merit of the same kind. It is a picture, in a few stanzas, of the life of an actress—its thoughtless gaiety and prodigality in prosperity, its misery and destitution when misfortune and disease have taken its place.

It snows, it snows, but on the pavement still
She kneels and prays, nor lifts her head;
Beneath these rags through which the blast blows shrill,
Shivering she kneels, and waits for bread.
Hither each morn she gropes her weary way,
Winter and summer, there is she.
Blind is the wretched creature! well-a-day!—
Ah! give the blind one charity!

Ah! once far different did that form appear;
That sunken cheek, that colour wan,
The pride of thronged theatres, to hear
Her voice, enraptured Paris ran:
In smiles or tears before her beauty's shrine,
Which of us has not bowed the knee?—
Who owes not to her charms some dreams divine?
Ah! give the blind one charity!

How oft when from the crowded spectacle,
Homeward her rapid coursers flew;
Adoring crowds would on her footsteps dwell,
And loud huzzas her path pursue.
To hand her from the glittering car, that bore
Her home to scenes of mirth and glee,
How many rivals throng'd around her door
Ah! give the blind one charity.

When all the arts to her their homage paid,
How splendid was her gay abode;
What mirrors, marbles, bronzes were displayed,
Tributes by love on love bestow'd:
How duly did the muse her banquets gild,
Faithful to her prosperity:
In every palace will the swallow build!—
Ah! give the poor one charity!

But sad reverse—sudden disease appears;
Her eyes are quenched, her voice is gone,
And here, forlorn and poor, for twenty years,
The blind one kneels and begs alone.
Who once so prompt her generous aid to lend!
What hand more liberal, frank, and free,
Than that she scarcely ventures to extend!—
Ah! give the poor one charity!

Alas for her! for faster falls the snow,
And every limb grows stiff with cold;
That rosary once woke her smile, which now
Her frozen fingers hardly hold.
If bruised beneath so many woes, her heart
By pity still sustain'd may be,
Lest even her faith in heaven itself depart,
Ah! give the blind one charity.

Two other gloomy sketches from life are entitled *Le Vagabond*, and *Jacques*. In the former, a wretched mendicant, poor and misera-

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old, as he lays him down to die in a ditch the wayside, vents his complaints against it society which refuses him the means of istence, and then expels him from its bosom offences which misery alone has prompted. e latter is a scene from the *ancien regime;* darkly coloured picture of the sufferings the poor, when, amidst disease, distress, and stitution, their last resources are wrung m them by taxation. The wife tries to aken her husband from his sleep, which she ows not to be the sleep of death—by the elligence that the tax-gatherer is demanding mittance.

'Jacque, il me faut troubler ton somme:
Dans le village un gros huissier,
Rude et court, suivi du messier,
C'est pour l'impot, las! mon pauvre homme.
Leve-toi, Jacque, leve-toi,
Voici venir l'huissier du Roi.

'Regarde, le jour vient d'éclore,
Jamais se tard tu n'as dormi.
Pour vendre chez le vieux Remi,
On saisissait avant l'aurore.
Leve-toi, Jacque, leve-toi,
Voici venir l'huissier du Roi.

'Pas un sous! Dieu! je crois l'entendre;
Ecoute, les chiens aboyer.
Demande un mois pour tout payer;
Ah! si le roi pouvait attendre.
Leve-toi, Jacque, leve-toi,
Voici venir l'huissier du Roi.

'Pauvres gens l'impot nous depouille,
Nous n'avons, accablés de maux,
Pour nous, ton père et six marmots,
Rien que ta beche et ma quenouille.
Leve-toi, Jacque, leve-toi,
Voici venir l'huissier du Roi.

'On compte avec cette mesure
Un quart d'arpent cher afferme.
Par la misere il est fume,
Il est moissonne par l'usure.
Leve-toi, Jacque, leve-toi,
Voici venir l'huissier du Roi.

'Beaucoup de peine et peu de lucre.
Quand d'un porc aurons nous la chair!
Tout ce que nourrit est si cher,
Et le sel aussi notre sucre.
Leve-toi, Jacque, leve-toi,
Voici venir l'huissier du Roi.

'Du vin soutendrait ton courage,
Mais les droits l'ont bien rencher;
Pour en boire un peu, mon cheri,
Vends mon anneau de mariage.
Leve-toi, Jacque, leve-toi,
Voici venir l'huissier du Roi.

'Reverais tu que ton bon ange
Te donne richesse et repos?
Que sont aux riches les impots?
Quelques rats de plus dans leur grange.
Leve-toi, Jacque, leve-toi,
Voici venir l'huissier du Roi.

'Il entre: O ciel, que dois je craindre!
Tu ne dis mot; quelle paleur!
Hier tu te plaint de la douleur,
Toi, qui souffres tant sans te plaindre,
Leve-toi, Jacque, leve-toi,
Voici venir l'huissier du Roi.

'Elle appelle en vain; il rend l'ame.
Pour qui s'epuisse a travailler.
La mort est un doux oreiller.
Bonnes gens priez pour sa femme.
Leve-toi, Jacque, leve-toi,
Voici, Monsieur, l'huisser du Roi.'

Beranger's daily personal experience of the annals of the poor, gave him a great advantage over his rivals in the truth and vigour with which he depicts those scenes of suffering 'beneath the huts where poor men lie.' He had seen something of the difficulty of dividing among many the scanty meal which was barely sufficient for one, and of the poor wife selling her marriage ring, her last remembrance of happier days, to procure a little wine for her dying husband—of the fatal connexion, and almost necessity, which exists between want and crime; and with every year the woes of society seem to make a deeper impression on him. In his earlier years, he drowned them in the excitement of personal warfare with kings and cabinets; he forgot them in the love of Lise, or banished them by joyous cups of 'Chambertin and Romanee.' But now, his political mission, as he himself says, terminated; the noise and tumult of political polemics at an end, the giddy fervour and excesses of youth tempered and chastised by the sorrowful experience of age—his mind seems to turn with a livelier and closer sympathy to the contemplation of those evils which unhappily deform the frame of society, and to dwell with earnestness upon every scheme, even though, in the eyes of others, it wear a visionary character, which seems to hold out the promise of a remedy. Across the pretended raillery of the song entitled '*Les fous*,' it is not difficult, we think, for instance, to discover that St. Simon is spoken of as one of those 'madmen' to whom society may yet be indebted for its reconstruction upon a better footing. He seems to see more distinctly than he formerly did, the comparative insignificance of the objects which had once appeared to him so important, so intimately connected with the wellbeing of mankind; how little the struggles of parties, or the triumph of one over another, really do to advance the interests of humanity, or widen the sphere of happiness; and almost to wish, that instead of 'giving up to party what was meant for mankind'—instead of wasting the labours of his muse on men and measures, already forgotten, or in the course of being so, he had devoted the earlier part of his career, as he has done the latter, to the contemplation of the more serious problems of society and existence; and, instead of flitting over the surface of all things on the

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wings of ridicule, had applied his loftier powers of eloquence and pathos to the correction or cure of those evils by which they have been long afflicted.

Under the influence of those more earnest and exalted views, his later compositions approach more and more to the nature of odes—a title which, even at an earlier period, was bestowed upon them by Constant. Many of the most striking and impressive pieces in the present volume, such as the '*Juif Errant*' '*Les quatre Ages historiques*,' '*Le Suicide*,' '*L'Alchimiste*,' have scarcely anything of the character of songs. They are truly odes conceived in the pure classical spirit of antiquity, not in that pseudo classic taste which at one time rendered the very name of ode in France synonymous with everything tedious and commonplace. What is a dithyramb? said some one about that time, not very familiar with ancient metres. O! *something worse than an ode*, replied the friend to whom the question was addressed. Beranger's odes, we think, would suggest very different emotions. Their scene is laid in the world about us, not on Olympus or Parnassus; their machinery consists in human passions, feelings, and errors, not in mythological visions, or poetical personifications of virtues and vices; but they have borrowed from classical antiquity, or rather both have inhaled from the same great source of inspiration, their simple grandeur, their train of reflection and thought coming home to the bosoms of all, and that grace, precision, and polish of expression, which gives unity and completeness to the whole.

We have already said that the songs on political subjects are by no means the most interesting part of the contents of the present volume. To later events, Beranger scarcely alludes. The songs entitled '*La Restauration de la Chanson*,' and '*A mes Amis devenus Ministres*,' and the '*Conseil aux Belges*,' are almost the only two in which such subjects are touched upon. The irony in the latter, where he alludes to his own attachment to kings, is bitter enough; nor is it difficult to perceive that, but for the influence of old recollections, his friends the Ministers, and the Monarch himself, might probably cut very much the same figure in a forthcoming volume of poems, as Charles X. with his Paladins, the Vatismenils, Marchangys, Villeles, and Argensons, did in its predecessors. Increasing years, and a calmer temperament, probably have had their influence too, in tempering his satirical vein.

But our space grows limited, and we prefer passing from politics to matters more personal to the feelings of the poet himself. We shall conclude with one of his songs, in which he announces his intention of bidding adieu to the public, and hanging his harp upon the wall, before his right hand have lost its cunning. 'Quand a moi,' says he, in affecting language, 'qui jusqu'a present, n'ai eu qu'a me louer de la jeunesse, je n'attendrai pas quelle me crie: Arriere bon homme! laisse nous passer! Ce que l'ingrate pourrait faire avant peu. Je sors de la lice pendant que j'ai encore la force de m'en eloigner. Trop souvent, au soir de la vie, nous nous laissons surprendre par le sommeil sur la chaise ou il vient nous clouer. Mieux vaudrait aller l'attendre au lit dont alors on a si grand besoin. Je me hate de gagner le mien, quoiqu'il soit un peu dur.' This valedictory ode, entitled '*Adieu, Chansons*,' we shall endeavour to translate—with no great hopes, we must confess, of success—but with the certainty that those who know Beranger's works best, will be the most disposed to regard our attempt with indulgence.

Of late, to keep my fading garland green,
I tried to give some sportive measure birth:
When, lo! beside me was the Fairy seen,
My nurse of yore beside the tailor's hearth.
'The wind,' she said, 'upon thy head blows bleak,
The nights grow dark and long, and chill the sky;
With twenty years the voice may well be weak
That never sang but when the storm was high.'
Then, songs, adieu! Bare is my wrinkled brow:
This time the bird were hush'd—the storm begins to blow.

'Those days are over when the heart would bound,
And like a harp to every tone reply;
When mirth its playful lightnings scattered round,
And made a sunshine in the darkest sky.
Now narrower grows the heaven, more deep the gloom:
No more the joyous laugh of friends will flow:
Where are they sleeping? In the silent tomb
Lisette herself is but a shadow now.'
Then, songs, adieu! Bare is my wrinkled brow;
'Tis time the bird were hush'd—the storm begins to blow.

'Bless thou thy lot. Thy simple strains have led
The highborn muse to be the poor man's guest.
And wafted on the wings of song, have sped
Their way to many a rude unletter'd breast.
The orator a learned throng must find,
Thou didst more boldly against kings conspire,
And to the ditties of the street hast join'd
The high and solemn accents of thy lyre!'
Then, songs, adieu! Bare is my wrinkled brow;
'Tis time the bird were hush'd—the storm begins to blow.

'Thy pointed shafts that never spared the throne,
Fast as they fell, were gathered from the plain;
From hand to hand conveyed, and boldly thrown
By laughing thousands to their gaol again.
In vain that throne its thunders would recall,
Three days, and rusty muskets, tamed its pride.
For every shot which pierced its purple pall,
Who but the muse of song the charge supplied?'
Then, songs, adieu! Bare is my wrinkled brow;
'Tis time the bird were hush'd—the storm begins to blow.

'Proud was thy share in that immortal strife,
When men from plunder turn'd in scorn away:
The bright remembrance, crowning all thy life,
Shall gild with sunshine its declining day.

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Go thou, to younger years repeat the tale,
Guide thou their bark—point out the rocks below;
And when with pride France shall thy pupils hail,
Warm thy cold winter at their youthful glow.'
Then, songs, adieu! Bare is my wrinkled brow;
'Tis time the bird were hush'd—the storm begins to blow.

Yes, gentle fairy, at the poet's door
Thou tapp'st in time, and warn'st him to be gone.
Soon in his garret shall he meet, once more,
Oblivion, of repose the sire and son.
Haply some friends, old comrades in the fight,
When I am gone, may wipe their eyes and say;
'We can remember when his star wax'd bright,
And Heaven, before it waned, withdrew its ray!'
Then, songs, adieu! Bare is my wrinkled brow;
'Tis time the bird were hush'd—the storm begins to blow.

In thus leaving the arena while his powers are in their full vigour, and reserving to himself 'some space betwixt the theatre and grave,' Beranger probably consults his happiness and his fancy; though, on the part of the public, we cannot but wish the period of his retirement had been a little delayed. We bid adieu to him with admiration and regret, and, we admit, not without a hope that the announcement, in his preface, of his determination not to publish more, is not to be taken too literally. 'At lovers' perjuries,' they say, 'Jove laughs,' and Apollo, we suppose, is just as indulgent to the vows of poets. If, however, we must now take leave of him as a song-writer, we shall be truly happy to hail him in his new character of an historical annalist. He announces his intention of amusing the autumn of age in that peaceful and modest retirement to which he looks forward, by the composition of a species of historical dictionary, embodying the recollections of a life spent under circumstances which gave him access to almost every distinguished man of the time. He looks forward with pleasure to the idea that this task, the discharge of which, he says, requires neither profound knowledge nor talent for prose writing, may tend to correct erroneous opinions, to dispel calumnious accusations, and to remove from great names and actions that glaring or gloomy colouring with which the turbid atmosphere of party has invested them. He smiles at the thought, that one day perhaps his name may be known to the public only as the annalist,—'Le judicieux, le grave Beranger!' That contingency, however, is not very likely. That he may be known as a pains-taking and candid writer of history is possible; but his songs assuredly are immortal; and the name which will be inscribed over his niche in the Temple of Fame, will be that by which he has so often designated himself, 'Beranger le Chansonnier.'

From the Athenæum

DERMOT MAC MORROGH.*

The ex-Vice President of the United States has made a bold effort to unite politics and poetry—to make the muses pioneers to protocols, and verse the future language of diplomacy. The object of his four cantos, as he very broadly intimates, is two-fold: first, to persuade the Irish to raise their country into an independent nation; and, secondly, to secure for them the sympathy of the Americans in their future struggle. New England is, we are told, the nursery of diplomatists for all the states; but of late years the supply has exceeded the demand; and while the Belgic question has given employment to the men of red tape and sealing wax in Europe, their brethren of America have to sit with folded arms, waiting for opportunity to exercise their negotiating powers. Pitying their state, John Quincy Adams casts a poet's glance round the globe, and discovers that Erin has capabilities for being converted into as profitable a Belgium as ever employed the pens of plenipotentiaries. Though motives to insurrection are as plenty as blackberries, the ex-Vice goes back six centuries for one; and he rests his case on the circumstances of the original conquest. To expose the utter absurdity of such reasoning would be a mere waste of time; he might just as well insist on the separation of Languedoc from the crown of France, because it was first annexed to it by the iniquitous Albigensian war. Neither shall we expose the many historical blunders made by the political poet, for there is no reply to the old defence "in such case made and provided"—

Adzooks! must one swear to the truth of a song?

We are just as little inclined to say anything on the question of Irish independence, which the writer has mooted, because the Irish do not exist as a separate people from the English; there is, in fact, as perfect an identification between the two islands by intermarriages, commercial intercourse, and common properties, as between the counties of York and Cornwall. In Ireland itself, the traveller sees as many English names over shop doors as Milesian; and London displays as large a share of O's and Macs among its denizens as Dublin itself. To restore Irish independence and re-establish the Saxon heptarchy, are proposals equally wise, and prospects equally probable—that is, both approach the consummation of human absurdity.

These cantos are written in the metre of Don Juan, and are designed, like that poem, to present a mixture of jest and earnest. Unfortunately, there is no laughing at the jest, and it is impossible to be serious with the earnest:

* Dermot Mac Morrogh; or the Conquest of Ireland; an Historical Tale of the twelfth century. In four cantos. By John Quincy Adams. Boston: Carter and Co.: London, Kennett.

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The farce is a physic,
The physic a farce is.

But the ex-Vice President of the United States, and the candidate for the Presidentship itself, is a person of too much importance to be dismissed with a few cursory remarks: we shall, therefore, give some extracts from this state-paper or poem. We call it a state-paper, for it is pretty well known in America, that the poem was originally designed to catch a few stray votes by pandering to the republican appetite for the abuse of kings, and the vulgar vituperation of Great Britain, which gratifies a noisy, but—both in respectability and numbers—a very contemptible party in America. The following is the description of Dermot's carrying off Dervogilda: the author has followed history in describing her reluctance as only affected:

And up she started, and beheld the chief,
By the pale lamp that glimmer'd in the room;
And feebly shriek'd and wrung her hands for grief;
And cried, "Alas, how wretched is my doom!"
"Oh! lady fair—my errand here is brief,"
Cried Dermot—"fear not; nor indulge in gloom;
'Tis only, falling on my bended knee
Thy favour to implore.... to go with me."

The lady thought it was a strange request;
And so do I; and so perchance do you.
But when we cannot always choose the best:
Sometimes we have a choice of evils too.
The kneeling prince who waited her behest,
Had in his hand a naked sword, 'tis true:
Suppose she should deny his suit—"of course,"
Thought she—"he surely will resort to force."

"Oh! Agnes! Agnes! what will people say,"
Exclaimed the lady with a briny flood;
"If from the castle, while my lord's away,
I should depart; though to save shedding blood!"
"But wherefore did my lord at home not stay?"
Said the shrewd maid; "Why leave us here in mud!
Two women! sure, he never could surmise,
With Teague, could guard his castle from surprise!

"And where he went is doubtless known to him:
And others too might guess if they should dare.
The Lady Ursula is tall and slim;
And you have often heard him call her fair—
Though to *my* judgment 'twere a wondrous whim,
With YOU, that awkward spindle to compare;
I never saw her; but I've heard them say,
Her face is freckled, and her eyes are gray."

"Fie! Agnes," quoth the lady—"say not so—
My lord that lady does indeed admire
More than she merits. But, Lord Dermot, go—
To the next chamber, while I dress, retire—
The holy Virgin and the angels know,
Against my will I yield to your desire:
I see too clearly we are in your power;
Withdraw—and come again in half an hour."

* * * * *

"Bring me my mirror, Agnes—and the light!"
The lamp and mirror Agnes forthwith brought.
"How deadly pale I look!—'tis this vile fright
My box of carmine, Agnes—where's your thought!
How cruel thus to be disturbed at night!"
And then her cheek the deep vermilion caught;
"My ruby drops and sapphire necklace bring;
My golden bracelets and my diamond ring."

Perhaps the curious reader may inquire,
Why at this moment of her deep distress,
The lady thought so much of her attire,
And wasted so much time upon her dress!
Was it a deeper passion to inspire?
But here my ignorance I must confess—
Were it not prov'd I scarcely had believ'd it—
I only give the tale as I receiv'd it.

The costume in this picture is, of course, ridiculous; but of that the author took no heed; he is even regardless of the natural characteristics of Ireland, for he describes the waiting-maid listening to the song of the nightingale, though the bird is not to be found in the island. He, however, deems that some excuse is due to the ladies for having given such a harsh portraiture of Dervogilda; and it is but justice to insert his apologetic stanzas:

No mortal on this earth then, better knows
The charms that women scatter o'er our lives;
Or more intensely feels the bliss that flows
From them, as sisters, mothers, daughters, wives.
But then I must admit, in verse or prose,
The dull and tedious seldom with them thrives:
They cannot bear a wearisome composer,
And from their very souls despise a proser.

The ladies then, I fear, have flung aside
My book already, and I scarce can blame them;
It tells the story of a faithless bride,
And they may think the poet means to shame them.
Ah, no! how many are the sex's pride!
They tell by thousands, and I here could name them.
I show one sinning woman for example;
What swarms of *men* on all their duties trample!

General Jackson, our author's successful opponent at the late election, owed his success in no small degree to his military fame, which the Americans seem to value the more highly, as, fortunately for their happiness, it is with them a rarity. To this circumstance we probably owe the following philippic against heroism, containing much good sense and many bad verses:

Among the critics it has been of yore,
A question whether, when he forms his plan,
An epic poet must, to say no more,
Take for his hero a right honest man.
But I for my part hold the rule a bore;
'Twere well to make him honest if you can:
Into another question it must fall:
Where such a hero can be found at all.

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"Heroes are much the same (so Pope avers,)
From Macedonia's madman to the Swede."
But this again another question stirs;
If after ages have improved the breed!
And to my memory only one occurs
Adapted to disturb the poet's creed.
Will any mortal ask—who is that one?
Name him! Aye, hold a taper to the sun!

Tis said, the exception only proves the rule—
All other heroes from the days of Pope,
Compounds have been of madman, knave, and fool,
And thus may be defin'd, without a trope.
All servile followers of the self-same school:
Who hang themselves, whenever they have rope.
Till time shall end, their merits you may scan;
Among them ere you find an honest man.

So far then from improvement in the breed,
The scale has fallen since the poet's days—
For Charles of Sweden, raving mad indeed,
Deserves at least, of honesty the praise.
Taught Quintus Curtius, when a boy, to read,
It fired his brain, and madden'd all his days.
Till his fate led him to the "barren strand,
The petty fortress, and the dubious hand."

You then who purpose to invoke the Muse,
And in the cause of virtue point the pen;
Need take no thought, your subjects when you choose
To look for heroes among honest men:
Stout hearts, fierce passions, lusts to shame the stews,
And mercy, fitted for the tiger's den;
These are your heroes of the last disclosure,
Who blood and slaughter see with due composure.

The following is a sly hit at the American militia; we trust that it will be received as a justification of Matthew's portraiture.

Of this event it sickens me to tell—
So dark a tarnish on so bright a cause;
But I must give the facts as they befel;
And censure where I cannot yield applause—
They came their country's cruel foes to quell—
To fight for Erin's freedom and her laws.
What shame to see them at the trial day,
Slink from her standard, dastardly away!

But let not Erin suffer in your mind,
If her brave children once were known to flee;
Consult Columbia's annals, you shall find
The same with those who sought to make her free.
In sooth, militia men you cannot bind,
To serve for six months when engaged for three—
Whence you may come to this conclusion just:
On raw militia not too much to trust.

The cantos conclude with the death of Dermot, in which the writer treats us to a touch of the sublime:

Thus was the shame of servitude her lot:
And has been since, from that detested day,
When Dermot all his country's claims forgot,
And basely barter'd all her rights away.
Oh! could the Muse be heard, his name should rot
In fresh, immortal, unconsum'd decay—
And be, with Arnold's name transmitted down
First in the roll of infamous renown.

Nor was the hand of vengeful justice slow
In retribution on his head to fall—
For death's relentless hand had laid him low,
Ere he could answer Henry's sovereign call.
From dreams of empire, form'd in fancy's glow
He now awoke; his hopes were blasted all—
And conscience whisper'd with envenom'd tongue,
That all his tortures from himself had sprung.

* * * * *

And now concentrated, burst forth his rage;
He curst the day on which he had been born;
For, on the record of his life, no page
Could speak of comfort to his state forlorn;
No cordial drop of memory to assuage
Of fell remorse the vital-searching thorn:
A burning fever seiz'd on every vein,
And mortal madness fasten'd on his brain.

And to his wilder'd senses, Erin's saints
Appear with lighted torches in their hands,
Applying scorpion scourges till he faints,
And then reviving him with blazing brands:
While o'er his head a frowning Fury paints
In letters which he reads and understands;
"Expect no mercy from thy Maker's hand!
THOU HADST NO MERCY ON THY NATIVE LAND."

We hope—indeed, we firmly believe, that the friendly feelings between England and America are too deeply rooted to be shaken by a paper-shot; and, from the periodicals of the United States, we find that this attempt to make Englishmen of the present day answerable for the crimes committed by their ancestors six centuries ago, has utterly failed. The work, as a literary composition, is contemptible—it scarcely affords two lines fit to increase O'Connell's limited stock of quotations. Some more vigorous effort is necessary before Ireland will produce a harvest of protocols; and some more judicious appeal to the electors must be made ere John Quincy Adams can drop the Vice from his title. If the next address be made in four cantos, we trust that it will find its way across the Atlantic, for some of the Vice-President's curvettings on his Pegasus are sufficiently amusing; we wish him health for a fresh effort—

And when he next shall ride abroad,
May we be there to see!

From the Athenæum.

CAPTAIN OWEN'S NARRATIVE.*

THE voyages of which these volumes give an account, were undertaken by the command of the Lords Commissioners of the Admiralty.

* Captain Owen's Narrative of Voyages undertaken to explore the Shores of Africa, Arabia, and Madagascar. 2 vols. London: Bentley.

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Any one who looks at the map of the world, will observe, that the line followed was laid out chiefly for the purpose of correcting and confirming the opinions and observations of earlier voyagers; and any who read these narratives, will perceive that this has not only been accomplished, but that much new and interesting matter has been added to the stock of public knowledge. From works such as the one before us, we reap the only harvest which literature presents of originality: voyages and travels—and the present work partakes of the nature of both—open up new scenes for contemplation: they exhibit new manners and strange customs, and remarkable incidents, and really contribute more to our amusement than the most voluminous novelist, whose trade it is to supply with agreeable fictions the great market of the world. The information which we obtain from such undertakings, is very valuable to a country such as ours, which, oppressed with debt and taxation, prospers only by the daring spirit of its people, and its superior intelligence amongst nations. Our vessels bear us, as if on wings, into every sea; and our officers, mostly men of education and talent, are always desirous to add something to the growing stock of national intelligence: among the latter, Capt. Owen and his brother adventurers, have distinguished themselves both by daring and fortitude; and though all was accomplished at a painful sacrifice of life, we consider the expedition a fortunate and a successful one.

Before we commence our extracts, we cannot help observing, that though, in all known ages of the world, exploring parties have been sent to Africa, we have yet discovered but little of what we desire to know. The southern half of the interior still remains a blank in our maps, and even the coast is but imperfectly known: indeed, the hope held out, by the perseverance of the Landers, of ascending one stream, and so far solving the mighty mystery, at this moment occupies the thoughts of all.

We pass over the preliminary part of the first volume, and introduce our readers to the account given of the orange fields around Rio in South America:—

"The land here is rich and well cultivated, and the oranges are perhaps the finest in the world. There is a peculiarity in the formation of these not generally known; it consists in the part where the seeds are formed being removed near the crown, and in some instances outside the pulp, but beneath the rind, giving it, upon the peel being removed, the appearance of two oranges. The part containing the seed is a kind of excrescence into which is drawn the fibre, and in fact all the objectionable portion of the fruit, leaving the legitimate production free from every impurity, and rendering it the most delicious of its kind. The esculent vegetables are not numerous, and those that are grown are far from being fine; although with proper attention I have no doubt but most of those cultivated in England would succeed. Water-cresses and lettuces are the only vegetables grown as salad; the radishes are a kind of degenerated turnip-radish, and their cabbage and cole are also of a poor description, never forming a head. Bananas, papaws, pumpkins, cucumbers, tomatoes, of many varieties, with most of the other tropical fruits, are in abundance. The vines in general are not good, their culture for wine being forbidden by the common colonial policy, which has so long disgraced Europe by pretending to legislate for Nature. Pine-apples, I was informed, were very fine at the proper season, but those I tasted were greatly inferior to many produced in England."

The navigators passed from that pleasant land, and reached in safety the English River, on the coast of Caffraria: where they met with "Jem of the Winter:"—

"The morning of our arrival, so soon as the day made us visible to the natives, they were observed making preparations on the Mafoomo side of the water to pay us a visit. The first who came was 'Jem of the Water,' as he called himself. This fellow was in the native costume, which is literally worse than nothing, consisting only of a straw tube, about a foot long, with a shred of blue dungaree hanging from its upper end. He was ornamented by a necklace of charms, composed of small shells, eagles' talons, brass buttons, coloured beads, medicinal roots, &c. not arranged according to taste, but to produce the effect which he could not hope for without their assistance. He was a good-looking well-made man, and offered his services to supply us with water and guard our casks; an office which he usually performed for the whalers when they entered English River.

"These people have no canoes in the bay or in the rivers falling into it, the native boats already described being the only vessels seen. We were rather surprised to see them continue the use of such awkward and unmanageable craft, employed as they are, not only for continual communication with strangers, but also for fishing and other domestic purposes the owners serving every season in the whalers, by which they become excellent boatmen. The cause of this apparently obstinate retention of ancient habits may, when we come to give some description of these people, be proved not to arise from prejudice or ignorance, but from the unhappy state of their government, rivetted on them by the miserable policy of the Portuguese pedlars, and his Most Faithful Majesty's *malefactors* at their trading establishments."

Of the Portuguese establishment there, Capt. Owen gives the following account:

"The officers in the Portuguese factory, at this time, were Captain Jaques Casimir, who had raised himself from the ranks during the peninsular war; his wife was living with him in the fort. The adjutant also had a wife of Hindoo extraction, who had formerly been a slave at the Cape of Good Hope. The adjutant had resided at this factory about thirty years, ever since its first formation. After the destruction of Colonel Bolt's establishment, this man had been banished,

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it was reported, for the murder of his father or brother. The lieutenant was a Canareen of Goa, named Antonio Teixera, banished thence for killing a priest, with whose sister he had an amour. Besides these, there was a surgeon, also a Canareen of Hindoo descent, a well behaved young man. The wife of Casimir was a lady whose character was open to scandal, even on the shores of Africa, and the adjutant was generally drunk all day. We found them extremely kind, and, in many cases, useful, as they supplied us with bullocks, milk, fowls, and vegetables, which they bought from the natives for a mere trifle, and sold to us at a gain of about six hundred per cent. This traffic being their only resource, they take great care to prevent any direct trade between the whalers and natives."

In exploring the river Temby they have an adventure with a hippopotamus:—

"Lieutenant Vidal had just commenced ascending this stream in his boat, when suddenly a violent shock was felt from underneath, and in another moment a monstrous hippopotamus reared itself up from the water, and in a most ferocious and menacing attitude rushed open-mouthed at the boat, and with one grasp of its tremendous jaws, seized and tore seven planks from her side; the creature disappeared for a few seconds and then rose again, apparently intending to repeat the attack, but was fortunately deterred by the contents of a musket discharged in its face. The boat rapidly filled, but, as she was not more than an oar's length from the shore, they succeeded in reaching it before she sank. Her keel, in all probability, touched the back of the animal, which irritating him, occasioned this furious attack, and had he got his upper jaw above the gunwale, the whole broadside must have been torn out. The force of the shock from beneath, previously to the attack, was so violent that her stern was almost lifted out of the water, and Mr. Tambs, the midshipman steering, was thrown overboard, but fortunately rescued before the irritated animal could seize him. The boat was hauled up on a dry spot, and her repairs immediately commenced. The tents were pitched, and those of the party that were not employed as carpenters, amused themselves, the officers in shooting, and the men in strolling about the deserted country round them, being first ordered not to proceed out of hearing."

A native chief more dangerous than the river horse was met with: if the reader, when he pursues Owen's account, will add, that he fell in an attempt to storm at night the English encampment, all will be known that need be told:—

"The following description of their young chief Chinchinganv will suffice, with a few exceptions, for that of the whole tribe.

"Round his head, just above the eyes, was a band of fur, somewhat resembling in size and colour a fox's tail, neatly trimmed and smoothed: underneath this his black woolly hair was hidden; but above it grew to its usual length, until at the top, where a circular space was shaved in the manner of the monks and Zoolos; round this circle was a thick ring of twisted hide, fixed in its position by the curling over of the surrounding hair, which was altogether sufficiently thick to resist a considerable blow. On one side of his head was a single feather of some large bird as an emblem of his rank, and just above his eye-brows a string of small white beads, and another across the nose: close under his chin he wore a quantity of long coarse hair, like the venerable beard of a patriarch, hanging down on his breast: his ears had large slits in their lower lobes, and were made to fall three or four inches, but without any ornaments; these holes in the ears are often used to carry articles of value. Each arm was encircled by a quantity of hair like that tied on his chin, the ends reaching below his elbows. Round his body were tied two strings, with twisted stripes of hide, with the hair on them, much resembling monkeys' tails; the upper row was fastened close under his arms, and hung down about twelve inches, the end of each tail being cut with much precision and regularity; the lower row resembled the upper, and commenced exactly where the latter terminated, until they reached the knees. It bore altogether a great resemblance to the Scotch kilt. On his ancles and wrists he had brass rings or bangles. His shield was of bullock's hide, about five feet long and three and a half broad; down the middle was fixed a long stick, tufted with hair, by means of holes cut for the purpose, and projecting above and below beyond the shield about five inches. To this stick were attached his assagayes and spears; the only difference in these weapons is that the former is narrow in the blade and small for throwing, the latter broad and long, with a stronger staff for the thrust."

A hippopotamus trap is a snare unknown to our island poachers:—

"Our distance from the mouth of the river was nine miles, when we gave up the survey. In going down the opposite side to that on which we communicated with the natives, we observed that where the hippopotami, in their passage to and from the river, had broken down the bank, sharp pointed-poles, hardened by fire, were placed by the natives; these were for the purpose of staking them on their descent, and the interpreter informed us that many were caught in this way: they die from the wound shortly after they reach the water, and their huge carcases, when inflated, float down the river, and are picked up by the natives, who, at this time of famine, sought them with the greatest avidity. Sometimes, when the demand for hippopotamus flesh is great, on account of the scarcity of other articles of food, the natives assemble in the woods, and when the animals come on the plains to graze, run out upon them with loud cries upon which they rush with headlong force upon these stakes, when the skin, hard and tough as it is, cannot resist the violence of the contact, the wood splinters in the desperate wound, and life soon becomes extinct.

"The natives do not confine themselves merely to entrapping the hippopotami, but will

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sometimes venture in a body to attack them with their spears. They waylay the huge animal, and, watching the time as he pushes by the thick bushes in which they lie concealed, by a dextrous thrust of their sharp spears, hamstring him, when he falls roaring with anguish and impotent rage to the ground, where, under a repetition of wounds, he soon finishes his career. This method of attack, so replete with danger, is adopted only when there is the greatest demand for hippopotamus flesh, and, as latterly, for their teeth; for, until we set the example, the Portuguese seldom purchased any other ivory than that of the elephant."

A fever peculiar to the country, attacked the ship's crews, and in a short while, carried off many valuable men and officers. The account of the death of Capt. Lechmere, is very affecting:—

"Captain Lechmere had excited so general a feeling of respect and esteem amongst all on board, that the details of his illness will be readily pardoned. This interest in his fate was strongly exemplified in the attachment of his attendant, William Newman, a marine, who was as much concerned as if he had been his nearest relative; he carried him from place to place like a child, as poor Lechmere's fevered fancy dictated, sang to him, fanned him, moistened his lips, and was silent or still as his patient directed, and at last brought him by his special desire into the captain's cabin, where there was already a young midshipman in almost the same hopeless state. As the bell was striking the midnight hour, he sank into the dreamless sleep of death. His last moments were attended with a romantic interest. The fever being very high a short time before his decease, every means were tried to calm him, but in vain; the same impatient, painful, restlessness still prevailed."

Nor is the death of a poor seaman less so:

"On the 11th, a seaman died belonging to the Leven, and on the 14th, a marine named Thomas Waring. This man was in the habit of attending Mr. Daniels (midshipman), a gentleman who, at the time of Waring's death, was with the Manice party. About an hour and a half before his dissolution, he opened his master's chest, carefully placed everything in order, returned to his berth, gave the keys to a comrade, but was too unwell to say to whom they belonged, was shortly afterwards conveyed to his hammock, and in a few minutes was no more."

The natives of Delagoa Bay soften the ravages of this destroying fever in the following manner:—

"It will perhaps be interesting, before quitting this place, to mention the mode adopted by the natives to cure this fever. As soon as the patient feels the first symptons, he retires to his hut, where he is kept warm until some water in an earthen vessel placed on the fire is boiling hot. It is then placed between his legs, while he sits down and leans over the steam that arises from it. In the meantime, those around envelop him in mats, by which he is soon covered with perspiration and occasionally half suffocated. The whole is suddenly cast off, and at the same moment he receives a shower of cold water all over his body; he is then hurried to the side of a large fire kindled in the hut, and there placed in a recumbent posture, while blood is extracted from him in small quantities by means of slight incisions on his shoulders, breast, and the back of his hands. The rest is left to Nature, whose resources, powerful as they are, frequently fail to restore the exhausted patient to life, perhaps rather confused by this irregular and apparently desperate effort of art."

One of the most touching parts in these narratives, is where Capt. Owen observes that the death of so many comrades was a melancholy mode of obtaining names for new bays and fresh promontories.

We can afford room for little about Madagascar that is much to its honour: the passages we give, are of a mixed character:—

"A girl, who had engaged herself to accompany a male cousin as interpreter, &c. to a distant island, was daily during her absence, most bitterly lamented by her mother, who, in the fullness of her affection, conjured up the most dismal apprehensions as to her child's fate—'She would be a slave—she would be drowned—she would perish in a foreign clime among those who knew her not.' In fact, no sufferings, however dreadful, could surpass those which this anxious and fond parent was constantly picturing as the lot of her daughter. Yet, at the time of her departure, that very mother was receiving the price of her prostitution from a French paramour. She was absent nearly a year, and on her return the meeting was affecting in the extreme. After mutual tears and embraces, the mother washed her child's feet, and in earnest of her affection afterwards drank the water. The term prostitution, in the sense used by us, when applied to this custom, is perhaps a harsher one than it calls for; as, sanctioned by the general habits of the country, it scarcely deserves the same degree of odium as when practised by people aware of its immoral and sinful tendency; but it is strange how very soon travellers become reconciled to this laxity of virtue, and look upon it in a less heinous light; particularly here, as these women, when attached to a man by marriage, (for they do marry, although polygamists,) are remarkable for their constancy, excepting those of high rank, who, as in other countries, claim a greater license."

"The *ladies* of this place, and in fact all others on the island of Madagascar, have full license in the indulgence of their fancies or affections, and as in point of number the fair sex muster about three to one, they were ready to embark by *hundreds* whenever we anchored. Rafarla gave a sumptuous and well-cooked breakfast to the Captain and several officers,

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it which was observed a new species of Bréde."

The work before us is incomplete, part only having come from the press when these extracts were making out for our printer. We have been much pleased with the portion we have examined.

From the Spectator.

MACDOUALL'S VOYAGE TO PATAGONIA.

This is an entertaining volume; the production of a midshipman, we fancy, attached to the adventurous voyage of survey in the Straits of Magellan, which has not yet, we believe, been completed, or at least the results of which have not yet been made known to the world. But Mr. Macdouall, having left the expedition at the end of its first failure in threading these straits, and before the objects of the voyage were half completed, has by his return to England stolen a march upon his comrades and commanders, and given to the public a narrative of such adventures as fell under his own notice. He is an entertaining and a lively writer, of more talent than taste; his work is something like a sea-pie—very various in its contents—and, for those who hunger for relations of danger, toil, and adventure in savage lands, and still more savage seas, very palatable. The wild and hungry shores of these northernmost parts, possess but few objects of curiosity; and such as they are, the same aspect is now presented that appeared before the eyes of early voyagers, and which has long since been so well described; perpetual winds, rocky cliffs, driving currents, a coast utterly destitute of vegetable production save the deep and interminable forests, and a thinly scattered race of human inhabitants, existing upon the shell fish as it takes refuge or is thrown into the interstices of the rocks. The continental territory is only distinguished from the opposite coast of Terra del Fuego by the stupendous height of its inhabitants as compared with the diminutive race on the island shore. The following characteristic description of a couple of natives relates to Terra del Fuego. These poor creatures, are by courtesy called human, though not much differing, save in their anatomy, from some of the animals whom Sir Charles Bell has so significantly described in his very pleasant and instructive Bridgewater Treatise on the Hand. The scene is in Separation Harbour, and the date 15th February, 1827.

"At the first opportunity, I succeeded in obtaining a passage on shore, in company with Dr. Bowen and Lieutenant Sholl, and, on the boat passing the wigwam which was built on the left of the harbour, we beheld, thrust through the top of it, the head and naked shoulders of the younger savage, who loudly cried out *Che-ree-cow-wow, Che-ree-cow-wow*, and these words he continued to bawl out with the whole strength of his lungs. We landed a few minutes afterwards at the further end of the harbour, where plenty of good water descends from the rocks, and made our way over sharp-pointed rocks to the place they had chosen for erecting the wigwam. When our party came within twenty paces of them, we perceived the old Indian, apparently about fifty years of age, standing with a club raised over his shoulder in an offensive position, and a youth of nineteen, with a long straight stick or lance, which he held in the attitude of throwing at us; seeing us stop, they both indulged in a long hideous guttural vociferation, the harsh and inharmonious tones of which savoured more of the growl than the voice of a human being. Having listened patiently to this strange clatter, we again moved forward, our noses forewarning us of an approach towards the Den of Cacus. The old Indian had lowered his club as we came up, and on our giving him a biscuit, he greedily began to gnaw it, holding it fast with both his hands, and calling out *cheop, cheop*, several times. This, we afterwards found out, was a favourite word of his, the meaning of which we vainly endeavoured to ascertain. As he stood close to the entrance of the wigwam, we offered to move him on one side in order to go in, when he again set up his guttural talk, and exclaimed *petites, petites*, and pointed inside the wigwam, to the opening of which we saw come forward two little girls, in a state of nudity, the eldest about the age of six, the youngest four, who both began to cry at the sight of us; but, giving to each a string of white beads and a piece of biscuit, they both ceased crying, and old Che-ree-cow-wow immediately left off gnawing the biscuit, and set up the cry of *cheop, cheop*, upon which Lieutenant Sholl offered him a string of red ones, which he no sooner beheld then he clutched them with considerable force, and in a moment hid them under his arm-pit. The elder child had its head encircled with a peculiar string of light-coloured small shells, and it was some time before we could persuade the infant to part with them; but the display of some party-coloured beads and a spoon was too much for old Che-ree-cow-wow; he took the shells off the head of the child, but not without first consulting its inclination (for they appeared to be very affectionate to their children, as we observed in several instances,) and, placing it in the hands of Dr. Bowen, made a vigorous clutch at the spoon and beads, which he deposited in the usual hiding place, uttering *cheop, cheop*, with great eagerness and good-humour. The younger was constantly repeating the words he heard with great accuracy, and also busied himself in attempts to pluck out our eyebrows; it so happened, that he took Lieutenant Sholl off his guard, and gave him a severe twinge. It would appear from this circumstance, and their not having any themselves, that they pluck out their own.

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"We now all had a dance together, our new acquaintances jumping about and making as much noise as any of us; and the dirty copper-coloured appearance of the elder Indian struck me, while he thus capered about, as being particularly hideous. He was about five feet six inches in height, and exceedingly robust and broad-chested, but had altogether a most miserable appearance; he certainly resembled a devil more than a human being. Having exercised ourselves sufficiently, both the Indians crept upon their hands and knees into the wigwam, the entrance to it being so near the ground as not to allow of any other mode of ingress, and perhaps it may be as well, for the edification of those who never read of or saw any, to give some account of these temporary habitations. A great number of long straight branches of trees are fixed in the ground in a circle, at certain distances apart, the area being about fifteen feet; some pliant twigs keep the ends of the branches together, which being bent, form a centre at the top; it is rendered comfortably warm and air-tight by a covering of boughs and seal-skins; the fire is made in the centre, around which they sat in the midst of smoke, which could not possibly escape, there being no aperture at top, but through the doorway, which being so low, rendered its egress almost impossible; but they appear to be very little incommoded by it. Having thus thrust ourselves into the wigwam, we found our friends huddling over the fire, which now burnt very brightly, and keeping the children close to them; they motioned us to sit down likewise, and we arranged ourselves accordingly. They commenced rummaging about the sides of the wigwam, and soon produced some large muscles, which they put into the fire, and while these were cooking, they extended their limbs and drew closer the blaze. Not much relishing a further continuance in the wigwam, we crawled out; and seeing us about to depart, they pointed to the masts of the ship, visible above the headland, and exclaimed *sheroo, sheroo*, by which we understood them to mean the ship, and we beckoned the elder to follow; he pointed to the masts, repeating their word *sheroo*, and came with us some way down the mountain; we then gave him a biscuit to encourage him, but he no sooner received it, than he suddenly changed his mind, and made his way quickly back, waving his hand to bid us farewell as he ran along, repeating the word *sheroo* as long as we were in sight. As the boat passed the wigmam on our return, they both shouted *che-ree-cow-woo*, and continued to utter those words until a turning in the land hid us from their view.

"On visiting the shore the day following, and taking with us a good supply of grog and biscuit, we were so fortunate as to crawl into the wigwam just as its inhabitants were at dinner; they had gathered an immense quantity of limpets and muscles, which they were roasting with great dispatch. Having seated ourselves, the younger Indian displayed a characteristic trait of preference to the maid who accompanied our party, by attempting to pluck out his eyebrows; then taking one of the largest muscles that appeared sufficiently roasted, and giving it a turn or two in his mouth, apparently for the purpose of cooling it, he presented the dainty morsel to my companion, who very politely signified his rejection of the proffered favour by shaking his head; the Indian then transferred the muscle to the hand of the elder child, who brought and held it up to our middy's mouth, at the same time talking to him very prettily in Pægian; but all was quite useless; neither her persuasions nor mine could induce him to venture on a taste. Old Cheop, perceiving my eyes water from the effects of the smoke, immediately dried them with his dirty fist; for this piece of kindness I gave him a button, which he directly hid between his toes, as he did likewise another given him by my friend. Being now anxious to get him off to the ship, I endeavoured by taking hold of my trousers and other signs to acquaint him, that by going on board he would obtain similar ones; and further to encourage him, I took off my old flushing jacket and put it upon him. These efforts not availing, I drew forth the bottle of grog, at the sight of which he commenced a rattling noise in his throat. I then placed my hand over his eyes, and held the bottle to his mouth, when he swallowed the liquor greedily: before removing my hand from his eyes, I put the bottle in my pocket; when he found it gone, he made eager signs for more, crying out *cheop, cheop*, and uttering other wild and incoherent sounds. The younger Indian stood by all this time, looking up to the sky, with his hands together above his head, and kept calling out *picharee, picharee*, in a piteous tone of voice, but what he meant I could not possibly make out; however, I comforted him also by a taste of the grog, which he gulped down with equally as much *gout* as the elder, and we heard no more about *picharee*. Having by this time gained their entire confidence, I moved down the mountain, inviting the elder Indian to follow, which he did immediately: the younger one taking his station at the door of the wigwam (as if to guard the children,) cried out, "D—n your eyes," an expression he had picked up amongst us, and of which he was perfect master. To prevent the elder Indian from running back, as he had done the day before, we kept him before us: he made his way down the rocks much easier and swifter than we could, although he was barefooted. On arriving at the boat, we bundled him in, one of the sailor's first helping him on with an old pair of canvass trousers. We were soon alongside the ship, and he made his appearance, no doubt for the first time, on board of a man-of-war. He evinced a much greater share of curiosity than the Patago-

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nians; he looked around him with much earnestness, gazing sometimes down upon the deck, then up at the rigging, but always kept a lookout to see if I was near him. Captain Stokes ordered him a glass of port wine, which he appeared to like as well as the grog, and finished a second and third glass with great composure of countenance. The doctor, upon this occasion, placed his hand on the top of the Indian's head, to discover if he possessed (as he said) "the organ of veneration;" upon which Old Cheop began to pull and rub the doctor's head likewise, in rather a less unceremonious manner. We soon afterwards introduced him to the "middies' berth," and it being then about four o'clock (our tea-time,) we placed before him a basin of warm souchong, made very sweet, into which he immediately put his greasy hand, and he did not seem inclined to withdraw it, until some of us moved the basin, and placed his hands on either side of it, when he raised it to his mouth and drank the whole off. He now refused to take more grog, but observing him eyeing the sugar, we placed a quantity of it before him; on tasting it, his eyes glistened with delight, while he testified the greatest gratification by sucking and licking his fingers; he now pointed to the basin for more tea, which was given to him until he had emptied it six times; he then fell upon some ship's beef and biscuit, which, with a large piece of plum-duff, he very soon conveyed down his throat; but, while thus gloriously stuffing himself, he did not forget the children, for he occasionally placed pieces of beef and pudding under his jacket, next his skin, as he said, for the *petites*. But what he appeared to relish full as much as the pudding, was several "purser's dips," which we gave him; these he finished with an evident "gust," swallowing cotton and all. The candles, however, (to use a nautical phrase,) "choked his duff;" we then made him a tumbler of very sweet grog, which he drank off, scraping up with his finger the undissolved sugar that had settled at the bottom of the glass. Whilst he was thus agreeably engaged, he contrived to secrete every spoon upon the table; some he placed under his arms, and others up his sleeve. We then gave him a small looking-glass, in which he surveyed himself very steadfastly, and turned the glass to observe what was on the other side, and not seeing his face, he turned round again, and was a good deal puzzled when he again saw himself; however, he continued to gaze on, till raising his head, and putting on a most ludicrous smile, he looked attentively at every one in the berth, indulging, at the same time, in a low murmuring gabble, which at length burst out into *cheop, cheop*, and suddenly hid the glass in the usual depository, exclaiming *petites, petites*, and huddled himself up, as if fearful of having it taken away from him. I showed him some drawings of the Patagonians, but he did not seem to recognize them. The time having arrived when it became advisable to put him on shore, I made an attempt to recover my flushing jacket, but he had concealed under it such an olio of beef, pudding, sugar, candles, and biscuit, that it was prettily bedaubed, nor was he at all inclined to relinquish it. Before placing him in the boat, we stuck on his head a red night-cap, so that he looked like a large ourang-outang; we also made him presents of beads, spoons, and knives, with all of which he was highly pleased. As he went on shore, he amused himself (as was reported) by eating the arming of grease off one of the sea-leads employed in sounding."

Mr. Macdouall left the expedition during a rest at Rio Janeiro, after the failure of the first attempt: further reason for his departure we do not see, save that he had supped full of hardship on these bleak shores. He tells us he lacks advancement; the talent he shows will probably secure it to him, and we shall be glad if our recommendation gives him an opportunity. We should, however, have thought better of his claims, if he had persevered along with his comrades—unless, indeed, considerations of health interfered, of which we observe no indications. In any future work, we would counsel Mr. Macdouall to be more scrupulous in the use of the names of absent friends.

From the Athenæum.

A POPULAR HISTORY OF PRIESTCRAFT.*

This is a mad world! A change seems coming over all things. Who ever expected to see the title-page of such a work as this graced with the gentle name of the Howitts! And here is an opening sentence, which we quote as an apology for no further concerning ourselves with the subject-matter of the volume:

"This unfortunate world has been blasted in all ages by two evil principles—Kingcraft and Priestcraft."

Well, then, here we shake hands and part with our excellent friend; Kingcraft and Priestcraft shall not trouble the readers of the *Athenæum*. We have resolved to keep one corner of this "unfortunate world" free from these "contagious blastments;" and, therefore, we resign his work to other and harder critics; and very pretty sport they may find in it, for the historical part halts lamentably. If, however, it were our cue to write on the subject, we would have "eked out the imperfections" of the book by adding a Chapter on Priestcraft as made manifest in the History of the Quakers, a sect among whom, and in defiance of whose professions, it has been as dominant as in any of all the multitudinous variety that pester this pleasant earth. We say not this disrespectfully of the Quakers, for whom we entertain a becoming regard—still less of their

* A Popular History of Priestcraft in all Ages and Nations. By William Howitt. London: Wilson.

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founder, whose memory we revere; although, with all his early and uncontrollable enthusiasm, no sooner was there a sect to rule over, than he and his associates took on themselves the authority of a priesthood as naturally as if holy hands had been laid on them; but because this truth is a curious illustrative fact which William Howitt has overlooked; the more to be regretted, as it might have proved to his honest and sincere mind that priestcraft was but a form by which the universal spirit of man made itself manifest; it was but a means of obtaining power; and it seems to us a narrow and blind prejudice that can only see it under a triple crown or in lawn sleeves. But we will not be drawn into controversy.

It is due to Mr. Howitt to acknowledge, that if we were at first astonished to read his name in the title-page, we were well pleased to find far better evidence of his connexion with the work—passages full of fine feeling and natural eloquence; and, as the book is not likely to have a very general circulation, we shall not hesitate to transfer some of them into our pages. The following is a splendid piece of eloquence, and reminds us a good deal of the prose of Milton:

"Nothing is more illustrative of the spirit of priestcraft than that the church should have kept up the superstitious belief in the consecration of ground in the minds of the people to the present hour, and that, in spite of education, the poor and the rich should be ridden with the most preposterous notion, that they cannot lie in peace except in ground over which the bishop has said his mummery, and for which he and his rooks, as Sir David Lindsay calls them, have pocketed the fees, and laughed in their sleeves at the gullible foolishness of the people. Does the honest Quaker sleep less sound, or will he arise less cheerfully at the judgment-day from his grave, over which no prelatical jugglery has been practised, and for which neither prelate nor priest has pocketed a doit? Who has consecrated the sea, into which the British sailor in the cloud of battle-smoke descends, or who goes down, amidst the tears of his comrades, to depths to which no plummet but that of God's omnipresence ever reached? Who has consecrated the battle-field, which opens its pits for its thousands and tens of thousands; or the desert, where the weary traveller lies down to his eternal rest? Who has made holy the sleeping place of the solitary missionary, and of the settlers in new lands? Who, but He, whose hand has hallowed earth from end to end, and from surface to centre, for his pure and almighty fingers have moulded it? Who but He whose eye rests on it day and night, watching its myriads of moving children—the oppressors and the oppressed—the deceivers and the deceived—the hypocrites, and the poor whose souls are darkened with false knowledge and fettered with the bonds of daring selfishness? and on whatever innocent thing that eye rests, it is hallowed beyond the breath of bishops, and the fees of registers. Who shall need to look for a consecrated spot of earth to lay his bones in, when the struggles and the sorrows, the prayers and the tears of our fellow men, from age to age, have consecrated every atom of this world's surface to the desire of a repose which no human hands can lead to, no human rites can secure? Who shall seek for a more hallowed bed than the bosom of that earth into which Christ himself descended, and in which the bodies of thousands of glorious patriots, and prophets, and martyrs, who were laid in gardens and beneath their paternal trees, and of heroes whose blood and sighs have flowed forth for their fellow men, have been left to peace and the blessings of grateful generations with no rites, no sounds but the silent falling of tears and the aspirations of speechless, but immortal thanks! From side to side, from end to end, the whole world is sanctified by these agencies, beyond the blessings or the curses of priests! God's sunshine flows over it, his providence surrounds it; it is rocked in his arms like the child of his eternal love; his faithful creatures live, and toil, and pray in it; and, in the name of heaven, who shall make it, or who can need it holier for his last resting couch!"

The following is a picture of great truth and beauty:

"One of the most beautiful and impressive rites of the church, is the confirmation of young people as it is seen in the country. On some bright summer morning, you see troops of village boys and girls come marching into the town, headed by the village clerk, or schoolmaster. First one, then another little regiment of these rural embryo Christians is seen advancing from different parts towards the principal church. All are in their best array. Their leader, with an air of unusual solemn dignity, marches straight forward, looking neither to the right hand nor to the left, but sometimes casting a grave glance behind at his followers. His suit of best black adorns his sturdy person, and his lappels fly wide in the breeze that meets him. His charge come on in garbs of many colours;—the damsels in green and scarlet petticoats; stockings white, black, and gray; gowns of white, bearing testimony to miry roads and provoking brambles; gowns of cotton print of many a dazzling flowery pattern; gowns even of silk in these luxurious days; long, flying, pink sashes, and pink, and yellow, and scarlet bunches in bonnets of many a curious make. The lads stride on with slouching paces that have not been learned in drawing and assembly-rooms, but on the barn-floor, beside the loaded wagon, on the heathy sheep-walk, and in the deep fallow field. They are gloriously robed in corduroy breeches, blue worsted stockings, heavy-nailed ancle-boots, green shag waistcoats, neck-handkerchiefs of red, with long corners that flutter in the wind, and coats shaped by some

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empiternal tailor, whose fashions know no change. Amid the bustling, spruce inhabitants of the town, their walk, their dress, their faces full of ruddy health and sheepish simplicity, mark them out as creatures almost of another tribe. They bring all the spirit of the village—of the solitary farm—of heaths and woods, and rarely frequented fields along with them. You are carried forcibly by your imagination, at the sight of them, into cottage life—into the habits and concerns of the rural population. You feel what daily anticipations—what talk—what an early rising, and bustling preparation there has been in many a lowly dwelling, in many an out-of-the-way hamlet, for this great occasion. How the old people have told over how it was when they went to be confirmed. What a mighty place the church is; what crowds of grand people; what an awful thing the bishop in his wig and robes! How the fond, simple mothers have set forth their sons and daughters; and given them injunction on injunction; and followed them from their doors with eyes filled with tears of pride, of joy, and of anxiety. How the youthful band, half gay, more than half grotesque, but totally happy, have advanced over hill and dale. The whole joyousness of their holiday feeling is presented to you, as they progressed through bosky lanes and dells, through woods, over the open breezy heaths and hills—the flowers, and the dews, and the green leaves breathing upon them their freshest influence; the blue, cheering sky above them, and the lark sending down, from his highest flight, his music of ineffable gladness. You feel the secret awe that struck into their bosoms as they entered the noisy, glittering, polished, and in their eyes, mighty and proud town; and the notion of the church, the assembled crowds, the imposing ceremony, and the awful bishop and all his clergy, came strongly and distinctly before them.

"Besides these, numbers of vehicles are bringing in other rural neophytes. The carriages of the wealthy drive rapidly and gaily on to inns and houses of friends. Tilted wagons, gigs, ample cars, are all freighted with similar burdens; and many a strange, old, lumbering cart, whose body is smeared with the ruddy marl of the fields it has done service in, whose wheels are heavy with the clinging mire of roads that would make M'Adam aghast, rumbles along, dragged by a bony and shaggy animal, that if it must be honoured with the name of horse, is the very Helot of horses. These open conveyances exhibit groups of young girls, that in the lively air, and shaken to and fro by the rocking of their vehicle, and the jostling of chairs, look like beds of tulips nodding in a strong breeze.

"As you approach the great church the bustle becomes every moment more conspicuous. The clergy are walking in that direction in their black gowns. Groups of the families of the country clergy strike your eyes. Venerable old figures with their sleek and ruddy faces: their black silk stockings glistening beneath their gowns; their canonical hats set most becomingly above, are walking on, the very images of happiness, with their wives hanging on their arms, and followed by lovely genteel girls, and graceful, growing lads. As the rustics' aspects brought all the spirit of the cottage and the farm to your imagination, they bring all that of the village parsonage. You are transported in a moment to the most perfect little paradises which are to be found in the world—the country dwellings of the English clergy. Those sweet spots, so exactly formed for the 'otium cum dignitate.' Those medium abodes, betwixt the rudeness and vexations of poverty, and the cumbrous state of aristocratic opulence. Those lovely and picturesque houses, built of all orders and all fashions, yet preserving the one definite, uniform character of the comfortable, the pretensionless, and the accordant with the scenery in which they are placed; houses, some of old framed timber, up which the pear and the apricot, the pyracantha and the vine clamber; or of old, gray, substantial stone; or of more modern and elegant villa architecture, with their roofs which, whether of thatch or slate, or native gray stone, are seen thickly screened from the north, and softened and surmounted to the delighted eye with noble trees: with their broad bay windows, which bring all the sunny glow of the south, at will, into the house; and around which the rose and jasmine breathe their delicious odours. Those sweet abodes, surrounded by their bowery, shady, aromatic shrubberies, and pleasant old-fashioned glebe-crofts—homes in which, under the influence of a wise, good heart, and a good system, domestic happiness may be enjoyed to its highest conception, and whence piety, and cultivation, and health, and comfort, and a thousand blessings to the poor, may spread through the surrounding neighbourhood. Such are the abodes brought before your minds by the sight of the country clergy; such are thousands of their dwellings, scattered through this great and benificent country—in its villages and hidden nooks of scattered population—amid its wild mountains, and along its wilder coasts; endowed by the laws with earthly plenty, and invested by the bright heaven, and its attendant seasons, with the freshest sunshine, the sweetest dews, the most grateful solitude and balmy seclusion."

"But the merry bells call us onward: and lo! the mingled crowds are passing under that ancient and time-worn porch. We enter,—and how beautiful and impressive is the scene! The whole of that mighty and venerable fabric is filled, from side to side with a mixed, yet splendid congregation,—for the rich and the poor, the superb and the simple, there blend into one human mass, whose varieties are but as the contrast of colours in a fine painting,—the spirit of the *tout ensemble* is the nobility of beauty. The

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whole of that gorgeous assembly, on which the eye rests in palpable perception of the wealth, refinement, and the elevation of the social life of our country, is hushed in profound attention to the reading of the services of the day by one of the clergymen. They are past;—the bishop, followed by his clergy, advances to the altar. The solemn organ bursts forth with its thunder of harmonious sound, that rolls through the arched roof above, and covers every living soul with its billows of tumultuous music, and with its appropriate depth of inexpressible feeling, touches the secret springs of wonder and mysterious gladness in the spirit; and amid its imperial tones the tread of many youthful feet is heard in the aisle. You turn, and behold a scene that brings the tears into your eyes, and the throb of sacred sympathy into your heart. Are they creatures of earth or of heaven? Are they the everyday forms which fill our houses, and pass us in the streets, and till the solitary fields of earth, and perform the homely duties of the labourer's cottage—those fair, youthful beings, that bend down their bare and beautiful heads beneath the hands of that solemn and dignified old man? Yes, through the drops that dim our eyes, and the surprise that dazzles them, we discern the children of the rich and the poor kneeling down together, to take upon themselves the eternal weight of their own souls. There side by side, the sons and daughters of the hall, and the sons and daughters of the hut of poverty, are kneeling in the presence of God and man—acknowledging but one nature, one hope, one heaven: and our hearts swell with a triumphant feeling of this homage wrung from the pride of wealth, the arrogance of birth, and the soaring disdain of refined intellect, by the victorious might of Christianity. Yet, even in the midst of this feeling, what a contrast is there in these children! The sons and daughters of the fortunate, with their cultured forms and cultured features—the girls just budding into the beauty of early womanhood, in their white garbs, and with their hair so simply, yet so gracefully disposed,—the boys, with their open, rosy, yet declined countenances, and their full locks, clustering in vigorous comeliness;—they look, under the influence of the same feelings, like the children of some more ethereal planet: while the offspring of the poor, with their robust figures and homely dresses; with their hair, which has had no such sedulous hands, full of love and leisure, to mould it into shining softness—nay, that has, in many instances, had no tending but that of the frosts and winds, and the midsummer scorching of their daily, out-of-door lives; and with countenances in which the predominant expressions are awe, and simple credence; these touch us with equal sympathy for the hardships and disadvantages of their lot.

"Successively over my bowed head those sacred hands are extended, which are to communicate a subtle but divine influence; and how solemn is the effect of that one grave and deliberate yet earnest voice, which, in the absence of the organ-tones, in the hushed and heart-generated stillness of the place, is alone heard pronouncing the words of awful import to every youthful recipient of the rite. 'Tis done,—again the tide of music rolls over us, fraught with tenfold kindling of that spirit which has seized upon us; and amid its celestial emblings, that band of youthful ones has withdrawn, and another has taken its place. Thus it goes on till the whole have been confirmed in the faith in which their sponsers vowed to nurture them, and which they have now vowed to maintain for ever. The bishop delivers his parting exhortation, and solemly charges them to return home in a manner becoming the sacredness of the occasion and of their present act. Filled with the glow of purest feelings, breathing the very warmest atmosphere of poetry and religious exhortation, we rise up with our neighbours, and depart."

This is very admirable—a little too elaborated perhaps, but still beautiful.

NAPOLEON BREATHING!

An ingenious Frenchman has invented a substance which closely resembles the human flesh in its colour, solidity, and elasticity; and, in order to exhibit the effects of his discovery, he has modelled a figure of Napoleon, whom he represents reclining on a couch asleep, and breathing. The hands are the best imitated. The fingers are flexible, the nails extremely natural; and, except that the hard substance of the bones is not so evident to the touch as to the sight, the imitation is almost perfect. The legs and feet, with the toes, may be felt through the silk stockings that cover them. The face is not much better than a painted wax model, except that the colour of the flesh is more like life; and that it yields to the touch, and is elastic. The closed eyes are too sunken and death-like; and the eyelashes are not so natural as we have seen them. The imitation of the motion of respiration is merely mechanical, and has been accomplished before in automata. It, however, assists the illusion greatly.

The object of this curious invention is principally that of furnishing models of the human figure, or any of its parts, in a healthy or morbid condition, to resemble the life as closely as possible. In this respect it is valuable to the medical profession, and for public museums for preserving fac similes of malformations, or monstrous beings. Greater hardness in the bony substance is desirable. An additional shilling procures a closer examination of the body, which we recommend to our medical readers.

The *Times* suggests that it would be useful in improving the lay-figures of artists. To this we object, that so near an approach to the life, in the colour of the flesh and the form of the features and extremities of the lay-figure, would induce artists to paint still less from the life, and more from the lay-figure, than they do at present.

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From the Metropolitan Magazine.

STORY OF AN HEIRESS.

I would I were absolute queen of Britain for the space of one calendar month, (no treason to their gracious majesties, whose loyal subject I am.) The sole and single act of my, or, to speak legally, our queenship, should be to abolish, disperse, and utterly annihilate all fashionable boarding schools—to send the French governesses home to their millinery—the English ones to asylums to be supported by the voluntary contributions of all British subjects, who desire wives with heads and hearts—the pupils home to their respective mammas. But what mammas? Fashionable fine-lady mammas. Heigho! our right royal scheme is impracticable. Even an absolute queen is like the "cat i' the adage," and must be fain to let "I *cannot*, wait upon I *would*."

But wherefore and whence my antipathy to these *soi-disant* mental miseries of Britain's wives and mothers? Because I was trained in their ways, and governed by their laws, until my eighteenth year; and because they sent me forth frivolous and thoughtless, unskilled to find the path to happiness, although I had from nature, beauty, some talent, and quick strong feelings—from fortune, rank, riches, and fashion—doubtful gifts, which embitter woe as often as they heighten bliss.

The events which rendered me an heiress were fraught with shame and sorrow. When I was but a helpless, wailing baby, my mother fled her home and child, and was divorced. My only brother, then a wild but high-spirited youth, shocked at his mother's disgrace, and disgusted with the unhappiness of home, absconded, and put to sea in a merchant vessel trading to the Mediterranean. The vessel perished, and the crew was never more heard of. My father, whose sole heiress I now was, loved me little, and placed me, when only five years old, at a boarding-school of the highest fashion. Soon after, dying, he directed that I should remain at school until the completion of my eighteenth year, at which early age I was to be emancipated from the control of guardians and teachers, and to enter on the unrestrained possession of my princely inheritance. Here was a perilous destiny! It might have been a high and happy one, had I received that mental, moral, and religious culture, due to every rational being, but in especial to those, whose wealth and station confer on them extensive social influence. And in what pursuits were spent those precious years that should have moulded my character to stability and dignity? Exclusively in learning to sing, to dance, to play, to talk, and to dress fashionably—I, who was entrusted with the distribution of so large a portion of the nation's wealth, scarcely knew the names or natures of patriotism, of beneficence, of social duty, or moral responsibility—I, who had nothing to do with life but to enjoy it, was unconsciously an exile from the land of thought, a stranger to the hallowing influence of study: my pleasures were "all of this noisy world," all drawn from external things. I had no inly springing source of joy—no treasures stored to solace the hidden life. Oh! happy are the children whose infancy reposes on a mother's bosom, whose childhood laughs around her knees, and gazes upward into her loving eyes! Home is the garden where the young affections are reared and fostered, till they rise gradually and grandly into the stateliest passions of the human soul; but I was even an alien from the domestic hearth; the flow of gentle feeling in me lay motionless and chill, "still as a frozen torrent," yet destined to leap to rushing and impetuous life under the first dissolving rays of passion. But these are the reflections of an altered character and a maturer age; not such were the feelings with which the young and high-born Augusta Howard entered on the career of fashionable life.

I was now eighteen, and I resolved to avail myself abundantly of my legal liberty. I took a splendid residence in town, purchased the companionship of a tonnish widow, and delightedly resigned myself to the intoxication of the triumphs that awaited my entrance on the gay world. I trod the spacious apartments of my mansion with a transported and exultant sense of freedom and independence. I danced along, the mistress of its brilliant revels; song, and light, and odour, floated around my steps, and my free heart bounded gaily to the beat of mirthful music.—Life seemed a feast—a gorgeous banquet—I, an exempted creature, whom no sorrow nor vicissitude could reach. The young and brave, the affluent and noble, strove for my favour as for honour and happiness; every eye offered homage, every lip was eager to utter praise. Ah! it is something to walk the earth arrayed in beauty, clad in raiment of nature's own glorious form and dye. And what though it be not fadeless? What though the disrobing hand of death must cast it off to "darkness and the worm?" is it not something to have been a portion of the "spirit of delight," a dispenser of so many of the "stray joys" that lie scattered about the highways of the world? Surely loveliness is something more than a mere toy, when but to look on it ennobles the gazer, and raises him nearer to truth and heaven. For me, although in the first giddy years of youth, I knew not how to prize aright any gift of nature: I yet felt that the joy of being beautiful springs from a warmer and purer source than vanity. Still I prized too highly the potency of personal attractions, when I believed them absolute over the affections. I lived to learn that there are hearts which it cannot purchase.

Meantime, the gloss of novelty grew dim; my keen zest for pleasure began to pall, and the monotony of dissipation grew distasteful to me.—The flowery opening of the world's path had been bright and gay; but it was now no longer new, and I began to inquire whither it would lead. I was hourly assailed by the importunities of my

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noble suitors; but I was in no haste to abridge the triumphal reign of vanity. I was a stranger to the only sentiment that could render marriage attractive to one situated as I was, and I consequently regarded it as an event that would diminish my power and independence. I had, too, considerable acuteness; and I believed that many of my most ardent admirers would have been less impassioned, had my dowry been less munificent. In this class I was secretly disposed to rank Lord E——, the handsomest and most assiduous of the competitors for my heart, hand, and estates. I was quite indifferent to him; and his pleadings gratified no better feeling than vanity. But my coldness seemed only to heighten his ardour, and he had the art of making the world believe that he ranked high in my regard. By his pertinacity, and the tyranny of etiquette, I found myself his almost constant partner in the dance, and he neglected no opportunity of exhibiting the deportment of a favoured lover. Reports were constantly circulated of our engagement and approaching union, yet I did not dismiss him from my train: I contented myself with denying any positive encouragement to his pretensions, because, though I did not love him, his society pleased me as well as that of any one else; and I sometimes thought that, should I marry, he deserved reward as much as another. True, there were some young and generous hearts among my suitors—some who might perhaps have loved me disinterestedly, who were captivated by the charms of my gaiety, youth, and fresh enjoyment of life; but love cannot always excite love even in an unoccupied heart, and mine was alike indifferent to all—so that I was in danger of forming the most important decision of my life from motives that ought not to influence the choice of a companion for an hour. But fate, or rather providence, had reserved a painful chastening for my perverted nature. Freed as I was from the ties of kindred or affection, I had no friends through whom death might afflict me, and pecuniary distress could not touch one so high in fortune's favour. There was but one entrance through which moral suffering could pass into my soul, and that entrance it soon found. Nothing seemed so unlikely as that I should ever nourish an unhappy affection, or know the misery of "loving, unloved again;" yet even such was the severe discipline destined to exalt and purify my character.

I was in the habit of attending the parish church of the fashionable neighbourhood in which I resided. I went partly from an idea that it was decorous to do so, but chiefly from custom, and the same craving after crowded assemblies, which would have sent me to an auction or a rout.—Neither to service or sermon did I ever lend the smallest attention. It was not that I was an unbeliever. No, I neither believed nor doubted, for I never reflected on the matter at all. This infidelity of levity is a thousand fold more demoralizing than the infidelity of misdirected study.—Wherever thought is, there is also some goodness, some hope of access for truth; but folly, the cold, the impassive, is well nigh irreclaimable. Our courtly preachers were cautious not to disturb the slumbering consciences of their hearers, and the spirit of decorum, rather than that of piety, seemed to actuate them in the discharge of their functions. But a new preacher was sent to us. He was, indeed, a fervent and a true apostle. When he first entered the pulpit, directly opposite to which my pew was situated, I scarcely looked at him, but my ear was soon caught by the solemn harmony of his voice and diction, and I turned towards him my undivided attention. Ah, genius! then first I knew thee—knew thee in thy brightest form, labouring in thy holiest ministry, robed in beauty, and serving truth! It seemed as though my soul had started from a deep, dead slumber, and was listening entranced to the language of its native heaven. I experienced what the eastern monarch vainly sought—a new pleasure: for the first time, I trembled and glowed under the magic sway of a great mind—for the first time, heard lofty thought flowing in music from the lips of him who had embodied and conceived it. Never shall I forget that high and holy strain. It was a noble thing to see that youthful being stand before the mighty of the land, their monitor and moral guide—they, old in years and high in station, the rulers and lawgivers of a great nation—he, devoid of worldly honours and unendowed, save by the energy of his virtuous soul and God-given genius. What moral power was his—what a blessed sphere of usefulness! It was his to wile the wanderer back to virtue by the charms of his eloquent devoutness—to startle the thoughtless by the terrors and the glories of the life to come—to disturb with the awful forethought of death the souls of men who were at peace in their possessions, and lift to immortality the low desires of those who had their hearts and treasures here. Nerved by a sublime sense of the sacredness of his mission, he did not spare to smite at sin, lest it should be found sitting in the high places; but his divinely gentle nature taught him that we "have all of us one human heart," and that the unerring way to it lies through the generous and tender feelings. Charity and entire affection for the whole human family, were the very essence of his moral being, and the saintly fervour of his philanthropy shed a corresponding, though far fainter glow into the bosoms of his hearers. It is not too much to say, that none ever listened to him without becoming, for the time at least, a nobler and more rational creature. And to exert weekly so sacred and benign a power as this, was it not to be a good and faithful servant of humanity? For me, virtue and intellect were at once unveiled before me, and they did not pass unhomaged. I imbibed delightedly the grand and exalting sentiments of Christian morality: I had not, indeed, become at once religious, but, thanks to the "natural blessedness" and innocence of morning life, I wished to become so, and this is much, for it is "the desire of wisdom that bringeth to the everlasting kingdom."

I left church, my imagination full of the young

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divine. I longed much to meet him in society, and find whether his manners and conversation would dissolve the spell which his genius had cast upon me. My wish was soon gratified, for his society was much courted; and never, among the pretenders to exclusive grace and fashion, did I meet a person of such captivating demeanor and endearing modesty, of mental superiority so charmingly veiled, as Stephen Trevor. Not long after our first acquaintance, I expressed my hearty admiration of him with the frankness natural to my disposition. I could perceive that my doing so arrayed against him the envious jealousy of my admirers, and in especial of Lord E——. They needed not to fear, so long as I could speak of him so unreservedly. The dignity of Trevor's character inspired me with such profound awe, that I could never summon courage to offer him a single compliment; but my bearing towards him was more courteous and respectful than it had ever been to any other man of his years.—He, however, had little in common with the circle of which I formed a part; he was sometimes among, but never of us; his selected friends and companions were of a different stamp, and my acquaintance with him was consequently limited to brief and occasional interchanges of conventional courtesy. He knew little of me, but I had perused and re-perused his lovely character, and learned from the perusal how to solve the sage's debated question of "What is virtue?" The Sabbath was now my day of rest, and peace, and joy. I looked forward to it with the rapture of a child who anticipates a holiday. But it was not the Creator whom I thus joyed to worship; it was before his glorious creature that I bent in almost prostrate idolatry. Yes, the flattered, adored, and haughty heiress—she who had trifled with human hearts as with the baubles of an hour, was now pouring out her first affections an unregarded tribute—was won by him who alone had never wooed her favour—to whom her boasted beauty and her boundless wealth were valueless as dust and ashes, and in whose regard the lowliest and homeliest christian maiden was of more esteem than she. Yes, imagination, passion, sensibility, long dormant, now awoke—to what a world of suffering! But if suffering, it was also life—life, whose sharpest pangs were worthy and ennobling. Why should I blush to own, and shrink from describing, the heavenliest feeling of my nature? Why not glory that my spirit turned coldly away from the frivolous and base, and bowed in reverent homage at the shrine of worth, and wisdom, and holiness, and genius? Yes, it was through my admiration of these great qualities, that love won its unimpeded way into the far recesses of my soul. Blessed be nature, that gave me strong sympathies, able to struggle up through the trammels of a false and feeble education! Blessed be love—aye, even its very horns—for by it I was first led into the sweet and quiet world of literature, and felt the infinitely growing joys of knowledge, and learned to gaze delightedly upon the changing and immortal face of nature.

At first I had not thought Trevor beautiful. This I remember distinctly, or I could not now believe it; for so soon as I had marked the mystic intelligence between the outward aspect and the inward heart, his face became to me even as the face of an angel. His soft dark hair flowed meekly away on either side a forehead where mental power and moral grandeur sat fitly throned; his eyes shone serenely lustrous with the soul's own holy light; and O the warm benevolence of his bright smile! While he preached, the light from a richly stained oriel window streamed upon his figure, at times shrouding him in such a haze of crimson or golden splendour, that he seemed a heaven-sent seraph circled by a visible glory. There was no sorrowful or paining thought blended with the glad beginnings of my love. Earth and sky seemed brighter than before, human faces wore happier smiles, and all living things were girdled by my widening tenderness. I sought out dear poesy, and learnt her sweet low hymns, and chaunted them softly to my own glad heart. I held high commune with the mighty of old, the men of renown, for what but genius can be the interpreter of passion? The world-weariness had passed away; I descried from afar the transient abode of happiness, and I resigned myself to the current of events, which I hoped would drift me towards it. I knew not of the gulf that yawned between. There was not, perhaps, one of my acquaintance who would not have regarded as a debasement my alliance with a poor curate, such as Trevor, and I was as yet so far tainted with their false notions, as to interpret his slowness in seeking my intimacy into the timidity of a humble adorer. Often, as I caught his eye fixed steadily upon me, I translated its pitying or reproving silentness into the language of admiration, to which I was so much better accustomed. I had not yet attained to true love's perfect humbleness. I knew not that Trevor's unworldliness would reckon a virtue of more account than an estate in a wife's dowry; or that he would never think of finding his life's friend in such a giddy fluttering child of folly as I appeared to be,—as, but for my love of him, I would have been. But I was soon to know the passion's "pain and power," the wasting restlessness of doubt and fear. I soon grew peevish and "impatient-hearted;" as I marked the many occasions of seeking my society, which he let pass unheeded, I grew weary, weary of crowded assemblies, where I in vain watched for his face, and listened for his voice. And when he did come, and when he greeted me with his placid and gracious smile, I felt the sick chill of hopelessness steal over me, as I contrasted his mild indifference with the passionate worship of my own "shut and silent heart." Sometimes I fancied that he was 'rapt too high in heavenly contemplation to dream of earthly love. His enthusiasm too, glowing as it was, was yet so holy, so calm! But is not enthusiasm ever calm, and always holy? And does not true insight into the life of things convince us that the loftiest

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and purest intellects are ever twin-born with the warmest hearts, that tenderness and genius are seldom or never divorced? When I witnessed Trevor's fervent piety, and heard his touching eloquence, I felt that they both sprang from the pure depths of an affectionate heart; I knew that he would love loftily, holily, and for ever; but I feared, alas, alas! that I could never be the blessed object of his love. I had found the only human being who could call forth the latent energies and affections of my soul, but his eye was averted, I had no space in his thought. I knew the firm and steady character, on which my weak and turbulent nature could have cast itself so fondly for support, but it had no sympathy with mine. I saw the heaven in which my heart would fain have "set up its everlasting rest," but it rejected me. Sometimes the thought would arise that, could he know of my devotional attachment, he would not fail to yield a rich return. But could the raising of an eye-lash have gained his love, at the risk of revealing my own, the revealment would not have been made. I would have rejected his regard if it sprang from such a source. This is not pride, nor prejudice, nor education; it is the very soul and centre of a woman's being. I was conscious that my face was but too apt to betray my thoughts, and I was terrified lest any one should detect my preference for Trevor. Lord E—— alone suspected it. His jealous eyes were for ever rivited upon my countenance, and he alone read aright my wandering, vacant eye and changing cheek. His shrewdness had long been aware of the impassioned temperament that lurked beneath my sportive manners, and he believed me very capable of lavishing my fortune and affections upon one of Nature's noblemen—a prodigality which he was determined, if possible, to prevent. He did not dare openly to slander the high character of Trevor, but he had recourse to the sneers and "petty brands which calumny do use," in hopes of depreciating him in my estimation. When he saw with what ineffable scorn I smiled upon such attempts, he artfully insinuated that my partiality was known, and believed to be gently discouraged by Trevor himself, but at the same time professed his own disbelief of any thing so preposterous, and, in every way, so derogatory to me. This was entirely false, and I thought it so, but the bare imagination of such an indignity caused me to treat Trevor with a haughty coldness well calculated to convict me of impertinent caprice. These, however, were only the feelings that predominated when I was in society; they partook of its pettiness and turbulence; but in solitude, and in the house of prayer, I felt my undeservings, and knew how immeasurably high Trevor ranked above me. One Sunday Trevor was absent from church, and his place was filled by a dull and drowsy preacher. My imagination framed a thousand reasons for so unusual an absence. He might be removed to another charge, gone without a word of parting or preparation, or he might be ill and dying. My worst conjecture had scarcely erred. Pestilence had caught him in his merciful visits to the dwellings of disease and want, and he lay in imminent danger of death. O what would I not then have given for a right to tend him! Never, in his proud and happy days, did I so passionately wish to be his sister, his betrothed, his wife, or any thing that could be virtuously his. Had I been empress of the world, I would have bartered my crown and sceptre, for the tearful and unquiet happiness of watching by his sick couch. I envied even the hireling nurses who should smooth his pillow, and read his asking eye, and guard his feverish slumber. Poet's have celebrated woman's heroism in braving plague or pestilence for those she loves, but it asks none; to do so is but to use a dear and enviable privilege; heroism and fortitude are for her who loves, yet dares not approach to share or lessen the danger of the loved. Accustomed as I was to conceal my feelings, it was yet a hard task to mask my anguish from eyes quickened by jealousy and suspicion. I dared not absent myself from the haunts of dissipation, lest it should be said, that I cared more for the danger of a good man than the heartless idlers whose ridicule I dreaded. I rose from a pillow deluged with salt tears, and bound my aching temples with red-rose wreaths. I danced, when I would fain have knelt to heaven in frantic supplication for that precious life. I laughed with my lips, when the natural language of my heart would have been moans, sorrowful and many. Every day I, like any other slight acquaintance, sent a servant to make complimentary inquiries concerning Trevor's health. One day, in answer to my message, my servant brought me intelligence that the crisis of the fever had arrived, and that his fate would that night be decided. It was added too that the physicians feared the worst. That evening I found it impossible to continue the struggle between the careless seeming and the breaking heart. I shut myself into my own apartment, and gave free course to sorrow. I fled to prayer, and, with incoherent and passionate beseechings, implored that the just man might live, even though I were never more to see him. I read over the church service; as I read, recalling every intonation of that venerated voice, now spent in the ravings of delirium, perhaps soon to be hushed in death! I searched out the text of Scripture on which he used to dwell, and, while I pondered on the awful event which the night might bring forth, a sudden impulse of superstition seized me. I resolved to seek from the sacred book an omen of the morrow's issue; and, opening it at hazard, determined to regard the first verse that should present itself as the oracle of destiny. The words that met my eyes were appallingly appropriate: "He pleased God and was beloved, and living among sinners he was translated. He was taken away lest wickedness should alter his understanding, or deceit beguile his soul. Being made perfect in a short space, he fulfilled a long time." These awful words smote me like the fiat of

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doom. A wild sad yearning to look even upon the walls that enclosed him siezed me; and, with some difficulty, eluding the observation of my domestics, I walked towards Trevor's house unattended and unsheltered, through darkness and driving rain. Streets, over which I had been often borne in triumph and joy, I now trod on foot, in tears, and alone, the pilgrim of grief and love. I reached Trevor's house, and stood on the threshold he had so often crossed on his angel errands of good-will to man, and which he might never more pass but as a journeyer to the grave. O for one last look of his living, breathing form! And there had been times and hours, now fled for ever, when I might have touched his hand, and met his eye, and won his kindly smile, and I had swept past him with haughty seeming and hypocritical coldness! True, my haughtiness and coldness were nothing to him, then, or now, but they were much to my remorseful memory. Convulsive throbbings shook my frame, and I had raised the knocker for the purpose of inquiring whether he still lived, when the everhaunting fear of detection restrained me. I passed to the other side, from which I could see the closely curtained windows of the patient's chamber, and could discern, by the faint light within, the gliding forms of his attendants. Long I paced the dark and silent street, gazing upon the walls that held all that I prized on earth —pouring out my heart like water unto one who, in leaving the world, would cast back no regretful thought on me—one, on whom the ponderous tomb might shortly close, and shut me out into the void and dreary world, with unregarded love, and my unpitied weeping.

But morning brought unhoped joy: Trevor lived, would live—my prayer had ascended!

After his recovery he visited all his acquaintance, and me among the rest. I now met him for the first time freed from the prying observation of others, and this, together with the joy of seeing him after so painful an absence, imparted a cordiality to my manner, which seemed to fill him with a pleased surprise. But much as I desired to please him, I found it impossible to make any effort towards doing so; my powers of conversation were utterly paralyzed; and, though he stayed a considerable time, I feared that he must think me a most vapid and unintelligent being. Hitherto I had not seen Trevor pay marked attention to any woman, but one evening he came to a concert, accompanied by a matron and a young lady, both strangers to me, the latter a fair and interesting, but not strikingly beautiful girl. Trevor and she seemed to be on intimate and even affectionate terms. I learned her name. It was not his. She was not his sister. I began to know the tortures of jealousy. Next evening I was at a ball. Trevor was not there. We were dancing the quadrille *La Pastorelle*, and I was standing alone, (at that part where the lady's own and opposite partners advance to meet her,) when I heard a lady near me say to another, "So, Mr. Trevor and Miss —— are to be married immediately." This knell of my happiness rung out amid the sounds of music and laughter. The dancers opposite, struck with the blenched and spectral hue of my complexion, cried out at once, "What is the matter? Miss Howard, you are ill;" but with a strong, proud effort, I replied, that I was perfectly well, danced through my part, and then stood beside Lord E——, who was as usual my partner. The ladies were still engaged in the same conversation, "He goes into Devonshire next week, for change of air after his long illness. He is to remain some time on a visit at her father's house. I understand it is a long engagement."

Lord E—— heard these words, and guessed at once the cause of my sudden pallor. I saw that he did, and resolved to defy his penetration. Never had I been so wildly gay, never excited so much admiration as on this miserable evening. The recklessness of despair bewildered me, and in a sort of mad conspiracy with fate against my own happiness, I gave my irrevocable promise to be the wife of Lord E——. A double bar was thus placed between me and the most perfect of God's creatures. He had selected one (doubtless worthy of him) with whom to tread virtue's "ways of pleasantness, and paths of peace," while I, linked in a dull bond with one whom I nor loved nor hated, must pursue the weary round of an existence without aim, or duty, or affection. I was but nineteen, and happiness was over—hope, the life of life, was dead; and the future, imagination's wide domain, nothing but one dim and desolate expanse.

Lord E—— made the most ostentatious preparations for our approaching union, which he took care should be publicly known, so that I was congratulated upon it by my acquaintance, and among the rest by Trevor himself. But the more I reflected, the more I loathed the thought of marrying Lord E——. He could not be blind to my reluctance; but his avarice and vanity were both interested in the fulfilment of my promise. To a man who had desired my love, my unwillingness to fulfil the contract would have been a sufficient cause for dissolving it; but Lord E——had wooed my wealth, and I had promised it to him—how then could I retract? Gladly, indeed, would I have given half my fortune in ransom of my rash pledge, but such a barter was impossible, and I saw no means of escaping the toils which my own folly had woven around me.

One day, while I was revolving these bitter thoughts, and awaiting the affliction of a visit from Lord E——, a letter, in a strange hand, was delivered to me. It ran thus:

"My dear Augusta,—Did you ever hear of a wild youth, your brother, who was supposed to have been lost at sea, when you were a baby? I am that brother; I fear I dare no longer say, that youth. I have passed through as many adventures as would rig out ten modern novels, but which would be out of place in this little brotherly

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epistle. At last, however, I was seized with a strange fit of home sickness, and coming to England to recover, I find my pretty little sister a wit, a beauty, and heiress of my heritage. I understand, and you are doubtless also aware, that my father never gave up all hope of my return, and that by his will I am entitled to all his property, except a paltry portion of ten thousand pounds for you. But I have seen you, my dear little girl, and like you vastly, so that you may be sure that I shall not limit your portion as my father did. I candidly confess that I doubt whether I may be able legally to prove my title, though my old nurse, who lives with you, and with whom I have had an interview, recognized me easily. I shall visit you, however, and I am sure when you compare me with my father's portrait, you will acknowledge me to be your loving brother. "HENRY HOWARD."

I was well aware of the clause in my father's will to which the writer alluded; but it had always seemed to me, and to my guardians, a mere dead letter. Some time before I might have grieved at the prospect of losing my wealth; now it filled me with joy, as affording a hope of relief from Lord E——. I flew to nurse, and found her ready to swear to the stranger's identity with the lost Henry Howard. I seized my pen joyfully, and addressed to him a few hasty lines.

"MY DEAR BROTHER—If you be indeed my brother—you shall only need to prove your title to my heart. My sense of justice, and not the mandate of the law, shall restore your inheritance to you. As my portion, I shall accept of nothing but that which is legally mine, until I know whether I shall require it, or whether I can love you well enough to be your debtor."

I had scarcely despatched this billet, when Lord E—— was announced. I received him with unwonted gaiety, for I was charmed to be the first from whom he should hear of my altered circumstances. I longed to take his sordid spirit by surprise, and break triumphantly and at once from his abhorred thraldom. He was delighted with my unusual affability, and was more than ever prodigal of his "Adorable Augustas," &c.—more than ever ardent in his vows of unchangeable love. I maliciously drew him on, asking with a soft Lydia-Languish air, whether he could still love me, should any mischance deprive me of my fortune? O what a question! He could imagine no happier lot than to live with me in a cottage upon dry bread, and love, sighs and roses. I professed my satisfaction, and, congratulating him on such a brilliant opportunity of proving his disinterestedness, related what had occurred. To me it was most amusing to witness, first, his incredulity, then his blank dismay, and lastly, his languid professions of constancy, ludicrously mingled with stammering complaints of his own embarrassed circumstances, which would prevent his obeying the dictates of affection by urging his immediate union. A short postponement would now be necessary, &c. &c. At last, raising his looks to mine, he met my mocking and derisive smile, and saw the joy that danced in my eyes. He thereupon thought proper to discover that I had never loved him, and found it convenient to be mighty indignant thereat. I nodded assent to his sapient conjecture, and, drawing my harp towards me, sang with mock pathos the first line of "For the lack of gold he's left me O!" Though a release from our engagement was now desirable to him, he was deeply mortified at the manner of it; and, making me a sulky bow, he departed, while I trilled forth in merrier measure,

O! ladies beware of a false young knight,
Who loves and who rides away.

So ended Lord E——'s everlasting constancy.

My brother's return, and Lord E——'s consequent desertion, were soon known to the world; and a dangerous illness with which I was at this time seized, was generally ascribed to these causes. But far other were my thoughts. I looked back with thankfulness on my deliverance from the danger of marrying a man so worthless as Lord E—— had proved: and, though the means of beneficence and enjoyment were diminished, I looked forward to a more happy and useful life than I had hitherto led. I had, too, proud resolves of vanquishing my predilection for Trevor; but a passion based upon virtue is so indestructible, and the youthful heart clings with such a fond tenacity even to its defeated hopes, that I could not forego the desire of earning at least his society and friendship. I could not conceal from myself that his passionless esteem would be dearer to me than the undivided homage of a hundred hearts. He had been in Devonshire during my illness, but returned before I had recovered. My supposed misfortunes were a sufficient passport to his kindness; and he who had been reserved and distant in the days of my prosperity, was all assiduity in the season of sickness and reverse of fortune. Every day during my convalescence he made me a long visit, and every day augmented my delight in his society and unrivalled conversation. His visits were those of a Christian pastor, and in that paternal character, he one day expressed his approbation of the cheerful fortitude with which I had sustained such trying misfortunes. I could not bear that he should think I ever loved Lord E——, (for I saw that it was to him he chiefly alluded,) and I impetuously protested that I had ever been indifferent to him, and considered my release a blessing. This avowal seemed to establish a more intimate friendship and confidence between us, in the course of which I learned that it was Trevor's brother, (a Devonshire country gentleman,) and not himself, who was engaged to Miss ——, the lady whom I had seen with him at the concert.

Trevor's visits, which had commenced in compassionate kindness towards me, were now continued for his own gratification; and before one brief and happy month had passed away, I had

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won the first love of his warm and holy heart, and knew myself his chozen one, his companion through time and through eternity. The long-sought was found—the long-loved was my lover! In describing the origin and progress of his regard, Trevor admitted that his former intentional avoidance of my society was the result of a prepossession which he feared to indulge, partly from a belief in the report of my engagement to Lord E——, but chiefly from an opinion that my education and habits must have rendered my character uncongenial to his. I too had my confidings to make; but though I shed blissful tears upon the bosom of my dear confessor, when owning my past errors and frivolity, I did not acknowledge that my affection had preceded his own, and I was many months his wedded wife before he learnt to guess how long and hopelessly he had been beloved.

How little do we know of each other's joys or sorrows! When, on the first Sunday after my recovery, I sat in my accustomed place in church, there was not perhaps one of my acquaintance who did not consider me an object of compassion. They did not know the bright reversal of my doom; they could not believe that I was the happiest creature who trod the earth, nor imagine the overswelling tenderness with which I listened to the eloquent preacher, and turned from him to look upon my wan and wasted hand, where sparkled the ring of our betrothment, as if to assure my throbbing heart that happiness so perfect was not a dream.

Since then years have passed, many and full of blessing. The inheritance whose timely loss gained me my precious Stephen, has reverted to our duteous children, who know how to use it better than did their mother in her days of thoughtlessness and pride. They exemplify the good parent's blessed power to make his children virtuous as himself; and when I see them, in turn, exerting a similar power, and remember that all that they or I possess of goodness, we owe to the influence of one true Christian, I am filled with a sublime sense of the value and exalted dignity of virtue.

My Stephen's hairs are white, but his heart has known no chill. He loves, fondly as ever, the faded face that now, as in its day of bloom, still turns to him for guidance or approval, and I—eternity could not wear out my love for him!

From the Monthly Magazine.

SOME GENTLEMAN'S AUTOBIOGRAPHY.

Sample the Third.

It is painful for me to apologise—and yet I feel that it is my duty to give some sort of an explanation for having left Mr. Gruel so long perched on the corner of a chair. The fact then is—and nobody can be more sorry for it than myself—that I am so completely the slave of circumstances, so much a martyr to passing events, as scarcely ever to be under my own command. The last sample of my chequered autobiography was broken off at an interesting point by a most astounding and sudden piece of intelligence, the consequences of which have scarcely left me my own master for a moment since, with the exception of the past fortnight or so. At that period I was lodging and boarding with a highly respectable lady, the widow of a stockbroker and bargemaster, in the most retired part of South Mims; where I had no more idea of being suddenly called upon to take an active part in the great drama of life again, than I have at this moment of being hurried from my desk by a troop of Alguazils (circumstances have posited me at Madrid, where we have had a great influx of strangers to witness the recent festivities) on a charge of Don Carlism, or any other equally absurd accusation—and yet before I shall have had time enough to dismiss Mr. Gruel (his Christain name was Erasmus) such a thing, preposterous as it appears, may actually occur; for, as I have frequently noticed, it ever has been, and I suppose ever will be my fate to be the victim of *ex parte* impressions—of statements made behind my back, by persons acquainted only with one side of the case. My name has often been mixed up with transactions at which any gentleman of nice feelings would shudder; but the extreme difficulty and personal inconvenience necessarily attendant on the business of extricating it from the *imbroglio* of warp and woof, have in most instances deterred me from the attempt, and I have said pettishly and indignantly—"World, do your worst!" In fact, I fully agree with that eminent French judge, who would never accept evidence of an attempt to evade the consequence of an accusation by flight as any proof of guilt: "for," said he, "so much do I know of human nature and human jurisprudence, that were I charged with having purloined the tallest steeple in Paris, the first thing I should do would be to get out of the way." I regret that the name of this admirable man has escaped my memory. I have some idea it was the President Harlay—but now for Gruel.

His humility was appalling—it struck me as resembling the horrid dead dull calm that precedes an earthquake. My feelings were not agreeable; and while he sipped the glass of wine, and nibbled the biscuit to which I helped him, I took a rapid mental survey of my position. The lovely Maria, my quondam *chère amie*, heaven knows how, became the husband of old Garnet the attorney: this gentleman had evidently died—*in fact*, though *not in law*, the blooming relict having taking out his annual certificate, and, keeping his connexion together, gone on practising by the instrumentality of the sleek managing clerk, Mr. Erasmus Gruel, as though nothing had happened. Doubts having at length arisen in the breast of some Vandal as to the fact of Garnet being alive, he had induced one of the judges peremptorily to call for the alleged attorney's production. In this dilemma my divine friend

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had met with me, and wishing to oblige her, I had put on flannel, suffered myself to be carried before the judge, personated Garnet, and obtained a legal recognition of my identity. Now all this was incorrect conduct—it would be difficult to justify it—but what could I do? Not being possessed of the means wherewith to achieve a dinner, I acquiesced. Honesty is all comparative, and he who holds his head highest, would stoop it lowest, if his stomach vociferated "Polony," and he had not three halfpence to buy one. I became *particeps criminis*—but not a puppet—why should she and sleek Gruel enjoy twenty shillings in the pound as regarded the pious fraud, in which I, who had played first fiddle, was to be fobbed off, with a composition sufficient to enable me to emigrate?—for that, it will be remembered, was the outside of her offer—a few hundreds! Pooh! my common sense revolted at the suggestion, for I was no angel. It was quite reasonable that I should consent to no such arrangement. I was her legally acknowledged husband—and I had no desire to have a more exquisite wife—for to confess the truth of Maria, though I now hate her, she was the most highly finished little woman that ever nature, within my experience, put out of hand—faultless and fascinating—without a blemish or a point that the most refined voluptuary would wish to have altered—Grecian and classical, yet piquante as a soubrette—buoyant and lively as a milkmaid, yet possessing that *air prononcé* which is so enthralling in fine women of quality. I had admired her as a girl—I was infatuated with her as a woman—besides her horse Beelzebub, and the cab, were capital, and the business yielded large profits. Maria, it will not be forgotten, perhaps, after having attempted to stab me, when I asserted the privileges of my position, had been taken to bed, where she still remained. She had, however, admitted Gruel to a consultation in my absence. My fortifications seemed impregnable—but somehow or other I was in fear of my sleek friend. He sate silently munching his biscuit and sipping his wine on the corner of the chair, without speaking a word. I would have given half my little finger to have seen the fellow's eyes—I determined to do so at no expense.

Assuming a gay and careless air, I exclaimed, while crushing a walnut, "You'll think it odd, perhaps, Mr. Gruel, but strange as it may seem, I never could see through any man's spectacles. Allow me to try yours." So saying I snatched them off with irresistible familiarity—but, what a fearful secret did this act of mine reveal. The timid, humble, irresolute Gruel became at once a different being. His face was destitute of expression, except in the eyes; but these were terrific! The revelation of them made him a new man. They had a panther-like glare. Not an atom of white was perceptible—the brown glittering orb occupied the entire space. Gruel did well to wear blue spectacles—the sleek rascal's eyes, if exposed, would have been beacons instructing man to avoid him. There was I cheek-by-jowel with him, wondering what the awful scoundrel could have to say.

I returned him the blue spectacles, for I was rather anxious that he should cover up his eyes. He slily croaked, "won't you honour the glasses with a trial sir?" I had actually forgotten to do so—never in my life had my presence of mind so completely deserted me. I put the spectacles on, and looked at him. Whether the blue pebbles, by distorting, libelled him, I know not; but certain it is, that his face seemed to be convulsed with laughter. I listened, but could not even catch the sound of a cackle. Rapidly dashing the glasses from their position, under the idea that I should detect him in the full fury of his silent sardonic demoniac chuckle, I brought my eye with the velocity of lightning to bear upon his features. They were motionless as marble.

"You doubtless have something to communicate, Mr. Gruel," said I, after a short pause.

"Nothing of importance, perhaps," said he: "still it's unpleasant."

"What is unpleasant, Mr. Gruel?"

"Why, sir, to have people insinuate that we are connected with swindlers and deserters."

"Swindlers and deserters, Mr. Gruel! what can you possibly mean?"

"First came two persons, stating that a notorious gentleman had been traced in a cab to this very door to-day."

"What did they look like?"

"The youngest of them was about forty; he stood as near as may be five feet nine—his complexion was light—his eyes blueish—his hair reddish—his expression good-humoured—his trowsers black—his coat brown—his right boot scotched in the form of a star, apparently to ease a corn."

I must do Gruel the justice of saying, that a more graphic description of Ruthven, the Bow-street officer, no human being could give.

"The other, sir," continued Gruel, "was shorter, thicker, more squabby, older, rather serious, in knee-breeches, brown worsted stockings, blue coat with metal buttons, and woollen waistcoat of a large but sober pattern: his hair stiff and gristly—his language sententious—his air dogmatically dignified—but far from offensive—a very nice sort of business-like burly old gentleman. I think he must have been a respectable Jew."

This was evidently Salmon, Ruthven's senior at the head police-office, but I said nothing, and Gruel went on. "While they were talking to me, in came a serjeant of the 55th, with a cock and a bull story about some deserter from his regiment, who squinted with his left eye—(I was weak enough to blush at this—possessing as I did the peculiarity—one, however, of very frequent occurrence, mentioned by the serjeant of the 55th)—of course," continued Gruel, "I threw back the imputations with indignant vehemence—but the rascals wont be satisfied, and I find from the potboy over the way, that all three of them are watching our door, behind that red curtain there," and he pointed as he spoke at the

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parlour window of the Bunch of Grapes. "All this, of course, is very unpleasant."

"Very—how would you act?"

"With all possible deference, sir, I should slip out of the back door, bolt through the mews, and be off."

"Me! I! What do you mean?"

"It is evident, *Mr. Garnet*," and he gave out the appellation with significant emphasis, "it is quite evident that you possess a fac simile resemblance to some scoundrel. The consequences may be awful. I therefore take leave to suggest that you should retire until the storm blows over. Good heavens, sir! if you should be incarcerated even by a misapprehension as to indentity—how lamentable—how destructive would be the consequences!"

"What money have you about you, Mr. Gruel?"

"About half-a-crown—but there is ten and sixpence in my desk—shall I fetch it?"

"Do."

"But in that coat—may I submit to you the propriety of an exchange?" Without saying another word we mutually stripped, and in a few moments I was attired in his old, napless, moth-eaten, rhubarb-coloured office surtout. He went below to get me the ten and sixpence; and during his absence I glode into the bed-room for the purpose of taking my leave of the lovely Maria. She was fast asleep. I had not the heart to awake her. Kissing her beautiful brow, I took her jewelled hand—that is *usually* jewelled, but it so occurred that she had taken off every ring. I found out the other where it was nestling in her bosom—blue circles, three or four deep, were worn into the surface of her lily skin on the lower joint of every finger, but not a ring was present except that which had made her Garnet's bride. I tried to draw it off, to cherish as a keepsake, but it was imbedded in the beautiful flesh. Her jewel-case was nowhere to be seen—in her reticule there was a Scotch cambric handkerchief, an old empty purse, and two peppermint lozenges. The drawers were all locked, and for the soul of me I could not find the keys. A suspicious half crown lay on the mantle-shelf—this, in despair of finding any other memento, I thrust into my pocket.

"We shall meet again, Mr. Gruel," said I, as he put the change into my hand; "Maria has acted most ungenerously to put you in possession of odd circumstances which could have come to her knowledge only in perfect confidence. You have done this very well, I confess; the manœuvre leaves me no time to think—but we shall meet again, Mr. Gruel. I am not wholly——,

"Hush! was that a knock?"

He moved towards the front door; and thinking it useless to waste more words with him, I stepped out at once—decidedly a most injured man! Maria had ill-used me, and I do think I should have exposed the whole fraud, had it been practicable. But such aspersions had, from time to time, been cast upon my character, that I actually could not venture to come forward, even when clothed with the best intention in the world—that of furthering the ends of justice, without exposing myself in all sorts of ways. It occurred to me, too, that Maria, having got rid of me—for that, in plain English, was without a doubt the objective point of Gruel's cold-blooded strategy—she would, on my writing to her from an outport, declaring my intentions of embarking for the new world, generously forward me a few of the hundreds I had declined. This idea would have consoled and borne me up under the infliction, but for one bugbear; this was Gruel's rhubarb-coloured coat. I detested,—I loathed,—I abhorred it. Placed in juxtaposition with my vest, pantaloons, and cravat, it rendered me ridiculous—suspicious; indeed two or three fellows looked after me with a degree of insolence which I felt was venial, on account of the figure I cut. I was not quite satisfied that Gruel would not set my enemies on the track I had taken; for it was impossible to judge how far so accomplished a rascal meant to go. I therefore determined, as I was already on Holborn-bridge, to turn to the right, and shelter myself in the Fleet prison. Getting in front of three gentlemen who walked arm in arm, I shot into the gateway under their cover, and as a visiter, of course obtained immediate admittance. That part of the ground immediately adjacent to the butcher's stall was occupied by a dense crowd, into the very centre of which I naturally plunged. Round a table covered with sheets of foolscap, pots, pipes, &c. sat eight or ten pimple-faced people, glaringly the half-and-half attornies of the place. A contested election was going on for the post of racket-master, and our friends in pimples were the poll-clerks. There were three candidates—a broken major-general; a greasy, flashy, cigar-smoking, handsome young doctor of divinity; and a little Jew who kept one of the whistling shops. The affair amused me. Squibs occasionally appeared, which produced much laughter; but being ignorant of prison politics, I could rarely appreciate their point. As the voters appeared, they were received with cheers from the party they supported, and groans, hisses, and personal abuse from the friends of the other candidates. It is worthy of remark, that nine-tenths of the constituency were in slippers, dressing-gowns, and military caps. These constitute the prison costome, and distinguish in most, though certainly not in all cases, the inmate from the visiter. As the period appointed for closing the poll approached, the exertions of the candidates were redoubled; it seemed to be a neck-and-neck struggle, and the casting vote was at length given in favour of the Jew, an instant before the clock struck, by a patriarchal old Israelite, borne in his bed-clothes to the table, when almost at his last gasp. The old fellow feebly joined in the shout for Issachar's triumph, and was carried off fainting, doubtless to perform the last act of human existence. Issachar mounted the table, and made a most grateful, pledging, and protesting speech. He specially animadverted on the errors of those who had preceded him in office; undertook to remedy all abuses—to keep

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a sharp eye on the coats of such gentlemen as thought proper to play in their shirt-sleeves—to be always at his post with an ample supply of balls—and, above all things, to keep the walls and ground correctly chalked. Nine cheers were then given for little Issachar, and his constituents departed to their respective cells.

It now occurred to me that I might as well withdraw. Outside the gate stood a horse and gig, under the care of a nice, innocent, prepossessing little boy in rags. Taking half a crown from my waistcoat pocket, I told him to run across the market and get it changed, promising to mind the horse and gig for a moment, and to give him a penny for his trouble. Before he came back, I tried on a bottle green surtout, with a velvet collar, that lay in the gig. It precisely fitted me, and completely concealed the horrid rhubarb-coloured garment of my friend Gruel. At the outskirts of town, I felt reluctantly compelled to raise money upon it, for, without adopting this measure, I had not wherewith to carry me to an outport. On looking over my funds, I found that I had accidentally given the little boy that suspicious-looking half-crown which I took as a keepsake from Maria's mantel-piece. This, of course, gave me a pang; for notwithstanding her coalition against me with that human panther, my sleek friend, Mr. Gruel, I still had an affection for the woman, and hoped, that on receiving advice from an outport, she would fully redeem her character by a liberal remittance.

I mounted the first west country mail that passed—having taken tea at Knightsbridge—and had the luck to obtain a box seat. It was far from cold, but the coachman offered me one of his spare great coats with an air of such peculiar civility, that it would have been ungracious to decline. He was rather a superior young man for the situation he occupied, and I could not help expressing my conviction that he had moved in a better sphere. He admitted that he had, and beguiled the time by telling me his story. He was the eldest son of a most worthy and opulent citizen. "I'm not what I ought to be exactly, sir," said he, "or I shouldn't be here holding hard upon three half runaways, and double thonging a blind gib—look how she hugs her partner, and presently she'll yaw out to the off hedge, or maybe squat of a sudden fit to snap the pole. My father, sir, was the best of fathers to me—never pulls an ounce except going down hill, and then she'll push up to the cold collar as if she loved it, spite of all that mortal man can do, for she's no more mouth than a milestone. He brought me up—that is, he would, if I hadn't been a bad 'un—brought me up like a gentleman; but you see, sir, I was just like this here mare—no beating any thing into me, not because I couldn't, but because I wouldn't. Father had an old fool of a coachman, and 'twas he who spoiled me, by letting me ride the blind horse to water. Never could overcome my propensity to cat's meat since; and here you see I am behind three runaways and a gib—my neck not worth half an hour's purchase. Don't be alarmed, there's a child inside, and we're all in one boat, you know. For my part, I'm never afraid except when riding rains with Black Harry the guard, a man who's no protection against the judgment of providence for man or beast. Very well, you know, after I'd been off and on four or five years in the counting-house, playing old Harry most part of the time, one morning I didn't get home until past three, for I'd been at a trotting match, and stopped boozing on the road back at Hampton. The old man, with the best intentions, was sharpish and severe, so he told the maids to lock up and go to bed. That, you know, didn't beat me; for Susan, in such cases, always left the back area window-shutters unbarred; so, popping over the rails, and lifting the sash, in I got, without making noise enough to wake a mouse. When I reached the top of the kitchen stairs, the parlour door stood ajar, and inside there was a light! A light in the parlour at that hour—past three! Never was such a thing known! At first I thought I should have dropped, but fancying, maybe, that after all it was nothing but thieves, on I went—gently—gently till I came to the door. There I heard whispering; so getting in as softly as I could, what should I see at t'other end of the room, but father!—*my* father, down on his knees, with his hands clasped on an open bible that lay on a chair before him. I stole up unobserved, and, with tears in my eyes—believe it or not, just as you like—placed myself in a devout attitude close beside him, only a little behind, so that he couldn't see me. He was praying—I heard him—praying to God for me, his undutiful son! My heart seemed to bolt bang up into my mouth. 'Father,' says I,' 'don't:—don't—it's crucifying! Martin couldn't bear this; it's all up now—no more staying out till three o'clock. I can't—I won't—I shan't dare to look you in the face again, till I get rid of all these bad ways. You've been a good father to me—God bless you! Threats and sermons are all very well; but when you come to this, you know its too much—can't stand it—can't indeed.'"

"And what said the good old gentleman?"

"Don't know; for there I left him staring with amazement. I was out of the back area window, I reckon, before he came round; and from that day to this, I've never darkened his door, nor shall I yet a bit—I an't fit. Harry blew the horn, or tip us a chant, can't you?"

"Oh! yes, in course, Master Ralph; you stands a drop o' nothing so often: I an't a going to blow all the breath out of my body 'cos there's no obstruction."

"Very well, then, here goes at your favourite song."

"Ah! you'd spoil it if you could, but it's a mercy that you can't; you only knows a touch o' the vorst part of the tune, and here and there a vord. You seems to think voice is every thing, but it won't do—more nor that, the thing's a getting so werry wulgar, that them 'ere cads vot washes this here wehicle at Dewizes, warbles it vile downs-

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ing their wittles. A'ter that, in course, I couldn't condescend not to sing it afore a gemman, as seems to be one, sich as you've got on the box, on no account agin, barring and except, mind me—"

The coachman here interrupted Black Harry with an oath, and taking the long-extinguished cigar, which he fancied he had been smoking, from his mouth, he ran up and down the extent of his gamut, and began to sing with considerable musical taste the following trash:—

"Oh! the days are gone when squinting Chard
The Bath mail drove,
And played his pranks while holding hard
Down Break Neck Grove."

"Wrong in all the lines and dead beat in the tune," quoth Black Harry.

"No such thing," said the coachman: "my guard, sir, is of an envious disposition," he added, addressing me. "Squint-eyed Chard, as the song says, loved a practical joke; so one day he called a young countryman from the foot of the hill, to hitch up the skid with which he had locked one of his hind wheels. The friction, of course, had made it as hot as if it had just come out of a smith's forge, and the good-natured boy, before he could drop it, burnt his thumb. This made the passengers laugh, and so served Squint-eyed Chard's purpose. But how did it end?—come, Harry, strike up."

"Shan't!—won't put my feet into dead men's shoes for nobody—finish your mess, if you can, as you've begun it."

"I can but fail," said Ralph, "so here goes with a good heart—

"Oh! the yokel boy was soon forgot
Who'd made such fun,
And the day arrived, when on that spot
'Cute Chard was done.
Across the grove
A bumpkin strove
The mail to intercept—

"This was in the middle of the hill, and Chard thinking that the boy had a short parcel, which might be kept out of the way-bill and put a shilling or so into his pocket, with great difficulty stopped the coach. The lad slackened in his pace, being apparently worn out with a long run. Chard impatiently urged him on by loud imprecations, and began most bitterly to regret that he had pulled up, for the weight of his coach was pressing heavily on the withers of his wheelers, and the leaders were almost unmanageably fidgetty. At length the boy, nearly exhausted, and after a long delay, reached the hedge that separated the hill-grove from the road, and says he, keeping well out o' the reach of Chard's flogger, says he,—

"'Twas once your turn
My thumb to burn,
By gosh! it made me feel—
So now I wants my knife to grind
On your hind wheel."

Into all this tom-foolery I gladly entered with the morbid zest of a man in bitter trouble. I never was less merry at heart, and yet I laughed prodigiously. An old woman's gossip would have been grateful even if it possessed no other virtue that that of relieving the intense pressure of one idea upon my mind. MARIA was written in letters of fire upon my brain. To extinguish the intensity of its glare, even for an hour—a moment—was comfort—was happiness. I never yearned so ardently to fly from myself—to abandon my identity. I was sick to my very soul! Maria—but to proceed with my journey.

A few miles further on, the coachman asked me if I would so far oblige him as to relinquish my seat in favour of a particular friend of his, a country banker, from whom he occasionally heard something about his father. "He won't turn in," said Ralph, "so I always give him the box, if the passenger who's in possession of it happens to be accommodating." Of course I acquiesced, and on the steps of a large old-fashioned house in the next town, I perceived, by the moonlight, as we approached, a highly respectable looking middle-aged gentleman; this was Ralph's particular friend, the country banker. As Ralph drew up, he took the place which I had contrived to evacuate a few moments before, with an alacrity that showed he knew time was, or ought to be, very precious indeed to a mail coach. His demeanour was grave—his aspect stern and somewhat repulsive—I tried to enter into conversation with him, but he met my advances with cold civility. "I think, sir, we've met before," said I. "I think so, too," said he, in a certain sort of marked unpleasant tone, that induced me indignantly to draw in my horns, and plunge my chin sulkily behind the deep collar of the coat which Ralph had lent me. Indeed, I went so far as to resolve that I would not open my lips to him again, good, bad, or indifferent, during the remainder of the journey.

At a little low, thatched, roadside, public house, where Ralph changed horses, we had to wait for a cross country mail which had not yet come up. It was now about an hour before dawn, and the morning air being raw and chilly, we went into the kitchen of the inn, which, although the fire had nearly expired, afforded an acceptable shelter, notwithstanding the atmosphere was filthily impregnated with the fumes of rusty bacon, sour Wiltshire swipes, onions, and tobacco. There was a woman inside the coach, with a little child; but she declined alighting: the only other passenger beside myself was Ralph's "particular friend." Black Harry, after protesting that Ralph had tooled the tits so as to be before his time, and that the cross mail would not be up for half an hour at least, threw the slender candle, which twinkled on the table, beneath the grate, and brought in one of the coach-lamps. The glare of this was insufferable: for my own part, I should have infinitely preferred the softer beam of the candle, especially as the banker, to whom I had taken a rooted dislike, appeared to be intent on reading in such of my lineaments as I conde-

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scended to reveal, the circumstances under which we had formerly met. I saw that through the medium of a savage, unsocial, and unnatural glare, fit only for the turnpike road, I was in danger of being recognized, perhaps, as somebody else. I therefore moved to the back of the lamp, and thus threw myself into deep shadow. Ralph begged the country banker's pardon for taking such a liberty, but hoped and trusted, that with such a famous light, his "particular friend" (Ralph did not call him so to his face,) would not object to reading a few pages aloud till the cross mail came up. "There's nothing in life so pleasant, sir," said Ralph, "as being read to."

"I've said the same vords scores and hundreds of times," quoth Harry, "'specially if them as reads is a *born* gemman, mind me, and the thing as is read happens to be werse."

Ralph now took a tattered fragment of a book from one of his inner coat pockets, and placing it before his "particular friend," the latter began to read, with an audible voice, but half unconsciously, his mind being evidently abstracted, and his eye turning frequently to the spot where he supposed I sat—I say supposed, for I had moved to a more commodious seat near the door. The fat landlady, in her night-cap and bed-gown, partially enshrouded in a patchwork quilt, a red-headed ostler, and a huge grave looking mastiff, occupied the passage; these, with Ralph, the enlightened Black Harry, myself, and a phthisicy, asthmatic, wondering jack-daw, constituted the country banker's audience. The grave, absorbed man of business was, as I soon discovered, reading part of Pope's Rape of the Lock, and with about as much emphasis and discretion as he might have bestowed on an auctioneer's catalogue.

In about twenty minutes the distant horn of the cross mail was heard, and a bustle ensued. The fat landlady waddled off to bed, the ostler rushed out, the mastiff yelled, the jack-daw chattered, Ralph rose, Harry took possession of the lamp, and the banker ceased. "You'll excuse me, sir," said the guard, "but I'll be —— if you doesn't read like a hangel! I thought my boy Bob was summut, but this beats him out and out. Why, you doesn't stop, no—not to spell the longest word not votsomever."

"Where is our fellow passenger?" inquired the banker.

Just at that moment I rendered my back visible as I stalked out of the door-way. The banker followed, and by the time the cross mail came up, we had all resumed our places, and were ready to start. Black Harry had no sooner stowed away the bags, than off we went at the most inspiriting pace imaginable. Ralph, though young, was a capital coachman: he understood the philosophy of driving—pardon the digression, gentle reader—although I protest against his following the old practice of holding the wheel-reins short. He spared the showy but done-up tit that was put into his team, just to make up the number, and let him have nothing to do but keep his pace, while he made the real workers do the work. This is one of the most important points in stage-coach driving—a point that even my friend Apperley has omitted to notice, in his excellent papers on the road—and I therefore take this opportunity of bringing it forward. But I must be brief. This, then, is the fact. Coach proprietors rarely give you a team that is quite effective in its component parts, however capable it may be of doing its ground as a totality. Sometimes three—sometimes only two horses are put in to do the work, while the other, or others, as the case may be, must be considered only in the light of a figurant or figurantes. At a pinch, the odd horse may, perhaps, be pushed so as to feel his collar, but generally speaking, all that can reasonably be required of him is *to keep his pace*. This you will not be enabled to do, if you make him peg at the pull. He should be regarded as ornamental—not useful. If you make him do his share of the work for half a stage, you will so take it out of him, that he won't be able to do the pace at which the others can do the drag, for the remainder. You will, consequently, lose time by being obliged to hold them in to the low rate of progress which he has sufficient strength left to achieve. You can't get on without him; a team, as regards its speed, though composed of four horses, is an unit. The pace of the slowest, the most leg-weary, the most *beaten*, must inevitably be the pace of all. Therefore, look carefully to your weak horse; if he can't work at the collar, don't let him stiffen his traces. Keep him in hand, so as to ensure his getting over the stage at the average rate of the working part of your team.

The banker frequently cast his eyes on me over his shoulder, and having been unfortunate—the victim of circumstances and coincidences—I felt infelicitous beneath his penetrating glance. But as the sun rose above the eastern hills behind us, and cast his rosy effulgence on the broad brow of Ralph's particular friend, when it was from time to time turned towards me, a new spirit animated me: in the conscious majesty of innocence, I threw off the coachman's coat, and fully revealed my features, for I could no longer submit to such evident suspicions. The banker gazed at me long and critically—I met his glance with the adamantine apathy of a Stoic. He was overwhelmed with confusion. "Sir," said he, after a pause, "I have to beg your pardon. To be quite candid, ideas within the last hour or so have entered my mind that you were indentical with a certain scoundrel, who some years since fleeced me and my banking brethren on the western road, to an enormous amount. I see my error, and gladly apologize. The fellow, as I this instant recollect, squinted." (Now be it known, such is my infirmity, that sometimes I squint, and sometimes I don't, just as it happens.) "As," continued the banker, "squinting is perfectly incurable, except in infancy, it is quite clear that I have mistaken you for another man; and, as he was one of the most consummate rascals in existence, of course I am in duty bound to apologize for having la-

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boured, even during a single instant, under so gross a misapprehension."

To have discouraged his advances—not to have listened to his story of the achievements of the gentleman with whom he had innocently confounded me, however I might have felt, would have been in bad taste. "The person I alluded to, sir," said he, "came westward, just after writs had been issued for a general election. He travelled with his wife and child—the former handsome, but aristocratic, the latter beautiful and interesting—but, mark me, dumb. After having breakfasted at the head inn of the town, where Mr. ——, I forget his name, but we'll call him Jones—thought proper to commence operations, he asked the landlord who were the principal bankers of the place? 'There is but one firm, sir,' was the reply, 'and their office is opposite.' 'So near; perhaps, then, as my gout is so distressing (his loft foot was bandaged, and he walked with a crutch,) one of the partners would favour me with a short visit, if you would see him yourself, with my compliments.' 'Certainly, sir.' 'And be so good as order the horses to be put to —I shall be off in five minutes.' In a brief space one of the partners was introduced. 'Sir,' said Mr. Jones, 'I'm much obliged for your consideration; my business is short: I am in this part of the country on election matters, and it appears that Bank of England paper is received with great reluctance hereabouts.' 'The people, sir, have so long been accustomed to local notes, of which the circulation principally consists, that—' 'So I find; and I will, therefore, beg you to oblige me with your own paper for a couple of hundreds.' So saying, Mr. Jones threw four fifty pound Bank of England notes on the table, adding, 'By-the-bye, Sir, now I think of it, it will be as well, perhaps, if you'll permit me, to open a small account with you while I'm in the neighbourhood. Let me see'—taking out a banker's book, and carelessly showing a counter-receipt for 500*l.* from one of the first London houses, dated only the day before, 'I'll draw in your favour for five hundred pounds, or say four hundred and fifty, for which you'll just give me your common acknowledgment.' Here a servant entered the room, and hurriedly announced that the carriage was ready, and his mistress waiting. Mr. Jones snatched his crutch and hat, and taking the banker's arm, hobbled towards the door, continuing the conversation 'You took up the four fifties?' 'I did.' 'Well, then, just draw the bill, and we'll put across the road to your door; you'll have done it before I can get in and settled, for this foot of mine, you see—bring out a pen with a dip of ink, and I'll sign on the back of my hat. Some cheques, too; my two hundred pounds won't carry me out of the week scarcely——this is Tuesday, isn't it? Yes!—In electioneering, money flies—one scarcely knows how or where—but if it's well spent, that's the point. Excuse me for hurrying you, but I'm already late.'

"But there was nothing fraudulent in this,'" I ventured to observe; "the gentleman does the banker the favour—"

"I admit the term—he does the banker the favour of giving him Bank of England notes for his own paper, and makes him payee of a bill on the London firm for 450*l.*—"

"Taking a common memorandum of the transaction for his security—"

"Granted: but hear me further."

"I can't see where the robbery lies, for my part," said the coachman.

"Hold your tongue, Ralph," quoth his particular friend: "you know nothing of business."

"But if there was any thing wrong, begging your pardon, sir," rejoined Ralph; "why didn't this man of business—this banker see into it?"

"Because," said the banker, raising his voice, "Jones was no common man: he would have deceived the devil himself!—*Why he took in me!*"

Here Black Harry, who had been leaning over the roof of the coach, startled us by trying to smother a laugh, which however completely mastered him, so that after spluttering awhile as if he were suffocating, he burst out into a huge and hearty guffaw, in which all of us, including the reluctant banker, speedily joined. Ralph was the first to stop, "Steady, gentlemen," said he in a very grave tone; "steady, if you please, down this awkward hill; my horses don't exactly understand the harmless joke:—that off-leader has won two gold cups—now he's blind and a bolter—"

"When you hear the result," whispered the country banker—

"Silence, sir, if you please," interrupted Ralph.

"What! do you presume to—"

"Not one word more!"

"S'death—"

"Hush: if you were any other man—except ing father—I'd knock you quietly off the box but for the sake of the other passengers:—the nags are all upon the fret."

"I don't see it."

"No—but I feel it: there's no secrets so close as those which pass between a coachman and his team. The blind bolter's cholicky, and there's nothing so catching as fear or vice among four horses. I've known three downright good uns lie down at starting, one after another, because the fourth—a bad un—had set them the example."

"Well, but—"

"*Hush, for Heaven's sake!* the effect of your voice—for you're in a passion—is frightful. I feel it like a flash of lightning in the reins. They're used to my tones; besides, you hear I speak as if nothing was the matter—I'll apologize presently—but pray keep your temper. There's a sharp turn—a whitewashed house—and a narrow bridge, all in this bit of a hill, with a turnpike at the foot of it: the fools always plant their gates at the top, the bottom, or the middle of a hill—Harry, don't blow your horn. If you

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you utter another word, sir, he'll plunge as sure as you're alive."

At this critical instant, the full force of which, being a practical man, of course I felt, the woman inside rattled down the off-blind, and thrusting her head out, shrieked at the very top of her shrill voice: "Stop, stop, I tell you there's a mouse in the coach!"

"By Jupiter! they're gone! I've lost their mouths," said Ralph, with admirable temper. "Blow your horn, Harry; but begin gently, or they'll get into a full gallop before old Drouzy can open the gate. Once through—they shall have their swing and welcome."

"Are we really in danger, Ralph?" anxiously inquired the banker.

"Yes, sir; but pray don't bother me."

"Murder! murder!" vociferated the woman inside; "is the child to be frightened into fits?"

"Harry, get on the roof and hold hard on her windpipe, or it's all up with us: the bolter has got the bit in his teeth."

"No! has he though?" exclaimed Harry.

"Murder! mur—"

We heard no more of the lady inside, although her head was still visible protruding from the window. Black Harry lay flat on the roof, and he held her throat in his colossal clutch. We luckily cleared the corner, shot over the bridge, through the turnpike, and got upon a long strip of flat road. There Ralph pitched into his team, and soon brought them to their senses. "If I wasn't afraid," said he, "of setting the wheels on fire, I'd give 'em a three-mile gallop: but there's nothing like stopping while you're safe.

Ralph now pulled up, and told Harry to get down and inquire how the lady felt. The following colloquy at the coach-door was the consequence. *Harry.* Now, ma'am, about this here mouse—*Lady.* Oh! you villains, I'll hang some of you—I only wish I knew which! *Harry.* I'm not agoing to say it arn't unpleasant to have warmint for an inside passenger, 'specially as you're a lady, ma'am, and so werry frightful. *Lady.* Don't talk to me, fellow: I have been in danger of my life. *Harry.* Lord love you, ma'am, you talks of a mouse—poor little harmless warmint—as if—*Lady.* Such ruffianly treatment I never heard of in my born days! See that I'm set down, man, at the next human habitation! *Harry.* Hard words, ma'am, and all about a mouse! If people tead and suppered at the regular houses on the road, there wouldn't be no mice; but if so be as passengers will bring baskets o' wittles into the wehicle, what can they expect but warmint to nibble up the crumbs? *Lady.* Go along, fellow, it's not of the mouse, but a mysterious hand that nearly throttled me—*Harry.* Oh! I doesn't doubt it, ma'am; I heard you cut short in your paragraph. *My vife is often taken so ven she's very violent.* Her breath seems stopped; she can't so much as say "ram's horns;" and ven she comes to, von't believe scarcely that somebody ha'n't been half-strangling her.

"That'll do, Harry," said Ralph. The colloquy ceased; the coach-door was slammed; Harry got up; and as soon as he uttered, in a peculiar and significant tone, "all's right," we were again in motion.

Ralph now began to express great contrition for having been compelled to be so disrespectful; but his particular friend, having seen the circumstance in its right light, was already appeased, and at once put an end to Ralph's meditated volley of explanations and apologies. He now moved the previous question, and we resumed our debate. It did not appear what harm there could be in acting as Jones had acted.

"Well, we'll waive that point, and allow me to proceed," said our respectable *compagnon de voyage.* "At the next town, Jones played the same tune, but with variations. 'I've opened a small account, said he, to the banker *there*, producing the acknowledgment with Messrs. So-and-so, of So-and-so; but upon consideration they are a little too far from the scene of my electioneering avocations; I'm likely to get rather beyond the limits of their local circulation: besides, it seems to me that I shall want more cash than I expected; therefore, what I propose doing is this: imprimis, here is a hundred pound Bank of England bill, for which you'll oblige me with your own fives. Item, here are two hundred pounds' worth of Messrs. So-and-so's notes, for which you may as well also give me your own paper. Item, here is a cheque in your favour for the four hundred and fifty pounds in Messrs. So-and-so's hands, as per voucher: Item, here you have my draft on Messrs. (naming the London firm and shewing the counter receipt) for an odd five hundred pounds, which, as you see, I paid into their house yesterday, as a reserve, if I wanted it, which I find I shall. Now, what you've to do is this; first, you'll give me your notes for the Bank of England and country paper which I've handed to you—that's three hundred: then, as to the four hundred and fifty and the five hundred, making together nine hundred and fifty, I'll write on you instanter for two hundred, which you'll bring me with the other three, all in your own paper, if you please, with a memorandum for the remaining seven hundred and fifty, balance standing to my account. With five hundred I think I may get on for the remainder of this week.' All this was done; or, rather, the Banker was done—the compliment of exchanging Bank-of-England and Messrs. So-and-so's paper for his own fives, dazzled him."

"But where was the harm, Sir?" inquired Ralph.

"That's the *point*," quoth Harry, who had crawled over the roof and taken his seat beside me; "how could things be more right, or more squarerer? The gemman seems to have been a gemman—every inch of him, as *I* should say, and knocks about his hundreds like nine-pins. If a few sich as him did but ride by thy coach—eh, Ralph?"

"You're a couple of fools!" quoth the re-

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spectable Banker. "*You*, Sir," added he, addressing his humble servant (myself) "doubtless perceive——"

"Clearly," interrupted I: "he has now drawn a second time on the London firm: first for four hundred and fifty, and now for five hundred, although, apparently, he had not more than the latter amount in their hands!"

"Just so; and what do you think he did, at a place only ten miles more westward?"

"Heaven knows where his effrontery would end!"

"Why, Sir, he got a banker to come to his inn, as before, and told the old story: 'I've opened two little accounts,' said he, 'at A. and B. (naming the towns he had come through), but I am advised that neither of them will be sufficiently centrical for my purposes. I must, therefore, though with some reluctance, transfer the two accounts to your house, which is more convenient to the arena of my operations. And yet—no—upon reflection, as they've been very civil, it would not be gentlemanly, at one fell swoop, to bring matters to a balance. Let me see (exhibiting his vouchers)—on the first, instead of for four-hundred-and-fifty, I'll only write for three hundred; from the second, instead of seven-hundred-and-fifty, I'll only take five hundred; and, to secure myself against any inconvenience that might arise from the deficiency, I'll draw in your favour on my bankers in town for three or four hundreds. I paid in *five* last night (shewing the receipt), in the event of an emergency. Here are two fifties, Bank-of-England notes, for which you'll oblige me with your more negotiable paper. I'll draw on you at once for three hundred, and you'll give me your acknowledgement for the balance, which will be—how much? Three and five are eight, and five are thirteen hundred pounds.'"

"I begin to smoke," said Harry; "he's made five hundred clear booty, and increased what you calls his vouchers to nigh upon three thousand. Crikey! what a genus!"

"I suppose," quoth Ralph, "he went down along at the rate of arithmetical progression—drawing upon all, and *sacking* a large amount at every town."

"Precisely so," rejoined the Banker; "and by the time he reached the seaport, which was the preconcerted bourne of his operations, he had nearly three thousand pounds in his pocket, which, with the assistance of a Jew, and at a slight per centage, he turned into gold, and embarked for the Continent."

"Capital!" exclaimed Ralph.

"Talking of capital," said Harry, "the gemman seems to have started with a capital of five hundred pounds, vich he paid into the London bankers."

"And which," quoth the Banker, "I must tell you, he drew out again the next morning, before he started from town: this enabled him to sport the Bank-of-England paper, which was the pivot of his fraud!"

"Well, Sir, and pray what became of him, and his beautiful wife, and the interesting dumb child?"

"Never heard a syllable of them after; they did me to the amount of six hundred pounds, which still stands to the account of 'Profit and Loss,' in the ledger."

Now this I knew to be an infernal lie. The fact is, that about a year after my embarkation at Falmouth, he had received intelligence of my whereabout. I was then on the Continent. Maria and the boy had quitted me, and proceeded, with plenty of cash, for St. Petersburg, where she hoped to make a splendid market of her unrivalled charms. He had employed one of the most worthy, most excellent, but most acute attorneys in the universe to pursue me. This gentleman was a profound classical scholar, but knew nothing of any European language except his own. Notwithstanding this drawback, by sheer professional acumen he found me. I had been grossly illused. Being without papers, the police had shuffled me from one state into another (as watchmen were wont, in old times, to *pass* an intoxicated gentleman through the parishes and wards of Westminster and London) until I became almost weary of existence. The Austrians had trundled me over the border, into the dominions of the Sardinian monarch, and the foolish police of this sovereign, instead of quietly getting rid of me by setting me a foot beyond their jurisdiction, absurdly conveyed me to a state-prison, in which, with two *gens-d'-armes*, watching me night and day, I languished for more than a year. At length the attorney arrived with letters from the British Minister for Foreign Affairs, on the credit of which the ultra jackasses handed him over a sum of one thousand pounds, of which they had recklessly despoiled me. They wanted the attorney to take me home with him, but this he declined. They insisted, and he cursed them heartily for their impudence, in supposing that he would condescend to travel with a swindler—for this, in the heat of passion, he so far forgot himself as to designate me. I, however, have long since forgiven him, for we have come together since, and the pure excellence of his heart has been made manifest to me. I have become under obligations to him, which I most gladly acknowledge. He is a good man, and I would part with a finger to serve him. He departed by the *diligence;* but scarcely had he progressed a league, when a light cart, containing two *gens-d'-armes* and myself, overtook him. My official companions insisted on his considering me as his prisoner. He, in reply, by means of an interpreter, told them candidly he'd see them in the naughty place first—he did not like me, and would not have me. He had received enough to cover his client's debt and his own expenses, and he wanted nothing more. They might do what they pleased with my carcase—he had no claim to it. I entreated him to take me home and transport me, so sick was I of Sardinian incarceration! but he was obdurate.

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It would be uninteresting to state by what means I emancipated myself from the clutches of my Sardinian friends; suffice it to say that they were, in the upshot, as they candidly confessed in a paragraph circulated by means of their Consuls, among the leading journals of Europe and America, "pretty particularly" sorry that they had ever meddled with me—the asinine dolts!

To return to my position: I began to strike a balance, mentally, as regarded the account between myself and Ralph's "particular friend." Thus it stood with us:—He, no matter how, or under what circumstances (I detest detail—and am always for leaping to conclusions), had advanced Jones 600*l.*, and perhaps expended nearly a hundred more in the journey to the Italian dominions of his Sardinian majesty. On the other hand, there was the round thousand, of which I had been pillaged, and which thousand had been handed over, by my foreign friends, to the attorney. The following, I think, was therefore our position in figures:—

MYSELF *in Acc. with* RALPH'S 'PARTICULAR FRIEND.'

Dr.

To Cash advanced to Jones	600
Expenses and Interest	100
Balance in my favour	300
	£1000

Per contra Cr.

By cash received of the Sardinian Nincompoops	1000
	£1000

At this statement, I flatter myself, no mercantile man could cavil. There was a clear balance in my favour of 300*l.*, and I resolved on getting it, as in duty bound (for charity begins at home), by hook or by crook: It was, I felt, perfectly useless to make a straight-forward business-like demand. The account could evidently be closed only by some diplomatic proceeding on my part—some little *ruse de guerre*, at the success of which he would, of course, be glad, so highly respectable as he seemed; for it would relieve a heavy load from his conscience. His position was this:—Having stigmatized Jones as a swindler, and virtually acknowledged that the 1000*l.* taken from the latter might be considered as some of the fruits of that gentleman's monetary speculations, he, in pocketing the balance was, *pro tanto*, a receiver of stolen goods. He must have felt that, in his profit-and-loss books, he ought to stand thus:—"By profit on a swindling transaction, 300*l.*" What a situation was this for a British country banker! How he must have passed his nights! A mode occurred to me by which he might be relieved, and I need scarcely say that I determined to adopt it.

While I was brooding upon the details of my scheme, Black Harry again clambered over the roof of the coach, to tell Ralph he wished "to drive a trifle—'cause he liked to keep his hand in, and had summut to say, quite private, to the gemmen on the box. Arter you've got down this here hill, Ralph, why then, if it suits you to see to the blunderbuss and bags, vy——Ax pardon, sir," added he to me, "but I'm a sitting on your skirt, and there's summit in the pocket vot isn't wery soft."

I thought I should have fainted!—fainted under the mingled feelings of surprise, hope, anticipation, and delight! "Summut vot is'nt wery soft" in the pocket of Gruel's rhubarb coloured coat—his official garment—his confidential coat! With great trepidation I withdrew the skirt from beneath Black Harry.

In so doing I contrived to satisfy myself, that in the pocket there was an oblong substance, rather dense, feeling like a book. Not to excite suspicion, I so far mastered my intense curiosity—as to remain motionless—Black Harry took the reins and Ralph went behind. The dawn had long since glimmered, but the handsome gas-lamps that flanked one side of the road leading into the town which we were about to enter—still cast a yellow flickering light against the long rows of new habitations on each side of the way. "Now, sir," said Black Harry, to the Banker, "that 'ere Ralph's not a bad un—and seeing as I'm a friend of hiz'n, and he's offended you, by his wery proper *impurrence* (ax your pardon for saying so—ven the lady inside fell so werry frightened about the mouse, and so forth) vy I can't do better nor make it up for him. How? you'll ax. Vy ant I agoing to tell you? Many's the rig you has seen, in your time, in course; but I'll shew you a reg'lar out and outer. Consarn my bones if ever I did afore, but twice to please a marquis—and vonce, ven I drove the North Highflyer—all for to gratify a sporting Countess, vot had rode all night on the box to see life—but as your'e Ralph's partiklar—vy here goes.—Notice how I'll tickle a hole in the front pane of this here lamp vith the last knot o' the vip—vich mind me, must blow out the light, though it shant be bigger nor a pea." So saying, Harry, by an admirable movement of his wrist (he was a capital whip and flanked a near leader better than any man I ever saw)—carried the point of whip plump against the lamp he was passing—a beautiful star, having a well defined circular hole for its nucleus, was the consequence; the breeze, blowing in bang through the aperture, instantly extinguished the light, to the Banker's amazement—and must I confess it?—e'en posited as I was, to my deep admiration. He operated with equal skill on every lamp he passed; our prospect in advance was bright, but we left all in darkness behind us. The watchmen began to awake and raise an alarm—the regular extinction of the lamps, one after the other, appalled them. They had perhaps been dreaming of earthquakes or other phenomena, and most vehemently worked at their rattles. Windows were thrown up, and a line of heads, some with nightcaps, and some without, appeared

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at the second floor windows. Harry went on triumphantly in his extinguishing cause in spite of the Banker's agonies. "My good fellow," exclaimed the latter, "thank you—thank you a thousand times! How very gratified I feel! Your kind intentions—but really, don't let me trespass—that's quite enough."—"Oh! I'll go through the piece now I've begun—Yoicks!-Yo over!" "Nay, but I assure you—for Heaven's sake desist! Remember my respectability"—"In course, or vy should I exert myself so—there she goes!"—"You're very kind—but all the people know me—let me beg of you—d—n it all! There's Sir Tiffin Mongooz looking out! Sir Tiffin—with whom I've business—The devil! Ralph—Stop' him!—on the box too—Ralph! Harry, you beast! consider my station! D—n it, this is too cruel.—Sir Tiffin sees me! If I were but inside! Ralph!"

Ralph protested, but without avail. Black Harry would not be checked in his friendly efforts to make up the breach which he supposed to exist between his friend, and his friend's "particular friend," by a display of his own incomparable skill in blowing out the lamps as if by magic, for it was scarcely possible to detect the lightning-like lash of his whip. Before Ralph could perforce resume the reins, notwithstanding the attraction of Black Harry's skill, I had become absorbed. Sir Tiffin Mongooz whose "local habitation," since his return with a large fortune from India, I had vainly attempted to discover—was my schoolfellow; we had been at the University together; *there was a singular document in existence between myself and him*, which, now, that I could get at him, might realize me a golden crop. Judging from the flannels, with which his head was enveloped, he could not be well. So much the better, but then the banker—and Gruel! I quietly thrust my hand into the rhubarb-coloured coat, took out a pocket book, and began to scan its contents, and the memoranda it contained, with the quiet careless air of one to whom they were familiar. I have said in a preceding specimen of my autobiography, that no men are so liable to gross errors in minor particulars as your most accomplished scoundrels, and that these errors luckily for the world, now and then hang them. Had Gruel as many lives as a cat, there was enough in the pocket book to put him out of the way by the necessary number of marginal notes of "sus: per col:" in so many judges' copies of calendars. Instead of going on to an outport, I alighted at once:—but, to confess the truth, sought a few hours repose, being completely undecided, as to whom, in justice to myself, I should operate on first—sleek Erasmus Gruel, Ralph's "particular friend," or that social crony of my youthful days, Brigadier General Sir Tiffin Mongooz.

From the Edinburgh Review.

1. *Excursions in India, including a Walk over the Himalaya Mountains to the Sources of the Jumna and the Ganges.* By Captain Thomas Skinner. 2 vols. 8vo. London, 1832.
2. *Pen and Pencil Sketches, from the Journal of a Tour in India.* By Captain Mundy, late Aid-de-Camp to Lord Combermere. 2 vols. 8vo. London, 1832.
3. *Tours in Upper India, and in Parts of the Himalaya Mountains; with an Account of the Native Princes.* By Major Archer, late Aid-de-Camp to Lord Combermere. 2 vols. 8vo. London, 1833.

The recent extensions of our arms and our influence over the Upper Provinces of India, and far into the Himalaya Mountains, has called into action the pens of an uncommon number of agreeable and instructive tourists. Indeed, the accession made to our knowledge of India, altogether, within the last few years, from the journals of various travellers, has been very great; and it may be remarked as a circumstance which at first sight may appear singular, that nearly the whole of them have been persons whom accident or some casual official duty carried into the East, for a short limited period only; and that where these journals were the productions of men long familiar with the manners and the natives of the East, the particular route which they describe is a new and untrodden one. Our oldest possessions in India are, perhaps, those of which a general reader is likely to know least. This, after all, is quite natural, and what happens nearer home. It is akin to comparative ignorance in which the great body of us generally are regarding the scenery or singularities of our own country. A man of curiosity and research who goes to India, with the intention of spending there many years of his life, even if he has formed a fixed resolution to describe, at some future period, its natural and moral situation, unless he resolutely adheres to his determination of marking down, at the first moment, the impressions made on his mind by the scenes around him, and by the characters of the individuals or classes whom he meets with, will soon find that much of the spirit of lively and striking observation has evaporated. Anxious for the perfect accuracy of his information, he delays from day to day, and from year to year, his final judgment and description, till he discovers that every thing which he sees has lost its interests; and, like those who have gone before him, he finds it hard to imagine that what has so long been familiar to himself and to all with whom he is in habits of intercourse, can be an object of curiosity to any one else. The case is different with those who come and who go as strangers. Every thing to them has the hue of novelty; the contrast of scenery or manners strikes them vividly; and they know, that if they do not seize the moment presented them to describe what excites their wonder, they will speedily be far removed from any means of correct or authentic description

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The authors, the titles of whose works are prefixed to the present Article, appear to be all of this latter class. The last two of them accompanied Lord Combermere as his aides-de-camp, during his temporary residence in India: the first belonged to a King's regiment stationed in that country. All of them write with liveliness, intelligence, and good-humour. From travellers situated as they were, we are not to look for any profound observation on manners or national character; nor for any intimate acquaintance with the history, literature, or domestic usages of the various races of men whom they visited. But they abound in what, to the reader who is in search of amusement, is generally fully as gratifying,—lively representations of all that strikes the eye as new, beautiful, or strange; descriptions of the external appearance, and of the more obvious manners of the natives; accounts of introductions to native courts; and spirit-stirring recitals of lion and tiger hunts, enlivened by their risks, dangers, and escapes. The route of all of them, with some exceptions, is nearly the same—from Calcutta, by Lucknow, to Agra and Delhi; thence to Meerut, the great military station in the upper provinces; and then forward to the countries on and beyond the Sutlej, or the sublime mountain scenery above Hurdwar, towards the sources of the Ganges and Jumna. In descending to the lower provinces, Captain Mundy and Major Archer visited the camp of Sindia, and the province of Bundelcund; and they describe a tract of country of which little has been written; though it brings us close on the districts whose history and present situation have been so well illustrated by General Malcom and Colonel Tod.

It would be vain to think of following these travellers through the numerous and diversified objects that excited their attention. We shall give a few extracts, which, better than any remarks of ours, will show the nature of their journals, and of the objects that excited their attention.

Captain Mundy being ordered to join the Commander-in-chief at Cawnpore, about six hundred and fifty miles from Calcutta, set off from that city with two friends, all travelling *dak* (post) in their palankeens.

"To those uninitiated into the mysteries of Indian travelling," says he, "the prospect of a journey of six hundred miles, night and day, in a hot climate, enclosed in a sort of coffin-like receptacle, carried on the shoulders of men, is somewhat alarming; but to one more accustomed to that mode of locomotion, the palankeen would, perhaps, prove less fatiguing and harrassing for a long journey, than any other conveyance. The horizontal or reclining position is naturally the most easy to the body; and the exhaustion consequent upon a journey in the heat of the day, generally secures to the traveller as much sleep during the cooler hours of the night, as the frequent interruptions of the bearers at the several stages will allow him to enjoy. I had laid in a good store of tea, sugar, and biscuits, a novel, some powder, and shot, a gun, and a sword, and plenty of blankets, as a defence against the coldness of the night. Our baggage consisted of a dozen boxes (petarras) appended to bamboos, and carried by men; these, with two torch-bearers (mussalgees) to each palankeen, completed our cavalcade."—*Sketches*, p. 2.

The amusing journals of Bishop Heber have rendered the Upper Provinces so familiar to every reader, that we hasten over them to the wild and beautiful scenery of the Himalaya mountains, which are now frequented by numbers of our countrymen for the purpose of recruiting their health, exhausted on the burning plains of Hindustan. The Gorkha war subjected to us a large extent of these mountains; and the smaller Seikh chieftains on the south of the Sutlej having placed themselves under the British protection, the range of our influence has been widely enlarged; the farthest western boundary of our dominions now corresponding with the farthest eastern advance of Alexander the Great—a striking proof of the superiority maintained by the nations of Europe at an interval of two thousand years. The country itself is one of the most beautiful and romantic in the world.

"A little above Hurdwar, so celebrated for its great fair, lies the valley of Dhoon, which," says Captain Skinner, "in all respects deserves the name of beautiful. It lies between the Himalaya mountains and a low range that bounds the plains, and serves as an outer wall to the formidable fastnesses that divide India from Tartary and Thibet. It has every variety of scenery, and the Ganges and Jumna flow through it. The road into the valley is a very fine one, cut over the river (Ganges) in the bosom of the hills, and built up with masonry on the outward side. Doowallah, which is about eighteen miles from Hurdwar, was the name of the ground on which we encamped the first day of our halting within the valley. The road was for some time level; it then wound over a richly wooded hill, making one of the most beautiful passes I ever beheld, not excepting even the magnificently wild one within a short distance of Kandy in Ceylon, which I had always considered the most superb piece of Eastern scenery in the world. The view from this pass, however far exceeded it. It was bounded by the Himalaya mountains—the snowy, range, white and clear as possible. The sun had not long risen, and I could gaze without being dazzled at all the beauties it illuminated. Below and above the road was thickly wooded, and displayed a great variety of foliage, while the creepers, which are so numerous and so rich in this country, wound about the rocks and the trees in the loveliest manner."—*Excursions*, i. pp. 189—204.

As our travellers rise into the higher ranges of hills, the difficulties of moving forward increase, and the scenery becomes wilder and more majestic. Mountains rise in successive ridges peak over peak, ending in those crowned with eternal snow; deep, and gloomy, and narrow banks enclose the streams, which are passed only by a huge tree thrown across, or by a rude suspension-bridge; all is silence and solitude.

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"We begin to find our travelling the most laborious and novel that can be imagined," says Captain Skinner. "After scrambling up the face of a rocky hill this morning, we were forced to slide down a polished surface of stone, with not a place to rest the foot on, as well as the comfortable prospect of an uninterrupted fall of many feet, should we swerve from our course. No description can convey an idea of the usual style of a day's journey over the Himalaya. Lines of irregular peaks towering one above the other, and in every relation possible to each other, oblige you to be constantly climbing up or sliding down. In every depth we find a roaring torrent to pass, and on every height an almost inaccessable rock to scale."—*Ibid.* p. 262.

"We are now placed opposite a strange-looking village, named Burkotee, perched upon the summit of a high rock, overhanging the stream. It seems unconnected with mountains about it as if torn from them by some convulsion of nature. Behind it rises a wood; and below the Jumna flows round several Islands, and among the tall trees of some of them browse many deer—they form, in fact, many miniature parks; and I regret that such beautiful scenes could not be removed to a country where they could be more frequently visited. I have beheld nearly all the celebrated scenery of Europe, which poets and painters have immortalized, and of which all the tourists in the world have been enamoured, but I have seen it surpassed in these unfrequented and almost unknown regions. Although I have seen the Alps; although I have witnessed the sun rise from the summit of Mount Etna, certainly one of the grandest objects in Europe, my awe and astonishment, so far from being diminished by such scenes, exceed all I felt when I first saw

'Hills peep o'er hills, and Alps on Alps arise!'

I was almost sorry that I could not cast off the ties of another world, as it were, and remain in these mountains for ever!"—P. 267.

Akin to these feelings were those of the other journalists. Captain Mundy judiciously points out one circumstance, which all travellers have found to give a great superiority to the views in the Alps over most other mountain scenery. After describing the expansive prospect from Simla to the south, over the low ranges of hills and the ocean-like plains of Hindostan, he continues:—

"The attributes of the northern prospect from Simla are still more grand; the valleys are more extensive, the mountains of more expanded proportions than those of the south view, assuming more the appearance of ranges, and rising gradually one above the other, until the panorama is majestically terminated by the snowy crescent of the Great Himalaya Belt, fading on either hand into indistinct distance. In fine weather, these stupendous icy peaks cut the dark blue sky with such sharp distinctness of outline, that their real distance of sixty or seventy miles is, to the eye of the gazer, diminished to one tenth part. During a residence of nearly two years in Switzerland, the first object that my eyes opened upon every morning was the snow-clad summit of Mount Blanc; and I thought *that* a glorious sight. But the glaciers that now form, next to the Omnipotent Being who created them, my first objects of matutine contemplation, present a battalion of icy pinnacles, amongst which Mount Blanc, with his pitiful fifteen thousand feet, would scarcely be admitted in the rear rank! But, belle Suisse! let me hasten to do you justice on another point: though Himala may boast of loftier mountains, and throw her Ganges and Jumna into the scale against your offspring, Rhine and Rhone, where are her lakes of Leman and Constance? She has none. In my tours through these hills I never saw a body of water, collected in one spot, that covered an acre of land. This lamentable deficiency of that most requisite ingredient of scenery, and necessary of life, creates a hiatus in the Himalayan scenery which is not to be supplied. The eye, fatigued with the rugged profile and sombre tint of the mountains, and the brown horror of the pine-forests, yearns for the refreshment and repose which it would enjoy in the contemplation of such a lake as that of Thun, reflecting in its mirrored surface, dotted with sails, the blue sky above, and, in its soft medium, giving a flattering double of the impending scenery."—*Sketches*, i. pp. 233—235.

It is now well ascertained that these mountains are by much the highest of our globe; some of them approaching to 27,000 feet of elevation above the sea. Even the passes, which lead to the farther ranges, are as lofty as the top of Mount Blanc.

"The passes leading from the lower hills to Kanowr, through the first snow range, are no less than fifteen, some of them of easier passage than others. The Shaitool is nearly 16,000 feet, and the Borendo, which I had the pleasure to visit, is 15,200 feet, although one of the peaks, which serve as gateways, is fully 16,000. From the top of this there was a magnificent view into Kanowr."—Archer's *Tour*, i. p. 336.

The sudden rise of these mountains from the burning plains of India, by producing a rapid change in the climate, has proved an invaluable resource to our countrymen, exhausted by the diseases incident to that country,

"Quitting the plains," says Major Archer, "their peculiar productions are soon lost, and the heart of the exile responds with feelings of pleasure at meeting with the flowers and trees of his native land; doubts of their identity were only to be dispelled by repeated gatherings. The violet and hawthorn were among the earliest; wild pears, holly, and bramble soon appear, and then come the pines. These remembrances, with an elastic bracing air renovating the body, gave health to the spirits; it was then that home and its endearing associations seemed nearer than the distance permitted it to be. The climate of the hills, according to our feelings, is the most delicious and agreeable in the world; and to those Europeans who have suffered from

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the diseases incidental to the plains of Hindostan, it presents a sure and certain resource for their restoration to health and spirits. To the Upper Provinces the advantage is incalculable; for the distance of the hills from several of the large civil and military stations is within the compass of a few days' journey, and mostly within thirty-six or forty-eight hours dark travelling. As a relief to a residence in the plains, and exposure to the burning hot winds, and, no less oppressive weather on the cessation of the rains, the climate can only be justly appreciated by those who have been fortunate enough to experience its beneficial and invigorating effects."—"In Kanowr, the province just beyond this high ridge, the rains are not periodical, but quite irregular as to time and amount, at least with reference to those of the plains. In consequence, the inhabitants enjoy a climate more agreeable and delightful than any other yet known; so it is said by Europeans who have resided there. European fruits and roots are indigenous to the soil, and are produced without much horticultural science or labour."—*Ib.* pp. 336-9.

The inhabitants of the mountains are represented as honest, frank, and hospitable, cheerful and gay, fond of dancing and singing, good-humoured and kind, but indolent, and what in mountain countries is uncommon, devoid of courage or enterprise. It is well known that among them, by a singular custom, a family of several men have only one wife in common.

"I asked a pretty young women of about eighteen years of age, who had come out to present us with a bowl of raspberries, how many husbands she had?—'*Only* four,' was the reply.—'And all alive?'—'Why not?' She questioned me in return, and asked where my country was. 'And where is your wife?' was the next enquiry. On my declaring I had none, an universal cry of 'Bah, Bah! djoot djoot?' A lie, a lie! showed how little they believed me. I found it impossible to convince them of my veracity, and I fear I lost a little in the estimation of my mountain friends by asserting so palpable an absurdity as any man being without a wife appears to them."—"The young population is not very great, but the likeness that prevails in a village, from the singular intermixture that occurs from the mode of marriage is so strong, that it seems puzzling to discover the different children. The eldest brother is the father, *par excellence*, of each family, and on his death, that office devolves on the next, and so on. Till all die in the course of nature, there can be no orphans. Such an institution of marriage is for the purpose of keeping property as much in one family as possible, an equal division of it being the *custom* of inheritance; and where so much labour is necessary to cultivate the soil, and good soil so difficult to obtain, it seems important to prevent its being broken into portions so small as not to be able to afford food for their possessors. Their crops being the only subsistence of the mountaineers, and their land so limited, it was necessary, too, to devise a means of preventing an overgrown population. It is not surprising, therefore, that people who are still buried in the most hopeless darkness, should have fallen upon such a plan."—Skinner's *Excursions*, i. p. 238.

The reasons here assigned for this singular usage, we have no doubt are the real ones; particularly the last, which is at the root of the other. We learn that the travellers sometimes found difficulty in getting corn, the villagers declaring that they had none for themselves; and even where some was found, they were unwilling to sell it,—a sure proof that they had no superfluity. The excess of population in which this unnatural custom appears to have originated, has produced its other ordinary malignant effects,—a partial slave-trade, and infanticide. Several young women were offered for sale to gentlemen of the party by their parents; and the excuse was, that it was the custom, for they had more women in their villages than they knew what to do with. Major Archer informs us that the practice of infanticide exists, but is resorted to by those only whose means of subsistence are limited, and that in this case females alone are the victims. The different facts explain one another in a melancholy way.

The mode of putting children to sleep by the action of water mentioned by former travellers, is again described.

"The child, whose age might be a year or two, was laid by its mother on a charpoy (bedstead), placed on a sloping green bank, along the top of which ran a small spring stream. A piece of bark introduced through the embankment, conducted a slender spout of water, which fell at the height of about half a foot, on the crown of the infant's head. It was fast asleep when I witnessed the process! The natives believe that it is a great fortifier of the constitution.'—Mundy's *Sketches*, i. p. 244.

Goitres are frequent, which, with whatever truth, they ascribe to the snow water.

In descending from the northern mountains, our travellers passed through the territories of the Sumroo Begum, a name familiar to our countrymen in India; and as the account given of her history by Major Archer seems to be more authentic than any we have met with, we shall venture to extract it, though somewhat long. A female sovereign and warrior, in such a country as India, will, by most of our readers, be regarded as rather a novelty.

"Sirdanah is the city and head-quarters of the Begum Somroo, who possesses the country around as a life-fief or jagheer; which, originally estimated at six, is, by her extreme good management, made eight lacs annually. The history of this remarkable woman is such, that a slight and perhaps imperfect account, or rather glance at it, may prove of interest."—"In early life she was a nautch girl, but who her parents were, or from what part of the country she came, is now lost to information; it is, however, conjectured, from her exceeding fairness of complexion, and peculiar features, that her family were of northern extraction. Her attractions and accomplishments secured the attentions of a German adventurer by name

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Somroo, which, it appears, was an appellative given him for his constant sombre and melancholy appearance. It was this miscreant who superintended the murder of the English gentlemen of the factory at Patna, in 1763. Flying from the resentment of the British, who shortly afterwards recaptured Patna, Somroo bent his course for Upper India, and entered the service of the Rajah of Bhurtpore, and subsequently of other native chiefs, until, from favourable circumstances, which were taken advantage of by his abilities, he became possessed of a large space of country to the north-east of Delhi. He died in full possession of his power. The Begum subsequently married a Frenchman, but by neither of these unions had she any children, at least none are now alive."—*Tour*, i. p. 170.

It appears that her second husband, Le Vassu, having tired of his barbaric dignity, meditated a return to Europe, and collected all the jewels, money, and valuables which he could amass, to carry off along with them. The Begum had discernment enough to foresee that in Europe her consequence was gone, and that she must be at her husband's discretion. She dissembled her dislike, but resolved to frustrate the plan. She privately communicated to some of the officers of her troops her husband's intentions:

"To her husband she spoke of false fears of detection, and pointed out the dishonour that must attach itself to their act of desertion; and, for her own part, vehemently protested, that she would die by her own hand, rather than be compelled to return by force."—"It was solemnly agreed between them, that in case of being interrupted, they should both die by their own hands."—"At the dead of night he mounted his elephant, and she got into her palankeen. At the appointed spot the ambush was ready, and all things answered the Begum's intentions. The opposing party soon made the escort of the Begum and her husband fly. The attendants ran to inform him that the Begum had shot herself. In the noise and confusion many matchlocks had been let off, so that he could not tell if her having been molested was probable or not. On rushing to her Palankeen to ascertain the truth, he was alarmed by the clamour and apparent affliction of those who surrounded it; and, upon a towel saturated with blood being shown him, as confirmation of the Begum's having destroyed herself, he placed a pistol to his head and shot himself. The Begum, who till then had never appeared in male society, threw open the blinds of her palankeen and mounted an elephant. She harrangued the troops upon her attachment to them, and her opposition to the commands of her husband; she professed no other desire than to be at their head, and to share her wealth with them. The novelty of the situation lent energy to her action, and eloquence to her language; and amid the acclamations of the soldiers, she was led back in triumph to the camp."

From this time she assumed the personal command of the army, and directed the whole affairs of her territories.

"Colonel Skinner, we are told, during his service with the Mahrattas, has often seen her, then a beautiful young woman, leading on her troops in person, and displaying, in the midst of carnage, the greatest intrepidity and presence of mind."—*Sketches*, i. p. 371.

"Since she has grown old, she has turned her attention to the agricultural improvement of her country. Her fields look greener and more flourishing, and the population of her villages appear happier and more prosperous than those of the Company's provinces. Her care is unremitting and her protection sure. Formely a Mahometan, she is now a Roman Catholic, and has in her service many priests and officers of that persuasion. At her metropolis she has erected a very beautiful church, on the model of St. Peter's: it is almost finished: little remains to be done, and that is on the outside. The altar is remarkably handsome; it is of white marble from Jypoor, and inlaid with various-coloured stones."—*Tours*, i. p. 142.

"During her long life many acts of inhuman cruelty towards her dependents have transpired, one of which is here narrated. The Begum having discovereed a slave-girl in an intrigue, condemned her to be buried alive. This cruel sentence was carried into execution; and the fate of the beautiful victim having excited strong feelings of compassion, the old tigress, to preclude all chance of a rescue, ordered her carpet to be spread over the vault, and smoked her houkah, and slept on the spot; thus making assurance doubly sure."—*Sketches*, i. p. 774.

At Meerut the Commander-in-chief, Lord Combermere, and his party, were invited to dine with her. As he entered the gates of her palace, he was received with presented arms by her bodyguard, and on the steps of the portico by the old lady herself. In person she is described as very short, and rather *embonpoint*; her complexion is unusually fair; her features large and prominent; her expression sagacious, but artful. Of her hands, arms, and feet, the octogenarian beauty is said to be still justly proud. The dinner was served in the European style. The party consisted of sixty persons, the Begum being the only lady at table. She seemed in excellent humour, and, we are told, bandied jokes and compliments with his Excellency, through the medium of an interpreter.

A considerable portion of all the three works before us is filled with the account of sporting expeditions,—of fowling, hunting, and hawking, and of boar and tiger hunts,—which are extremely well told. Though not much addicted to field sports, we will acknowledge that, like other persons accidentally brought into the midst of the excitement of a hunting party, we found it difficult, from the animation and eagerness felt by the sportsman, to avoid being betrayed into a lively interest in their proceedings. In the chase of animals like the tiger and lion, the parties meet on so much fairer terms than huntsmen and game generally do,—so much presence of mind and courage are called into action, and so much risk endured, that the danger dignifies the sport.

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"The first of March," says Captain Mundy, "will always be a *dies notanda* in my sporting annals, as the day on which I first witnessed the noble sport of tiger-shooting. The Nimrods of our party had, ever since we entered upon the Dooab, been zealously employed in preparing fire-arms and casting bullets, in anticipation of a chase among the favourite haunts of wild beasts, the banks of the Jumna and Ganges. Some of the more experienced sportsmen, as soon as they saw the nature of the jungle in which we were encamped, presaged that there were tigers in the neighbourhood. Accordingly, whilst we were at breakfast, the servant informed us that there were some *gongwalas* or villagers in waiting, who had some *khubber* (news) about tigers to give us. We all jumped up and rushed out, and found a group of five or six half-naked fellows, headed by a stout young man"—"who announced himself as a jamadar"—"and gave us to understand that a young buffalo had been carried off the day before, about a mile from the spot, and that their herds had long suffered from the depredations of a party of three tigers, who had been often seen by the cowherds."—*Sketches*, i. p. 109.

A party of ten, mounted on as many elephants, with twenty pad-elephants to beat the covert and carry the guides, was immediately formed and set out.

"The jungle was in no place very high, there being but few trees, and a fine thick covert of grass and rushes. Every thing was favourable for the sport. Few of us, however, expecting to find a tiger, another man and myself dismounted from our elephants, to get a shot at a florikan, a bird of the bustard tribe, which we killed. It afterwards proved that there were two tigers within a hundred paces of the spot where we were walking. We beat for half an hour steadily in line, and I was beginning to yawn in despair, when my elephant suddenly raised his trunk and trumpeted several times, which my mahout informed me was a sure sign there was a tiger somewhere "between the wind and our nobility." The formidable line of thirty elephants, therefore, brought up their left shoulders, and beat slowly on to windward. We had gone about three hundred yards in this direction, and had entered a swampy part of the jungle, when suddenly the long wished-for tally-ho! saluted our ears, and a shot from Captain M. confirmed the sporting *eureeka!* The tiger answered the shot with a long roar, and boldly charged the line of elephants. Then occurred the most ridiculous, but most provoking scene possible. Every elephant, except Lord Combermere's, (which was a known stanch one,) turned tail and went off at score, in spite of all the blows and imprecations heartily bestowed upon them by the mahouts. One, less expeditious in his retreat than the others, was overtaken by the tiger, and severely torn in the hind leg; whilst another, even more alarmed than the rest, we could distinguish flying over the plain, till he quite sank below the horizon, and, for all proof to the contrary, he may be going on to this very moment. The tiger, in the meanwhile, advanced to attack his Lordship's elephant; but, being wounded in the loins by Captain M.'s shot, failed in his spring, and shrunk back among the rushes. My elephant was one of the first of the runaways to return to action; and when I ran up alongside Lord Combermere, (whose heroic animal had stood like a rock,) he was quite *hors-de-combat*, having fired all his broadside. I handed him a gun, and we poured a volley of four barrels upon the tiger, who, attempting again to charge, fell from weakness. Several shots more were expended upon him before he dropped dead; upon which we gave a good hearty "whoo! whoop!" and stowed him upon a pad elephant.' —' Having loaded and re-formed the line, we again advanced, and after beating for half an hour, I saw the grass gently moved about one hundred yards in front of me; and soon after a large tiger reared his head and shoulders above the jungle, as if to reconnoitre us. I tally-hoed, and the whole line rushed forward. On arriving at the spot, two tigers broke covert, and cantered quietly across an open space of ground. Several shots were fired, one of which slightly touched the largest of them who immediately turned round, and roaring furiously, and lashing his sides with his tail, came bounding towards us; but, apparently alarmed by the formidable line of elephants, he suddenly stopped short and turned into the jungle again, followed by us at full speed. At this pace, the action of an elephant is so extremely rough, that though a volley of shots was fired, the tiger performed his attack and retreat without being again struck. Those who had the fastest elephants had now the best of the sport, and when he turned to fight, (which he soon did,) only three of us were up. As soon as he faced about he attempted to spring on Captain M.'s elephant, but was stopped by a shot in the chest Two or three more shots brought him to his knees, and the noble beast fell dead in a last attempt to charge. He was a full-grown male, and a very fine animal. Near the spot where we found him, were discovered the well-picked remains of a buffalo. One of the sportsmen had, in the meantime, kept the smaller tiger in view, and we soon followed to the spot to which he had been marked. It was a thick marshy covert of broad flag reeds called Hogla, and we had beat through it twice, and were beginning to think of giving it up, as the light was waning, when Captain P.'s elephant, which was lagging in the rear, suddenly uttered a shrill scream, and came rushing out of the swamp with the tiger hanging by its teeth to the upper part of its tail! Captain P.'s situation was perplexing enough, his elephant making the most violent efforts to shake off his backbiting foe, and himself unable to use his gun for fear of shooting the unfortunate Coolie, who, frightened out of his wits, was standing behind the howdah, with his feet in the crupper, within six inches of the tiger's head. We soon flew to his aid, and quickly shot the tiger, who, however, did not quit his gripe, until he had received eight balls, when he dropped off the poor elephant's mangled tail, quite dead. Thus, in about two hours, and within sight of camp, we found and slew three tigers; a piece of good fortune rarely to be met with in these modern times, when the spread of cultivation, and the zeal of English

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sportsmen, have almost exterminated the breed of these animals."—*Ib.* pp. 109, 117.

We have already indulged ourselves long enough in the rambling varieties of these agreeable volumes. The admiration expressed by our travellers on examining the architectural remains which they visited, especially the Taj-mahl, and the ruins of the Black Pagoda in Orissa, had almost led us into some remarks on the architecture and sculpture of India; to which, except by Bishop Heber, we think that justice has hardly been done. Some of the buildings, particularly those in the Saracenic or Mussulman style, excite in every unprejudiced observer sentiments of strong delight and admiration, and indicate architectural genius of the very highest class. Whatever the mass of the population may have been, India, in the architects of such structures and in their patrons, must, ages ago, have possessed minds of no ordinary refinement and taste. At all events, the number and beauty of these buildings adds another collateral question to the yet unsolved problem,—by what process the architects of such structures as our Gothic cathedrals, could improve and cultivate the talents and refined powers of mind, by which their works have continued to be the admiration of every succeeding age. Some large though secret fund of knowledge and sentiment must have existed, cherished in the seclusion of the cloister or elsewhere, and which, however apparently at variance with the state of society and measure of science of the times, was founded on an intimate and long cultivated study of those feelings of the beautiful and sublime, which in works of manual art most deeply affect the great body of mankind. The time was when the most beautiful specimens of Gothic and of Moorish art were regarded as relics only of barbarism. The pedantry of an exclusive study of the fine forms of Grecian and Roman architecture and sculpture, so worthy in themselves of all admiration, is past; and the age, more enlightened and more liberal, is disposed to admit the various productions of Egyptian, Etruscan, Gothic, and Oriental art, to their fair place in the scale of human genius.

The last half of Major Archer's second volume is occupied with observations on the local government of Bengal, and on the army attached to that Presidency. His situation in the Commander-in-Chief's family gave him an opportunity of knowing much of the military arrangements of India. We are far from agreeing with him, however, in several of his opinions; and the violence and asperity with which he treats the Directors and Board of Control, regarding the *half-batta order*, is any thing but commendable. Soldiers do not appear to most advantage when haggling about pay. They never can be the proper judges of what ought to be their emoluments; and unless under a military despotism, they never can be made so. In the revenues of India a deficit has been announced, attended by a debt of thirty millions; and retrenchment has reached the army, as well as all other branches of the public service. Considerable discontent among the civil as well as military servants has been the consequence. But the country is already as much burdened as it can bear, and recourse must therefore be had, not to new taxes, but to retrenchments. In such a case, all who suffer have an undoubted right to represent any grievances supposed to affect themselves, or their own situation; but in an army in which two formidable mutinies have existed, in the memory of man, on the subject of allowances, all such representations ought to be temperate and respectful. The tone of irritation and scorn is not graceful in England, and is dangerous in India. Reason is the same in the East and the West; and the style that might be adopted by English military men in speaking of acts of the Horse-Guards, will be found in the end the best, in talking of the Indian authorities at home, and of the difficult duties which fall to the lot of our high-minded countrymen who direct the interests of England in those distant climes. We do not enter into the merits of the question regarding the particular retrenchment alluded to. Perhaps the fault is not so much that it is made now, as that it was not made more gradually, and, above all, begun a great deal earlier. The present administrators of India, are suffering the penalty of the neglects of their predecessors.

From Blackwood's Edinburgh Magazine.

AMERICA.*—No. I.

Rousseau long ago prophesied that the American war commenced the *era of revolutions;* and subsequent events have too clearly proved that in this respect at least he did not mistake the signs of the times. With the rise of Transatlantic independence, commenced a new series of contests flowing not from the ambition of Kings, or the rivalry of their Ministers, but the impatient spirit and the interminable expectations of the people. Wars since that period have increased in frequency, and augmented in horror; not armies merely, but whole nations have been brought into the field; the blood of millions has flowed in every quarter of the globe; and in the effort to emancipate themselves from a constitutional sway, mankind have fallen under a severer bondage than was ever known even to Oriental subjection.

But it is not merely by the fierce and uninterrupted struggle between the two great parties who divide the world, that the American Revolution has been the beginning of a new era in human affairs. It is by the contagion of *example;* by the constant exhibition of Republican in-

* Men and Manners in America. By the author of Cyril Thornton, &c.—William Blackwood, Edinburgh, and T. Cadell, Strand, London.

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stitutions on a great scale, and under circumstances of unparalleled prosperity, that it has produced so astonishing a change in the political institutions of the Old World—More powerful than the eloquence of Mirabeau or the sword of Napoleon, the democratic government of America has struck far and wide into the minds of the European people; and the privileges enjoyed by her citizens become an object of envy to millions utterly incapable of understanding either the causes which have rendered this prosperity coexistent with this equality, or forbid its application to the more aged dynasties of the Old World. It is in vain that more thoughtful and experienced persons suggested that the circumstances of Europe and America were essentially different; that institutions which answered perfectly well amongst a young people, beginning their political existence without any public debt, or great families, or feudal prejudices, and situated amidst a boundless profusion of unoccupied land, were wholly inapplicable to old states grown gray in a certain political career, overflowing with inhabitants, overwhelmed with debt, with vast property accumulated in a few hands, no unoccupied land to divide, and millions dependent upon the wages of labour. All these considerations, of such vital importance in considering the question whether the institutions of America could be applied to this country, were utterly overlooked, and hungry millions panted only the more ardently for the fancied El Dorado of American equality, because it was a dream which never could be realized in this country.

The French writers have often said that England, by its simple vicinity, by the example she set of liberal institutions close to the continental shores, has done more mischief to the adjoining states than even by the thunder of her fleets or the terror of her arms. There can be little doubt that the observation is well founded. The mania of imitation—the passion for transporting the institutions of one country to another—of transplanting privileges and liberties from a nation in one state of civilization to another, under different circumstances, has done and is doing more to injure the cause of freedom than all the efforts of tyrants for its suppression. The effects it produces are of the very worst kind, because it leads to the formation of constitutions so utterly absurd with reference to the people among whom they are introduced, that consequences the most fatal to public happiness may be apprehended. All the calamities which have befallen the cause of freedom for the last forty years have sprung from the mania of imitation. The French Revolution, with all the unspeakable horrors with which it was attended, and the utter annihilation of public liberty in which it has terminated, arose in a great degree from contagion. It was the Anglomania which first turned the heads of the higher orders, and the example of the American Revolution which next set the train on fire, and convulsed the Old World with the flames originating in the New. It is the example of French equality and licentiousness; of a nation practically invested with all the power of sovereignty; of all honours and offices flowing from the multitude, no matter for how short a time or with what ruinous consequences, which has ever since agitated the world, and kept the revolutionary party every where together, from the hope of one day revelling in similar orgies. The Revolutions of Spain, Naples, and Piedmont, in 1820, all sprung from imitation of the Spanish revolt in the Island of Leon; and the subsequent degradation of the Peninsula is entirely to be ascribed to the promulgation of a constitution, both in Spain and Portugal, utterly at variance with their character and interests. In later days, the explosion of the Barricades immediately overturned Flanders, and put the last drop into the cup which made Polish misery overflow; and though last, not least, the ancient fabric of the British Constitution has yielded to the shock of foreign example, and the liberty which had grown up for eight hundred years under the shadow of native institutions, has been exposed to the perilous storms of democratic ambition.

Dangers of a similar and still more alarming kind, threaten the country from the influence of American institutions, ill understood or misapplied. There is nothing to which the republican party every where point with such exultation, as the example of American freedom; and glowing eulogies are periodically put forth from the press of this land of general equality, to stimulate the revolutionary spirit of Europe to fresh exertions. Nor is there wanting enough, in the simple narrative of Transatlantic independence, to set on fire cooler heads than the patriots and democrats of modern Europe. The facts of a nation existing without a monarch or nobles, or public debt, rarely engaged in war, steadily advancing in opulence; without pauperism in many of its provinces, without a standing army in any; with an immense commerce, and a boundless territory; with a population doubling every thirty years, and public wealth tripling in the same time, are amply sufficient to account for the powerful interests which they have excited in the Eastern World, and to explain the anxious eyes with which the ardent and enthusiastic so generally turn to its infant fortunes, as the dawn of a brighter day to the human race.

There is no example in the history of the world, of the institutions of one country being transferred to another, without the most disastrous effects; nor is a single instance to be found, in any age, of the successful transplantation of a constitution. This of itself is sufficient to make the prudent pause, before they engage in any such attempt. No people have more obstinately persisted in this system of transferring their own institutions to other states than the English; and in every one instance which they have tried, they have experienced a total failure. Sicily is one of the most memorable instances of their experimental legislation; they thought, when that island was under their power during the late war,

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that all that was wanting to make its inhabitants perfectly happy, was to give them the English constitution; and accordingly they forthwith proceeded to frame a government for the island, with kings, lords, and commons, popular elections, bills, budgets, and all the machinery of British legislation, which was soon found to be so utterly absurd and impracticable among its inhabitants, that, without external violence, it sunk to the ground after a few years' experiment, and the only trace of it which now remains is the expression "*uno budgetto*," a money statement, which has become naturalized in the harmonious language of the Mediterranean shores from its Gothic regenerators.

The Spanish Peninsula is another instance of the total failure of transplanted institutions. In 1812, when English influence was predominant at Cadiz, a constitution was framed for the people of Spain, which has been the direct and immediate cause of the whole subsequent disasters and miseries of the Peninsula; and subsequently, with the same sanction, a similar constitution, based on the same ruinous equality, was extended to Portugal. At once, without any previous habits of preparation, without any inquiry as to its probable working among its varied inhabitants, they introduced a constitution, of which the basis was *universal suffrage* in the election of the Cortes. The effect of such an innovation might have been foreseen, as is now become a matter of history. Its effects were not at first conspicuous; because Ferdinand, instantly on his arrival, annulled a constitution which nine-tenths of his subjects felt to be impracticable; but the moment that the revolt of 1820 re-established it in both kingdoms of the Peninsula, extreme revolutionary measures were commenced, the property of the church was confiscated, that of the fund-holders annihilated, and nothing but the invasion of the Duke d'Angoulême, in 1823, prevented the revival of anarchy in Spain and Portugal, as bloody as the Reign of Terror. The present contest between Don Pedro and Don Miguel, is a legacy bequeathed to the Peninsula by the same insane measures; it is the universal suffrage established by our ridiculous Portuguese constitution, which has set all the revolutionists of the Peninsula on fire; and the contests now raging on the banks of the Douro is the direct consequence of the imitation, by European legislators, of American institutions.

Notwithstanding all this, however, the democratic government of the United States is the subject of unmeasured and incessant eulogy by all the revolutionists of the present age. Their avowed object is to transplant to a European soil the tree of American freedom; and the utter failure of all such attempts in other states, only renders them the more anxious to effect it in this island. Nor are such efforts to be despised, merely because all men of sense perceive them to be impracticable, and all men of information are fully impressed with their perilous consequences. The great majority of men, it is always to be recollected, are, so far as politics are concerned, neither possessed of sense nor information; they are mere puppets in the hands of more designing leaders, who pull the wires by means of that never-failing instrument, the public press. Because a series of measures are obviously perilous in the extreme, and will involve in their ultimate consequences the ruin of the very men who urge it forward, is no reason whatever for concluding that it will not be forced upon the Legislature by an imperious populace. The Reform Bill has both taught us what can be done by democratic fury in this way, and established a lever, by which it is easy, in all future times, to influence without any apparent violence, all the branches of the Legislature.

It is therefore of incalculable importance, that the institutions of America should be presented to the public in their real colours, by able and impartial observers; men who, without being guided by party feeling or national animosity, see things as they really are, and judge of their application to this country from the dictates of an extended experience. The jaundiced eye of national rivalry, or the enthusiastic glow of republican ardour, are equally at variance with the truth. We can trust neither to Mrs. Trollope's ludicrous pictures of American vulgarity, nor Mr. Stuart's laboured encomium of American equality. Captain Hall's work, amidst much striking talent, and many just and profound observations, is too much tinctured by his ardent and enthusiastic fancy, to form a safe guide on the many debated subjects of national institutions. There was the greatest need, therefore, of a cool and dispassionate survey of America, by a traveller who united the power of genius and the talent of description, with a practical acquaintance with men in all the varieties of political condition; who had seen enough of tyranny to hate its oppression, and enough of democracy to dread its excesses; and who, having nothing to gain from party, and no motive to conceal the truth, brought to the survey of the infant Hercules, in the New World, an acquaintance with the stores of political wisdom from the Old. Such a traveller is Mr. Hamilton; and we cannot but congratulate our countrymen on the appearance of his valuable work at the present crisis, when all the ancient institutions of our country are successively melting away under the powerful solvent of democratic fervour.

Mr. Hamilton takes the field with no common character to support. As a novelist and a military historian, his productions deservedly rank with the very best authors whom the age has produced. There is no novel-writer in our day, after the great Father of Romance, who has succeeded in transferring to his pages equally vivid pictures of the most animating events of life; the enthusiasm of youthful passion, the decision of military exploit, the ardour of devoted affection. He does not describe Cyril Thornton's love for Lady Melicent, or his achievements at Albuera, as an author would who painted the

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feelings or actions of others; he draws his pictures from the life, like one who has felt the light of ladies' eyes, and heard the ring of enemies' shot; who has in part, at least, led the eventful life he has so admirably portrayed, and shared in the enthusiastic feelings by which his imaginary characters are animated. In this particular, in the faithful and animated picture of profound attachment and heart-stirring incident, Mr. Hamilton is, in our opinion, beyond any living romance-writer; and we have heard from others, that he had the gratification in America of finding that these brilliant qualities were fully appreciated even in that land of equality and calculation, and that the reputation of Cyril Thornton was, if possible, even higher there than in the land which gave it birth.

In another respect, Mr. Hamilton was peculiarly fitted to accomplish the task he has undertaken in this work. He is both a soldier and a gentleman; he has seen much of the military events which he has described, and acquired, in an extended intercourse with the world, that liberality of sentiment which is rarely witnessed in those, of whatever abilities, who have been confined to a particular country. These qualities, invaluable in a traveller, are in a remarkable degree conspicuous throughout these pages; and however much the Americans may differ with many of his political conclusions, they must admit the candour of his observations, and the courteous spirit in which both his praise and his censure are conceived.

Our author embarked for America in October, 1830. He gives the following account of the American character, and the feelings with which they regard this country, which will serve as a specimen of the spirit in which the work is conceived.

"Even from what I have already seen, I feel sure that an American at home is a very different person from an American abroad. With his foot on his native soil, he appears in his true character; he moves in the sphere for which his habits and education have peculiarly adapted him, and surrounded by his fellow-citizens, he at once gets rid of the embarrassing conviction, that he is regarded as an individual impersonation of the whole honour of the Union. In England, he is generally anxious to demonstrate by indifference of manner, that he is not dazzled by the splendour which surrounds him, and too solicitously forward in denying the validity of all pretensions, which he fears the world may consider as superior to his own. But in his own country he stands confessedly on a footing with the highest. His national vanity remains unruffled by opposition or vexatious comparison, and his life passes on in a dreamy and complacent contemplation of the high part, which, in her growing greatness, the United States is soon to assume, in the mighty drama of the world. His imagination is no longer troubled with visions of lords and palaces, and footmen in embroidery and cocked hats; or if he thinks of these things at all, it is in a spirit far more philosophical than that with which he once regarded them. Connected with England by commercial relations, by community of literature, and a thousand ties, which it will still require centuries to obliterate, he cannot regard her destinies without deep interest. In the contests in which, by the calls of honour, or by the folly of her rulers, she may be engaged, the reason of an American may be against England, but his heart is always with her. He is ever ready to extend to her sons the rites of kindness and hospitality, and is more flattered by their praise, and more keenly sensitive to their censure, than is perhaps quite consistent with a just estimate of the true value of either."

We have no doubt that these observations are perfectly well founded. The excessive solicitude of the Americans for praise, and especially for the praise of the English, is not to be regarded as a fault: it is the invariable feeling of men in a certain stage of civilization, and indicates that aspiration after eminence which is the surest forerunner of its being ultimately attained. We cannot help, however, suggesting to them, in the perfect feeling of amity and regard, that the really great features of their country would appear still more prominent, if they were less solicitous to arrogate to themselves the highest place in the scale of civilization. Invariably it will be found, that those unquestionably possessed of great qualities, are comparatively indifferent to their recognition by others; and that those who are insatiable of praise, are such as are conscious of some secret defect, which renders the support of others desirable. Are you acquainted with a Duchess or a Countess? The usual attentions of society may be omitted towards them, without exciting any considerable feeling of irritation: but if your acquaintance is on the frontiers of vulgarity, a visit cannot be omitted without the risk of a quarrel for life. An ordinary man conceives mortal offence at being called a coward; but any one may apply that epithet to the Duke of Wellington, without exciting any other feeling but that of pity for his ignorance.

Mr. Hamilton justly and candidly distinguishes between the higher classes of the old American society, which is little, if it all distinguishable from that of the superior sort in this country, and the upstarts whose pretensions and vulgarity have thrown such discredit on the whole nation. Of the former species of society, comprehending Mr. Livingston, Mr. Gallatin, Mr. Jay, and several other gentlemen of high accomplishments, he says,—

"One of the most pleasant evenings I have passed since my arrival, was at a club composed of gentlemen of literary taste, which includes among its members several of the most eminent individuals of the Union. The meetings are weekly, and take place at the house of each member in succession. The party generally assemble about eight o'clock; an hour or two is spent in conversation; supper follows; and after a moderate, though social potation,

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the meeting breaks up. I had here the honour of being introduced to Mr. Livingston, lieutenant-governor of the State, Mr. Gallatin, Mr. Jay, and several other gentlemen of high accomplishment.

"An evening passed in such company, could not be other than delightful. There was no monopoly of conversation, but its current flowed on equably and agreeably. Subjects of literature and politics were discussed with an entire absence of that bigotry and dogmatism, which sometimes destroy the pleasure of interchange of opinion, even between minds of high order. For myself, I was glad to enjoy an opportunity of observing the modes of thinking peculiar to intellects of the first class, in this new and interesting country, and I looked forward to nothing with more pleasure, than availing myself of the obliging invitation to repeat my visits at the future meetings of the Club."

His observations on the higher class of New Englanders are in the same liberal strain.

"It certainly struck me as singular," says he, "that while the great body of the New Englanders are distinguished above every other people I have ever known by bigotry and narrowness of mind, and an utter disregard of those delicacies of deportment which indicate benevolence of feeling, the higher and more enlightened portion of the community should be peculiarly remarkable for the display of qualities precisely the reverse. Nowhere in the United States will the feelings, and even prejudices of a stranger, meet with such forbearance as in the circle to which I allude. Nowhere are the true delicacies of social intercourse more scrupulously observed, and nowhere will a traveller mingle in society, where his errors of opinion will be more rigidly detected or more charitably excused. I look back on the period of my residence in Boston with peculiar pleasure. I trust there are individuals there who regard me as a friend, and I know of nothing in the more remote contingencies of life, which I contemplate with greater satisfaction, than the possibility of renewing in this country, with at least some of the number, an intercourse which I found so gratifying in their own.

He also gives a decided negative to the assertion so often repeated by superficial or partial observers in this country, that the Americans are prejudiced against the English.

"It has been often said—indeed said so often as to have passed into a popular apophthegm, that a strong prejudice against Englishmen exists in America. Looking back on the whole course of my experience in that country, I now declare, that no assertion more utterly adverse to truth, was ever palmed by prejudice or ignorance, on vulgar credulity. That a prejudice exists, I admit, but instead of being *against* Englishmen, as compared with the natives of other countries, it is a prejudice *in their favour*. The Americans do not weigh the merits of their foreign visiters in an equal balance. They are only too apt to throw their own partialities into the scale of the Englishman, and give it a preponderance to which the claims of the individual have probably no pretensions."

It is gratifying to hear a fellow-soldier of Wellington speaking in the following terms of the American naval officers.

"The United States' hotel, where I had taken up my abode, was a favourite resort of American naval officers. An opportunity was thus afforded me of forming acquaintance with several, to whom I was indebted for many kind and most obliging attentions. It must be confessed, that these republicans have carried with them their full share of 'Old Albion's spirit of the sea,' for better sailors, in the best and highest acceptation of the term, I do not believe the world can produce. During the course of my tour, I had a good deal of intercourse with the members of this profession; and I must say, that in an officer of the United States' navy, I have uniformly found, not only a well-informed gentleman, but a person on whose kindness and good offices to a stranger I might with confidence rely. They betray nothing of that silly spirit of bluster and bravado, so prevalent among other classes of their countrymen; and even in conversing on the events of the late war, they spoke of their success in a tone of modesty which tended to raise even the high impression I had already received of their gallantry."

These passages, selected at random from a great many others of the same kind with which the work abounds, must sufficiently establish the character of our author for candour and courtesy. But it is not to be imagined from this, that he is a thick-and-thin admirer of the Americans and their institutions; or that he imagines, with the common herd of liberal writers, that every thing is perfect, merely because it is democratic. The following observation on the efficiency of the American navy, and the cause to which it is owing, indicates the justness of his discrimination:—

"Every thing in their navy yards, is conducted with admirable judgment, for the plain reason, as the Americans themselves assure me, that the management of the navy is a department in which the mob, every where else triumphant, never venture to interfere. There is good sense in this abstinence. The principles of government, which are applicable to a civil community, would make sad work in a man-of-war. The moment a sailor is afloat, he must cast the slough of democracy, and both in word and action cease to be a free man. Every ship is necessarily a despotism, and the existence of any thing like a deliberate body, is utterly incompatible with safety. The necessity of blind obedience is imperious, though it is not easy to understand how those accustomed to liberty and equality on shore, can readily submit to the rigours of naval discipline."

Nothing can be more just than this observation. In truth, the exploits of the Americans by sea and land, so far from being any argument in

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favour of democratic institutions, are directly the reverse. Their successes at sea, it is well known, and Mr. Hamilton adds his testimony to the fact, having arisen under a system of despotic discipline, far more rigorous than that to which British seamen are subjected, and which utterly excludes all those privileges afloat, to which the nation is so much wedded in its institutions ashore. And as to their exploits by land, they exhibit the most striking instance of the national imbecility, arising from democratic institutions, which is perhaps to be found in the history of the world. General Jomini justly observes, that America affords the most signal instance of the incapacity of a republican government to discharge that first of duties, protection to its subjects; for, with a population then of eight millions, it was unable to prevent its capital from being captured by a British division of 4000 men; a force which any of the minor states in Germany would have beat off with disgrace. It is not where states are really democratic, but where the democracy is coerced and subdued by a committee of public safety, or a Napoleon, that it really forms a powerful state; and the rise of its foreign importance is contemporaneous with the fall of its internal privileges.

We have often had occasion to observe, that the natural tendency of democracy, as of every other unruly passion, when not kept within due bounds, is to increase; and that this augmentation goes on progressively till it induces evils that are intolerable, and bring about a rapid return to the natural order of society. Mr. Hamilton teaches us, that even the universal suffrage of America affords no security against this great evil, and that the progress from bad to worse is going on as rapidly among its sovereign multitude, as in the aristocratic states of modern Europe.

"One fact is confessed by all parties, that the progress of democratic principles from the period of the Revolution has been very great During my whole residence in the United States, I conversed with no enlightened American, who did not confess, that the constitution now, though the same in letter with that established in 1789, is essentially different in spirit. It was undoubtedly the wish of Washington and Hamilton to counterpoise, as much as circumstances would permit, the rashness of democracy by the caution and wisdom of an aristocracy of intelligence and wealth. There is now no attempt at counterpoise. The weight is all in one scale, and how low, by continued increase of pressure, it is yet to descend, would require a prophet of some sagacity to foretell. I shall state a few circumstances which may illustrate the progress and tendency of opinion among the people of New York.

"In that city a separation is rapidly taking place between the different orders of society. The operative class have already formed themselves into a society, under the name of '*The Workies*,' in direct opposition to those who, more favoured by nature or fortune, enjoy the luxuries of life without the necessity of manual labour. These people make no secret of their demands, which, to do them justice, are few and emphatic They are published in the newspapers, and may be read on half the walls of New York. Their first postulate is 'EQUAL AND UNIVERSAL EDUCATION.' It is false, they say, to maintain that there is at present no privileged order, no practical aristocracy, in a country where distinctions of education are permitted.

"There does exist, they argue, an aristocracy of the most odious kind—an aristocracy of knowledge, education, and refinement, which is inconsistent with the true democratic principle of absolute equality. They pledge themselves, therefore, to exert every effort, mental and physical, for the abolition of this flagrant injustice. They proclaim it to the world as a nuisance which must be abated, before the freedom of an American be something more than a mere empty boast. They solemnly declare that they will not rest satisfied, till every citizen in the United States shall receive the same degree of education, and start fair in the competition for the honours and the offices of the state. As it is of course impossible—and these men know it to be so—to educate the labouring class to the standard of the richer, it is their professed object to reduce the latter to the same mental condition with the former; to prohibit all supererogatory knowledge; to have a maximum of acquirement beyond which it shall be punishable to go.

"But those who limit their views to the mental degradation of their country, are in fact the MODERATES of the party. There are others who go still further, and boldly advocate the introduction of an AGRARIAN LAW, and a periodical division of property. These unquestionably constitute the *extreme gauche* of the Worky Parliament, but still they only follow out the principles of their less violent neighbours, and eloquently dilate on the justice and propriety of every individual being equally supplied with food and clothing; on the monstrous iniquity of one man riding in his carriage while another walks on foot, and after his drive discussing a bottle of Champagne, while many of his neighbours are shamefully compelled to be content with the pure element. Only equalize property, they say, and neither would drink Champagne or water, but both would have brandy, a consummation worthy of centuries of struggle to attain.

"All this is nonsense undoubtedly, nor do I say that this party, though strong in New York, is yet so numerous or so widely diffused as to create immediate alarm. In the elections, however, for the civic offices of the city, their influence is strongly felt; and there can be no doubt that as population becomes more dense, and the supply of labour shall equal, or exceed the demand for it, the strength of this party must be enormously augmented. Their ranks will always be recruited by the needy, the idle, and the profligate; and like a rolling snowball, it will gather strength and volume as it proceeds, until at length it comes down thundering with the force and desolation of an avalanche.

"This event may be distant, but it is not the less certain on that account. It is nothing to

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say, that the immense extent of fertile territory yet to be occupied by an unborn population, will delay the day of ruin. It will delay, but it cannot prevent it."

Nothing can be more important than these observations. They show us the point to which we are all driving; the *terminus ad quem* which forms the limit of British civilization. Supposing the wishes of the democratic party to be all gratified—supposing royalty and aristocracy abolished, annual parliaments and universal suffrage established; the funds abolished; the Church property confiscated; still we shall be as far from having established any thing like contentment and satisfaction among the lower orders as ever. Even then the elements of discord, interminable discord, between the higher and lower orders, will remain; the aristocracy of education and manners will become as much the object of jealousy as ever was that of wealth and station; and at last, if every thing else fails, the aristocracy of coats will become the object of hatred, as Salvandy tells us it now is in France, to that of waistcoats. If levelling principles finally obtain the ascendant, it can lead to no other result, but the prostration of manners, knowledge, and character; of every thing which gives dignity to private, or usefulness to public life; of the elevation of science to the refinement of art; of all that elevates or adorns the human species! Such is the result in their own favoured land, which the triumphs of republican principles is producing; and such the object which the revolutionists every where pursue through such oceans of blood.

But let it not be supposed that even these extreme democratic institutions are destined to preserve the Americans from the dangers of revolution. They are now postponed only, by the facility of acquiring property, and the boundless extent of uncultivated land; but when these resources fail, as fail they must in the progress of time, the pressure will be felt there as well as in Europe, and revolution approach only in a more dangerous form, from the absence of all those classes or institutions in society which might oppose a barrier to its devastation. These truths are put in a very clear view by Mr. Hamilton.

"No man can contemplate the vast internal resources of the United States,—the varied productions of their soil,—the unparalleled extent of river communication,—the inexhaustible stores of coal and iron which are spread even on the surface,—and doubt that the Americans are destined to become a great manufacturing nation. Whenever increase of population shall have reduced the price of labour to a par with that in other countries, these advantages will come into full play; the United States will then meet England on fair terms in every market of the world, and, in many branches of industry at least, will very probably attain an unquestioned superiority. Huge manufacturing cities will spring up in various quarters of the Union, the population will congregate in masses, and all the vices incident to such a condition of society will attain speedy maturity. Millions of men will depend for subsistence on the demand for a particular manufacture, and yet this demand will of necessity be liable to perpetual fluctuation. When the pendulum vibrates in one direction, there will be an influx of wealth and prosperity; when it vibrates in the other, misery, discontent, and turbulence will spread through the land. A change of fashion, a war, the glut of a foreign market, a thousand unforseen and inevitable accidents, are liable to produce this, and deprive multitudes of bread, who, but a month before, were enjoying all the comforts of life. Let it be remembered, that in this suffering class will be practically deposited the whole political power of the state; that there can be no military force to maintain civil order, and protect property; and to what quarter, I should be glad to know, is the rich man to look for security, either of person or fortune?

"There will be no occasion, however, for convulsion or violence. The *Workv* convention will only have to choose representatives of their own principles, in order to accomplish a general system of spoliation in the most legal and constitutional manner. It is not even necessary that a majority of the federal legislature should concur in this. It is competent to the government of each state to dispose of the property within their own limits as they think proper; and whenever a *numerical* majority of the people shall be in favour of an Agrarian law, there exists no counteracting influence to prevent, or even to retard its adoption.

"I cannot help believing that the period of trial is somewhat less distant than many of the Americans seem to imagine. If the question be conceded that democracy necessarily leads to anarchy and spoliation, it does not seem that the mere length of road to be travelled is a point of much importance. This, of course, would vary according to the peculiar circumstances of every country in which the experiment might be tried. In England the journey would be performed with railway velocity. In the United States, with the great advantages they possess, it may continue a generation or two longer, but the termination is the same. The doubt regards time, not destination.

"At present the United States are perhaps more safe from revolutionary contention than any other country in the world. But this safety consists in one circumstance alone. *The great majority of the people are possessed of property;* have what is called a stake in the hedge; and are therefore, by interest, opposed to all measures which may tend to its insecurity. It is for such a condition of society that the present constitution was framed; and could this great bulwark of prudent government be rendered as permanent as it is effective, there could be no assignable limit to the prosperity of a people so favoured. But the truth is undeniable, that as population increases, another state of things must necessarily arise, and one unfortunately never dreamt of in the philosophy of American legislators. The majority of the people will then consist of men without property of any kind, subject to the immediate pressure of want, and then will be decided the great strug-

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gle between property and numbers; on the one side hunger, rapacity, and physical power; reason, justice, and helplessness on the other. The weapons of this fearful contest are already forged; the hands will soon be born that are to wield them. At all events, let no man appeal to the stability of the American government as being established by experience, till this trial has been overpast. Forty years are no time to test the permanence, or, if I may so speak, the vitality of a constitution, the immediate advantages of which are strongly felt, and the evils latent and comparatively remote.

"After much—I hope impartial and certainly patient—observation, it does appear to me, that universal suffrage is the rock on which American freedom is most likely to suffer shipwreck. The intrinsic evils of the system are very great, and its adoption in the United States was the more monstrous, because a qualification in property is there not only a test of intelligence, but of moral character. The man must either be idle or profligate, or more probably both, who does not, in a country where labour is so highly rewarded, obtain a qualification of some sort. He is evidently unworthy of the right of suffrage, and by every wise legislature will be debarred from its exercise. In densely peopled countries the test of property in reference to moral qualities is fallible,—perhaps too fallible to be relied on with much confidence. In the United States it is *unerring*, or at least the possible exceptions are so few, and must arise from circumstances so peculiar, that it is altogether unnecessary they should find any place in the calculations of a statesman. But American legislators have thought proper to cast away this inestimable advantage. Seeing no immediate danger in the utmost extent of suffrage, they were content to remain blind to the future. They took every precaution that the rights of the poor man should not be encroached on by the rich, but never seem to have contemplated the possibility that the rights of the latter might be violated by the former. American protection, like Irish reciprocity, was all on one side. It was withheld where most needed; it was profusely lavished where there was no risk of danger. They put a sword in the hand of one combatant, and took the shield from the arm of the other."

One of the worst effects of a low suffrage in electors is the immediate effect which it produces in lowering the character and qualification of the representatives, and assimilating the legislature to the vulgar and ignorant mass on which the majority of it depends for its existence. Two years ago, this would have passed for the mere raving of a disappointed Tory: it is now matter of history and universal notoriety. The Reformed Parliament has solved that as well as many other disputed points in political science; and how much lower yet we are destined to fall in this woful career, may be learned from the example of our Transatlantic brethern.

"To an American of talent, there exists no object to stimulate political ambition save the higher offices of the federal government, or of the individual States. The latter, indeed, are chiefly valued for the increased facilities they afford for the attainment of the former; but to either, the only passport is popular favour. Acquirements of any sort, therefore, which the great mass of the people do not value, or are incapable of appreciating, are of no practical advantage, for they bring with them neither fame nor more substantial reward. But this is understating the case. Such knowledge, if displayed at all, would not merely be a dead letter in the qualifications of a candidate for political power, it would oppose a decided obstacle to his success. The sovereign people in America are given to be somewhat intolerant of acquirement, the immediate utility of which they cannot appreciate, but which they cannot appreciate, but which they do feel has imparted something of mental superiority to its possessor. This is particularly the case with regard to literary accomplishment. The cry of the people is for '*equal and universal education*;' and attainments which circumstances have placed beyond their own reach, they would willingly discountenance in others

"It is true, indeed, that with regard to mere professional acquirements, a different feeling prevails. The people have no objection to a clever surgeon or a learned physician, because they profit by their skill. An ingenious mechanic they respect. There is a fair field for a chemist or engineer. But in regard to literature, they can discover no practical benefit of which it is productive. In their eyes it is a mere appanage of aristocracy, and whatever mental superiority it is felt to confer, is at the expense of the self-esteem of less educated men. I have myself heard in Congress the imputation of scholarship bandied as a reproach; and if the epithet of 'literary gentleman' may be considered as malignant, as it did sometimes appear to be gratuitous, there assuredly existed ample apology for the indignant feeling it appeared to excite. The truth I believe is, that in their political representatives, the people demand just so much knowledge and accomplishment as they conceive to be practically available for the promotion of their own interests. This, in their opinion, is enough. More were but to gild refined gold, and paint the lily, operations which could add nothing to the value of the metal, or the fragrance of the flower."

On the great subject of Parliamentary Reform, then a matter of keen interest in Great Britain, Mr. Hamilton had many and interesting conversations with the most intelligent men of all parties in America. He found but one opinion among *them all*, whether Federalist or Republican, as the ruinous consequence to which that fatal measure would inevitably lead. Let us hear the opinion of these republicans on the great legislative experiment of the nineteenth century.

"The subject of Parliamentary Reform in all its bearings was very frequently discussed in the society of Boston. It was one on which I had anticipated little difference of opinion among the citizens of a republic. Admitting that their best wishes were in favour of the

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prosperity of Britain, and the stability of her constitution, I expected that her judgment would necessarily point to great and immediate changes in a monarchy confessedly not free from abuse. For myself, though considered, I believe, as something of a Radical at home, I had come to the United States prepared to bear the imputation of Toryism among a people whose ideas of liberty were carried so much further than my own.

"In all these anticipations I was mistaken. Strange to say, I found myself quite as much a Radical at Boston, and very nearly as much so in New York, as I had been considered in England. It was soon apparent that the great majority of the more enlightened class in both cities regarded any great and sudden change in the British institutions as pregnant with the most imminent danger. In their eyes the chance of ultimate advantage was utterly insignificant, when weighed against the certainty of immediate peril. 'You at present,' they said, 'enjoy more practical freedom than has ever in the whole experience of mankind been permanently secured to a nation by any institutions. Your government, whatever may be its defects, enjoys at least this inestimable advantage, that the habits of the people are adapted to it. This cannot be the case in regard to any change, however calculated to be ultimately beneficial. The process of moral adaptation is ever slow and precarious, and the experience of the world demonstrates that it is far better that the intelligence of a people should be in advance of their institutions, than that the institutions should precede the advancement of the people. In the former case, however theoretically bad, their laws will be practically modified by the influence of public opinion; in the latter, however good in themselves, they cannot be secure or beneficial in their operation. We speak as men whose opinions have been formed from experience, under a government, popular in the widest sense of the term. As friends, we caution you to beware. We pretend not to judge whether change be necessary. If it be, we trust it will at least be gradual; that your statesmen will approach the work of reform with the full knowledge that every single innovation will occasion the necessity of many. The appetite for change in a people grows with what it feeds on. It is instatiable. Go as far as you will, at some point you must stop, and that point will be short of the wish of a large portion —probably of a numerical majority—of your population. By no concession does it appear to us that you can avert the battle that awaits you. You have but the choice whether the great struggle shall be for reform or property.'"

These opinions are well worthy of the most deliberate consideration. Nothing is more certain than that those engaged in a movement of any kind, whether physical or moral, are incapable of judging either of the rapidity of the motion by which they are swept along, or the ultimate tendency of their progress. Nothing, as was admirably observed on a late occasion in the House of Peers, so exactly resembles our present condition, as the descent of a waggon down a smoothed inclined plane; the bystanders all perceive the velocity of the descent but those on board are not conscious of it till some obstacle or attempt to arrest the motion produces a violent shock, which at once makes them sensible of it. In such circumstances, it is of incalculable importance to see what is thought of our movement by enlightened foreigners, and most of all by those of our own lineage on the other side of the Atlantic, themselves familiar with democratic institutions, and aware, from actual experience, of the tendency of such a system of government. And if this is the opinion of the Americans, even with all the safety-valves, against the evil effects of democracy, which the back settlements, and a boundless demand for labour, afford, what may be expected to ensue in these islands, where no such outlets exist, and a redundant poulation, invested with supreme political power by the Reform Bill, violently presses against the barriers which old institutions, and a highly artificial system of society, must oppose to their progress?

Hamilton was the only American legislator who was fully aware of the quarter from which dangers was really to be apprehended for his country.

"It may be truly said of him," says our author, "that with every temptation to waver in his political course, the path he followed was a straight one. He was too honest, and too independent, to truckle to a mob, and too proud to veil or modify opinions, which, he must have known, were little calculated to secure popular favour. Hamilton brought to the task of legislation a powerful and perspicacious intellect, and a memory stored with the results of the experience of past ages. He viewed mankind not as a theorist, but as a practical philosopher, and was never deceived by the false and flimsy dogmas of human perfectibility, which dazzled the weaker vision of such men as Jefferson and Madison. In activity of mind, in soundness of judgment, and in the power of comprehensive induction, he unquestionably stood the first man of his age and country. While the apprehensions of other statesmen were directed against the anticipated encroachments of the executive power, Hamilton saw clearly that the true danger menaced from another quarter. He was well aware that democracy, not monarchy, was the rock on which the future destines of his country were in peril of shipwreck. He was therefore desirous that the new Federal Constitution should be framed as much as possible on the model of that of England, which, beyond all previous experience, had been found to produce the result of secure and rational liberty. It is a false charge on Hamilton, that he contemplated the introduction of monarchy, or of the corruptions which had contributed to impair the value of the British constitution; but he certainly was anxious that a salutary and effective check should be found in the less popular of the legislative bodies, on the occasional rash and hasty impulses of the other. He was favourable to a senate chosen for life; to a federal government sufficiently strong to enforce its decrees in spite of party opposition,

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and the conflicting jealousies of the different States; to a representation rather founded on property and intelligence than on mere numbers; and perhaps of the two evils, would have preferred the tyranny of a single dictator, to the more degrading despotism of a mob."

Mr Jefferson is a statesman whose praises are never out of the mouths of the democratic party in both hemispheres. Let us attend to the private character of this uncompromising friend of freedom.

"The moral character of Jefferson was repulsive. Continually puling about liberty, equality, and the degrading curse of slavery, he brought his own children to the hammer, and made money of his debaucheries. Even at his death he did not manumit his numerous offspring, but left them, soul and body, to degradation, and the cart-whip. A daughter of Jefferson was sold some years ago, by public auction, at New Orleans, and purchased by a society of gentlemen, who wished to testify, by her liberation, their admiration of the statesman,

'Who dreamt of freedom in a slave's embrace.'

This single line gives more insight to the character of the man, than whole volumes of panegyric. It will outlive his epitaph, write it who may."

In Europe, the ascending intellect and increasing information of every successive generation, have long been conspicuous; and society has exhibited for three hundred years the animating spectacle of each successive generation being more elevated and refined than that which preceded it. But that is far from being the case in America. There the degrading equalizing tendency of democracy is daily experienced with more deplorable effects; and instead of the lower orders ascending to the intelligence and elegance of the superior, the better order of the citizens are fast descending to the level of the labouring classes. Each successive generation is more coarse, and less enlightened, than that which precedes it: accomplishments and knowledge die out with existing generations, and society exhibits the melancholy spectacle of an incessant deterioration in all the ennobling qualities of the human mind. This is no more that what *a priori* might have been expected, and what we have repeatedly prophesied would speedily come to pass in this country. Human affairs never stand still; they are either advancing or declining: the lower orders are daily assimilating themselves to the higher, or the higher are descending to the level of their inferiors. The class in whom political power practically resides is the one which gives its character either for good or evil to this progress; if that class is above the average of intellectual acquirement, the change is progressive, and society is constantly advancing; if it is below it, the change is ever for the worse, and it as certainly recedes. America, Mr Hamilton tells us, exhibits the painful spectacle of the latter of these alternatives.

"I am well aware," he observes, "it will be urged, that the state of things I have described is merely transient, and that when population shall become more dense, and increased competition shall render commerce and agriculture less lucrative, the pursuits of science and literature will engross their due portion of the national talent. I hope it may be so, but yet it cannot be disguised, that there hitherto has been no visible approximation towards such a condition of society. In the present generation of Americans, I can detect no symptom of improving taste, or increasing elevation of intellect. On the contrary, the fact has been irresistibly forced on my conviction, that they are altogether inferior to those, whose place, in the course of nature, they are soon destined to occupy. Compared with their fathers, I have no hesitation in pronouncing the younger portion of the richer classes to be less liberal, less enlightened, less observant of the proprieties of life, and certainly far less pleasing in manner and deportment.

"In England every new generation starts forward into life with advantages far superior to its predecessor Each successive crop—if I may so write—of legislators, is marked by increase of knowledge and enlargement of thought. The standard of acquirement necessary to attain distinction in public life, is now confessedly higher than it was thirty years ago. The intellectual currency of the country, instead of being depreciated, has advanced in value, while the issue has been prodigiously enlarged. True, there are no giants in our days, but this may be in part at least accounted for, by a general increase of stature in the people. We have gained at least an inch upon our fathers, and have the gratifying prospect of appearing diminutive when compared with our children.

"But if this be so in America, I confess my observation is at fault. I can discern no prospect of her soon becoming a mental benefactor to the world. Elementary instruction, it is true, has generally kept pace with the rapid progress of population; but while the steps of youth are studiously directed to the base of the mountain of knowledge, no facilities have been provided for scaling its summit. There is at this moment nothing in the United States worthy of the name of a library. Not only is there an entire absence of learning, in the higher sense of the term, but an absolute want of the material from which alone learning can be extracted. At present an American might study every book within the limits of the Union, and still be regarded in many parts of Europe—especially in Germany—as a man comparatively ignorant. And why does a great nation thus voluntarily continue in a state of intellectual destitution so anomalous and humiliating? There are libraries to be sold in Europe. Books might be imported in millions. Is it poverty, or is it ignorance of their value, that withholds America from the purchase? I should be most happy to believe the former."

Here, then, is the result, the tried result, of the boasted democratic changes which are going forward with such vigour amongst us at this time. A continual decline in intellectual acquirement,

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a constant degradation of taste, a ceaseless return of the human mind to that level from which society in modern Europe has so long been elevated. That this is the natural tendency of such changes is sufficiently demonstrated by what we see around us. That the Legislature has been essentially vulgarized since the passing of the Reform Bill is matter of common observation: that the character of intellect, and the average of acquirement in it, is incomparably lower than has been the case with any Parliament since the Revolution, is universally admitted. Whence is this change? Simply because an inferior class, a class to whom the more elevated branches of knowledge are unknown, or by whom they are little valued, has been elevated into political power. Let the same system work for half a century, and where will be the country of Milton and Newton? Without any external shock, without any internal convulsion, if such a thing were within the bounds of possibility under our present system of Government, we shall gradually, but certainly, relapse into a state of vulgarity and barbarism. The French, from the impulse which democracy received by the Revolution of the Barricades, are fast falling back, as all their writers tell us, into this degraded state: and the country of Shakespeare and Bacon, under the influence of the same solvent, is still more rapidly entering into equal moral and intellectual degradation.

On almost every subject of political science, the example of the United States may serve as a beacon to this country. In the condition of the emancipated Negroes in those parts of the Union where slavery has been long abolished by law, may be discerned a prototype of the future condition of the black population in our West India Islands, supposing the system of emancipation to act as smoothly as its most ardent supporters could desire.

"On the whole," says Mr. Hamilton. "I cannot help considering it a mistake to suppose that slavery has been abolished in the Northern States of the Union. It is true, indeed, that in these States the power of compulsory labour no longer exists; and that one human being within their limits, can no longer claim property in the thews and sinews of another. But is this all that is implied in the boon of freedom? If the word mean any thing, it must mean the enjoyment of equal rights, and the unfettered exercise in each individual of such powers and faculties as God has given him. In this true meaning of the world, it may be safely asserted, that this poor degraded caste are still slaves They are subjected to the most grinding and humilitating of all slaveries, that of universal and unconquerable prejudice. The whip, indeed, has been removed from the back of the Negro, but the chains are still on his limbs, and he bears the brand of degradation on his forehead. What is it but mere abuse of language to call him free, who is tyranically deprived of all the motives to exertion which animate other men? The law, in truth, has left him in that most pitiable of all conditions, *a masterless slave*."

The press is the great purificator to which the Movement party all over the world look for the means of regenerating society, and correcting all the evils of the body politic. There is no source of corruption, they tell us, which is not directly accessible to its influence, and liable to be corrected by its exertions. Let us attend to the state of this great regenerating engine in the land where its operations have been most unfettered, and its boasted purifying effects may be expected to have been most considerable.

"Every Englishman must be struck with the great inferiority of American newspapers to those of his own country. In order to form a fair estimate of their merits, I read newspapers from all parts of the Union, and found them utterly contemptible in point of talent, and dealing in abuse so virulent, as to excite a feeling of disgust not only with the writers, but with the public which afforded them support. Tried by his standard—and I know not how it can be objected to—the moral feeling of this people must be estimated lower than in any deductions from other circumstances I have ventured to rate it. Public men would appear to be proof against all charges which are not naturally connected with the penitentiary or the gibbet. The war of politics seems not the contest of opinion supported by appeal to enlightened argument, and acknowledged principles, but the squabble of greedy and abusive partisans, appealing to the vilest passions of the populace, and utterly unscrupulous as to their instruments of attack.

"I assert this deliberately, and with a full recollection of the unwarrantable lengths to which political hostility in England is too often carried. Our newspaper and periodical press is bad enough. Its sins against propriety cannot be justified, and ought not to be defended. But its violence is meekness, its liberty restraint, and even its atrocities are virtues, when compared with that system of brutal and ferocious outrage which distinguishes the press in America. In England, even an insinuation against personal honour is intolerable. A hint—a breath—the contemplation even of a possibility of tarnish—such things are sufficient to poison the tranquillity, and, unless met by prompt vindicative, to ruin the character of a public man; but in America, it is thought necessary to have recourse to other weapons. The strongest epithets of a ruffian vocabulary are put in requisition. No villany is to gross or improbable to be attributed to a statesman in this intelligent community. An editor knows the swallow of his readers, and of course deals out nothing which he considers likely to stick in their gullet. He knows the fineness of their moral feelings, and his own interest leads him to keep within the limits of democratic propriety.

"The opponents of a candidate for office are generally not content with denouncing his principles, or deducing from the tenor of his political life grounds for questioning the purity of his motives. They accuse him boldly of burglary or arson, at the very least of petty larceny. Time, place, and circumstance, are all stated. The candidate for Congress or the Presidency is broadly asserted to have

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picked pockets or pocketed silver spoons, or to have been guilty of something equally mean and contemptible. Two instances of this occur at this moment to my memory. In one newspaper, a member of Congress was denounced as having feloniously broken open a scrutoire, and having thence stolen certain bills and bank-notes; another was charged with selling franks at two-pence a-piece, and thus coppering his pocket at the expense of the public.

"The circumstances to which I have alluded admit of easy explanation. Newspapers are so cheap in the United States, that the generality even of the lowest order can afford to purchase them. They therefore depend for support on the most ignorant class of the people. Every thing they contain must be accommodated to the taste and apprehension of men who labour daily for their bread, and are of course indifferent to refinement either of language or reasoning. With such readers, whoever 'peppers the highest is surest to please.' Strong words take place of strong arguments, and every vulgar booby who can call names, and procure a set of types upon credit, may set up as an editor, with a fair prospect of success.

"In England, it is fortunately still different. Newspapers being expensive, the great body of their supporters are to be found among people of comparative wealth and intelligence, though they practically circulate among the poorer classes in abundance sufficient for all purposes of information. The public, whose taste they are obliged to consult, is, therefore, of a higher order; and the consequence of this arrangement is apparent in the vast superiority of talent they display, and in the wider range of knowledge and argument which they bring to bear on all questions of public interest.

"How long this may continue it is impossible to predict, but I trust the Chancellor of the Exchequer will weigh well the consequences, before he ventures to take off, or even materially to diminish, the tax on newspapers. He may rely on it, that, bad as the public press may be, it cannot be improved by an legislative measure. Remove the stamp-duty, and the consequence will inevitably be, that there will be two sets of newspapers, one for the rich and educated, the other for the poor and ignorant. England, like America, will be inundated by productions contemptible in point of talent, but not the less mischievous on that account. The check of enlightened opinion—the only efficient one—on the press will be annihilated. The standard of knowledge and morals will be lowered; and let it above all be remembered, that this tax, if removed, can never after be imposed. *Once abolished, be the consequences what they may, it is abolished for ever.*

"The truth is, that in all controversies of public men, the only tribunal of appeal is the people, in the broadest acceptation of the term. An American statesman must secure the support of a numerical majority of the population, or his schemes of ambition at once fall to the ground. Give him the support of the vulgar, and he may despise the opinion of the enlightened, the honourable, and the high-minded. He can only profess motives palpable to the gross perceptions of the mean and ignorant. He adapts his language, therefore, not only to their understandings but to their taste; in short, he must stoop to conquer, and having done so, can never resume the proud bearing and unbending attitude of independence."

These observations carry the air of truth upon their very face. The increasing degradation of the press in America is owing to the same cause as the progressive decline of its public men, and general standard of excellence. Both arise from the fatal ascendant of a single class in society; from the prostration of talent, knowledge, genius, and eloquence, before the coarse habits and coarser tastes of a vulgar but irresistible body of electors. In this way democratic institutions, and a free press, act and react upon each other: the violence of the newspapers addressed to the class with whom such qualities are in an especial manner likely to be popular, corrupts and poisons the great majority of the electors; while universal suffrage, by vesting supreme political power in the lower classes, and rendering their votes decisive of every species of political advancement, contributes in its turn to keep in a perpetual state of debasement the press, the great modeller of public thought. And these are not visionary dangers: that Mr. Hamilton, in giving this vivid picture of the tendency of the press in America, has stated no more than the truth, is proved by the concurring testimony of another witness, to whose evidence the revolutionists at least are not likely to state any exception. "The evils arising from the licentiousness of the press," says President Jefferson, "have been such in America, that they exceed *any thing that could possibly have resulted from its thraldom.* It has become impossible to put any reliance on any thing which comes through such filthy channels." *

The religious institutions of the United States, or rather the absence of any religious institutions, have long been the theme of unmeasured eulogy from the infidel and revolutionary party all over the world. Let us hear Mr. Hamilton's account of the practical working of this system.

In the country differences of religious opinion rend society into shreds and patches, varying in every thing of colour, form, and texture. In a village, the population of which is barely sufficient to fill one church, and support one clergyman, the inhabitants are either forced to want religious ministration altogether, or the followers of different sects must agree on some compromise, by which each yields up some portion of his creed to satisfy the objections of his neighbour. This breeds argument, dispute and bitterness of feeling. The Socinian will not object to an Arian clergyman, but declines having any thing to do with a supporter of the Trinity. The Calvinist will consent to tolerate the doctrine of free agency, if combined with that of absolute and irrespective decrees. The Baptist may give up the assertion of some favourite dogmas, but clings to adult baptism

* Jefferson's Correspondence, iv. 282.

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as a *sine qua non*. And thus with other sects. But who is to inculcate such a jumble of discrepant and irreconcilable doctrine? No one can shape his doctrine according to the anomalous and piebald creed prescribed by such a congregation, and the practical result is, that some one sect becomes victorious for a time; jealousies deepen into antipathies, and what is called *an opposition church* probably springs up in the village. Still harmony is not restored. The rival clergymen attack each other from the pulpit; newspapers are enlisted on either side; and religious warfare is waged with the bitterness, if not the learning which has distinguished the controversies of abler polemics.

"There is one advantage of an established church, which only those, perhaps, who have visited the United States can duly appreciate. In England, a large body of highly educated gentlemen annually issue from the Universities to discharge the duties of the clerical office throughout the kingdom. By this means, a certain stability is given to religious opinion; and even those who dissent from the church, are led to judge of their pastors by a higher standard, and to demand a greater amount of qualification than is ever thought of in a country like the United States. This result is undoubtedly of the highest benefit to the community. The light of the established church penetrates to the chapel of the dissenter, and there is a moral check on religious extravagance, the operation of which is not the less efficacious, because it is silent and unperceived by those on whom its influence is exerted.

"Religion is not one of those articles, the supply of which may be left to be regulated by the demand. The necessity for it is precisely greatest when the demand is least; and a government neglects its first and highest duty, which fails to provide for the spiritual as well as temporal wants of its subjects."

There is a regulation of a most absurd nature in the United States, that no man can be a Member of Congress but for the state to which he belongs. The effects of this are to the last degree narrowing and injurious to the legislature. They are thus ably given by our author.

"The regulation, that the members of both Houses should be *resident* in the particular State in which they are elected, I cannot but consider as particularly objectionable. In the first place, it narrows, very unnecessarily, the limits of choice in the electors. In the second, it tends to promote that sectional feeling, that exclusive devotion to the petty interests of some particular district, which is generally inconsistent with the adoption of an enlarged and statesmanlike policy. It places the representative in a state of absolute dependence on his immediate constituents, and prevents all appeal to other bodies of electors, by whom his talents and principles may be more justly appreciated. It prevents a state, in which there happens to be a dearth of talent, from availing itself of the superfluity in another. It contributes also to feed and keep alive those provincial jealousies, which often border so closely on hostility of feeling, and to render more prevalent in the different states that conviction of incompatibility in their various interests which threatens at no distant period to cause a total disruption of the Union.

"In Great Britain, notwithstanding the experience of centuries, no such legislative absurdity ever was contemplated. A man from the Land's End may sit for Caithness or the Orkneys. A burgess of Berwick-upon-Tweed may be elected at Cork or Limerick In short, a member, without once changing his domicile, often sits in different Parliaments, for different places; nor has it ever entered the imagination of any one, that this freedom of choice has been productive either of injury or inconvenience. Its advantages, however, are manifold.

An English member of Parliment is not necessarily dependent on the judgment of his immediate constituents. He advocates the particular policy which appears to him best calculated to promote the interest of his country, and, whatever his opinions may be, he is not afraid to express them emphatically and openly. It is no doubt possible that this may prevent his re-election for some borough or county, but the whole country is open to him; he does not feel himself to be meanly subservient to the inhabitants of one particular district; and his opinions must be strange indeed, if he cannot find some body of constituents with whose notions of policy his own are in accordance.

"But in America all this is different. There no man can be elected except for the particular district in which he chances to reside. If his opinions differ from those which happen to prevail in his own petty circle, he is excluded from public life altogether. There is no alternative, but that of giving up all hope of political distinction, or of speaking and acting in a manner basely subservient to the prejudices and caprices of his constituents Let a member of Congress attempt to follow a bold, manly, and independent course, and he is instantly sent back into private life, with his feelings injured, and his future chances of success materially diminished by the reputation of public failure."

There is great good sense in these observations. The restricting a Member of Parliament to his own district, necessarily subjects him to a state of bondage to his immediate constituents, from which it is impossible for him to escape by flying to another part of the country. But as America is the great prototype of the future political condition of this empire, so, we fear, in this particular too, we are destined to run headlong into the evils of which their institutions furnish so prominent an example. The Reform Bill has virtually and practically restricted a member to his own locality. It has greatly diminished the number of those who are confined to no particular district, but sit at large for the distant interests of the empire in any borough. Few can now secure a seat but in their own immediate neighbourhood. Incessant working at the electors, or unqualified submission to their will, is the only passport to re-election. Having before our eyes the manifold evils of this system of local bondage in America, we have voluntarily introduced a constitution which promises to spread thence indefinitely through this country. Such is the wisdom by which the world is governed!

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We have frequently had occasion to point out, and in the last Number have particularly enforced, with reference to the financial interests of the British Empire,* the ruinous effects of that vacillation of measures, and attention only to present objects, which is the inherent vice of all democratic governments. As might be expected, the United States exhibit on a still greater scale the evils of the same system.

"The shortness of the period during which any President or any Cabinet, can hope to continue in office, appears a circumstance directly injurious to the national interests. It prevents the adoption of any permanent and far-sighted policy, tending progressively to augment the public wealth and prosperity. One man will not plant, that another may reap the harvest of his labours; he will not patiently lay the foundation of a structure, the plan of which is continually liable to be changed by his successors, and on whom, if completed, the whole honours must ultimately devolve. In short, it is an inherent and monstrous evil, that American statesmen must legislate for the *present*, not for the *future;* that they are forced, by the necessity of their situation, to follow the policy most in accordance with the immediate prejudices of the people, rather than that which is calculated to promote the highest and best interests of the community. Immediate and temporary expediency is, and must be, the moving and efficient impulse of American legislation. The political institutions of the United States are consistent neither with stability of purpose in the legislative, nor vigour in the executive departments. Let us look where we will, all is feeble and vacillating. There is no confidence reposed in public men; no appeal to the higher and more generous motives which influence conduct; no scope for the display of lofty and independent character; no principle from the operation of which we can rationally expect any higher development of the national mind."

Supreme power must in every government, how liberal soever in appearance, rest somewhere. It is curious to observe, where, under the Republican institutions of America, it is really vested. It neither is placed in the Executive, or the Minister of State, but in the different committees of the Legislature, where the public business is really prepared, and the power of wielding the democratic legislative in truth exists. The case was the same in France; the Committee of Public Safety and General Safety, have shadowy resemblances on the other side of the Atlantic.

"When we look somewhat more minutely into the details of this republican government, it is soon perceived that the members of the Cabinet are, in truth, nothing better than superintending clerks in the departments over which they nominally preside. At the commencement of every Congress the practice is to appoint standing committees, who, in fact, manage the whole business of the executive departments. The process is as follows:—The President, in his message, invites the attention of Congress to such subjects as may appear of national importance. Permanent committees are appointed by both Houses, and to these the consideration of the various interests of the country is referred. Thus, whatever relates to finance falls within the department of the 'committee of ways and means,' while that on foreign affairs assumes cognizance of every thing connected with the external relations of the government. These committees have separate apartments, in which the real business of the country is carried on, and from which the heads of the executive departments are rigidly excluded. The whole power of the government is thus absolutely and literary absorbed by the people, for no bill connected with any branch of public affairs could be brought into Congress with the smallest prospect of success, which had not previously received the initiative approbation of three committees."

We have no doubt, that if the Reform Parliament works smoothly, and does not tear the Government to pieces, the result will be the same in this country. It is impossible that the Reformed Parliament can go on, with the confusion, indecision, stoppage of business, and vacillation, which has distinguished its first session. Order must in the end emerge even from the chaos which the Whigs have created out of its first elements. Committees, representing and organizing the power of the great interests of the State, must ultimately be formed, which will rule the Legislature. They in their turn will fall under the dominion of a few leaders among themselves, and thus, after the chimera of popular government has sunk from its native weakness to the earth, the people will find themselves ruled with despotic sway by a few demagogues, elevated, on their passions, and tinged by their vices. The great interests of the State will be unrepresented and disregarded; popular passion will be the sole engine of political exaltation, and the Press the instrument with which the battle in this strife of ambition will be fought. Of our future destiny in this particular, we may behold the picture shadowed out in the institutions of the United States.

"In America the power of persuasion constituets the only lever of political advancement. In England, though the field for the exercise of this talent be very great, yet rank, wealth, family connexions, hereditary claims, and a thousand other influences must be taken into account, in reckoning the ordinary elements of successful ambition. How powerful—whether for good or evil I shall not enquire—many of these are, is well known, but none of them exist in the United States. There, rank is unknown; there are no great accumulations of property; and competition for the higher offices of the commonwealth, has long been rather the struggle of men, or more properly, perhaps, of sectional interests, than of principles. The candidates, however, for every situation of emolument, are, beyond all

* Vide Financial Policy of Mr. Pitt and his Successors. August, 1833. VOL. XXXIV. NO. CXII.

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example in this country, numerous: and, as each individual is naturally anxious to establish some trifling point of superiority in reference to his opponents, the consequence is, that political opinion is dissected with a degree of nicety which the most accomplished metaphysician would find it difficult to surpass. But all enter the contest armed with the same weapons, displaying the same banner, appealing to the same umpire, and contending for the same reward. Patronage of every kind is virtually in the hands of the people. They are the fountain of fame and of honour, the ultimate tribunal by which all appeals must be heard and decided.

"In the United States, oral eloquence, and the newspaper press, constitute the only instruments really available in acquiring influence over this many-headed and irresponsible arbiter of merit and measures. There exists, indeed, no other channel through which there is any possibility of attaining political distinction. The influence, and circulation of newspapers is great beyond any thing ever known in Europe. In truth, nine-tenths of the population read nothing else, and are, consequently, mentally inaccessible by any other avenue. Every village, nay, almost every hamlet, has its press, which issues secondhand news, and serves as an arena in which the political gladiators of the neighbourhood may exercise their powers of argument and abuse. The conductors of these journals are generally shrewd but uneducated men, extravagant in praise or censure, clear in their judgment of every thing connected with their own interests, and exceedingly indifferent to all matters which have no discernible relation to their own pockets or privileges.

"The power exercised by this class of writers over the public mind is very great. Books circulate with difficulty in a thinly-peopled country, and are not objects on which the solitary denizen of the forest would be likely to expend any portion of the produce of his labour. But newspapers penetrate to every crevice of the Union. There is no settlement so remote as to be cut off from this channel of intercourse with their fellow-men. It is thus that the clamour of the busy world is heard even in the wilderness, and the most remote invader of distant wilds is kept alive in his solitude to the common ties of brotherhood and country.

"The power of public speaking is practically found in the United States to outweigh every other accomplishment. A convincing proof of this almost uniform preference may be found in the fact, that of the whole federal legislature, *nineteen-twentieths* are lawyers, men professionally accustomed to public speaking. The merchants—the great capitalists of New York, Boston, and Philadelphia, and the other Atlantic cities, constituting, I fear not to say, the most enlightened body of citizens in the Union—are almost as effectually excluded from political power, by deficiency in oratorical accomplishment, as they could be by express legal enactment."

Nineteen-twentieths of a Legislature composed of lawyers!! Such is the *beau idéal* of republican legislation; such the euthanasia of the British Constitution prepared for us by the Reform Bill! We are to be ruled by men in great part destitute of property, intelligence, or stake in the State; country attorneys, or members of the "provincial bar;" men whose only recommendation to public life, has been the favour of mobs, as illiterate, prejudiced, and absurd as themselves; who have risen to notice by extravagant eulogies on the wisdom, virtue, and intelligence of their haughty constituents. One-sixth of the Constituent Assembly were provincial lawyers, and their fatal ascendant was long and bitterly felt in France. The Republican institutions of the United States have produced nineteen-twentieths of Congress out of the same class. One only comfort remains. In the progress of democratic change, the speaking men are superseded by the fighting; the Rewbells, Barrases, and Roger Ducoses, by the Napoleons and Cromwells; and the sword thrown into the balance, rights the scale, and restores the lower orders to the situation for which they were destined by Providence, and in which their labours are really useful to society. Such is doubtless the final result prepared for us by the Reform Bill.

One of the worst effects, however, of this enormous preponderance of lawyers, is the prodigious loquacity of the Members of Congress, and the interminable harangues, to the entire exclusion of all useful progress in business, which are daily put forth by its members, not with the slightest view to influence the decision of the Legislature, but solely in order to win the favour, and astound the minds of their admiring constituents. To such a pitch has this risen, that the American Legislature makes a show of getting through business, only by having very little to do; and if they were to be overwhelmed with one-tenth of the weighty matters which await the decision of the British Parliament, the machine of Government would literally stand still, choked up by lawyers' speeches! We can now sympathize with such a state of things; the first session of the Reformed Parliament has shewn us, that it is ere long destined to be our own.

"There is a sectional jealousy," says Mr. Hamilton, "throughout the United States; a restless anxiety in the inhabitants of each district, that their local, and perhaps exclusive interests, however insignificant, should be resolutely obtruded on the attention of the legislature. They consider also that their own consequence is intimately affected by the figure made by their representative in Congress, and would feel it to be a dereliction, on his part, of their just claims, were he to suffer any interesting question to pass without engrossing some portion of the attention of the Assembly.

"Verily, the yoke of such constituents is not easy, nor is their burden light. The public prints must bear frequent record of the loquacity of their representative, or they are not satisfied. The consequence is, that in the American Congress there is more of what may be

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called *speaking against time*, than in any other deliberative assembly ever known. Each member is aware that he must either assume a certain prominence, or give up all hope of future re-election, and it is needless to say which alternative is usually preferred. A universal tolerance of long speeches is thus generated, and no attempt is ever made to restrict the range of argument or declamation within the limits even of remote connexion with the subject of debate. One continually reads in the public papers such announcements as the following:—

"'In the House of Representatives, yesterday, Mr. Tompkins occupied the whole day with the continuation of his brilliant speech on the Indian question, and is in possession of the floor to-morrow. He is expected to conclude on Friday, but from the press of other business, it will probably be Tuesday next before Mr. Jefferson X. Bagg will commence his reply, which is expected to occupy the whole remainder of the week.'

"In fact, an oration of eighteen or twenty hours is no uncommon occurrence in the American Congress. After this vast expenditure of breath, the next step of the orator is to circulate his speech in the form of a closely printed pamphlet of some hundred and fifty pages. A plentiful supply of copies is despatched for the use of his constituents, who swallow the bait; and at the conclusion of the session, the member returns to his native town, where he is lauded, feasted, and toasted, and—what he values, I doubt not, still more—re-elected."

As might be expected, the style of speaking in this popular assembly is very different. The object of all is not to influence others, or sway public measures, but to dazzle the electors, and benefit themselves.

"The style of speaking is loose, rambling, and inconclusive; and adherence to the real subject of discussion evidently forms no part, either of the intention of the orator, or the expectation of his audience. A large proportion of the speakers seem to take part in a debate with no other view than that of individual display, and it sometimes happens that the topic immediately pressing on the attention of the assembly, by some strange perversity, is almost the only one on which nothing is said.

"The truth, I believe, is, that the American Congress have really very little to do. All the multiplied details of local and municipal legislation fall within the province of the State governments, and the regulation of commerce and foreign intercourse practically includes all the important questions which they are called on to decide. Nor are the members generally very anxious so to abbreviate the proceedings of Congress, as to ensure a speedy return to their provinces. They are well paid for every hour lavished on the public business; and being once at Washington, and enjoying the pleasures of its society, few are probably solicitous for the termination of functions which combine the advantage of real emolument, with the opportunities of acquiring distinction in the eyes of their constituents. The farce, therefore, by common consent, continues to be played on. Speeches apparently interminable are tolerated, though not listened to; and every manœuvre, by which the discharge of public business can be protracted, is resorted to, with the most perfect success."

As might be expected from the descendants of the countrymen of Locke and Bacon, it is from no deficiency of talents, but the mere necessity of bending to a jealous, conceited, and ignorant constituency, that this absurd mode of protracting business by irrelevant and interminable speeches has arisen. This distinctly appears from the ability of their State papers, and the very different character of their speeches at the bar.

"The most distinguished lawyers of the Union practise in the Supreme Court, and I had there an opportunity of hearing many of the more eminent members of Congress. During my stay there was no Jury trial, and the proceedings of the Court consisted chiefly in delivering judgments, and listening to legal arguments from the bar. The tone of the speeches was certainly very different from any thing I had heard in Congress. The lawyers seemed to keep their declamation for the House of Representatives, and in the Supreme Court spoke clearly, logically, and to the point. Indeed, I was more than once astonished to hear men whose speeches in Congress were rambling and desultory in an extreme degree display, in their forensic addresses, great legal acuteness, and resources of argument and illustration of the first order. In addressing the bench, they seemed to cast the slough of their vicious peculiarities, and spoke, not like schoolboys contending for a prize, but like men of high intellectual powers, solicitous not to dazzle but to convince."

Under a government such as America, composed of legislators elected by so numerous a constituency, independence of conduct cannot be expected in public men. It is accordingly nowhere to be found.

"Many evils arise from the circumstance of the Government, both in its executive and legislative branches, being purely elective. The members of the latter, being abjectly dependent on the people, are compelled to adopt not the principles and the policy dictated by their constituents. To attempt to stem the torrent of popular passion and clamour, by a policy at once firm and enlightened, must belong to representatives somewhat more firmly seated than any which are to be found in Congress. Public men in other countries may be the parasites of the people, but in America they are necessarily so. Independence is impossible. They are slaves, and feel themselves to be so. They must act, speak, and vote according to the will of their master. Let these men talk their chains as they will, still they are on their limbs, galling their flesh, and impeding their motions; and it is, perhaps, the worst and most demoralizing result of the detestable system, that every man, ambitious of popular favour,—and in America, who is not so?—

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compelled to adopt a system of reservation. He keeps a set of exoteric dogmas, which may be changed or modified to suit the taste or fashion of the moment. But there are esoteric opinions, very different from any thing to be found in State documents, or speeches in Congress, or 4th of July orations, which embody the convictions of the man, and which are not to be surrendered up at the bidding of a mob."

It has been justly observed of the description of American Manners by Mrs. Trollope, that they refer, for the most part, to the back settlements, and the frontiers of civilization, and cannot be fairly taken as a standard of what is to be found in the higher orders. It appears, however, from Mr. Hamilton, that the inherent vice of democratic institutions poisons society even in the highest grades, where popular influence can find an entrance. The following description of a scene which our author witnessed at the President's levee at Washington, amidst the Members of both Houses, the Foreign Ambassadors, and all that is elevated in the Union, both in point of station and acquirement, is unparalleled, we believe, in the history of the world.

"On the following evening I attended the levee. The apartments were already full before I arrived, and the crowd extended even into the hall. Three—I am not sure that there were not four—large saloons were thrown open on the occasion, and were literally crammed with the most singular and miscellaneous assemblage I had ever seen.

"The numerical majority of the company seemed of the class of tradesmen or farmers, respectable men fresh from the plough or the counter, who, accompanied by their wives and daughters, came forth to greet their President, and enjoy the splendours of the gala. There were the generals and commodores, and public officers of every description, and foreign ministers and members of Congress, and ladies of all ages and degrees of beauty, from the fair and laughing girl of fifteen, to the haggard dowager of seventy. There were majors in broad cloth and corduroys, redolent of gin and tobacco, and majors' ladies in chintz or russet, with huge Paris ear-rings, and tawny necks, profusely decorated with beads of coloured glass. There were tailors from the board, and judges from the bench; lawyers who opened their mouths at one bar, and the tapster who closed them at another;—in short, every trade, craft, calling, and profession appeared to have sent its delegates to this extraordinary convention.

"For myself, I had seen too much of the United States to expect any thing very different, and certainly anticipated that the mixture would contain all the ingredients I have ventured to describe. Yet, after all, I was taken by surprise. There were present at this levee, men begrimmed with all the sweat and filth accumulated in their day's—perhaps their week's—labour. There were sooty artificers, evidently fresh from the forge or the workshop; and one individual, I remember, either a miller or a baker—who, wherever he passed, left marks of contact on the garments of the company. The most prominent group, however, in the assemblage, was a party of Irish labourers, employed on some neighbouring canal, who had evidently been apt scholars in the doctrine of liberty and equality, and were determined, on the present occasion, to assert the full privileges of 'the great unwashed.' I remarked these men pushed aside the more respectable portion of the company with a certain jocular audacity, which put one in mind of the humours of Donnybrook.

"During the time I was engaged at the levee, my servant remained in the hall through which lay the entrance to the apartments occupied by the company, and on the day following he gave me a few details of a scene somewhat extraordinary, but sufficiently characteristic to merit record. It appeared that the refreshments intended for the company, consisting of punch and lemonade, were brought by the servants, with the intention of reaching the interior saloon. No sooner, however, were these ministers of Bacchus descried to be approaching by a portion of the company, than a rush was made from within, the whole contents of the trays were seized *in transitu*, by a sort of *coup-de-main*; and the bearers having thus rapidly achieved the distribution of their refreshments, had nothing for it but to return for a fresh supply. This was brought, and quite as compendiously despatched, and it at length became apparent, that without resorting to some extraordinary measures, it would be impossible to accomplish the intended voyage, and the more respectable portion of the company would be suffered to depart with dry palates, and in utter ignorance of the extent of the hospitality to which they were indebted."

"The man who would study the contradictions of individual and national character, and learn by how wide an interval profession may be divided from performance, should come to Washington. He will read there a new page in the volume of human nature; he will observe how compatible is the extreme of physical liberty, with bondage of the understanding; he will hear the words of freedom, and he will see the practice of slavery. Men who sell their fellow-creatures will discourse to him of indefeasible rights; the legislators, who truckle to a mob, will stun him with professions of independence; he will be taught the affinity between the democrat and the tyrant; he will look for charters, and find manacles; expect liberality, and be met by bigotry and prejudice;—in short, he will probably return home a wiser, if not a better man; more patient of inevitable evils,—more grateful for the blessings he enjoys,—better satisfied with his own country and government,—and less disposed to sacrifice the present *good* for a contingent *better*.

We must now, however, reluctantly conclude these extracts. If we were to transcribe every passage in this admirable work, which is both valuable in itself, and in an especial manner applicable to the present political state of this country, we should occupy more than the whole of the present Number. Mr. Hamilton's discernment is of a very high order—his descriptions

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graphic and powerful—his reflections sound and sagacious—his principles pure and elevated. He neither views America with the jaundiced eye of a bigoted Tory, nor the frantic partiality of an enthusiastic democrat. He appreciates things as they really are—nothing extenuating, setting down nought in malice. His work is not open to the imputation of being "a picture only of the back settlements—of steam-boat society, or stage-coach conversation." He has mingled with Americans of every grade and degree, from the most elevated members of Congress, to the humblest slaves in the Southern States; from General Jackson, and Mr. Livingstone, and Mr. Webster, to the poor negroes, to whom the free Americans would deem it contamination to address a word of kindness, or a feeling of pity. He gives full credit to the many good and eminent men whom the country contains, and exposes the tendency of the institutions, on account of which their country is so much the object of eulogy to the Revolutionary Party all over the world.

This paper, it will be seen, is the first of a series which will regularly appear, on the United States. The series will be written by different hands, but by heads and hearts holding generally the same opinions, and inspired with the same sentiments, respecting the character and conditions of the people of the New World. Nor shall we omit full and fitting mention of the beautiful and majestic scenery of that fair and mighty continent, of which no American writer but Cooper has drawn any distinctive pictures, or written with a truly national spirit. Washington Irving and Bryant, men of taste, feeling, and genius though they be, being to our mind unaccountably tame in their landscape-painting, and, from their study of our descriptive poetry, rather than of their own country's nature, European rather than American. There are in Mr. Hamilton's volumes—see, for example, his descriptions of the scenery of the Mississippi and the falls of Niagara—pictures far superior, in vividness, originality, and truth, to the best of theirs—and, indeed, throughout his work, whenever he touches on external nature, we recognise the vigorous and graphic powers of the author of Cyril Thornton. The agriculture of America, too, must be described in detail and at large, and her magnificent inland navigation—natural and artificial—her sea-like rivers, and, though somewhat shallow, her long lines of canals—her commerce—and her navy, mercantile and for war. We have collected materials for many articles; they are now undergoing the necessary processes, and assuming shape before our complacent eyes. But our chief attention, in the midst of all those inquiries, must constantly be kept on the American mind; and what are manners but the outward and visible signs of character? Not trifles they; but rightly understood, and to be so they must be fairly and philosophically studied, they are keys that unlock the secret recesses of a people's heart. In discussing their manners, we shall have likewise to discuss our own; and, perhaps, many unsuspected or at least unadmitted truths—not very palatable to our national pride—which is great and blind—may rise up against us while we are endeavouring to see into the mental constitution of our brethren beyond the Atlantic. To hear some people speak, you might think there was no coarseness, no rudeness, no vulgarity, no boorishness, no brutality in Great Britain—that our middle ranks were all illustrious for politeness, amenity, and "sweet civility," sacrificing self at all times for sake of others' feelings—that good-breeding was a flower indigenous to our highly cultivated soil of social life—while even the man in the moon might look down with horror on the manners of the Americans!

For our own parts, we are disposed to rate the American character very high indeed, and for a reason of more general application than the testimony of any traveller, however trustworthy or able. When we contemplate their *institutions*, even with all the advantages of the back settlements, and a boundless demand for labour, to draw off their ardent spirits, it is with astonishment that we find them such as their bitterest enemy has alleged them to be. That is the real test of the admirable national character which they have received from their British descent, and the wisdom, moderation, and good sense which have descended to them through English veins from the woods of Germany. Certain it is, that neither France, with its military glories and chivalrous spirit, nor England, with its centuries of freedom and representative government, could withstand the influence of the universal suffrage and republican government of the United States. We can appreciate the stability of character which they must possess, from the deplorable effects which an approximation to their institutions has produced in this country.

One thing is perfectly clear, that the tendency of American institutions can never be sufficiently the subject of study to our people, because it is to a similar government that we are evidently tending. The current sets in strong and steady from the Transatlantic shores, and the old bulwarks of England are fast giving way before its fury. What the ultimate result of the present changes will be, no man can with certainty predict; but it will, to all appearance, either be the horrors of the French Convention, or the degradation of the American Congress. We must either go through the Reign of Terror, or sink into the slough of democratic rule. We shall either become beasts of prey, or beasts of burden. The longed-for euthanasia of the British Constitution—the fondest hope of patriotism, is now limited to the hope, that we step at once, and without blood, into the servitude, the degradation, and slavery of the delegates of Congress. Such is the destiny of the country of Pitt and Fox, of Burke and Chatham, of Nelson and Wellington. The authors of the Reform Bill require no other epitaph; future ages, when contrasting New with Old England, will duly judge their conduct: *Si monumentum quæris, circumspice.*

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From Fraser's Magazine.

HELLS IN LONDON.

PROBABLY all men latently are thorough gamblers, and that the passion is inherent in every human being, circumstances either putting it into action or occasioning it to lie dormant; the larger portion of mankind take off its edge by embarking in pursuits partaking of adventure and pecuniary risk, while others, rife with desperation, rush at once to ruin, or snatch the fortunes of others by wholesale risk and chicanery. It is worthy of remark, that it matters not however late in life a man is initiated into this vice, let him once taste of the cup of success at a gambling-table, there is no cure for the disease but poverty: so long as money can be obtained, and tables are allowed to be open, play he will. And but too frequently when his funds are exhausted, crime is called in to aid the wretched enthusiast in raising means to associate with the outcasts of even those who have robbed him of his all; or he changes sides, and commences himself to be sharp and black-leg, which comprises every epithet that is disgraceful to the character of a gentleman and an honest man. "*On commence par etre dupe, on finit par etre fripon, dans le grand jeu de la vie humaine.*"

"Such is the equal progress of deceit,
The early dupe oft closes in the cheat."

It may with truth be affirmed, that gaming is the source whence spring all the race of cheats, swindlers, and sharpers, with which this metropolis is annoyed, and that the whole body of them is but an exudation of gambling houses; a fact which is of itself sufficiently striking to stimulate the legislature to adopt some more efficient measures for their annihilation.

The officers of justice are regularly kept in the pay of the proprietors of gaming-houses, or hells, through whom timely notice is always given of any information laid against the establishment, and the intended attack guarded against. If this be doubted, the same can be attested on oath, and otherwise proved beyond disputation. The expenses of some of the gaming-houses in London during the season (seven months) exceed 10,000*l.*; what, then, must be the gains to support this advance and profusion of property? Elegant houses are superbly fitted up; the most delicate viands and the choicest wines, with every other luxury, are provided to lure and detain those for whom the proprietors' nets are spread. It is almost an impossibility to convict these wicked men under the present law; their enormous wealth is applied to the corruption of evidence, always unwilling, because the witnesses expose their own habits and culpability in attending these nefarious dens of infamy. The sleeping partners are ever ready to advance money to oppose prosecutions, and often come forward to give evidence in opposition to the witnesses, and to blacken the character of those who offer their testimony: then there is always money to support those who may chance once in ten years to be convicted. Many practising attorneys, too, are connected with these establishments, who threaten prosecutions for conspiracies; and not unfrequently fictitious debts are sworn to, and arrests for large amounts made, to keep witnesses from appearing at court on the day of trial. One professional man in the parish of St. Anne has to my knowledge, supported himself for thirty-five years by lending himself in this way to the middling rate gambling-houses at the west end of the town: his method is either to suborn or intimidate the parties, by threatening to indict them for perjury, or otherwise persecute them to utter destruction.

When it is considered, that those who are competent to give evidence calculated to produce convictions, well know the characters with whom they have to contend, and the phalanx of scoundrels there is always arrayed against them, it is not to be wondered at that they should be deterred from coming forward at the last moment, when even their persons are not free from danger, particularly as all minacious tricks are backed with a bribe; thus bringing fear and interest to bear against their antagonists. As every one who comes forward to give evidence against a gambling-house must himself have been a participator in the offence of play, no man who has been the cause of a conviction ever yet escaped ruin; no matter the motive which influenced him, whether it be remorse, disgust, pique, or public good, the conspiracy against him will be so powerful and ramified, through the leading men's numerous emissaries and dependents, that his future course in life will be sure to be tracked, and his character blasted in every neighbourhood where he may take up his abode. In one instance, a young man who had laid an information against a house, although no conviction followed, was hunted out of no fewer than eight situations; the clique of gamblers he had made his enemies contrived to find out in whose employ he was engaged, and then daily assailed his master with anonymous letters, defaming the young man's character to such a degree that few could well retain him in their service; especially as the fact of having himself gambled at a public table could never be got rid of.

When all other means of deterring a witness are exhausted, personal threats are used by ruffians, who are employed to cross him in whatever public company he may join, seeking every occasion to insult and quarrel with him, until he is intimidated; and all other would-be witnesses, through fear of a similar persecution, are prevented from offering any obstruction to their establishments.

By these confederacies, backed as they are with enormous capitals, notwithstanding the existing laws, houses have been kept open for the indiscriminate mixture of all grades, from the well-bred gentleman, the finished sharper, the raw and inexperienced *flat*, to the lowest description of pickpockets and other wretches of public nuisance; and where all the evils the acts of parliament were intended to annihilate, have for years past been in full activity. But at no period of our history have misery, distress, and crime, been so conspicuous, and the cause so manifestly and decidedly traced to the gambling habits of the community, as in the present day.

On an average during the last twenty years, about thirty hells have been regularly open in London for the accommodation of the lowest and most vile set of hazard players. The game of hazard is the principal one played at the lowest houses, and is, like the characters who play it, the most desperate and ruinous of all games. The wretched men who follow this play are partial to it, because it gives a chance, from a run of good luck, to become possessed speedily of all the money on the table: no man who plays hazard ever despairs of making his fortune at some time. Such is the nature of this destructive game, that I can now point out several men, whom you see daily, who were in rags and wretchedness on Monday, and, before the termination of the week, they ride in a newly-purchased Stanhope of their own, having several thousands of pounds in their possession. The few instances of such successes which unfortunately occur are generally well known, and consequently encourage the hopes of others who nightly attend these places, sacrificing all considerations of life to the carrying (if it be only a few shillings) their all every twenty-four hours to stake in this great lottery, under the delusive hope of catching Dame Fortune at some time in a merry mood. Thousands annually fall, in health, fame, and fortune, by this maddening infatuation, whilst not one in a

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thousand finds an oasis in the desert. The inferior houses of play are always situated in obscure courts, or other places of retirement, and most frequently are kept shut up during the day, as well as at night, as if unoccupied, or some appearance of trade is carried on as a blind: a back room is selected for all operations, if one can be procured sufficiently capacious for the accommodation of forty or fifty persons at one time. In the centre of the room is fixed a substantial circular table, immovable to any power of pressure against it by the company who go to play; a circle of inlaid white hollywood is formed in the middle of the table, of about four feet diameter, and a lamp is suspended immediately over this ring. A man, designated the groom-porter, is mounted on a stool, with a stick in his hand, having a transverse piece of wood affixed at its end, which is used by him to rake in the dice, after having been thrown out of the box by the caster (the person who throws the dice.) The avowed profits of keeping a table of this kind is the receipt of a piece for each *box-hand*,—that is, when a player wins three times successively, he pays a certain sum to the table; and there is an aperture in the table made to receive these contributions. At the minor establishments, the price of a *box-hand* varies from one shilling to half-a-crown, according to the terms on which the house is known to have been originally opened. If there is much play, these payments produce ample profits to the keeper of the house; but their remuneration for running the risk of keeping an unlawful table of play is plunder. At all these houses, as at the higher ones, there is always a set of men who are dependents on the keepers of the house, who hang about the table like sharks for prey, waiting for those who stay late, or are inebriated, and come in towards morning to play, when there are but few lookers on; unfair means are then resorted to with impunity, and all share the plunder. About eleven o'clock, when all honest and regular persons are preparing for rest, the play commences, the adventurers being seated around the table: one takes the box and dice, putting what he is disposed to play for into the ring marked on the table; as soon as it is covered with a like sum, or set, as it is termed, by another person, the player calls a main, and at the same moment throws the dice; if the number called comes up, the caster wins, but if any other main comes uppermost on the dice, the thrower takes that chance for his own, and his adversary has the one he called: the throwing then continues, during which bets are made by others on the event until it is decided. If the caster throws deuce, ace, or aces, when he first calls a main, it is said to be crabbed, and he loses; but if he throws the number named he is said to have nicked it, and thereby wins. Also, if he should call six or eight, and throws the double sixes, he wins; or if seven be the number called, and eleven is thrown, it is a nick, because those chances are nicks to these mains; which regulation is necessary to the equalization of all the chances at this game when calling a main. The odds against any number being thrown against another, varies from two to one to six to five, and consequently keeps all the table engaged in betting. All bets are staked, and the noise occasioned by proposing and accepting wagers is most uproarious and deafening among the low players, each having one eye on the black spots marked on the dice, as they land from the box, and the other on the stakes ready to snatch it if successful. To prevent the noise being heard in the streets, shutters closely fitted to the window frames are affixed, which are padded, and covered with green baize; there is also invariably an inner door placed in the passage, having an aperture in it, through which all who enter the door from the street may be viewed: this precaution answers two purposes, it deadens the sound of the noisy voices at the table and prevents surprise by the officers of justice. The generality of the minor gambling-houses are kept by prize-fighters, and other desperate characters, who bully and hector the more timid out of their money, by deciding that bets have been lost when in fact they have been won. Bread, cheese, and beer is supplied to the players, and a glass of gin is handed, when called for, gratis. To these places thieves resort, and such other loose characters as are lost to every feeling of honesty and shame; a table of this nature in full operation is a terrific sight; all the bad passions appertaining to the vicious propensities of mankind are portrayed on the countenances of the players. An assembly of the most horrible demons could not exhibit a more appalling effect; recklessness and desperation overshadow every noble trait which should enlighten the countenance of a human being. Many, in their desperation, strip themselves on the spot of their clothes, either to stake against money, or to pledge to the table-keeper for a trifle to renew their play; and many instances occur of men going home half naked, after having lost their all. They assemble in parties of from forty to fifty persons, who probably bring on an average each night from one to twenty shillings to play with. As the money is lost the players depart, if they cannot borrow or beg more; and this goes on sometimes in the winter season for fourteen or sixteen hours in succession, so that from 100 to 140 persons may be calculated to visit one gambling-table in the course of a night; and it not unfrequently happens that, ultimately, all the money brought to the table gets into the hands of one or two of the most fortunate adventurers, save that which is paid to the table for box hands; whilst the losers separate only to devise plans by which a few more shillings may be procured for the next night's play. Every man so engaged is destined either to become by success a more finished and mischievous gambler, or to appear at the bar of the Old Bailey, where, indeed most of them may be said to have figured already. The successful players by degrees improve their external appearance, and obtain admittance into houses of higher play, where 2*s.* 6*d.* or 3*s.* 4*d.* is demanded for the box hands; at these places silver counters are used, representing the aliquot parts of a pound; these are called pieces, one of which is a box hand. If success attends them in the first step of advancement, they next become initiated into crown houses, and associate with gamblers of respectable exterior, where, if they show talents, they either become confederates in forming schemes of plunder, and in aiding establishments to carry on their concerns in defiance of the law, or fall back to their old station of playing *chicken-hazard*, as the small play is designated.

Capital offences result from this horrible system. The brother of a celebrated gambler now on the town (F. O.) was some years since executed at the Old Bailey, for the violation of the person of a young girl, in the neighbourhood of Brompton, at six o'clock in the morning, after having been at play the whole night. Previous to his execution, he declared that the act was involuntary and irresistible; arising, without doubt, from the spasmodic condition of the nervous system, brought on by the superexcitement of many hours anxiety of the mind over the gambling-table. But this is not a solitary case; they are of frequent occurrence: I have cited it because the severest penalty of the law followed the offence, and the culprit, from education, was capable of clearly defining the causes which led to the commission of the crime. Moreover, many who have suffered for midnight robbery and violence, have been known to have left a gambling-table a short time previously to the perpetration of the offence. In most cases of desperate and unpremed-

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tated murder, I should strongly suspect that the parties who committed the deed were labouring under a nervous paroxysm, brought on by gaming amidst noise and riot.

The half-crown or third rate houses, are not less mischievous than the lowest ones. These houses are chiefly opened at the west end of the town, but there are some few at the east. In the parish of St. James's, I have counted seven, eight and nine in one street, which were open both day and night. One house in Oxendon street, Coventry street, had an uninterrupted run of sixteen or seventeen years; thousands have been ruined there; while every proprietor amassed a large fortune. The man who first opened the house (G. S.) has resided at Kentish Town for years past, in ease and affluence, keeping his servants and horses, although he rose from the lowest of the low. Several others who followed him have had equal success. The watchmen and low street officers were kept in regular pay, and the law openly and expressly set at defiance; cards being handed about, on which were written these words, "Note, the house is insured against all legal interruptions, and the players are *guaranteed* to be at free from officious interruption as they are at their own homes." (A literal copy.) At another of these middle houses, known by the numerals 77, the proprietor (a broken-down Irish publican, formerly residing in the parish of St. Anne's) accumulated in two years so much money that he became a large builder of houses and assembly-rooms at Cheltenham, where he was at one time considered the most important man of the place, although he continued his calling to the day of his death. Alas! D. J. K., hadst thou remained on earth thou wouldst ere this have been honoured with the title of grand master of all the blarney clubs throughout the united kingdom. Many a coroner hast thou found employ, and many a guinea hast thou brought into their purses, and many a family has thou cast into the depth of sorrow! "So runs the world, Bates. Fools are the natural prey of knaves; nature designed them so, when she made lambs for wolves. The laws that fear and policy have framed, nature disclaims; she knows but two, and those are force and cunning. The nobler law is force; but then there's danger in't: while cunning, like a skilful miner, works safely and unseen." The subject of these remarks was not only subtle, wily, and in some measure fascinating, but most athletic and active in person. He was part proprietor of No. — Pall Mall, for many years, where he would himself play for heavy stakes. And it was a favourite feat of his to go into St. James's Square, after having been up all the night, to jump over the iron railing, and back again from the inclosure to the paved way.

The average number of these third-rate houses in London open for play, may be calculated at about twenty-five. If there were not a constant influx of tyro gamblers, this number would not be supported. Their agents stroll about the town, visiting public-house parlours, and houses where cribbage-players resort, whist clubs, also billiard and bagatelle tables; experience having taught them, that the man who plays at one game, if the opportunity be afforded him, is ever ready to plunge deeply into the vice of gambling on a large scale. Junior clerks, and the upper class of gentlemen's servants, are the men whom they chiefly attack. It is an extraordinary and incontrovertible fact, that no set of men are more open to seduction than the servants of the nobility and the menials of club-houses; an instance of which occurred a few months since, in the case of a servant of the Athenæum Club, who was inveigled into a house in the Quadrant, where he lost, in two or three days, a considerable sum of money belonging to his employers. Colquhoun, writing on this subject, said, thirty-three years ago, that "a spirit of gambling was rendered more ardent than prevails in vulgar life, from the example of their superiors, and from their idle and dissipated habits. These servants enter kneenly into the lottery business; and when ill luck attends them, it is but too well known that many are led, step by step, to that point where they lose sight of all moral principle. Impelled by a desire to recover what they have lost, they are induced to raise money for that purpose, by selling or pawning the property of their masters, wherever it can be pilfered in a little way without detection; till at length this species of peculation, by being rendered familiar to their minds, generally terminates in more atrocious crimes. Under a supposition that one hundred thousand families in the metropolis keep two servants on an average, and that one servant with another insures only to the extent of twenty-five shillings each in the English, and the same in the Irish lottery, the aggregate of the whole will amount to *half a million sterling*. Astonishing as this may appear at first view, it is believed that those who will minutely examine into the lottery transactions of servants will find the calculation by no means exaggerated." Page 154.

The abolition of the lotteries, however, has not lessened the evil: they resort now to gambling-houses, where the sum annually played for by the servants of the present day may reasonably be laid at *one million and a half sterling*. At most of the middle class of gambling-houses, play is going on from three o'clock P. M., to five or six o'clock A. M. In the afternoon, from three to seven, it is called morning play, being generally *rouge et noir* or *roulet*. The latter is a kind of E O and *rouge et noir* blended, there being both numbers and colours on which money may be staked. The board is whirled round on a pivot, and an ivory ball set in motion the reverse way on it. During its revolution, the bets or stakes are placed on numbers and colours, on a circular but fixed exterior frame corresponding in marks to the one in motion. After it subsides, and the ball has fallen into one of the compartments of the table, the bets which are lost are drawn into the bank, and the winners paid. If the ball falls into zero (0), then all the money on the table is forfeited, excepting that which was laid on colours only, when but half is exacted, the same as at the game of *rouge et noir*, explained beneath. In the evening, play commences again at ten or eleven o'clock, either with *French hazard* or *rouge et noir*. The former is the same as English hazard, only that the proprietors, or the bank, as it is called, take all the bets offered on themselves, paying and receiving as the caster throws in and out, and so with all the bets at the table on every event; the odds being established, and understood by all the players, viz: two to one against the four and ten being thrown before the seven; three to two against the five and nine being thrown before the seven; six to five against the six or eight being thrown before the seven; four to three against the four and ten being thrown before the five and nine; and, lastly, five to three against the ten and four being thrown before the eight and six. These are the regular odds as regards the mains, and the chances as opposed to each other, and the four and ten: but there are various other ways of making bets, and diversifying the pleasures of the game.

Rouge et noir is a game played with cards. Several packs are shuffled together by the players, who are sitting around a capacious oblong table; these are placed slopingly against a marble support, before the dealer; the croupe then hands some one a coloured card, with which the whole are divided into two portions: this is called a cut. The cards are then shifted agreeably to the cut, and the game commences, the dealer taking up a number of cards in his hand, looking at the bottom one and declaring

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its colour, at the same time calling out, "Make your game, gentlemen!" The table around which the players are arranged is covered with a woollen cloth, divided into four compartments, two of which are red and two black, at opposite angles, so contrived for the convenience of the players, who have each colour within their reach on which their money is to be staked. The extent of the amount each individual may venture on every event is declared by the bank, above which they will not be answerable to pay, unless special permission be obtained before the money is put down. The dealer now lays out the cards, counting their numbers as he places them in a row before him, reckoning the pips of all, and the court cards as tens, until they amount to the precise number of thirty-one, or some number above it. This number he declares aloud, which is for the black; another row is then dealt out in the same manner for the red; and the nearest to thirty-one wins. The money on the losing colour is forthwith raked into the bank by the croupe and dealer, after which the winners are paid. If both colours amount to the exact number of thirty-one, the dealer calls out *trente-et-un apres*, one half of the money on the table being forfeited to the bank. This advantage is the avowed compensation for the expenses and risk of keeping the house. At this game, as at all others publicly played, unfairness, and the opportunity afforded of cheating those who go to venture their money, is the main inducement with the parties for opening the house. When novices, drunkards, or silly young men having money, play in careless confidence, there are always swindling confederates at hand to assist in an unfair game, and to lull suspicion by playing themselves, and apparently losing their own money, and affecting to curse the fickle jade Fortune, at the same time they are making a purse for themselves. Supper, with wines and spirits, are supplied at these houses, without, however, much regard to any style; but many have regular set days on which dinners are given, where the viands, &c. are served up in a comfortable and respectable style.

In gaming, as in other pursuits, there are enthusiasts, who have projected schemes by which every man may make sure of winning. Many of these ingenious and superenlightened men have sacrificed their fortune, fame, health, and, worse than all, their peace of mind, to their favourite theory, and yet maintain that their system is founded on infallible principles of certain gain. One man, nicknamed "calculating King," who spent his whole life at play, in his latter days went about the town, visiting what are termed the sporting taverns and public-houses, teaching the art of bank-breaking, although he himself was so poor as to be unable to cover his own nakedness. The infatuation of his pupils can only be explained, by supposing dame Fortune to possess the knack, herself being blind, of rendering all her votaries so. At the game of *rouge et noir*, cards and prickers are provided, for each player to prick down the result of every deal, and, under his own system, shape his play accordingly; some follow runs, others oppose them, and many are advocates for alternate play—that is, risking their money first on the red and next on the black colour; or they suppose the oscillations of fortune to go in pairs, or leashes, and back a colour twice or three times successively; others, again, are for equal stakes being played on each event; whilst many put down a sum on a colour, and let it remain, if it should win for so many events, to double itself each time; while more desperate players are for doubling their stakes, on a peculiar system of their own, and occasionally come off considerable gainers. Calculations at games of chance appear to have been invented for the sole purpose of flattering the hopes, and deluding those who play at them; for the most improbable chances will sometimes have a run for the whole night, and irretrievably ruin, in a few hours, those who oppose them. The frequent recurrence of the odds of two to one being beaten for hours together, ought to convince all men capable of reflection of the futility of the regular calculated odds at any game protecting players from ruin. If, however, the chances did come in the long run as calculated, will not those *vortices*, *apres*, *bon-heads*, and *zeros*, in time swallow up all the money which can be brought to the tables? For example, suppose at *rouge et noir* that there are only two *apres* in one deal, and that each deal occupies, on an average, a space of time equal to thirty minutes, (perhaps only twenty minutes,) now, if we take a moderate house of play, ten pounds is the least sum which can be supposed to be on the table on the coming off on each event through the deal. The calculation is much beneath the truth, but brings twenty pounds per hour during play to the house, which is generally about fifteen hours, making in every twenty-four a gain of three hundred pounds. Let it be remembered, that this is but a chandler's shop mode of calculation, as compared to the great world of play. If we go a step higher, we shall find one hundred on an average the sum down on each event, and consequently double that amount per hour gained, if my premises be correct of two *apres* occurring in the space of time named. But it must be considered, that at the great houses the hours of play and the seasons are much more circumscribed than at the minor ones, where play is going on throughout the year during the greater part of the day and night.

Let us suppose, however, that at a great house there is only play for five months in the year, or one hundred and fifty days, and that for only six hours out of the twenty-four, here is a gain of £1200 *per diem*, or £180,000 per annum. Now let the *amateur sporting quid-nunes* reflect on this, and cease to wonder how it is, that, within the last two years and a half, B**d at the A******m in St. James's street, and his partners, have realised immense fortunes, raising themselves from poverty to aristocratical affluence, through aristocratical weakness. Some without doubt will be sceptical, and question the truth of this statement. To such I say, that it possesses only one property of error, viz: that being aware the novices in gambling will be incredulous, and have not stomachs for the digestion of these astounding facts, I have only given them one moiety of the integer. Bear in mind, that men who were a few little months since patrolling the streets to seek a friend of whom they might beg a dinner, are open this day to have your thousands staked, every five minutes successively, against their bank. How, it may be asked, could this be done, and the vicissitudes of the game triumphantly combatted next after night, (not to mention the trifling sum of £15,000 or £20,000 per annum, expended in sustaining the establishment,) unless advantages greater than this paper states were secured to them? Besides, many of the swell houses have six or seven partners to share the profits, the individuals of which keep their own private domestic establishments, in a style equal to any man of fortune, and make considerable *bona fide* bets on horse-racing, by which they sustain oftentimes very heavy annual losses. Moreover, the turn of luck will frequently set in against the bank, when they are liable to run out to £80,000 or £100,000 loss, but the *apres* is calculated to bear them through all these enormous outgoings. The keepers of all gambling-tables, aware that young men having money, and with it a propensity for gaming, are fond of adopting some peculiar mode of play, or theoretical calculation of their own, engage and set on their creatures, who are ever kept in pay for the purpose, to pander to and cultivate the delusive

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doctrine of sure gain under their system, if well followed up. The men generally selected for this purpose are persons of a high-bred appearance, half gentleman and half bully, possessing withal some properties of racy humour, to engage attention, and please for a time in companionship—only add the qualities of swindling, and pickpocketing, restrained not by principle but by prudence, and here we have a perfect black-leg.

Hazard, every third main thrown in succession, pays a piece to the table of the value equal to those used at the table as counters, which of course varies according to the rate of the house, and the sums of money played for. Suppose there be play only for eight hours out of the twenty-four, at the lowest calculation, a box-hand will be thrown every five minutes, producing, at a crown-house, £3 per hour, or £24 every night, and £8760 per annum, without incurring the slightest risk, as the players do not attack a bank, but play against each other's money; except it be at French hazard, where profits of another kind are brought in, to aid in the support of the house. The higher classes of hazard-tables pay a sovereign each box-hand, which amounts to £12 per hour, £96 per diem, and to £25,920 per annum, supposing play for nine months only. At roulet, zero comes off about every six or seven minutes, when all the money on the table is forfeited, excepting that which is solely ventured on the chance of colour, when one moiety only is taken, as at *rouge et noir*. The game of roulet is so diversified, and the events so much mystified, that not one in ten who venture their money know precisely the odds for or against them, relying generally on the regular payment of the table when they win, checked by the eye of all the other players, many of whom, not in the interest of the house, are ready enough to correct any error, or attempt to pay contrary to the established rules of the game. Even those who have a feeling in the gains and losses of the house, will do this, to preserve the general appearance of fairness. Those who gamble regularly have a prejudice against this game, as being more calculated for a mixed and large body of adventurers: if all the advantages be considered, it will be found that the odds are transcendantly in favour of the bank at this game, above all others, or, in the language of playmen, *the pull against the player* is greater. Of this fact, most men are aware, as the game only appears at intervals of time as a novelty, whilst *rouge et noir* and hazard are standing dishes in the play world. It would occupy too much space here to enumerate all the schemes and tricks of gamblers; it will suffice at present to say, that whenever unfair play is going on, no man has the smallest chance of redress, should he discover it. At every table, when a dispute arises there can be no other mode of adjusting it than by appealing to the body of players, taking their opinion, and allowing the majority to decide it. Now, whenever one of more pigeons are to be plucked, and the plan of fair play determined on, a sufficient number of confederates and dependents is always placed round the table as players to out-vote and out-face any who should presume to question the fairness of any one's play belonging to their party. It is only when a good sum is expected that these set men are called in to accomplish the work of robbery; on ordinary occasions there are always enough of ken-down gamblers hanging about the table, to serve the proprietor's purpose, who for a crown, with the prospect of having better employment in the concern, are ever ready to vote in favour of the ministry.

Other games, and nefarious gambling schemes, remain to be developed and exposed; the object of this paper is to give the world a succinct, yet genuine notion of the metropolitan houses of play, open for the purpose of plundering youthful inexperience, misaged infatuation, imbecility of understanding, and all those who will not "reflect with horror on that monster gaming, that with the smiles of a syren to allure has the talons of a harpy to destroy."

Reverting again to the gaming-housekeeper of a crown-house, and tracing his progress upwards. As soon as a proprietor of an establishment of this nature amasses money enough to appear on the turf, and become known at Tattersall's as a speculator on horse-racing, he is dubbed a gentleman. Associating now with another class of men, his ambitious spirit prompts him to open a superior house of play, where the upper class of gamblers and young nobility may not be ashamed of meeting together. All petty players are excluded. When he has accomplished this object, he deems himself in the high road for the acquirement of a splendid fortune; being now master of a concern where money and estates are as regularly bought and sold as any commodity in a public market; one man of fashion betraying another,—the most intimate and bosom friends colleaguing with these monsters for the purpose of sacrificing each other to the god *Plutus;* instances of which recur in this vitiated town as often as the sun rises and sets. It might be thought invidious to mention names, even by inuendo; but every man of the world, or rather of the London world (which comprehends some thousand swindlers, intermingled with the same number of nobility and gentry,) must have a knowledge of those characters who have elevated themselves from the lowest state in society by gambling, to associate on terms of equality with nobles. One married his daughters to peers of the realm, and was himself, with others of his own genus, received courteously, and treated with respect daily at the table of those who enact laws for the punishment of swindlers, and also of bishops, who hebdomadally expatiate publicly against all kinds of vice, including that of gambling, and the sin of countenancing those who promote it. Another, whose confederate was executed for poisoning horses, to secure for himself and his honourable employers a large sum of money, now stalks through the halls of our proud Norman, but *too susceptible aristocracy,* with as much freedom and nonchalance as one who could trace his ancestry back to William the Conqueror, and was possessed of a pure and unblemished reputation. When the history of this individual, and that of six others, who, to use their own phraseology, have rowed through life together in the same boat, are before the world, scenes will be developed which will stand as beacons to warn future generations against coming in contact with such characters. In the interim, I give the following anecdote in illustration of my meaning. In a certain year, a gentleman named L******e possessed a horse, which was entered to run for the St. Leger stakes at Doncaster; the horse became the favourite, notwithstanding which G. and C. took unlimited bets against him. On the day of the race, when preparations for mounting were being made, to the dismay of certain individuals Mr. L. appeared on the course, accompanied by a lad accoutred as a jockey, whom he announced to be the rider of his horse on that day's race: as it had been previously generally understood that Mr. L.'s regular jockey should have the command of the horse on the occasion, the betters naturally expressed surprise at this sudden resolution of his. Mr. L. then stepped forward, and said aloud, before all the spectators on the ground,—"Gentlemen, you see that L. J. is but competent to carry one in this race; he cannot carry three of you, namely, my jockey, G. and C.; and as I cannot disunite them, I am afraid, if they all mount, that my horse will break down; you understand me, gentlemen. Boy, mount!" The horse went in, and won the race easily. This apparent enigma scarcely needs solution, at least to sporting

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men. It appeared to Mr. L. that the parties herein alluded to had bought over his jockey to lose the race, the knowledge of which he suppressed till the moment of mounting, when he out-jockied the clique by putting another rider, whom he had previously provided, on the horse, by which he saved his property, and for once outwitted the knowing ones.

Although these occurrences are repeatedly laid before the public, and made as clear as the sun at noon-day, as was said of some other practices, yet the parties continue their career of swindling: and, in accordance with the reigning spirit of the day, having acquired money (no matter how), rank as gentlemen, and are qualified to sit at the tables of the nobility. The company of fashionable, or club-society, is that of black-legs; and it would not be difficult for me to name from twenty to thirty individuals at this moment who associate with and move among persons of high life, who were, but a few years back, in low vice and penury, and who have possessed themselves of a sum of money certainly not less than from eight to nine millions sterling. Again, there are some hundreds of others who have amassed severally from ten to twenty thousand pounds each; add to these the two or three thousand who annually make smaller sums of money, or manage to keep themselves and families in comfortable style, by *hookey-crookey* gambling ways, as brother Jonathan would say, some estimate may be made of the evil occasioned to society by the movements of these men in it. Consider not merely the money, but the effects of their example and influence on the moral conduct of the people, especially those whom they employ and come immediately in contact with. The mass of property which exchanges owners in the course of one year by dishonest and surreptitious means, not only exceeds all calculation, but is incredible to those who have but a circumscribed knowledge of society as a whole. No calculations can be made with accuracy, or in any way approximate to the truth; all that can be done is to state that which is known; and I have felt a strong impulse to reduce the calculations made under my own experience, but the oftener I revise them the more I am convinced that they are infinitely beneath the sums amassed by the men who form the subject of this paper.

When we contemplate the enlarged state of society, the vast extent of floating property, and the extraordinary wealth of the metropolis, it must be self-evident to every wise legislator that no question can be of more vital importance, as regards the morals of the people, than the prevention of property changing hands by unlawful and dishonest means. The fortunes made in trade elicit a laudable ambition in the rising generation. In such a competition many must fail, and fall back into humble life, or again work their way up by skill and labour; but in either case, there is the consolation of having deserved success, if it be not attained; and the conscience is preserved whole; consequently, the vicissitudes in commercial life are not of that demoralizing nature which characterize all illicit and vicious pursuits. It is said that the gilding on the lord mayor's coach is the spur to city industry, and the beacon on which the apprentice fixes his eye, cheering himself with hope through his long servitude; and without doubt, prominent offices and the display of wealth will catch the eye, and awaken ambition, exciting a desire in the mind to know how they were acquired. The number of men who have risen to wealth through the gaming-houses also attracts attention, and annually tempts thousands, whose cupidity and fatuity impel them to embark on a dangerous voyage, through a tempestuous sea, in search of an El Dorado,—a voyage in which thousands are wrecked for one who reaches the land. In trade, the losers fall into the rear ranks, and occupy subordinate situations, still being useful members of the community; but what becomes of all the losers of the gambling class? Do they ever return to habits of industry? Alas, there is no return for them; their condition is like that of our courtesans,—repentance may procure forgiveness, but cannot recover their lost virtue. As regards the corrupt state of society and the progress of crime, there is more in this than is dreamt of in the philosophy of those who rule. All gamblers are heartless, and when reverses come on them are unrestrained by any sentiment of feeling either of humanity or honesty; how then can it be a matter of surprise that this town should have a regular annual supply of public swindlers and other criminals? Through the public gaming-tables, every year vast numbers are hurled from respectable life to associate with wretchedness and criminals, or become exiles; and many commit suicide, and leave families in want, after having been robbed of their substance by those harpies, whom our government permit to reside even within the precincts of the court. One scoundrel, who is admitted into genteel society, and resides in a magnificent house in great style, on a fortune made by the most unlawful means, in a gaming-house, was, it is said, the cause, on an average of ten years, of fifteen suicides annually, besides bringing ruin and misery on ten times that number of families in the same period. Capt. S***s, who destroyed himself at the Old Hummums, and who had an enlarged experience of gaming transactions, declared, previously to his own fall, through the arts of the same man, that the average of fifteen per annum fell far short of the real number, besides those who were hurried out of life through morbid action of the system, brought on by distress of mind and excessive irritation under their losses. One case presents itself which can be attested by hundreds of the sufferer's neighbours, being so well known. A respectable tradesman, possessing some property, who resided in Oxford street, was, in the winter season, accustomed to attend a whist-club, held at a public-house in the vicinity of his own residence. He was remarkably characterized for steadiness of conduct and regular habits, and was never known at one time to venture more than half-a-crown at any game of chance, previous to the period of which I am about to speak, at which time he was fifty years of age. By some means, a fellow named H******k, an emissary of a *rouge et noir* house in Bury street, obtained an introduction to the whist-club; and one evening, as he and his dupe were leaving the house, he said, "I am going out of curiosity to witness the game of *rouge et noir*, never having seen it. Will you go with me? We need not play.* In an ill-fated hour the tradesman assented, as he subsequently stated, prompted only by the same curiosity which his companion affected to be influenced by. When at the table, seeing others win, and perhaps impelled by his cupidity, (for he was fond of money,) he was induced to venture a few stakes, which came off in his favour; following up his success, he left the house that night a winner of £80, and probably went home to sleep in peace, but it was the last he ever enjoyed! Without doubt, he had the bump of adventure, and its situation would have been pointed out and fully explained, had his pericranium been submitted to the inspection of Dr. Gall; for no

* This miscreant is now in the House of Correction, under a sentence of fourteen days imprisonment, for having acted as waiter at a gambling house in the Quadrant. Let the public reflect on the injury this man inflicts on society, and the nature of his sentence: there must be something more in this than meets the eye.

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man ever followed gaming with such avidity as he afterwards did: he attended morning and evening day, till poverty only stopped his going. At one period it is said that he was a winner of £2000; he repeatedly knocked up his intimate friends in the middle of the night to borrow money, after having lost that which he took to the table. In a few short months his funds began to wane, and his health to decline. He lingered not long, but departed from this world a sad example of the danger of once crossing the river Styx, and entering into the infernal regions.

"You hold the word, from Jove to Momus given,
That man was made the standing jest of heaven;
And gold but sent to keep the fools in play,
For some to heap, and some to throw away.".

The relation of this case leads me to treat of another class of gambling swindlers, who work in society enormous mischiefs, and call for exposition, they are but little known, although their wicked practices are daily and acutely felt. As soon as it was known that the hero of the above tale had a mania for play, it surprised him much to receive invitations to dinner from many persons respectably stationed in life, among whom were two attorneys; one of whom, by dint of importunity and repeated calls at his shop, succeeded in drawing him to an entertainment given at his chambers in Lyon's Inn. The result of this visit was, in ten days subsequent, the presentation of an accepted bill of exchange for £200, on which payment was demanded; threats were used, and ultimately a writ issued to enforce liquidation, but it was never paid. The dinner party, it appeared, consisted of four persons, and the acceptor of the bill, who, after taking copious libations of wine, sat down to play at whist, and subsequently at loo. How long they played, the loser of the money could not recollect, but he remembered being engaged at cards, and borrowing money of one of the party, to whom he thought he gave an acknowledgment for the same, but was not aware that he had given an acceptance on a stamp, until it was presented for payment.

In this anecdote is developed the whole system of these characters. I shall, therefore, have only to speak of the extent of the practice, that young men in particular may become cautious, and avoid joining parties in play on slight acquaintanceship, and learn to suspect their own intimate friends of callidity, when they are importunate in matters of play, as all *adventurers of* principle are prostrated before the pastime of gaming. In whatever quarter of the town a party is formed to amuse themselves in an evening at cards, depend on it there is amongst them a coterie of sharps, who confer together and concert plans for the purpose of cheating their companions. Either having practised this sufficiently long to become adepts, and to dispose of all qualms of conscience (which will for a time intrude, and become troublesome to all tyros in dishonesty, until habit, or *the* drug nepenthe, removes all pain,) they march on the great stage of the world, visiting the gambling houses and all minor places of play, for the purpose of becoming acquainted with those who have a taste for it, and, having money, are worth attacking. When they see a respectable initiate losing money, they commiserate him, and offer advice; sometimes lending a little money to oblige him, and gain his confidence; and the first time he walks out to a house of play, arm in arm with one of these characters, the work is all but performed. They dine together the next day at a hotel, where they *accidentally* meet a friend who is a pleasant fellow, and in a short time they become old friends, full confidence being established between them. A whole band, or knot of these schemers, is significantly called a *paternoster*, if they are clever in their calling; which means, they are so destructive that it is time for those who fall into their hands to say their prayers. These characters are very obnoxious to gaming-house keepers, as the money they obtain in private and set play would, it is thought, be brought to their tables.

The fact that there are such swindlers on the town, however, is no new information to the public. My object in alluding to the practice, is chiefly to state, that confederacy in small parties, among certain tradesmen and idlers, is carried on to a great extent, and in a way calculated to lull all suspicion of unfair play; many individuals being brought to the verge of ruin by their own most intimate friends: which shows the increased and constantly increasing effects of the vice of gambling in this metropolis. The laxity of principle so conspicuous in the present day is not to be found either in poverty or Sabbath-breaking, abstractedly, but in the all-prevailing vice of gaming, particularly at houses opened for the purpose, whence it spreads like a pestilence through all the ramifications of society, rendering the people impatient of toil and steady pursuits for the attainment of a competency, whereby their old age may be rescued from poverty. In proportion as the numbers increase of those who suddenly rise from penury to affluence (let the means by which it is accomplished be ever so vile,) so will the numbers be augmented who will strive to follow their example, and in doing so again corrupt others. It is therefore our first duty to destroy this many-headed monster at one blow, by annihilating all these receptacles of vice and generating causes of crime and demoralization. Let the heaviest sentence of our penal law fall upon those who keep these houses, if no other measure can effect their overthrow.

The murderer and the housebreaker are executed, it may be, for the first offence; yet the crimes of which they were guilty are perpetrated by the proprietor of a gaming house every day, and that continuously for years, viz: robbery, and the occasioning loss of life. It is true that the mode of committing the offence differs, but the effect is the same, and all are denounced by the statute law, and also that of reason. I have heard some say, "If men are fools enough to go to such places, let them lose their money." Are fools, then, out of the pale of the law? It is both cruel and unjust to deprive those of its protection who most stand in need of it. But the evil extends itself, as I have already shown, far beyond those who lose their money, and may be felt for ages to come in the altered character of the people, who are every day becoming more vicious, not to name the concern we should have for the salvation of souls. It is a stigma on the self-lauded Vice Society, which never can be wiped away, that they have at no period shown any disposition to remonstrate with the government or the magistracy, or in any way to grapple with this cause of every vice. They grope about in holes and corners, harassing those already harassed by poverty, instead of going into the monster's den, and taking him by the beard at once. Out upon't! it must be all cant.

There is another kind of character that is found at gaming-houses, which effects mischief in its way; it is a kind of half gambler and half money-lender. Such are to be found at all grades of houses, from the Jew who attends at the lowest to buy, or lend money on trifling personal articles of wear, &c. to the man who, through his connections, can procure thousands on reversionary or real property. These men conduct themselves very warily, playing generally for the lowest sum allowed at the table (and that only at intervals,) from which they are called *nibblers*, because if they see any advantage to be taken, and a player having a run of extraordinary good or ill luck, they intrude themselves, and force a few pieces to share with the winning party in the

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play, which they know will not be refused them, through fear of their dissatisfaction, and interruption at a moment when success attends the player; in fact, they are ready to perform any mean and dirty work for gain. Their object, however, at the higher rate tables is to obtain the earliest knowledge of those persons who have property, but through losses want to borrow money on it; great allowance being made to bringers by the lender, and something is also expected for carrying, thus getting a premium on both sides; consequently they are indefatigable in their exertions to help all unfortunate gentlemen to money, *on the most liberal terms.* It is at the middle-rate houses of play that this animal does the most business, and is the cause of most mischief, and where he shines as a complete swindler. These people make it their care to ferret out the character, connexions, and situation in life, of all who visit the tables for purposes of play. They know well enough that it would be next to ruin to any respectable young man who is addicted to play, were his propensity made known to his connexions. They therefore watch such with a lynx's eye, lending occasionally two or three pounds over the table, when they are run out; soon after which they communicate that they can discount bills. Those whose infatuation has led them on to play till all their available cash is gone, but yet cherish the fatal hope it may be recovered on another adventure, are induced, in an extreme moment of necessity, to apply to these men. It is not possible, in the space devoted to this paper, to describe all the tortuous ways they have of treating their victims when once they have them in their toils, ever using that weapon, exposure, most dexterously. The end, however, of such imprudent connexion generally is, that the kind-hearted money lender retains in his hands, bills or other documents, amounting from one to two hundred pounds, making out a fictitious lien on them, or stating that the person who was to advance the money has been suddenly called to the continent, and has inadvertently taken them with him, &c. Ultimately payment is demanded by a third person, in whose hands they are, and who states that he has given full value for them. In one instance (this tale is well known by those who visited the old 55, kept by O. and B.) a young man, J———e, on the demise of his father, whose business and property were sold for twelve hundred pounds, six hundred of which was paid in money, and the remainder in bills, at six months after date, lost his all. A few days subsequent to his receiving his money, he was picked up by a gambler, or an agent at a billiard-table, and introduced to 55, where in a few days he lost his cash; and a well known character, a Jew, who was always at hand for the purpose, got possession of bills to discount. Payment, under endless pretences, being delayed from day to day, the young man was glad to take one pound or ten shillings at a time, to subsist on; until at length, irritated by vexation, and goaded by remorse at having so misused his father's hard-earned property, he threw himself into the Serpentine river and was drowned; the Jew, M******e, received the money on the bills, and the young man, J———e, ceased to be spoken of, or even thought of, in twenty-four hours afterwards. It is astonishing that there should be so much inertness, and that all men should not more readily see through the wily arts of these detestable characters. The press has not performed its duty, or it would have more exposed the Stukeleys of society, and thereby have lessened the Beverleys in it. "The passion of gaming casts such a mist before the eyes, that the nobleman shall be surrounded with sharpers, and imagine himself in the best of company." The truth of this passage I saw verified on Epsom race-course. When the late Duke of Y— won the Derby stakes, he was so elated that he entirely forgot himself. There happened to be on the ground a low vulgar gambling fellow, who was also the keeper of a house of ill-fame, commonly known by the name of Charley L. This man, with the greatest assurance, rode up to the Duke and said, "Give us your hand! By G—d I give you joy!" He was familiarly shaken by the hand, which encouraged others, *et hoc genus omne.* For some minutes the Duke, seated on his horse, remained shaking hands (without doubt, unconsciously) with characters whose very names are pollution. Most probably this great person was taken off his guard by the abominable and consummate assurance of the said Charley. It is however a well-known fact, and the fellow boasts of it to this day.

A mistaken sense of that which constitutes the true happiness of human life, aided by pride, is among young men constantly at work in the mass, impelling them to break out of the walk of life in which birth and connexions have assigned them. It is an idle vanity to desire an introduction into what is erroneously termed genteel society and fashionable life; this vanity, however, is the chief cause of many thousands resorting to a gambling-table. Young cits, attorneys' clerks, and others, encouraging themselves in the foolish notion, that they were born with a spirit above plodding through life, and are possessed of a person formed to figure among the higher classes of the town, find in gaming-houses a society formed of factitious gentility, which is mistaken for that which is genuine. "Dressed like a nobleman, with money in his pocket, and a set of dice that shall deceive the devil." At any rate, they see (should they be fortunate) that it is a road through which they may dine at great men's tables: no other argument than this need be adduced to show how extended and potential are the effects of gambling houses. All the causes which tend to divert the public or individual mind from the natural channels into which by birth the parties were destined to flow, it should be the first object of all governments to remove; for the evil is not only observable in those who do actually run out of the course, (to use a sporting phrase) but in the diversion and moral shake it gives to every rising and new generation; the aggregated effect of which at some future day it is terrible to conceive, and awful in contemplation. It cannot, neither must it be, disguised, that these accumulated evils are only tolerated by the government from a prevailing idea, that the aristocracy of the country are so mixt up in most great questions of gambling affairs, that any attempts to legislate more coercively for its repression would be opposed by rank and power, calling down animadversion and calumny on the heads of those who should strenuously support any proposed measures for its entire suppression. The rich have a right to gamble—it is a privilege the law may give them; but let there be a barrier fixed, let them keep the vice to themselves, and let the cordon be effective, that it may not, through them, as it has done, again inundate the country, vitiating and producing consequences of an alarming nature to the general interests of the community. The great people have a right to their amusements; but the contagion of ill example, which their wealth enables them to support, they have no right to bring down into the body of the people, through those inlets of vice, the gaming-houses, many of which are established by waiters and servants, who have previously been engaged, and have acquired money, in club-houses. Many instances may be adduced of the lowest menials in these establishments having aggrandized considerable sums in a short time, which it is said is done by lending money to the members who at play lose their money and stand in need of a temporary supply, for which a bonus of from five to twenty pounds is expected, if it be only for a day. This is an un-

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natural state of things, and is calculated to injure the steady and healthful condition of society. One man, Mr. F——, a waiter at the B—— club, in a very few years amassed money enough in his situation to purchase some very valuable freehold ground, abutting on the road side, a few miles from town, on the road to Brighton. Here he has subsequently built a house, with sundry detached offices, and planted shrubberies, the whole of which it is estimated cannot have cost less than £20,000. "Can he be innocent who stains his hands with ore wrenched in the gamester's blood, dug from the widow's and the orphan's heart with tears, and cries, and agonies unutterable? 'Tis property accursed; were it a mine as deep as the centre, I would not touch an atom to preserve myself from starving."

THE AUTHOR OF "THE SCHOOLMASTER'S EXPERIENCE IN NEWGATE."

ON NOVELS OF PRESENT MANNERS.

Being part of an article in the Edinburgh Review.]

IT is not our purpose to enquire whether the present great demand for novels is to be attributed to the increased number of those who seek amusement from reading; to our undramatic habits, and the decline of the stage; to the impulse, still unspent, contributed by the example of the author of Waverley, and the minor successes of others; or to the accidental absence at this time of any great and unexhausted poet. It is probable that all these causes combine in a greater or lesser degree to stimulate the demand for this agreeable species of literature; and it is immaterial to ask which cause is most likely to preponderate. Neither shall we inquire whether the supply bears a just proportion to the demand, or whether the public are satiated with its abundance. Be this as it may, we see no near prospect of a material diminution; and while it continues, we must hail with satisfaction the appearance of those works which best fulfil the purpose of their pretensions.

It is no longer necessary to defend the novels against those sweeping denunciations by which it was once assailed, and which were at no time either philosophical or candid. It is true they were once unmingly justified by the multiplicity of bad publications of this kind, and the extreme paucity of good ones. But even if there had been no good ones, a truly sagacious and philosophical critic might to have perceived the inherent capabilities of this species of composition. Fictitious narrative often better illustrate those general truths which experience teaches, than the bare relation of actual facts; and many a novel, devoid of every other merit, may not be without its value as a faithful portrait of the manners of the day. It is sometimes urged, that from a delineation of the customs of manners of a single class, no just inference with respect to the state of society can be drawn; but it should be remembered, that in fact no novel is a treat of one class only. Society in England is composed of ranks that press so closely on each other, that though we can view its lengthened chain as a whole, or mark at long intervals the various links it includes, it is difficult to distinguish each link that binds it together. Nevertheless, each link is a departure from the single narrow circle; we venture to assert, that the simplest tale of the most uneventful life, was never yet related without the introduction of characters moving in different spheres. Under the vague title of "fashionable novels," (a title which it pleases publishers to give, and the public to adopt, without much propriety or meaning,) we may collect a tolerably accurate delineation of almost every description of the educated classes in this kingdom; and it must be allowed, that from this mass of productions, posterity will receive that faithful portrait of the social habits and feelings of the day which we would so gladly have received from our predecessors. The readers of the twentieth century will be in this respect more fortunate than we are. We have received in the garb of fiction some sketches of the social habits and feelings of other times, but they have been conveyed in the less elastic and comprehensive form of the poem or the play. In both of these the language is more conventional, and description is almost excluded from the latter; and we therefore receive from them less information than if novels had been written in their stead.

Novels are now so numerous, that whatever may be their claims to a permanent reputation, they are scarcely regarded by the public in any other light than as ephemeral publications. They are read rapidly and soon forgotten; and the tale of one week is almost obliterated from the mind of many a reader by the novelty of the next. There is, therefore, no point of view in which the public is less disposed to regard the novel than as a record of the present time, addressed to the readers of a future age. This it may be said, is not their object. If it were, the aim would be too ambitious. They are not written with the hope of being read in another century. On the contrary, they are, perhaps, beyond all works, save the periodical essay, or the party pamphlet, written peculiarly for the present day. This is true, yet we may be allowed to consider the use of a work as distinguished from its object, its applicability, as well as its intention. Novels are not meant for records; but they may become records nevertheless. This is an ulterior use, independent of present success, and not determined by the same qualities; save only the one great quality which ought to be alike essential to success, either present or to come—the adherence to *abstract truth*. This adherence is not indeed essential to the acquisition of present popularity so much as we could wish; but it is evidently essential in order that a novel may possess any claim to utility as a record of present habits to future times. The dullest novel possessing this quality, will, under this point of view, have a value, which we must deny to the most amusing production that possesses it not. In saying this, we mean only to recommend more strongly our adherence to abstract truth—not to advocate dulness, or decry the faculty of conveying amusement; for the novel, if dull, be it as faithful as it may, will not float down the stream of time; and unless it bears with it a rich freight of interest and entertainment, it will not reach posterity at all.

Under this view of the uses of the novel, that species which describes existing manners is to be preferred to the historical romance. We regret with reason that the days of Elizabeth and the Stuarts produced no novels descriptive of manners as they then existed; but we cannot equally regret that the writers of those times did not give us historical novels, describing manners and customs as they believed them to have existed in the days of the Plantagenets. Such works, attractive as they might have been to those for whom they were written, would, as records, be valueless to us. The best historical novel is but an approximation to the truth. In reading those of Sir Walter Scott, we dwell with delight on that charm so peculiarly their own, whereby we are transported to times long past, and made to live in the age of which they treat. The minuteness of his descriptions has lent an air of truth to his rich details of picturesque costume. He has even heightened the illusion by inventing a style of language to which we are unaccustomed; and so dexterously has he contrived an amalgamation of the real and ideal, that we fondly desire to accept the whole as a truth. But reflec-

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tion tells us that true to nature as are the characters described (for human nature in its passions and capacities may be alike in all ages,) it must ever be remembered that when the rude customs of comparative barbarism are ornamented with the refinement and feelings of superior civilization, the beauty of the picture may be heightened, but the portrait is no longer faithful. Historical novels may combine research with originality; but the most accomplished genius of the nineteenth century could not view the events of past times with other feelings than those of the present. We are therefore inclined to think, that novels, descriptive of the manners of the day, if imbued with a sufficiency of talent to enable them to live, will be more acceptable to our successors than equally well written novels of the historical class.

From the Literary Examiner.

NOTRE-DAME;

A Tale of the Ancien Regime: from the French of Victor Hugo. Effingham Wilson.

THE *Notre-Dame* of Victor Hugo must take rank with the best romances by the Author of Waverley. If it fall short in copiousness and variety of incident and adventure, it transcends on the other hand in vigour, animation, and familiarity with the age. The reader of this book will never stop to admire the antiquarian lore of the author, it seems as if we were but listening to his reminiscences of the time of Louis XI. To put old Paris before our eyes appears to be rather an act of memory than an act of study, and he sets it forth with a freshness which sparkles in the fancy. 'Tis centuries since, but the scene has the vividness of the present sunshine. *Notre-Dame* abounds with characters any one of which would have served to carry on the interest of a modern novel. La Esmeralda, a gipsy dancing girl, will remind the reader of the Fenella of Scott, but there is the difference between them of a being of warm blood, and the plastered gew-gaw figure on the top of a Twelfth cake. La Esmeralda has all the reality that Fenella wants. Quasimodo, a monster of strength and ugliness, whose frightful aspect has made him an object of disgust to the world, which he repays with hatred to all but two beings, Frollo, who has reared him from his deserted childhood, and La Esmeralda, who has succoured him in suffering and ignominy, is a character not original, but managed with admirable power. Upon Frollo all the mischief turns. He is a monk whose pent passions, long subdued and late excited, overbear his reason, and turn him to a fiend. As his case exemplifies the curb to nature, so his brother's (a spendthrift abandoned to debauchery) exemplifies the spur, but the passions of the first boil over in injury to others, and the profligate is mischievous only to himself. La Esmeralda is the unfortunate object of the monk's desires; he is hateful to her and rejected; and Frollo, resolved that no other shall enjoy what is denied to him, ultimately betrays her up to summary execution under a sentence of witchcraft. This incident occurs in the Place de Greve at the break of day, and the priest, certain of the instant execution of the victim with no more ceremony than goes to the hanging of a dog, hurries up to one of the towers of Notre-Dame to witness the event. The night has been one of tumult, outrage, blood, and terror; the morning is all calm and loveliness, and just as the sun pours his glories on the scene—with the opening of a day such as she loved to live for—La Esmeralda tastes the bitterness of death. We have omitted to advert to much that is remarkable in order to give this terrible scene entire—we think, in power, in horror, and the skilful use of circumstances, it stands unrivalled.

"It is a magnificent and captivating spectacle, and at that day it was yet more so, to look down upon Paris from the summit of the towers of Notre-Dame, in the fresh light of a summer dawn. The day in question might be one of the early ones of July. The sky was perfectly serene. A few lingering stars were fading away in different directions; and eastward, there was one very brilliant, in the lightest part of the heavens. The sun was on the point of making his appearance. Paris was beginning to stir. A very white, pure light showed vividly to the eye the endless varieties of outline which its buildings presented on the east; while the giant shadows of the steeples traversed building after building from one end of the great city to the other. Already, voices and noises were to be heard from several quarters of the town. Here was heard the stroke of a bell—there that of a hammer—and there again the complicated clatter of a dray in motion. Already the smoke from some of the chimneys was escaping scatteredly over all that surface of roofs, as if through the fissures of some vast sulphur-work. The river, whose waters are rippled by the piers of so many bridges and the points of so many islands, was wavering in folds of silver. Around the town, outside the ramparts, the view was lost in a great circle of fleecy vapours, through which were indistinctly discernible the dim line of the plains and the graceful swelling of the heights. All sorts of floating sounds were scattered over that half-awakened region. And eastward, the morning breeze was chasing across the sky a few light locks plucked from the fleecy mantle of the hills.

"In the Parvis, some good women, with their milk-pots in their hands, were pointing out to one another, in astonishment, the singularly shattered state of the great door of Notre-Dame, and the two congealed streams of lead all down the crevices of the front. It was all that remained of the tumult of the night before. The pile kindled by Quasimodo between the towers was extinct. Tristan had cleared the ground of the Place, and had the dead thrown into the Seine. Kings like Louis XI. take care to clean the pavements quick after a massacre.

"Outside the balustrade of the tower, exactly underneath the point where the priest had stopped, was one of those fantastically carved stone gutters which diversify the exterior of gothic buildings; and in a crevice of this gutter, two pretty wall-flowers in full bloom, shaken and vivified as it were by the breath of the morning, made sportive salutation to each other; while over the towers far above in the sky, were heard the cheerful voices of early birds.

"But the priest neither saw nor heard anything of all that. He was one of those men to whom there are neither mornings, nor birds, nor flowers. In all that immense horizon, spread around him with such diversity of aspect, his contemplation was concentrated upon one single point.

"Quasimodo burned to ask him what he had done with the gipsy girl; but the archdeacon seemed, at that moment, to be rapt out of the world. He was evidently in one of those violent passages of existence when the earth itself might fall to ruin without our perceiving it.

"With his eyes invariably fixed upon a certain spot, he remained motionless and silent; and in that silence and immobility there was something so formidable, that the savage ringer shuddered at the contemplation, and dared not obtrude upon them. All that he did—and it was one way of interrogating the archdeacon—was, to follow the direction of his vision, which thus guided the view of the unfortunate hunchback to the Place de Greve.

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"In this manner he discovered what the priest was looking at. The ladder was erected against the permanent gibbet. There were some people in the Place, and a number of soldiers. A man was dragging along the ground something white, to which something black was clinging. This man stopped at the foot of the gibbet. Here something took place which Quasimodo could not very distinctly see—not that his only eye had not preserved its long reach—but there was a body of soldiers in the way, which prevented him from distinguishing all. Moreover, at that instant the sun appeared, and such a flood of light burst over the horizon, that it seemed as if every point of Paris, spires, chimneys, and gables, were taking fire at once.

"Meantime the man began to ascend the ladder. Then Quasimodo saw him distinctly again. He was carrying a female figure upon his shoulder—a young girl clad in white. There was a noose round the young girl's neck. Quasimodo recognised her. It was *she!*

"The man arrived with his burden at the top of the ladder. There he arranged the noose. And now the priest, to have a better view, set himself on his knees upon the balustrade.

"All at once the man pushed away the ladder with his heel; and Quasimodo, who, for some moments, had not drawn his breath, saw wavering at the end of the cord, about two toises above the ground, the form of the unfortunate girl, with that of the man squatted upon her shoulders. The cord made several turns upon itself; and Quasimodo beheld horrible convulsions agitating the frame of the gipsy girl. On the other hand, the priest, with outstretched neck and starting eyeballs, was contemplating that frightful group of the man and the girl —*the spider and the fly!*

"At the moment when it looked the most horrible, a demoniacal laugh—a laugh such as can come only from one who is no longer human—burst from the livid visage of the priest. Quasimodo did not *hear* that laugh—but he *saw* it. The ringer made a few steps backward from behind the archdeacon; and then, rushing furiously upon him, thrusting both his large hands against his back, he pushed Dom Claude over into the abyss towards which he had been leaning.

"The priest cried out, "Damnation!" and fell.

"The gutter-head over which he had been leaning, arrested his fall. He clung to it with desperate grasp; but, at the moment that he was opening his lips to cry out again, he saw passing along the verge of the balustrade above him, the formidable and revenging countenance of Quasimodo, and was silent.

"Beneath him was the abyss—a fall of full two hundred feet—and the pavement. In this dreadful situation, the archdeacon said not a word, breathed not a groan. Only he writhed upon the gutter, making incredible efforts to reascend; but his hands found no hold of the granite—his feet constantly slid away upon the blackened wall. They who have attended to the top of the towers of Notre-Dame, know that the stone-work swells out immediately below the balustrade. It was on the re-entering angle of this ridge that the miserable archdeacon was exhausting his efforts. It was not with a wall perfectly perpendicular that he was striving, but with a wall that sloped away from under him.

Quasimodo would only have had to stretch out his hand to him, to draw him from the gulf; but he did not so much as look at him. He was looking at the Greve—he was looking on the gibbet—he was looking on the gipsy girl. The poor deaf creature had leaned his elbows on the balustrade in the very place where the archdeacon had been the moment before; and there, keeping his eye fixed upon the only object of which at that moment he was conscious, he was mute and motionless as one struck by the thunderbolt—except that a long stream of tears was flowing from that eye which until then had never shed but one.

"Meanwhile, the archdeacon was panting—his bald forehead was streaming with perspiration—his nails were bleeding against the stones—he was grazing his knees against the wall. He could hear his cassock, which had caught hold of the gutter, tearing more and more at each jerk that he gave it—and to complete his misfortune, the gutter itself terminated in a leaden pipe, which he could feel slowly bending under the weight of his body. The wretched man was saying to himself, that when his hands should be worn out with fatigue—when his cassock should be rent asunder—when that lead should be completely bent—he must, of necessity, fall—and terror froze his vitals. Now and then he looked down bewilderedly upon a sort of small table formed, some ten feet lower, by projections of sculpture; and he implored heaven, from the bottom of his agonizing soul, that he might be permitted to spend the remainder of his life upon that narrow space of two feet square, though it were to last a hundred years. Once he ventured to look down into the Place below him; but when he turned his head upwards again, it was with closing eyes and hair erect.

"There was something frightful in the silence of these two men. While the archdeacon was agonizing in that horrible manner, but a few feet from him, Quasimodo was weeping and looking upon the Greve.

"The archdeacon, finding that all his efforts to raise himself served only to warp the one feeble point of support that remained to him, had at length resolved to remain quite still. There he was—clasping the gutter—scarce drawing his breath—stirring not at all—without any other motion than that mechanical convulsion of the viscera which is felt in a dream when we fancy we are falling. His fixed eyes were wide open with a stare of pain and astonishment. Meanwhile, he felt himself going by degrees: his fingers slipped upon the gutter; he felt more and more the weakness of his arms and the weight of his body; the bending piece of lead that supported him inclined more and more downwards. He saw beneath him, frightful to look upon, the sharp roof of the church of Saint-Jean-le-Rond, small as a card bent double. He looked, one after another, at the imperturbable sculptures of the tower—like him suspended over the precipice—but without terror for themselves or pity for him. All around him was of stone,—before his eyes, the gaping monsters,—in the Place below, the pavement,—over his head, Quasimodo weeping.

"Down in the Parvis there were some groups of worthy starers, quietly striving to guess what madman it could be that was amusing himself after so strange a fashion. The priest could hear them saying—for their voices mounted up to him clear and shrill—"Why, he'll surely break his neck!"

"Quasimodo was weeping.

"At length, the archdeacon, foaming with rage and dread, felt that all was unavailing. However, he gathered what strength he had remaining, for one last effort. He drew himself up on the gutter—sprung from against the wall with both his knees—hung his hands in a cleft of the stone-work—and succeeded, perhaps, in climbing up with one foot: but the force which he was obliged to use, gave a sudden bend to the leaden beak that supported him; and the same effort rent his cassock asunder. Then, finding everything under him give way—having only his benumbed and powerless hands by which to cling to anything—the unhappy man closed his eyes, left hold of the gutter, and fell.

"Quasimodo looked at him falling.

"A fall from such a height is seldom perpen-

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dicular. The archdeacon, launched through the void, fell at first with his head downwards and his arms extended—then he turned round several times. The wind carried him against the top of one of the houses, upon which the miserable man was first dashed. However, he was not dead when he reached it. The ringer could perceive him still make an effort to cling to the gable with his hands—but the slope was too quick, and he had no strength left. He glided rapidly down the roof, like a loosened tile—then dashed upon the pavement—and there he lay quite still.

"Quasimodo then lifted his eye to look upon the gipsy girl, whose body, suspended from the gibbet, he beheld quivering afar, under its white robe, in the last struggles of death,—then again he dropped it upon the archdeacon, stretched a shapeless mass at the foot of the tower,—and he said, with a sob that heaved his deep breast to the bottom, 'Oh!—all that I've ever loved!'"

Now for a specimen of critical accuracy. The *Edinburgh Review* refers to

"That awful scene where the archdeacon, gazing down from the tower of Notre-Dame upon the execution of his victim in the square beneath, is seized by Quasimodo—who has now relapsed into the savage, since the destruction of the only being to whom his heart had opened—and hurled from a height of two hundred feet "plumb down" upon the pavement below. This description is terrible beyond conception. Every motion, every struggle of the wretched priest, every clutch of his nails, every heave of the breast, as he clings to the projecting spout which has arrested his fall; then the gradual bending of the spout itself beneath his weight; the crowd shouting beneath, the monster above him—weeping;—(for he had loved the priest, and only the fury of disappointed attachment had urged him to this crime;)—the victim balancing himself over the gulf, his last convulsive effort ere he resigns his hold, even the revolutions of his body as he descends, his striking on the roof, from which he glides off like a tile detached by the wind, and then the final crash and rebound upon the pavement—all are portrayed with the most horrible minuteness and reality."

First, Quasimodo has not hurled the monk from a height of two hundred feet "plumb down" upon the pavement below; he has hurled him over the balustrade, but his fall has been stopped within a few feet of the summit. The horror of the scene is in the suspension and not in the sheer descent—in the protracted and hopeless, nerveless, giddy struggle, and not in a sudden pitch to destruction, and the reviewer mars the effect by placing the final catastrophe before the lingering circumstances that comprehend a world of agony.

The reviewer, in running over the circumstances of horror, says, "the crowd shouting beneath." So the reviewer would have conceived it very likely, but Victor Hugo has another method of raising the horror of a scene. He says, "down in the Parvis (the open space at the foot of the cathedral) there were some groups of worthy starers, *quietly* striving to guess what madman it could be that was *amusing himself* after so strange a fashion. The priest could hear them saying—for *their voices mounted up to him clear and shrill*—Why, he'll surely break his neck."

It is this careless, indifferent speculation which strikes worse than mockery clearly and shrilly upon the monk's ear while in his agony for self-preservation and throes of mortal dread. There is no where concern for his terrible peril. Before him are the stones grinning in fantastic effigies; below him people coolly conjecturing that he will break his neck; above him the grim face of Quasimodo weeping: and here is another notable blunder of the reviewer, who observes upon his weeping that he had loved the priest, as if Quasimodo was weeping for the priest! No such thing; Quasimodo is weeping for the sufferings of La Esmeralda wavering and writhing on the gibbet, and not for the priest. He sees not the priest; another object fills his eyes: and it is the misery of the priest to be struggling within arm's length of one who could save him, but who is so absorbed in the sufferings of another, that he is not even conscious of his hideous jeopardy. The author says, "Quasimodo would only have to stretch out his hand to him to draw him from the gulf; but he did not so much as look at him—he was looking on the Greve—he was looking on the gibbet—he was looking on the gipsy girl;" and the exact critic describes him as relentingly weeping for the priest's helpless and horrible posture of peril. Reading with this misunderstanding the reviewer could not comprehend half the effect of the scene which he pretends to estimate. The repeated reference to Quasimodo weeping, in describing the monk's agony, is to heighten the misery by the presence of the means of safety within arm's length of the tortures of terror and despair; but Quasimodo, who could save by stretching out a hand, is insensible to the hideous struggle that is going on under his very feet. He is deaf: had the clinging monk a breath to spare in the voice of a hundred men, the ear of him who had the helping hand would be insensible to it.

Considering the pretension of Quarterly critics, and the arrogant judgment of the very reviewer whose blunders in so short a space we have instanced, a little more care and accuracy might not unreasonably be expected. It is not much to require that they read before they judge.

Before the execution of La Esmeralda there is a very fine tragic scene, full of nature, in the discovery of her mother. The parent recovers her child (stolen by gipsies in her infancy) just at the moment that the pursuers are on her track. The mother's pleadings are beyond words pathetic.

Another very grand scene, but not of the same high order, is an attack on Notre-Dame by the Truands, or mendicants and vagabonds of Paris, then a formidable body.

The fault of the book is the opening, which tires by its grotesqueness before the purpose is developed. The reader must not be deterred by this heavy introduction, for he will be no sooner clear of it than he will feel the interest of the story, which steadily increases to the catastrophe, where it makes the heart leap as it rushes boiling on, not without eddying, round incidents that stay the imagination without diverting the main tide of the curiosity.

One word to the translator. With what appropriateness is some rigmarole about pauperism, and Earl Grey, and Mr. Atwood, and the *Beggars' Opera*, and Pierce Egan, introduced into the mid-scenes of a French romance of the age of Louis XI.? He asks pardon for "a burst of political feeling,"—we can grant none for a burst of political balderdash, or a burst of any thing else so utterly out of place. Let the translator keep to his translation, and not deface so grand a structure as Notre-Dame, by sticking up his poor-house on it with a rabble of trivial allusions.

From the New Monthly Magazine.

JOURNAL OF CONVERSATIONS WITH LORD BYRON. BY LADY BLESSINGTON.

No. X.

BYRON'S bad opinion of mankind is not, I am convinced, genuine; and it certainly does not operate

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m his actions, as his first impulses are always good, nd his heart is kind and charitable. His good deeds re never the result of reflection, as the heart acts be- ore the head has had time to reason. This cynical abit of decrying human nature is one of the many ittle affectations to which he often descends, and his impression has become so fixed in my mind, hat I have been vexed with myself for attempting o refute opinions of his, that, on reflection, I was onvinced were not his real sentiments, but uttered ither from a foolish wish of display, or from a spirit f contradiction which much influences his conver- ation. I have heard him assert opinions one day, nd maintain the most opposite, with equal warmth, ne day after; this arises not so much from insin- erity, as from being wholly governed by the eling of the moment; he has no fixed principle f conduct or of thought, and the want of it leads im into errors and inconsistencies from which he only rescued by a natural goodness of heart that deems, in some degree, what it cannot prevent. iolence of temper tempts him into expressions that ight induce people to believe him vindictive and ncorous; he exaggerates all his feelings when gives utterance to them, and here the imagina- n, that has led to his triumph in poetry, operates s happily, by giving a darker shade to his senti- ents and expressions. When he writes or speaks such moments, the force of his language imposes belief that the feeling that gives birth to it must fixed in his mind; but see him in a few hours ter, and not only no trace of his angry excitement mains, but, if recurred to by another, he smiles at s own exaggerated warmth of expression, and ves, in a thousand ways, that the temper only is sponsible for his defects, and not the heart.

"I think it is Diderot (said Byron) who says that, describe woman, one ought to dip one's pen in rainbow; and, instead of sand, use the dust from wings of butterflies to dry the paper. This is a cetto worthy of a Frenchman; and, though meant complimentary, is really by no means so to your . To describe woman, the pen should be dipped, in the rainbow, but in the heart of man, ere re than eighteen summers have passed over his d; and, to dry the paper, I would allow only the hs of adolescence. Women are best understood men whose feelings have not been hardened by ontact with the world, and who believe in vir- because they are unacquainted with vice. A owledge of vice will, as far as I can judge by ex- ience, invariably produce disgust, as I believe, h my favourite poet, that

> "Vice is a monster of such hideous mien,
> That, to be hated, needs but to be seen."

he who has known it can never truly describe nan as she ought to be described; and, there- , a perfect knowledge of the world unfits a man the task. When I attempted to describe Hai- and Zuleika, I endeavoured to forget all that tion with the world had taught me; and if I at succeeded, it was because I was, and am, pene- ed with the conviction that women only know from having experienced it through men; reas men have no criterion to judge of purity goodness but woman. Some portion of this ty and goodness always adheres to woman, tinued Byron,) even though she may lapse from ue; she makes a willing sacrifice of herself on altar of affection, and thinks only of him for m it is made: while men think of themselves e, and regard the woman but as an object that inisters to their selfish gratification, and who, n she ceases to have this power, is thought of ore, save as an obstruction in their path. You incredulous, (said Byron;) but I have said t I think, though not all that I think, as I have a much higher opinion of your sex than I have even now expressed."

This would be most gratifying could I be sure that, to-morrow or next day, some sweeping sarcasm against my sex may not escape from the lips that have now praised them, and that my credulity, in believing the praise, may not be quoted as an addi- tional proof of their weakness. This instability of opinion, or expression of opinion of Byron, destroys all confidence in him, and precludes the possibility of those who live much in his society feeling that sentiment of confiding security in him, without which a real regard cannot subsist. It has always appeared a strange anomaly to me, that Byron, who possesses such acuteness in discerning the foi- bles and defects of others, should have so little power either in conquering or concealing his own, that they are evident even to a superficial observer; it is also extraordinary that the knowledge of human nature that enables him to discover, at a glance, such defects, should not dictate the wisdom of con- cealing his discoveries, at least from those in whom he has made them; but in this he betrays a total want of tact, and must often send away his associ- ates dissatisfied with themselves, and still more so with him, if they happen to possess discrimination or susceptibility.

"To let a person see that you have discovered his faults, is to make him an enemy for life," (says Byron,) and yet this he does continually: he says, "that the only truths a friend will tell you, are your faults; and the only thing he will give you, is advice." Byron's affected display of knowledge of the world deprives him of commiseration for being its dupe, while his practical inexperience renders him so perpetually. He is at war with the actual state of things, yet admits that all that he now com- plains of has existed for centuries; and that those who have taken up arms against the world have found few applauders, and still fewer followers. His philosophy is more theoretical than practical, and must so continue, as long as passion and feel- ing have more influence over him than reflection and reason. Byron affects to be unfeeling, while he is a victim to sensibility; and to be reasonable, while he is governed by imagination only; and so meets with no sympathy from either the advocates of sensibility or reason, and consequently condemns both. "It is fortunate for those (said Byron) whose near connexions are good and estimable; indepen- dently of various other advantages that are derived from it, perhaps the greatest of all are the impres- sions made on our minds in early youth by witness- ing goodness, impressions which have such weight in deciding our future opinions. If we witness evil qualities in common acquaintances, the effect is slight, in comparison with that made by discovering them in those united to us by the ties of consangui- nity; this last disgusts us with human nature, and renders us doubtful of goodness, a progressive step made in misanthropy, the most fearful disease that can attack the mind. My first and earliest impres- sions were melancholy,—my poor mother gave them; but to my sister, who, incapable of wrong herself, suspected no wrong in others, I owe the little good of which I can boast; and had I earlier known her, it might have influenced my destiny. Augusta has great strength of mind, which is dis- played not only in her own conduct, but to support the weak and infirm of purpose. To me she was, in the hour of need, as a tower of strength. Her affection was my last rallying point, and is now the only bright spot that the horizon of England offers to my view. Augusta knew all my weaknesses, but she had love enough to bear with them. I value not the false sentiment of affection that adheres to one while we believe him faultless: not to love him would then be difficult; but give me the love that, with perception to view the errors, has suffi-

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cient force to pardon them,—who can 'love the offender, yet detest the offence,' and this my sister had. She has given me such good advice, and yet, finding me incapable of following it, loved and pitied me but the more, because I was erring. This is true affection, and above all, true christian feeling; but how rarely is it to be met with in England, where *amour propre* prompts people to show their superiority by giving advice; and a *melange* of selfishness and wounded vanity engages them to resent its not being followed, which they do by not only leaving off the *advised*, but by injuring him by every means in their power. Depend on it, (continued Byron) the English are the most perfidious friends and unkind relations that the civilized world can produce; and if you have had the misfortune to lay them under weighty obligations, you may look for all the injuries that they can inflict, as they are anxious to avenge themselves for the humiliations they suffer when they accept favours. They are proud, but have not sufficient pride to refuse services that are necessary to their comfort, and have too much false pride to be grateful. They may pardon a refusal to assist them, but they never can forgive a generosity which, as they are seldom capable of practising or appreciating, overpowers and humiliates them. With this opinion of the English, (continued Byron,) which has not been lightly formed, you may imagine how truly I must value my sister, who is so totally opposed to them. She is tenacious of accepting obligations, even from the nearest relations; but having accepted, is incapable of aught approaching to ingratitude. Poor Lady —— had just such a sister as mine, who, faultless herself, could pardon and weep over the errors of one less pure, and almost redeem them, by her own excellence. Had Lady ——'s sister or mine (continued Byron) been less good and irreproachable, they could not have afforded to be so forbearing; but being unsullied, they could show mercy without fear of drawing attention to their own misdemeanours."

Byron talked to-day of Campbell the poet: said that he was a warm-hearted and honest man; praised his works, and quoted some passages from the "Pleasures of Hope," which he said was a poem full of beauties. "I differ, however, (said Byron,) with my friend Campbell on some points. Do you remember the passage—

> "But mark the wretch whose wanderings never knew
> The world's regard, that soothes though half untrue;
> His erring heart the lash of sorrow bore,
> But found not pity when it erred no more."

This, he said, was so far a true picture, those who once erred being supposed to err always, a charitable, but false, supposition, that the English are prone to act upon. "But (added Byron) I am not prepared to admit, that a man, under such circumstances as those so poetically described by Campbell, could feel hope; and, judging by my own feelings, I should think that there would be more of envy than of hope in the poor man's mind, when he leaned on the gate, and looked at 'the blossomed bean-field and the sloping green.' Campbell was, however, right in representing it otherwise (continued Byron.) We have all, God knows, occasion for hope to enable us to support the thousand vexations of this dreary existence; and he who leads us to believe in this universal panacea, in which, *par parenthese*, I have little faith, renders a service to humanity. Campbell's 'Lochiel' and 'Mariners' are admirable spirit-stirring productions (said Byron;) his 'Gertrude of Wyoming' is beautiful; and some of the episodes in his 'Pleasures of Hope' pleased me so much that I know them by heart. By-the-by (continued he) we must be indebted to Ireland for this mode of expressing the knowing any thing by rote, and it is at once so true and poetical, that I always use it. We certainly remember best those passages, as well as events, that interest us most, or touch the heart, which must have given birth to the phrase—'know by heart.' The 'Pleasures of Memory' is a very beautiful poem, (said Byron,) harmonious, finished, and chaste; it contains not a single meretricious ornament. If Rogers has not fixed himself in the higher fields of Parnassus, he has, at least, cultivated a very pretty flower-garden at its base. Is not this (continued Byron) a poetical image worthy of a *conversazione* at Lydia White's! But, jesting apart, for one ought to be serious in talking of so serious a subject as the pleasures of memory, which, God knows, never offered any pleasures to me, (mind, I mean memory, and not the poem,) it really always did remind me of a flower-garden, so filled with sweets, so trim, so orderly. You, I am sure, know the powerful poem written in a blank leaf of the 'Pleasures of Memory,' by an unknown author? He has taken my view of the subject, and I envy him for expressing all that I felt; but did not, could not, express as he has done. This wilderness of triste thoughts offered a curious contrast to the *hortus siccus* of pretty flowers that followed it, (said Byron,) and marks the difference between inspiration and versification.

"Having compared Rogers' poem to a flower-garden (continued Byron) to what shall I compare Moore's—to the valley of diamonds, where all is brilliant and attractive, but where one is so dazzled by the sparkling on every side that one knows not where to fix, each gem beautiful in itself, but overpowering to the eye from their quantity. Or, to descend to a more homely comparison, though really (continued Byron) so brilliant a subject hardly admits of any thing homely, Moore's poems (with the exception of the Melodies) resemble the fields in Italy, covered by such myriads of fire-flies shining and glittering around, that if one attempts to seize one, another still more brilliant attracts, and one is bewildered from too much brightness. I remember reading somewhere (said Byron) a *concetto* of denominating different living poets, by the cups Apollo gives them to drink out of. Wordsworth is made to drink from a wooden bowl, and my melancholy self from a skull, chased with gold. Now, I would add the following cups:—To Moore, I would give a cup formed like the lotus flower, and set in brilliants; to Crabbe, a scooped pumpkin; to Rogers, an antique vase, formed of agate; and to Colman, a champagne glass, as descriptive of their different styles. I dare say none of them would be satisfied with the appropriation; but who ever is satisfied with any thing in the shape of criticism? and least of all, poets."

Talking of Shakspeare, Byron said, that he owed one-half of his popularity to his low origin, which, like charity, covereth a multitude of sins with the multitude, and the other half, to the remoteness of the time at which he wrote from our own days. All his vulgarisms (continued Byron) are attributed to the circumstances of his birth and breeding depriving him of a good education; hence they are to be excused, and the obscurities with which his works abound are all easily explained away by the simple statement, that he wrote above 200 years ago, and that the terms then in familiar use are now become obsolete. With two such good excuses, as want of education, and having written above 200 years before our time, any writer may pass muster; and when to these is added, the being a sturdy hind of low degree, which to three parts of the community in England has a peculiar attraction, one ceases to wonder at his supposed popularity; I say, supposed, for who goes to see his plays, and who except country parsons, or mouthing, stage-struck,

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theatrical amateurs, read them?" I told Byron what really was, and is, my impression, that he was not sincere in his depreciation of our immortal bard; and I added, that I preferred believing him insincere, than incapable of judging works, which his own writings proved he must, more than most other men, feel the beauties of. He laughed, and replied, "That the compliment I paid to his writings was so entirely at the expense of his sincerity, that he had no cause to be flattered; but that, knowing I was one of those who worshipped Shakspeare, he forgave me, and would only bargain, that I made equal allowance for his worship of Pope." I observed, "That any comparison between the two was as absurd as comparing some magnificent feudal castle, surrounded by mountains and forests, with foaming cataracts, and boundless lakes, to the pretty villa of Pope, with its sheen lawn, artificial grotto, stunted trees, and trim exotics." He said that my simile was more ingenious than just, and hoped that I was prepared to admit, that Pope was the greatest of all modern poets, and a philosopher as well as a poet. I made my peace by expressing my sincere admiration of Pope, but begged to be understood as refusing to admit any comparison between him and Shakspeare, and so the subject ended. Byron is so prone to talk for effect, and to assert what he does not believe, that one *must* be cautious in giving implicit credence to his opinions. My conviction is, that, in spite of his declarations to the contrary, he admires Shakspeare much as most of his countrymen do; but, that, like the generality of them, he sees the blemishes of the freedom of the times in which the great poet lived led him to indulge in his writings, in a stronger point of view, and takes pleasure in commenting on them with severity, as a means of sounding the vanity of the English. I have rarely met with a person more conversant with the works of Shakspeare than was Byron. I have heard him recite passages from them repeatedly; and in a tone that marked how well he appreciated their beauty, which certainly lost nothing in his delivery of them, few possessed a more harmonious voice or a more elegant pronunciation than did Byron. Could there be a *less* equivocal proof of his admiration of our immortal bard, than the tenacity with which his memory retained the finest passages of all his works? When I made this observation to him he smiled, and affected to boast that his memory was retentive, that it equally retained all that he read; but as I had seen many proofs of the contrary, persevered in affirming what I have never ceased to believe, that, in despite of his professions to the reverse, Byron was in his heart a warm admirer of Shakspeare.

Byron takes a peculiar pleasure in opposing himself to popular opinion on all points; he wishes to be thought as dissenting from the multitude, and affectation is the secret source of many of the singularities he expresses. One cannot help lamenting that so great a genius should be sullied by such weakness; but he has so many redeeming points that we must pardon what we cannot overlook, and attribute this error to the imperfectibility of human nature. Once thoroughly acquainted with his peculiarities, much that appeared incomprehensible is explained, and one knows when to disbelief to assertions that are not always worthy of commanding it, because uttered from the caprice of the moment. He declares that such is his bad opinion of the taste and feelings of the English, that he would form a bad opinion of any work that they admired, or any person that they praised; and that admiration of his own works has rather confirmed than softened his bad opinion of them. "It is to the exaggerated praises of the people in England (said he) that indisposed me to the Duke of Wellington. I know that the same herd, who were trying to make an idol of him, would, on any reverse, or change of opinions, hurl him from the pedestal to which they had raised him, and lay their idol in the dust. I remember (continued Byron) enraging some of his Grace's worshippers, after the battle of Waterloo, by quoting the lines from Ariosto:—

> "Fu il vincer sempre mai laudabil cosa,
> Vincasi o per fortuna o per ingregno,

in answer to their appeal to me, if he was not the greatest general that ever existed."

I told Byron that his quotation was insidious, but that the Duke had gained too many victories to admit the possibility of any of them being achieved more by chance than ability; and that, like his attacks on Shakspeare, he was not sincere in disparaging Wellington, as I was sure he must *as fond* be as proud of him as all other Englishmen are. "What! (said Byron) could a Whig be proud of Wellington? could this be consistent?"

The whole of Byron's manner, and his countenance on this and other occasions, when the name of the Duke of Wellington has been mentioned, conveyed the impression, that he had not been *de bonne foi* in his censures on him. Byron's words and feelings are so often opposed, and both so completely depend on the humours of the moment, that those who know him well could never attach much confidence to the stability of his sentiments, or the force of his expressions; nor could they feel surprised, or angry, at hearing that he had spoken unkindly of some for whom he really felt friendship. This habit of censuring is his ruling passion, and he is now too old to correct it.

"I have been amused (said Byron) in reading 'Les Essais de Montaigne,' to find how severe he is on the sentiment of tristesse: we are always severe on that particular passion to which we are not addicted, and the French are exempt from this. Montaigne says, that the Italians were right in translating their word tristezza, which means tristesse, into malignite; and this (continued Byron) explains my mechancete, for that I am subject to tristesse cannot be doubted; and if that means, as Le Sieur de Montaigne states, *la malignite*, this is the secret of all my evil doings, or evil imaginings, and probably is also the source of my inspiration." This idea appeared to amuse him very much, and he dwelt on it with apparent satisfaction, saying that it absolved him from a load of responsibility, as he considered himself, according to this, as no more accountable for the satires he might write or speak, than for his personal deformity. Nature, he said, had to answer for malignite as well as for deformity, she gave both, and the unfortunate persons on whom she bestowed them were not to be blamed for their effects. Byron said, that Montaigne was one of the French writers that amused him the most, as, independently of the quaintness with which he made his observations, a perusal of his works was like a repetition at school, they rubbed up the reader's classical knowledge. He added, that "Burton's Anatomy of Melancholy" was also excellent, from the quantity of desultory information it contained, and was a mine of knowledge that, though much worked, was inexhaustible. I told him that he seemed to think more highly of Montaigne than did some of his own countrymen; for that when Le Cardinal du Perron "appelloit les Essais de Montaigne le breviaire des honnetes gens; le celebre Huet, eveque d'Avranche, les disoit celui des honnetes pareseux et des ignorans, qui veulent s'enfariner de quelque teinture des lettres,"—Byron said that the critique was severe, but just; for that Montaigne was the greatest plagiarist that every existed, and certainly had turned his reading to the most account. "But

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(said Byron) who is the author that is not, intentionally, or unintentionally, a plagiarist? Many more, I am persuaded, are the latter than the former; and if one has read much, it is difficult, if not impossible, to avoid adopting, not only the thoughts, but the expressions of others, which, after they have been some time stored in our minds, appear to us to come forth ready formed, like Minerva from the brain of Jupiter, and we fancy them our own progeny, instead of being those of adoption. I met lately a passage in a French book (continued Byron) that states, *a propos* of plagiaries, that it was from the preface to the works of Montaigne, by Mademoiselle de Gournay, his adopted daughter, that Pascal stole his image of the Divinity:—'C'est un cercle, dont la circonference est par-tout, et le centre nulle part.' So you see that even the saintly Pascal could steal as well as another, and was probably unconscious of the theft.

"To be perfectly original, (continued Byron,) one should think much and read little; and this is impossible, as one must have read much before one learns to think; for I have no faith in innate ideas, whatever I may have of innate predispositions. But after one has laid in a tolerable stock of materials for thinking, I should think the best plan would be to give the mind time to digest it, and then turn it all well over by thought and reflection, by which we make the knowledge acquired our own; and on this foundation we may let our originality (if we have any) build a superstructure, and if not, it supplies our want of it, to a certain degree. I am accused of plagiary, (continued Byron,) as I see by the newspapers. If I am guilty, I have many partners in the crime; for I assure you I scarcely know a living author who might not have a similar charge brought against him, and whose thoughts I have not occasionally found in the works of others; so that this consoles me.

"The book you lent me, Dr. Richardson's 'Travels along the Mediterranean,' (said Byron,) is an excellent work. It abounds in information, sensibly and unaffectedly conveyed, and even without Lord B.'s praises of the author, would have led me to conclude that he was an enlightened, sensible, and thoroughly good man. He is always in earnest, (continued Byron,) and never writes for effect: his language is well chosen and correct; and his religious views unaffected and sincere without bigotry. He is just the sort of man I should like to have with me for Greece—clever, both as a man and a physician; for I require both—one for my mind, and the other for my body, which is a little the worse for wear, from the bad usage of the troublesome tenant that has inhabited it, God help me!

"It is strange (said Byron) how seldom one meets with clever, sensible men in the professions of divinity or physic; and yet they are precisely the professions that most peculiarly demand intelligence and ability,—as to keep the soul and body in good health requires no ordinary talents. I have, I confess, as little faith in medicine as Napoleon had. I think it has many remedies, but few specifics. I do not know if we arrived at the same conclusion by the same road. Mine has been drawn from observing that the medical men who fell in my way were, in general, so deficient in ability, that even had the science of medicine been fifty times more simplified than it ever will be in our time, they had not intelligence enough to comprehend or reduce it to practice, which has given me a much greater dread of remedies than diseases. Medical men do not sufficiently attend to idiosyncrasy, (continued Byron,) on which so much depends, and often hurry to the grave one patient by a treatment that has succeeded with another. The moment they ascertain a disease to be the same as one they have known, they conclude the same remedies that cured the first must remove the second, not making allowance for the peculiarities of temperament, habits, and disposition, which last has a great influence in maladies. All that I have seen of physicians has given me a dread of them, which dread will continue, until I have met a doctor like your friend Richardson, who proves himself to be a sensible and intelligent man. I maintain (continued Byron) that more than half our maladies are produced by accustoming ourselves to more sustenance than is required for the support of nature. We put too much oil into the lamp, and it blazes and burns out; but if we only put enough to feed the flame, it burns brightly and steadily. We have, God knows, sufficient alloy in our compositions, without reducing them still nearer to the brute by overfeeding. I think that one of the reasons why women are in general so much better than men,—for I do think they are, whatever I may say to the contrary,—(continued Byron,) is, that they do not indulge in *gourmandise* as men do, and, consequently, do not labour under the complicated horrors that indigestion produces, which has such a dreadful effect on the tempers, as I have both witnessed and felt.

"There is nothing I so much dread as flattery, (said Byron;) not that I mean to say I dislike it—for, on the contrary, if well administered, it is very agreeable,—but I dread it because I know, from experience, we end by disliking those we flatter. it is the mode we take to avenge ourselves for stooping to the humiliation of flattering them. On this account, I never flatter those I really like: and, also, I should be fearful and jealous of owing their regard for me to the pleasure my flattery gave them. I am not so forbearing with those I am indifferent about; for seeing how much people like flattery, I cannot resist giving them some, and it amuses me to see how they swallow even the largest doses. Now, there is ——— and ———; who could live on passable terms with them, that did not administer to their vanity? One tells you all his *bonnes fortunes*, and would never forgive you if you appeared to be surprised at their extent: and the other talks to you of prime ministers and dukes by their surnames, and cannot state the most simple fact or occurrence without telling you that Wellington or Devonshire told him so. One does not (continued Byron) meet this last *foiblesse* out of England, and not then, I must admit, except among *parvenus*."

"It is doubtful which, vanity or conceit, is the most offensive, (said Byron;) but I think conceit is, because the gratification of vanity depends on the suffrages of others, to gain which vain people must endeavour to please; but as conceit is content with its own approbation, it makes no sacrifice and is not susceptible of humiliation. I confess that I have a spiteful pleasure (continued Byron) in mortifying conceited people; and the gratification is enhanced by the difficulty of the task. One of the reasons why I dislike society is, that its contact excites all the evil qualities of my nature, which, like the fire in the flint, can only be elicited by friction. My philosophy is more theoretical than practical: it is never at hand when I want it; and the puerile passions that I witness in those whom I encounter excite disgust when examined near, though, viewed at a distance they only create pity. —that is to say, in simple, homely truth, (continued Byron,) the follies of mankind, when they touch me not, I can be lenient to, and moralize on; but if they rub against my own, there is an end to the philosopher. We are all better in solitude, and more especially if we are tainted with evil passions, which, God help us! we all are, more or less, (said Byron.) They are not then brought into action: reason and reflection have time and opportunity to resume that influence over us which

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they rarely can do if we are actors in the busy scene of life; and we grow better, because we believe ourselves better. Our passions often only sleep when we suppose them dead; and we are not convinced of our mistake, till they awake with renewed strength, gained by repose. We are, therefore, wise when we choose solitude, where 'passions sleep and reason wakes;' for if we cannot conquer the evil qualities that adhere to our nature, we do well to encourage their slumber. Like cases of acute pain, when the physician cannot remove the malady he administers soporifics.

"When I recommend solitude, (said Byron,) I do not mean the solitude of country neighbourhood, where people pass their time, *a dire, redire, et medire*. No! I mean a regular retirement, with a woman that one loves, and interrupted only by a correspondence with a man that one esteems, though if we put plural of man, it would be more agreeable for the correspondence. By this means, friendships would not be subject to the variations and estrangements that are so often caused by a frequent personal intercourse; and we might delude ourselves into a belief that they were sincere, and might be lasting—two difficult articles of faith in my creed of friendship. Socrates and Plato (continued Byron) ridiculed Laches, who defined fortitude to consist in remaining firm in the ranks opposed to the enemy; and I agree with those philosophers in thinking that a retreat is not inglorious, whether from the enemy in the field or in the town, if one feels one's own weakness, and anticipates a defeat. I feel that society is my enemy, in even more than a figurative sense: I have not fled, but retreated from it; and if solitude has not made me better, I am sure it has prevented my becoming worse, which is a point gained.

"Have you ever observed (said Byron) the extreme dread that *parvenus* have of aught that approaches to vulgarity? In manners, letters, conversation, nay, even in literature, they are always superfine; and a man of birth would unconsciously hazard a thousand dubious phrases, sooner than a *parvenu* would risk the possibility of being suspected of one. One of the many advantages of birth is, that it saves one from this hypercritical gentility, and he of noble blood may be natural without the fear of being accused of vulgarity. I have left an assembly filled with all the names of *haut ton* in London, and where little but names were to be found, to seek relief from the ennui that overpowered me, in a—cyder cellar—are you not shocked?—and have found there more food for speculation than in the vapid circles of glittering dulness I had left. ——— or ——— dared not have done this, but I had the patent of nobility to carry me through it, and what would have been deemed originality and spirit in me, would have been considered a natural bias to vulgar habits in them. In my works, too, I have dared to pass the frozen mole hills—I cannot call them Alps, though they are frozen eminences—of high life, and have used common thoughts and common words to express my impressions; where poor ——— would have clarified each thought, and double-refined each sentence, until he had reduced them to the polished and cold temperature of the illuminated houses of ice that he loves to frequent; which have always reminded me of the palace of ice built to please an empress, cold, glittering, and costly. But I suppose that ——— and ——— like them, from the same cause that I like high life below stairs, not being born to it—there is a good deal in this. I have been abused for dining at Tom Cribb's, where I certainly was amused, and have returned from a dinner where the guests were composed of the magnates of the land, where I had nigh gone to sleep—at least my intellect slumbered—so dullified was I and those around me, by the soporific quality of the conversation, if conversation it might be called. For a long time I thought it was my constitutional melancholy that made me think London society so insufferably tiresome; but I discovered that those who had no such malady found it equally so; the only difference was that they yawned under the nightly inflictions, yet still continued to bear them, while I writhed, and 'muttered curses not loud but deep' against the well-dressed automatons, that threw a spell over my faculties, making me doubt if I could any longer feel or think; and I have sought the solitude of my chamber, almost doubting my own identity, or, at least, my sanity, such was the overpowering effect produced on me by exclusive society in London. Madame de Stael was the only person of talent I ever knew who was not overcome by it; but this was owing to the constant state of excitement she was kept in by her extraordinary self-complacency, and the mystifications of the dandies, who made her believe all sorts of things. I have seen her entranced by them, listening with undisguised delight to exaggerated compliments, uttered only to hoax her, by persons incapable of appreciating her genius, and who doubted its existence from the facility with which she received mystifications which would have been detected in a moment by the most commonplace woman in the room. It is thus genius and talent are judged of (continued Byron) by those who, having neither, are incapable of understanding them; and a punster may glory in puzzling a genius of the first order, by a play on words that was below his comprehension, though *suited* to that of the most ordinary understandings. Madame de Stael had no tact; she would believe anything merely because she did not take the trouble to examine, being too much occupied with self, and often said the most *mal a propos* things, because she was thinking not of the person she addressed, but of herself. She had a party to dine with her one day in London, when Sir James and Lady ——— entered the drawing-room, the lady dressed in a green gown, with a shawl of the same verdant hue, and a bright red turban. Madame de Stael marched up to her in her eager manner, and exclaimed, 'Ah, mon Dieu, miladi! comme vous ressemblez a un perroquet.' The poor lady looked confounded: the company tried, but in vain, to suppress the smiles the observation excited; but all felt that the making it betrayed a total want of tact in the Corinne.

"Does the cant of sentiment still continue in England? (asked Byron.) 'Childe Harold' called it forth; but my Juan was well calculated to cast it into shade, and had that merit, if it had no other; but I must not refer to the Don, as that, I remember, is a prohibited subject between us. Nothing sickens me so completely (said Byron) as women who affect sentiment in conversation. A woman without sentiment is not a woman; but I have observed, that those who most display it in words have least of the reality. Sentiment, like love and grief, should be reserved for privacy; and when I hear women *affichant* their sentimentality, I look upon it as an allegorical mode of declaring their wish of finding an object on whom they could bestow its superfluity. I am of a jealous nature, (said Byron,) and should wish to call slumbering sentiment into life in the woman I love, instead of finding that I was chosen, from its excess and activity rendering a partner in the firm indispensable. I should hate a woman (continued Byron) who could laugh at or ridicule sentiment, as I should, and do, women who have not religious feelings; and, much as I dislike bigotry, I think it a thousand times more pardonable in a woman than irreligion. There is something unfeminine in the want of religion, that takes off the peculiar charm of woman. It inculcates mildness, forbearance, and charity,—those graces that adorn them more than

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all others, (continued Byron,) and whose beneficent effects are felt, not only on their minds and manners, but are visible in their countenances, to which they give their own sweet character. But when I say that I admire religion in women, (said Byron,) don't fancy that I like sectarian ladies, distributors of tracts, armed and ready for controversies, many of whom only preach religion, but do not practise it. No! I like to know that it is the guide of woman's actions, the softener of her words, the soother of her cares, and those of all dear to her, who are comforted by her,—that it is, in short, the animating principle to which all else is referred. When I see women professing religion and violating its duties,—mothers turning from erring daughters, instead of staying to reclaim,—sisters deserting sisters, whom, in their hearts, they know to be more pure than themselves,—and wives abandoning husbands on the ground of faults that they should have wept over, and redeemed by the force of love,—then it is (continued Byron) that I exclaim against the cant of false religion, and laugh at the credulity of those who can reconcile such conduct with the dictates of a creed that ordains forgiveness, and commands that 'if a man be overtaken in a fault, ye which are spiritual restore such an one in the spirit of meekness; considering thyself, lest thou also be tempted;' and that tells a wife, that 'if she hath an husband that believeth not, and if he be pleased to dwell with her, let her not leave him. For the unbelieving husband is sanctified by the wife,' &c. Now, people professing religion either believe, or do not believe, such creeds, (continued Byron.) If they believe, and act contrary to their belief, what avails their religion, except to throw discredit on its followers, by showing that they practise not its tenets? and if they inwardly disbelieve, as their conduct would lead one to think, are they not guilty of hypocrisy? It is such incongruities between the professions and conduct of those who affect to be religious that puts me out of patience, (continued Byron,) and makes me wage war with cant, and not, as many suppose, a disbelief or want of faith in religion. I want to see it *practised*, and to know, which is soon made known by the conduct, that it dwells in the heart, instead of being on the lips only of its votaries. Let me not be told that the mothers, sisters, and wives, who violate the duties such relationships impose, are good and religious people: let it be admitted that a mother, sister, or wife, who deserts instead of trying to lead back the stray sheep to the flock, cannot be truly religious, and I shall exclaim no more against hypocrisy and cant, because they will no longer be dangerous. Poor Mrs. Sheppard tried more, and did more, to reclaim me (continued Byron) than——but no, as I have been preaching religion, I shall practise one of its tenets, and be charitable; so I shall not finish the sentence."

It appears to me that Byron has reflected much on religion, and that many, if not all, the doubts and sarcasms he has expressed on it are to be attributed only to his enmity against its false worshippers. He is indignant at seeing people professing it governed wholly by worldly principles in their conduct; and fancies that he is serving the true cause by exposing the votaries that he thinks dishonour it. He forgets that in so exposing and decrying them, he is breaking through the commandments of charity he admires, and says ought to govern our actions towards our erring brethren; but that he reflects deeply on the subject of religion and its duties, is, I hope, a step gained in the right path, in which I trust he will continue to advance; and which step I attribute, as does he, to the effect the prayer of Mrs. Sheppard had on his mind, and which, it is evident, has made a lasting impression, by the frequency and seriousness with which he refers to it.

From the Literary Examiner.

Memoirs of Mrs. Inchbald, including her familiar Correspondence with the most distinguished Persons of her Time. Edited by James Boaden, Esq. 2 vols. Bentley, 1833.

This is a far better work than has ever hitherto come from Mr. Boaden's pen—no thanks to him! He has spoiled his materials as far as it was possible for man to do, but Mrs. Inchbald's life was not one of a kind to be wholly *burked*, however fell the grasp of the greedy murderer. This lady, actress, and authoress left ample documents for the making out her curious biography—diaries, accounts, letters, memoranda, &c. &c.—for she was one of the most punctual and assiduous persons that ever wrote. These materials Mr. Boaden has cut up; in fact, made a complete *hash* of them; or rather, he has shredded up the muscles of his subject, hung them to dry, and jerked the carrion for use; so that instead of a rich piece of narrative, as it might have been, or a volume of original and simple entries of journals and diaries from her own pen, we have Mr. Boaden's finery hanging in ribbons about a few dried remains of his authoress.

Of all the vicious styles the fancy of modern *litterateurs* has hit upon, surely there is none so bad as Mr. Boaden's; he never tells you any thing, he *hints* it; if the circumstance is of an amusing kind, he jokes and puns about it, but never informs you of the matter in hand; if there is a pathetic incident he weeps and whines over it, and expects your sympathy; but, alas! your only grief is, that you must guess as to what the poor, tearful scribbler is driving at. Treason and other high crimes are constructed by *inuendo*. This is the way Mr. Boaden builds up his biography; they are one long *inuendo*—the single hint is varied by a *double entendre*, and here the variety ends. He has long been a writer for the stage, but surely he never composed a play wholly of *Asides*, and yet this is the way he treats the readers of his lives. He is always blinking, and smirking, and whispering with his hand to his mouth, separating his auditor from the public, until the said auditors stamp with rage to know what the venerable old gentleman would be at. Mr. Boaden does not want industry; we will be bound that he has got up his biography with extraordinary zeal and assiduity; he knows his dramatic times, too, well; and yet, what is it that he has produced? We should call it "a series of sly hints at the private papers of the late Mrs. Inchbald." It is a pity. Mrs. Inchbald was a woman of ten thousand; talent, beauty, powers of various kinds were hers, and, combined with her eccentricities, her temper, her vanity, (open and candid,) her perseverance by principle, and her generosity by impulse, her odd adventures, her love, platonic and true feminine, her independent moods of mind; these, and many other points, make her life well worth the study of one who understands our social system. We should say that Mrs. Leman Grimstone could not choose a better subject than the Life of Mrs. Inchbald for commentation. She should add three or four others that might be named, and we think we may promise her that biography will be found a better vehicle for her radical notions on the subject of female education than any novel whatever.

As for our old gossip Boaden, we are almost sorry to treat him rudely; but what are you to do when a proverbial bore gets you by the button, pokes you in the side with the extended forefinger of the disengaged hand, puns as he pokes, winks knowingly in your face, and in spite of your not comprehending one word of his pompous rigmarole, lets you go with a tremendous chuckle over the goodness of the story he has been big with for a quarter of an hour, though never for a moment near delivery.

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As for this book, we have positively read it; and whether we have been most taken up with the virtuous vixen herself or her bungling biographer, it would be difficult to say. Mrs. Inchbald is not always to be admired; it was not every body that could keep their temper in her company; but dead as she is now, we can admire her and almost love her oddities, encased as they were in beauty. But this busybody fumbling about her memory has almost in every page been too much for our equanimity; and yet we have been irresistibly compelled to read on,—muttering, pshawing, nay, we must confess, even cursing. Soul of Boaden! mayst thou not be the worse for our iniquity; but perhaps, after all, Boaden has no soul,—he is possibly only a flibbertigibbet biographer of the stage; a sort of green-room vampire—he sucks the blood of the dramatic dead. Let us see how many have been his victims: first he battened on the blood of Kemble, he then burst open the fresh sere cloth of Siddons,—afterwards, he went back upon the shrivelled bones of the once succulent Jordan; now he revels in the tomb of the tenth muse, the all-lovely antique, the miser-beauty, Inchbald. Who is to be the next victim? Do not the "*stars*" tremble? Surely if they all, the stage-banshee will have them in the shape of BOGLE BOADEN, and hint and chuckle their memories into the lowest pit of oblivion. Let no dramatic hero die yet; were we admitted to the deck, we would keep life in them by merely whispering in a sensitive ear, BEWARE OF BOADEN. This is a thorough dramatic anti-viaticum.

From the Spectator.

This is the life of a woman of genius; and such is the interesting nature of its incidents, that even the clumsy affectation of the biographer can only blunt the effect of the narrative. Mrs. Inchbald was a beauty, a virtue, a player, and, in spite of all difficulties and obstacles, an authoress of works which will always live. Her family were numerous, distressed, and importunate; she was generous and benevolent; and yet she, by the labour of her own hands, accumulated a handsome independence. Her character is a singular compound of steadiness and imprudence. She did the wildest things that girl or woman ever did; but such was the sterling purity of her mind, and above all, the decision of her temper even in the midst of folly, that reproach never, except momentarily, visited her fair fame. She left her home a mere girl, with a determination of seeking employment upon the stage; was for some time exposed to all the temptations and dangers which beset a beautiful and unprotected creature in London; and yet came out of the ordeal only brighter and purer than she entered it. All her life she seems to have been warmly attached to male society; her friendships, acquaintances, and correspondences with men of various views and ranks, were most numerous. She answered every letter, even when it conveyed proposals of a kind which she repelled with indignation. She stood upon her dependence, without exactly reflecting what it was as she stood upon: but the men knew it, and were afraid. After the death of that excellent man Inchbald (albeit a vagabond by law), she never married again—though not from any objection she had to the married state: several, nay many, fluttered about her for years, but never resolved on the fatal step. Sir Charles Bunbury was her most noted admirer. John Kemble was another. Holcroft swells the list. Dr. Gisborne all but plunged, and would not have had the fate Holcroft met with. The famous Suett, and Dick Wilson, a noted actor, were among her rejected. Mr. Glover, a man of beeves and land—in fact, a country gentleman of fortune—offered his hand and his estate; and the biographer seems to wonder why they were not accepted. The cause is hinted at: Sir Charles Bunbury was in a more uncertain mood than ever, and seemed to be inclined to throw the weight into the legal scales and kick the matrimonial beam. He did not: not because the lady was an actress,—a farmer's daughter whose birth-place bordered on his own extensive domains in Suffolk,—but most probably because he saw and knew that no empress on her throne was more in the humour to have her way as regarded herself, and all connected with herself, than the fair authoress of the unequalled *Simple Story*. She laid no trap—was no hypocrite—hated the syren's arts—or this eminent member of the turf, "wide awake" as he might fancy himself, would have assuredly been conjoined with much green-room notoriety. He could not have had a fairer, a purer, a more noble-spirited creature; who was, moreover, a woman of genius, a woman of inexhaustible stores of knowledge, and who would have done honour to the strawberry-leaves of a ducal coronet. True, Sir Charles would have been overrun with Debby, and Dolly, the Hugginses, the Bigsbys, the Hunts, and the Simpsons; and such a tag-rag and bob-tail of poor relations is worse than death to an aristocratic personage, who fancies he has only married a beauty and a genuis. Mrs. Inchbald, as plain Mrs. Inchbald, did justice and kindness to these people, out of her hard-earned funds: she did not want their society, and had little of it: as Lady Bunbury she could have hardly done more or been more annoyed. Sister Dolly was a bar-maid; and, alas! sister Debby ("more beautiful than *me*," writes the authoress) joined the frail sisterhood, who, because they depend upon the accidental exhibition of personal charms, are said to live upon the monster Town. These were serious drawbacks in the estimation of perhaps a selfish man of the world: but what must they have been to poor Mrs. Inchbald herself? She was a queen among these poor relations: it is to be doubted whether the baronetcy could have raised her higher in their estimation, than the "trunkmakers" of the gallery, on the night of one of her successful comedies, when all the house were rapt in enthusiasm, or when the King took the cue from the People, and commanded each of her new pieces, generally a few nights after its first exhibition. After every successful play or farce, she was besieged by these poor unfortunates, and always distributed a portion of her gains: the rest was inexorably deposited in the Funds; and though, between her charity and her determination to secure independence, she was often reduced to second stories at 3*s.* 6*d.* per week, to scour her own floors, and wash down the stairs in turn with her own hands,—hands that on the same day held the pen, and kept the country in a state of delight with the result of its markings,—still she persevered; still she determined upon saving enough to secure her from hanging on the charity of others, and keeping enough to dispense among the poor relatives whom accident had thrown in part upon her bounty. Nay, she allowed her old sister a hundred a year, when she could not afford herself coals: her Diary speaks of her crying for cold, and her only consolation being that she had secured her poor sister a good fire. If this is not nobility, what is? Some of her conduct bears the air of rigidity; and yet, contemporaneously with it, we find the whole laughing nature of this splendid woman breaking through the crust of custom, and indulging in—what shall we call them?—foibles—follies—imprudencies?—amusing herself with run-away knocks at night; with running over the town and wearing the stones of Sackville and other streets into holes after Dr. Warren, for whom she had conceived a *platonic*, in spite of his being a married man; nay, with even permitting addresses in the street, which she called "adventures:" with her visits to bachelors, like Mr. Babb, at Little Hol-

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land House, or her perpetual Sunday dinners and readings with that fine specimen of humanity old Horace Twiss, the father of the present Horace. We call him old, because we remember him as such; but at the time we speak of—when he had the supreme pleasure of being visited every Sunday by the "tenth Muse" in the shape of a beautiful and exemplary actress—he was a young and flourishing merchant, besides being a man of property and cultivated intellect. He had an enthusiastic love of the drama—not of the green-room and the stage only—an attachment which he afterwards showed by his marriage with the beautiful sister of Mrs. Siddons. It may be stated, though hardly necessary to prove the perfect purity of Mrs. Inchbald's visits to this bachelor, that her Sunday readings were continued after his marriage.

All the peculiarities of this extraordinary character—the incrustations, as it were, of a beautiful form, as it grew older (for she was never old, never dull, always original, and full of talent)—are to be learned by a study of the books before us. We only wish her papers had been in better hands; as it is, we trust they are not destroyed—her Diary alone will be worth all that good old *riddle-me-ree* Boaden could hint, and pun, and allude to, in a dozen volumes of that droll *circumbendibus* which he probably calls style.

Mrs. Inchbald lived to be nearly seventy years of age. She was a Roman Catholic, and did honour to that faith. She is buried in Kensington Churchyard. The Memoirs of her life, written by herself, were destroyed at her death—we cannot help lamenting that such should have been her will.

The "character" of the heroine, by Boaden, at the end of the book, is good; and that means, far better than any thing we ever saw of his, deeply as he has dealt with stage biography. He has now but one more life to write—that is his own: let him set about it. His heart is in the right place; but he seems to hold the pen at the end of a walking-stick, and instead of words, makes strange signs in the air.

From Fraser's Magazine.

BENJAMIN D'ISRAELI, ESQ.

WITH A PORTRAIT.

O READER dear! do pray look here, and you will spy the curly hair, and forehead fair, and nose so high, and gleaming eye, of Benjamin D'Is-ra-e-li, the wondrous boy who wrote *Alroy* in rhyme and prose, only to show how long ago victorious Judah's lion-banner rose. In an earlier day he wrote *Vivian Grey*—a smart-enough story, we must say, until he took his hero abroad, and trundled him over the German road; and taught him there not to drink beer, and swallow schnaps, and pull madchen's caps, and smoke the cigar and the meersham true, in alehouse and lusthaus all Fatherland through, until all was blue, but talk secondhand that which, at the first, was never many degrees from the worst—namely, German cant and High-Dutch sentimentality, maudlin metaphysics, and rubbishing reality. But those who would find how Vivian wined with the Marchioness of Puddledock, and other great grandees of the kind, and how he talked æsthetic, and waxed eloquent and pathetic, and kissed his Italian puppies of the greyhound breed, they have only to read—if the work be still alive—*Vivian Grey*, in volumes five.

As for his tentative upon the *Representative*, which he and John Murray got up in a very great hurry, we shall say nothing at all, either great or small; and all the wars that thence ensued, and the Moravian's deadly fued: nor much of that fine book, which is called the *Young Duke*, with his slippers of velvet blue, with clasps of snowy-white hue, made out of the pearl's mother, or some equally fine thing or other; and *Fleming* (*Contarini*), which will cost ye but a guinea; and *Gallomania* (get through it can you?) in which he made war on (assisted by a whiskered baron—his name was Von Haber, wisse Germanical jabber Master Ben, with ready pen, put into English smart and jinglish) King Louis Philippe and his court; and many other great works of the same sort—why, we leave them to the reader to peruse, that is to say, if he should choose.

He lately stood for Wycombe, but there Colonel Grey did lick him, he being parcel Tory and parcel Radical—which is what in general mad we call; and the latest affair of his we chanced to see, is *What is he?* a question which, by this time, we have somewhat answered in this our pedestrian rhyme. As for the rest,—but writing rhyme is, after all, a pest; and, therefore ———

We shall finish what we have to say, without any *Alroyizing*, in plain prose; and, like Balaam (we mean the prophet, not that material which is so prominent in all magazines), we shall conclude with a blessing an article which has begun in not, perhaps, a complimentary strain. The plain fact then is, that Ben D'Israeli is a clever fellow, who has written some striking books, in which we think he has shewn great indications of talent, but nothing more. The books prove that the author is a man of abilities, though they do not reach the mark at which he aims. Benjamin's politics are rather preposterous; but he is young, and may improve. There is one thing good about him, viz., that he can never be a Whig; and while that can be said of any man, there is hope for him. Only, we beseech our friend not to write any more of that sounding fustian which infests the wondrous tale of *Alroy*. If he wishes to Judaise, why does he not at once write us Tales of the Talmud, or Gestes of the Gemara, or Memorandums of the Mischna! A *Romance of Rag-fair*, or a *Heroine of Houndsditch*, would be rather a novelty in these piping times. Scott, the novelographer of the border thieves, is departed—why should not one of London breed attempt to occupy his place? We cannot see any reason to the contrary.

We have already expressed our favourable feelings towards Benjamin's father; and we must conclude this article, by hoping that, in the end, he will indeed be old Isaac's "son of his right hand," as his name imports in the original Hebraic. He could not follow a more honourable example in life or in letters than the old Curiosity of Literature; and we trust that as there is stuff, and good stuff in Ben, he will speedily get rid of some ridiculous ideas that pursue him, and shew those who think well of his talents that he can do what they wish to see him attempting.

From the Christian Advocate.

WM. WILBERFORCE, ESQ.

THE loss of private friends is too absorbing an event to be immediately instructive. It is too long before the wounded feelings of the survivors will permit that calm retrospect, which first teaches resignation, and then guides the thoughts to eternity. The vivid recollection of features that we loved, and last beheld convulsed in the agony of approaching dissolution; the memory of recent kindness, of domestic enjoyment, gone, perhaps never to return; the fond, endearing associations of a long, united home, now for the first time severed and dispersed; all combine to raise painful and tumultuous emotions, inconsistent with that tone of deep

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nd solemn interest, with which we contemplate
ıe loss of our public men.

Few, indeed, could be mentioned whose names
re more calculated to elevate the mind to a de-
otional, as well as an affectionate temperament,
ıan Mr. Wilberforce's. He was intimately con-
ected, in the remembrance of every man, with all
ıat *is* great and good. He was a bright star in that
ılaxy of talent that shed a lustre over our political
orld at the end of the last century. He shone
ith brilliancy in our senate, even when men were
ızzled with the splendour of Pitt and Fox. He
as the ornament of society when Burke was in
e meridian of his glory, and Sheridan in his zenith,
ıd *Canning* in the spring of his radiant career.
ıt honours like these were the least that distin-
ıished the course of this venerated man. He
hieved for himself a triumph far more illustrious,
en for its earthly value, than all that eloquence,
learning, or wit, can obtain for their possessors.
a time when religious sincerity was not under-
od in the higher walks of life, and piety was
ɡmatized in aristocratic circles with scarcely less
ɔroach than in the days of the Second Charles;
ıen the heat of politics and the rage of party al-
st excluded Christianity from sight, and banished
professors from fashionable life; Mr. Wilber-
ce, with a courage and a consistency worthy of
Apostle, exerted himself, by his writings and his
ımple, to work a moral reform in the sphere in
ich he moved: and his exertions were crowned
h success. He established around him a circle
ɔious men, which has gradually but constantly
n extending itself, till it has at length included
hin it many, as we hope, of our distinguished
racters in every class of life, political, literary,
scientific. With many shades of difference in
ıion, and even perhaps in principle, there is un-
btedly a large body of men now existing, who
a prominent part in every scheme of benevo-
ːe or religious instruction, and who have ac-
ed *for* our country a reputation for charitable
pious exertions beyond that of any other nation
ıe world. We attribute the merit of this, under
blessing of God, more to the example and in-
nce of Mr. Wilberforce, than to any other
ndary cause. While others have given to him
meed of praise which is justly his due, for his
t exertions in the cause of the enslaved Negro,
have always considered this to be his highest
ıur, and one which will shed a glory on his
e when the existence of Colonial Slavery is a
matter of historical research.

e have endeavoured to glean a few facts of
ɔiography of this celebrated man, to satisfy the
ɔus wishes of our readers.

s ancestors for many years were successfully
ged in trade at Hull. His great-great-grand-
r was a Mr. William Wilberforce, who was
ı the Governors of Beverly in the year 1670.
grandson of this gentleman married Sarah, the
hter of Mr. John Thornton, about the year
; and hence, we believe, originated that inti-
connexion with the Thornton family which
ıued to the end of Mr. Wilberforce's life.
e were two sons and two daughters, the issue
s marriage. William, the elder son, died with-
sue in the year 1780. Robert, the younger,
ed Miss Elizabeth Bird; the aunt, as we be-
of the present Bishops of Winchester and
er. The late Mr. Wilberforce was the only
Mr. Robert Wilberforce. There were two
ıters, Elizabeth and Sarah: the former died
rried; the latter was twice married, first to the
— Clarke, and then to Mr. Stephen, the late
r in Chancery.

Wilberforce was born at Hull in the year
ın a house in High street, now the property of
Ienwood. He went to St. John's College, Cambridge, as a fellow-commoner, at the usual age, and there formed an intimacy with Mr. Pitt, which remained unbroken till his death. Mr. Wilberforce did not obtain academical honours; and, in fact, such honours were rarely sought at that time by those who wore a fellow-commoner's gown: but he was distinguished as a man of elegant attainments and acknowledged classical taste. Dr. Milner, the late president of Queen's College in the same University, was another intimate of Mr. Wilberforce, and accompanied him and Mr. Pitt in a tour to Nice. We believe Miss Sarah Wilberforce was also of the party. This little event deserves particular mention, even in this hasty memoir of him; for he has often been heard to acknowledge that his first serious impressions of religion were derived from his conversations with Dr. Milner, during the journey. Milner was a man worthy of the proud distinction* of having thus led Mr. Wilberforce's mind into paths of pleasantness and peace.

Mr. Wilberforce was chosen as the Representative of his native town as soon as he attained his majority. We first find his name in the Parliamentary Journals in the year 1781, as one of the Commissioners for administering the oaths to Members. We believe that he represented Hull for two, if not three parliaments. He does not appear to have taken an active part in the business of the House till 1783, when he seconded an address of thanks on the Peace. The next occasion on which he came forward was in opposition to Mr. Fox's India Bill, in 1783. We have never seen any report of his speech: we have heard it mentioned in terms of approbation, but as marked with more asperity of style than generally characterized his oratory. It cannot but be interesting at the present time, to find that in 1785 Mr. Wilberforce spoke in favour of a reform in Parliament, when that subject was brought forward by Mr. Pitt. The plan then suggested was infinitely short of that which has since been carried into effect. Mr. Pitt proposed to suppress thirty-six decayed boroughs; to distribute their members among the counties; and to establish a fund of one million for the purchase of the franchise of other boroughs, to be transferred to unrepresented towns. It is worthy of remark, that Mr. Fox, who avowed himself favourable to the principle of reform, but resisted the plan of purchasing it, complained of Mr. Wilberforce for not taking the "most conciliatory mode" of acquiring strength in the cause, and for "reproaching characters of the greatest weight in Parliament."

In the following year Mr. Wilberforce succeeded in carrying through the Commons a Bill for amending the Criminal law. It was crude and imperfect in its forms, and opposed by Lord Loughborough in the Upper House, principally for this reason. It was rejected without a division. Its principal object was to give certainty to punishment; but, if we may judge from Lord Loughborough's comments upon it, it reflected more credit upon Mr. Wilberforce's benevolent feelings than upon his legal skill: nor is this improbable; Mr. Wilberforce was not a man to subject his enlarged views to the trammels of special-pleading precaution. It is not, indeed, likely, that he was qualified by any professional study for that petty dexterity which is necessary to adapt legislation to the correction of abuses strictly legal.

It is instructive to observe the early Parliamentary career of this great man. If there ever was a being gifted with more than human kindness, it was Mr. Wilberforce. His tone, his manners, his look, were all conciliatory, even to persuasive tenderness; yet we have already seen him reproved for undue severity by Fox, and we next find him tutored in meekness by Pitt! In 1787, in a debate

*Dr. Milner would not have approved this phrase.

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on the commercial relations with France, Burke had provoked Mr. Wilberforce into some acrimony of retort, when Mr. Pitt checked him for his imprudence, telling him that "it was as far beyond his powers as his wishes, to contend with such an opponent as Burke, in abuse and personality."

We have not space to follow in detail the Parliamentary history of Mr. Wilberforce. We must hasten on to that great question, to which he devoted his best powers and his best days; the Abolition of the Slave Trade. It was in 1788 that Mr. Wilberforce first gave notice of his purpose to draw the attention of the Legislature to this subject; but indisposition prevented him from executing it; and, on the 9th of May in that year, Mr. Pitt undertook the duty for him. A resolution passed the House, that it would proceed in the next session to consider the state of the Slave Trade, and the measures it might be proper to adopt with respect to it. Even at that early period of his life, so well acknowledged were his talents and his character, that both Pitt and Fox expressed their conviction that the question could not be confided to abler hands. Before the House proceeded with the inquiry, Sir William Dolben, the Member for the University of Oxford, moved for leave to bring in a bill to regulate the transportation of slaves. The bill was lost upon a question of privilege; but, in its passage through both Houses, evidence at great length was examined, proving all the horrors of the system. We have been much struck, in the perusal of the debates, by the identity of tone and sophism between the pro-slavery men of that day and their successors in the present. Lord Thurlow talked pathetically, not of the murder of the slaves, but of the ruin of the traders; Lord Sydney eulogized the tender legislation of Jamaica; the Duke of Chandos deprecated universal insurrection; and the Duke of Richmond proposed a clause of compensation!

On the 12th of May, 1789, Mr. Wilberforce again brought the question before the House, introducing it with one of those powerful and impressive speeches which have justly classed him among the most eloquent men of his day. He offered a series of resolutions for their consideration and future adoption; and on the 25th of May the debate was renewed. The usual evasion of calling further evidence was successfully practised by his opponents, and the further consideration of the matter was adjourned to the following session. Sir William Dolben's Act, however, for the regulation of the trade, was passed.

In 1790, Mr. Wilberforce revived the subject; but, though more evidence was taken, and on this occasion before a select committee, nothing effectual was done. and the question was again postponed. In the following year, another committee above stairs was appointed to prosecute the examination of witnesses; and on the 18th of April Mr. Wilberforce again opened the debate with a copious and energetic argument. Pitt, Fox, William Smith, and other members, came forward to support him; but, in vain: slave traders in 1791 were not more accessible to the voice of reason, or the cry of humanity, or the reproach of conscience, than slave owners of 1833; and his motion was lost by a majority of 75.

But Mr. Wilberforce was not to be discouraged. It was the noble trait of his long and useful life, that he uniformly adhered to principle: neither calumny, nor difficulty, nor defeat, could make him swerve, even for a moment, from his determined purpose: and by principle he triumphed. On the 3d of April, 1792, he again moved the abolition; and he was again opposed by all the virulence and all the sophistry of colonial interest. The West-Indian advocates recommended, then as now, palliatives and ameliorations, but protested against the only cure. Mr. Bailey talked of the great religious cultivation of the slaves: Mr. Vaughan recommended schools for education: Colonel Tarleton predicted the ruin of our shipping: and Mr. Dundas had the merit of first proposing 'gradual measures.' The ruse succeeded, and *gradualism* was carried by a majority of 68. Another attempt was made, on the 25th of April, to alter the period of abolition, fixed by Mr. Dundas for the 1st of January 1800, to the 1st of January 1793. This was lost by a majority of 49; but a compromise was subsequently effected, limiting the time to the 1st of January 1796. The Bill, however, did not pass the Lords. There, of course, further evidence was required!

In 1794, Mr. Wilberforce limited his exertions to the introduction of a Bill to prohibit the supply of slaves to foreign colonies. It passed the Lower House, but was also thrown out in the Lords, by a majority of 45 to 4. Is it that Peers, like the geese of Rome, have more intellect than others to perceive approaching danger? or too much strength of mind to be unseasonably affected by the sufferings of their fellow-subjects?

In 1795, Mr. Wilberforce moved an Amendment on the Address. His object was to promote a pacific relation with France; and at a later period of the session, he made another motion to the same effect; but we purposely refrain from entering upon this topic.

Nothing could long divert him from the theme of Abolition; and, even in the midst of these busy times, he made an opportunity of again calling to the attention of the Legislature. On the 26th of February he moved for leave to bring in his Bill. Mr. Dundas moved an amendment, for postponing the motion for six months; and it was carried by a majority of seventeen. On the 18th of February 1796, Mr. Wilberforce again brought the question forward; but on this occasion he failed, by a majority of four in favour of postponement; and he was defeated by the same majority in 1798, although in the intervening year an address to the Crown, praying for its interposition with the Colonial Legislatures to encourage the native population of the islands, had been carried. The same bad success attended his exertions in 1799, although on this occasion he was strenuously supported by Mr. Canning.

We believe that it was not till 1804 that Mr. Wilberforce renewed his attempts to awaken the Parliament to their duty; in that year, on the 30th of May, he moved that the House should resolve itself into committee, and he prefaced his motion with one of the most impassioned speeches ever made within its walls. We have generally heard it acknowledged to have been his grandest effort in the cause. His Bill passed the third reading by a majority of thirty-six; but at so late a period of the session that it was too late to discuss it in the Lords; and, on the motion of Lord Hawkesbury it was postponed to the ensuing session. This was the last time that Mr. Wilberforce took the lead in this great question. On the 10th of June, in 1806, Mr. Fox, being then in office, brought it forward at Mr. Wilberforce's special request. He introduced it with a high eulogium upon him. 'No man,' he observed, 'either from his talents, eloquence, zeal in the cause, or from the estimation in which he was held in that House and in the country, could be better qualified for the task.'

"Bitter experience has since proved how little either talents or eloquence, zeal or public estimation, have to do with the success of public measures that have no better foundation than humanity and justice, even when backed by popular opinion. Wilberforce rightly calculated on the superior influence of Ministerial power. The Bill, under the auspices of Government, passed the Lower House by a majority of 114 to 15; and, through the efforts of Lord Grenville, was, at length, triumphant in the Lords. But the triumph was fairly given to

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Wilberforce. He was hailed with enthusiastic acclamations on re-entering the House after his success; and the country re-echoed the applause from shore to shore. In the following year, his return for Yorkshire, which county he had represented in several successive Parliaments, was warmly contested; but such was the ardour with which the friends of humanity espoused his interest, that their subscriptions far exceeded the expense of his election, although more than 100,000*l*. We do not recollect the exact sum; but we believe that money to more than double that amount was subscribed.

"He remained in Parliament for many years, until he was nearly the father of the House. About the year 1825 he retired altogether into domestic life, his increasing infirmities having latterly obliged him to relieve himself from the heavy burthen of the county business, by accepting a seat for the borough of Bramber, then in the nomination of Lord Calthorpe. Mr. Wilberforce frequently took an active part in public affairs, after the termination of his Abolition duties. On the arrival of the late Queen he exerted himself strenuously to avert those revolting discussions which he too plainly foresaw must ensue; and he moved his well-known address to her Majesty, entreating her to return to France, as we have heard whispered, in concurrence with the feelings of one at least of her legal advisers, who promised his influence to obtain her assent. That influence, if exerted, availed but little. Mr. Wilberforce, however, had the satisfaction of feeling that he had discharged an important duty to his conscience, as well as to his public character. Had he been accessible to the vanity of ordinary men, he must have felt flattered by the confidence reposed in him by the House on this occasion. His suggestion was received with almost reverential attention, and one and all seemed to regard him as the only man whose acknowledged address, and weight of character, afforded a hope of extrication from the painful dilemma in which they found themselves placed.

We do not recollect that Mr. Wilberforce ever personally introduced any measure of importance after the Abolition Bill had passed.

The general bias of his politics was towards the Tories; but a man more free from servile attachment to his party was never found in Parliament. Though the intimate friend and constant supporter of Mr. Pitt, he never accepted or solicited either place or honour. We doubt if he ever asked a favour for himself, though he never refused his influence to support the applications of men who possessed fair claims on the public justice. Few members attended with more assiduity in their places in Parliament. Though his frame was always weak, and his health indifferent, he rarely absented himself from public duty: he had, indeed, a higher motive to its discharge, than most men. Though more destitute of self-importance than most men, he was sensible that he had gradually risen to a peculiar responsibility, which there were few, if any, to share with him. He was regarded by the religious world, as the protector, in the Lower House, of the public morals and religious rights. He was justly conscious that this was the highest trust confided to his care, and he was vigilant in proportion. He was never to be found sleeping when any question trenching on public decorum, or the interests of religion, came before the legislature. We believe that this high motive impelled him to a more frequent attendance than consisted with his physical strength. In his later years he often availed himself of the too frequent opportunity given by a heavy speaker, to indulge himself with an hour's sleep in the back seats under the gallery; and this indulgence was cheerfully and respectfully conceded by the House. To have disturbed the slumber of Mr. W. would have been, with one consent, scouted, as a breach of privilege, for which no ordinary apology could have atoned.

We have scarcely reserved time or space for a few particulars of his private habits. He married Miss Barbara Spooner, the daughter of an opulent banker at Birmingham, in the year 1797. We believe that it was about this time that he published his celebrated work on Christianity. It was his only work on religious or miscellaneous subjects; but it procured for him great celebrity, not less for the elegance of its style than the sterling value of its principles. It has passed through many editions, and is now a standard book in every library. For some years after his marriage, he resided at Bloomfield House, on Clapham Common, except during the Session, when he was generally at his town residence in Old Palace Yard. He removed from Clapham to Kensington Gore, where he lived many years. For a short time, he occupied another house at Brompton; but, on leaving public life, we think about the year 1825, he purchased an estate at Highwood-hill, about two miles from Barnet, where he remained till within two years of his death. His lady and his four sons have survived him. His eldest daughter died unmarried four years ago. His other daughter married the Rev. J. James, and died within twelve months of her marriage. Her loss deeply affected her venerable parent; but, faithful to that God who had never failed him throughout his arduous life, the morning of her decease found him in his usual seat at church, seeking at the altar that peace which the world cannot give. Mrs. James inherited too much of her father's beautiful mind, not to leave a wound in the parent's heart which never healed during the short time that he survived her.

We dare not presume to describe the character of this illustrious servant of God. Nor is it necessary: every one among us, high or low, rich or poor, has been more or less familiar with his virtues; for, in private or in public, the man was still the same. He had formed a little paradise around him, and it attended him wherever he went. Tenderness, affectionate sympathy for the least want or suffering of his neighbour, yet a benevolence so expanded that every man seemed his neighbour, characterized him at home or abroad. He was happy in himself, for he wished and he sought the happiness of all around him. The protection of the Negro was only an emanation from that principle of love which seemed to govern every action and every thought; a brighter coruscation of that light which radiated in all directions, and spread warmth and comfort on all within its rays. He lived for others; he died for himself, to enjoy in all its fulness the heaven which he had endeavoured to realise on earth, by following the footsteps of that Saviour on whose atonement he entirely rested for salvation.

In his domestic life, Mr. Wilberforce was playful and animated to a degree which few would have supposed, who had been accustomed to regard him only as the leader of the religious world. He was extremely fond of children, and would enter into their gambols with the gaiety of a school-boy. We need scarcely add, that he was the idol of his own. Their veneration, their filial attachment, bordered on enthusiasm; their hourly attendance on his wants, resembled the maternal anxiety of a widowed parent for an only child. Mr. Wilberforce was particularly happy in conversation: his memory was richly stored with classical allusion; a natural poetry of mind constantly displayed itself; a melodious cadence marked every thought and every expression of the thought. He was seldom impassioned; not often energetic; but his tones were mellifluous and persuasive, exactly according with the sentiment they conveyed. Those who studied the character of his elocution in public, can-

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not fail to recognise the same distinguishing traits in all the speeches of his later years.

We must not conclude even these lengthened remarks without noticing his religious habits. His attachment to the Established Church was deep and inviolable; but never was a Churchman less tainted with the least approach to bigotry. His feelings were truly liberal. We recollect on one occasion that he received the Sacrament in a Dissenting chapel: a gentleman had expressed some doubt of the circumstance, and Mr. Wilberforce was asked if the report was true. 'Yes, my dear,' he answered in a tone that intimated surprise: 'is it not the church of God?'

In person Mr. Wilberforce was not calculated to excite attention; but, when his countenance was animated by conversation, the expression of the features was very striking. An admirable likeness of him, though inferior as a work of art, was lately painted for Sir Robert Inglis, by an artist of the name of Richmond. It appeared in the late Exhibition.

His remains are interred close to those of Pitt and Canning. It was not less honourable to the age than to his memory, to witness men of every rank, and every party, joining together to pay the last tribute of homage to a man whose title to public gratitude was exclusively founded upon his private worth and disinterested services to mankind.

"Oh! may I die the death of the righteous, and may my last end be like his!"

From the New Monthly Magazine.

THE FACTORY.

Voice of humanity! whose stirring cry,
Searches our bosom's depths for a reply,
Long hast thou echoed from the distant wave
The faint heard moaning of the shackled slave;
But England claims her turn,—afraid to roam,
Our hearts turn sadly to the woes of home.
Know ye the spot where sickly toil abides,
And penury its load of sorrow hides?
Go, watch within, and learn—oh! fond to blame—
How much of slavery is in the *name!*
There, starting from its pain'd and restless sleep,
The orphan rises up to work and weep—
Waits without hope the morning's tardy ray,
And still with languid labour ends the day.
There, the worn body dulls the glimmering sense
And childhood hath not childhood's innocence,
And on the virgin brow of young sixteen
Hard wrinkling lines and haggard wo are seen;
Sullen and fearless, prematurely old,
Dull, sallow, stupid, hardened, bad, and bold,
With sunken cheek and eyes with watching dim,
With saddened heart and nerveless feeble limb,
They meet your gaze of sorrowful surprise
With a pale stare, half misery, half vice.

The day is done—the weary sun hath set—
But *there* no slumber bids their hearts forget;
Still the quick wheel in whirling circles turns—
Still the pale wretch his hard won penny earns—
And choked with dust, and deafened with the noise,
Scarce heeds or feels what toil his hand employs!
Pent in the confines of one narrow room,
There the sick weaver plies the incessant loom;
Crosses in silence the perplexing thread,
And droops complainingly his cheerless head.
Little they think who wear the rustling train,
Or choose the shining satin—idly vain,
Fair lovers of the sunshine and the breeze,
Whose fluttering robes glide through the shadowy trees—
What aching hearts, what dull and heavy eyes,
Have watch'd the mingling of those hundred dyes.
Nor by what nerveless, thin, and trembling hands
Those robes were wrought to luxury's commands:
But the day cometh when the tired shall rest,
And placid slumber sooth the orphan's breast—
When childhood's laugh shall echo through the room
And sunshine tasted, cheer the long day's gloom;
When the free limbs shall bear them glad along,
And their young lips break forth in sudden song,
When the long toil which weigh'd their hearts is o'er,
And English slavery shall vex no more!

C. E. N.

THE WATER-LILY.—BY MRS. HEMANS.

— — — — The Water-Lilies, that are serene in the calm clear water, but no less serene among the black and scowling waves.

Lights and Shadows of Scottish Life.

Oh! beautiful thou art,
Thou sculpture-like and stately River-Queen!
Crowning the depths, as with the light serene
Of a pure heart.

Bright Lily of the wave!
Rising in fearless grace with every swell,
Thou seem'st as if a spirit meekly brave
Dwelt in thy cell:

Lifting alike thy head
Of placid beauty, feminine yet free,
Whether with foam or pictured azure spread
The waters be.

What is like thee, fair flower,
The gentle and the firm? thus bearing up
To the blue sky that alabaster cup,
As to the shower?

Oh! Love is most like thee,
The Love of Woman; quivering to the blast
Through every nerve, yet rooted deep and fast
'Midst Life's dark sea.

And Faith—oh! is not Faith
Like thee, too, Lily? springing into light,
Still buoyantly, above the billows' might,
Through the storm's breath?

Yes, link'd with such high thoughts
Flower, let thine image in my bosom lie!
Till something there of its own purity
And peace be wrought:

Something yet more divine
Than the clear, pearly, virgin lustre shed
Forth from thy breast upon the river's bed,
As from a shrine.

SONNET.

BY ROBERT CHAMBERS.

Like precious caskets in the deep sea casten,
On which the clustering shell-fish straitway fasten
Till closed they seem in chinkless panoplie:
So do our hearts, into this world's moil thrown,
Become with self's vile crust quick overgrown,
Of which there scarce may any breaking be.

So be not mine though compassed all around
With worldlings' cares; still for the young departed,
And more for the surviving broken-hearted,
For all who sink beneath affliction's wound,
Let me at least some grief or pity feel;
Still may religion's mild and tender flame,
Still may my country's and my kindred's name
Have power to move! I would not all be steel.

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Painted by J. V. Barber. Engraved by W. Miller.

THE BANDIT'S HOME.

Published by Whittaker & Co. London & George Smith Liverpool

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DECEMBER, 1833.

mense bunches of lanky hair overhung his ears; and, altogether, his hair was that of a substantial Lowland grazier.

The wife—for so the "my dears" that floated between them pointed her out to be—was externally the reverse of all this. She was shrivelled and scraggy, one of Pharoah's lean kine; with a treble-toned voice, which omened her capability of scolding. Ever and anon, she made a silent appeal to her snuff-box, but, without this, her devotion to the "noxious weed" of Sir Walter Raleigh might have been shrewdly imagined, from a certain expression

weaned an alderman, to seclude himself from all the world congregated at a civic feast, and have made him abbor the bare mention of calapash and calapee: and, by my side, sate an elegantly formed female, through whose close veil I could yet snatch traces of a beauty, which downcast eyes and a mournful silence could not obscure. A richly furred cloak was thrown across her shoulders, to protect her from the damps of evening, and from the cold, which, after sunset, frequently becomes almost piercing in these elevated regions. It was evident that her fate had been a melancholy

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DECEMBER, 1833.

From the Wreath.

PASS OF THE ABRUZZI.—THE BRIGAND'S HOME.

BY DELTA.

"When we are with our comrade's met
Under the forest bough,
What once we were we all forget,
Nor think what we are now."

Sir Walter Scott.

It was on a surly October day, that, after ving taken a peep at the ancient regal pace of Scone, I found myself, by three in the ternoon, with my feet on the fender, within e Salutation Inn at Perth. I had secured y seat to Edinburgh in the Spread Eagle; had nought to do, but look forward to my litary dinner, for which preparations were aking. A volume of Washington Irving's ales of a Traveller lay on a side-table; and ndeavoured to fill up the interim vacuity, er the pages of that accomplished and adirable writer.

Indeed, so much was I interested, that, however impatient before, I felt annoyed when the rn blew; and half reluctantly took my seat the coach, into which two passengers had eady stepped. They appeared, from several circumstances, to be husband and wife.

The lord and master of the twain was a ntleman of some fifty-five years, or, "By'r ly," as Falstaff says, "inclining to threeore." He had cosied himself into a corner, nich he left not unoccupied, being a persone of imposing dimensions. A low-crowned, oad-brimmed chapeau was slouched over his es; and a Spanish cloak of blue frieze, ample fold, with a red collar, of the poddle-dog le of beauty, clasped tightly about his neck, t not much of his countenance visible; save pair of little black eyes, that glanced like a 's, and two promontories, which might be essed as the tips of his nose and chin. Imense bunches of lanky hair overhung his ears; d, altogether, his hair was that of a substanl Lowland grazier.

The wife—for so the "my dears" that floatbetween them pointed her out to be—was ternally the reverse of all this. She was rivelled and scraggy, one of Pharoah's lean ne; with a treble-toned voice, which omened r capability of scolding. Ever and anon, e made a silent appeal to her snuff-box, but, thout this, her devotion to the "noxious ed" of Sir Walter Raleigh might have been ewdly imagined, from a certain expression of the nose and mouth, peculiar to all votaries of the herb.

The halcyon days of courtship having no doubt long ago passed over between them, they found little to say to each other—and nothing to me. As we passed over Kinnoul Hill, twilight was setting in; and the day died away beyond the summits of the western Grampians. The eyes of the grazier, who sat like a Polar bear in the corner, began to gather straws; and, at a rough rut on the road, I could perceive the head of Madame nodding *a la mandarin*.

The evening was cloudy and without frost; and I had occasionally a glimpse of the evening star, over the flying rack. The banks and forests by the way-side looked sombre and gloomy; and, resting my chin on the umbrella between my knees, imagination transported me to the mountain solitudes of the Appenines and the Abruzzi; amongst which I had formerly travelled, and whither an excellent picture, which I had recently seen, carried my recollections.

One scene, however, was uppermost in my mind. Never shall I forget the events of that evening. The Estafette had left Distria at three, and we expected to reach Rocca Priori by nightfall; the daylight being yet tolerably long, and eked out by an early moonrise.

Here were we three strangers, associated accidentally—companions in travel for the last two days—and bound together only by one tie of unity, that of reaching our rendezvous in company.

Methinks I see him yet—opposite to me, with his back towards the horses—a pair of sorry nags, in sorrier harness—squatted a lusty Capuchin friar, whose conversational powers had been gradually wearing themselves out in anecdotes of monastic life, so full of pathos and simple beauty, as would have almost weaned an alderman, to seclude himself from all the world congregated at a civic feast, and have made him abhor the bare mention of calapash and calapee: and, by my side, sate an elegantly formed female, through whose close veil I could yet snatch traces of a beauty, which downcast eyes and a mournful silence could not obscure. A richly furred cloak was thrown across her shoulders, to protect her from the damps of evening, and from the cold, which, after sunset, frequently becomes almost piercing in these elevated regions. It was evident that her fate had been a melancholy

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one, and that probably the darkness of it was not yet over. She travelled under the escort of the holy father; and, not unlikely, her destiny was the convent.

At a small way-side inn, we changed horses, and proceeded without dismounting from the vehicle. Our road now became more steep and rugged; and crack, crack, went the whip of the driver. As we slowly wound along the ascent, we had time to survey the magnificent and ever-varying scenery around us. The wild fowl sprang from the thickets; and, as the bright sunshine shot from the west, the alterations of light and shade became extremely picturesque, in the rugged outlines of the wooded crags, and the slumbrous twilight of the vallies, into which a hundred streamlets fell sparkling. The poor animals soon became jaded; and many a "*Cospetto!*" and "*Corpo del Bacco!*" was uttered by the irritated brandisher of the thong.

Evening was setting in apace, and the Capuchin fidgetted about, as if he was uneasy. Looking across to me, he ejaculated with something of anxiety—"I fear we shall get belated here. We are yet seven miles from our destination, and these very passes around us have, not long ago, been the scenes of robbery and murder. The village of Rocca Priori should have been reached by this time—that ever we shall reach it, I now much doubt."

"*Per l'amor di Dio!* say not so;" exclaimed the beautiful Signora, starting in alarm, "Let me not fall alive into the hands of these ruffian banditti! Methought I was about to enter a peaceful sanctuary—and distress is still my companion. Had we not better dismount and return?"

"Be not alarmed, Imilda," said the Capuchin, in a soothing tone. "The danger of these roads may have been overdrawn; and although my profession forbids the use of arms, I doubt not our fellow-traveller does not journey unprotected."

"I confess," returned I, groping in the side pocket of the carriage, for the woollen case containing my pistols, "that I am not perhaps so well prepared as I might have been, since so much danger is to be apprehended; for I was not at all aware of this route being infested in the manner you mention." Round and round went my hand in the bottom of the pocket; the case was not there—nor, to my mortification, to be found within the vehicle.

"This is most extraordinary," I exclaimed. "It is not possible that, in my hurry, I have left the case on the inn table! No—no; it cannot be. I have a distinct recollection of having put it into the pocket here; just after you, Sir, had got in—and before I returned for my cloak, which one of the servants was drying for me. I am as well assured that I placed it in this pocket, as I am of my own existence."

"Indeed," said the Capuchin, "why, it is not a little extraordinary, and somewhat unaccountable; but really, what we firmly intended to do occasionally wears, in memory's eye, the aspect of something we have done; so much so, that it is difficult in such cases to discern between the intention and the fact. Very probably the dangers of the Abruzzi may have been drawn to me by an over-charged pencil. Surely, man's nature cannot be in any state so degraded, that he would refuse mercy to a helpless maiden, or to an unoffending son of the Church! And your being in such company may be a sufficient protection for you."

My heart could not but soften at this speech of the reverend man, which betokened so much simplicity and ignorance of the ways of a wicked world. "Would, holy father," returned I, "that the heart of man were as you imagine it!"

"Have you then no other means of defence about you?" asked the Capuchin earnestly.

It now occurred to me,—for I had forgotten it till this time,—that I had a blade in my walking-cane. "This cane is a sword-stick," I said; "and may, in extremity, serve us instead of a better weapon."

"Unsheathe it!" cried the Capuchin loudly, for we were just driving past a mountain torrent, which rendered his accents nearly inaudible—"unsheathe it, and let me see what sort of a thing it is."

I did so; and as I pulled it half out, I chanced to look in his face, on which sat a sardonic grin. "It is slender," he said, "and would require to be of good temper."

The sneering laugh of the Capuchin somewhat perplexed me.

"Alas!" he continued, "that is a mere lath of a thing; and is but a sorry protection for three, against a horde of brigands."

As he thus spoke, the fair Signori sank back into the corner of the carriage, and fetched a deep sigh. So powerfully was she affected, that I was in fears of her swooning altogether away.

"Would to heaven!" exclaimed the holy father, "that we were through these wild passes unquestioned. We are but clay in the hands of the potter! Would we were all safely landed within the gates of our monastery of San Francesco; and it might rain apple-blossoms in January, ere they got me out again, to wander on any of their confounded missions."

"Alas!" said the fair Signora, sobbing, "I seem destined to bring sorrow on all who even commiserate my situation. Would that I had died, rather than have involved thee, holy father, in my wretched fate!"

We had by this time gained the summit of an eminence, from which we perceived, that the wild dim mountain scenery completely girdled us around. Nature here reigned in her stern and savage magnificence. The scope of the eye took in no vestige of man, or of his molehill works. Over abrupt and tremendous

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ecipices hung venerable trees, that seemed most mysteriously to have found footing. An casional wild goat stood picturesquely on me bare ledge, between the eye and the rizon; and, through clefts and fissures, rivu-s, whose waters sparkled in the mellow rays the setting sun, tumbled flashing into the n and rayless vallies. Over all, the eagle reamed and soared, dashing the last crimson ams of daylight from his majestic pinions.

Descending the winding road, we came to angle, which showed to us a fresh expanse Alpine scenery; and there, between two ted hills, the light from the west broke in on a platform of sod, where human figures re distinctly seen moving about.

My first instinct was to scrutinize them ough my glass; there they were—freeboot-i to a certainty. They were clad in jackets l trowsers of gaudy colours: had the usual ad-brimmed conical-crowned hats, and their hes stuck full of pistols and poniards. Seve-were reclining on the grass—a proof that were not yet perceived; and others were ted round a fire, which burned in a recess the mountain. "Do you see that?" said o the monk, handing him over my tele-pe.

'By San Gennaro! it is all over with us," exclaimed, with a wonderful degree of lness. "There are not braver or more perate men in Christendom; and we had ter at once surrender at discretion. Each n over-match for a lusty gen-d'armes; so, I ne, we have no chance of routing a host of m with your sword-stick. The die is thrown: us all turn our pockets inside out, and cry rcy."

lo saying, the capuchin scratched his shaven wn, and smiled, or rather laughed. "And br you, my fair Imilda," he added, "I would ise you to make up your mind to it. There worse situations in the world than that of oming a bandit's bride. Make a virtue necessity, and Mother Church will absolve , for I see no other way for it, my little -bud."

A sudden thought now flashed across my id; and, as apparently we were not yet ceived by the banditti, I determined at once ut my suspicions to the test. "I shall cry he driver to halt," I said, "and let us dis-unt, ere it be too late."

While in the act of rising for this purpose, rned to the Signora, who, terror-struck, ained almost insensible—saying, "Will accompany me, or proceed forward? You depend upon whatever protection I can e, and, on the honour of a gentleman, I ear not to leave you, while I have breath; ou prefer proceeding, of course, I cannot p it. Stop! veturino; I say, hollo!—o!"

Go on!" shouted the Capuchin, at the top is voice, clapping his hand upon my mouth, thrusting me down with his brawny arm; while in a twinkling, one of my own pistols was cocked at my head. "Diavolo!" he cried, "be quiet, if you don't want your brains blown out."

"Pinion him," shouted the Signora.

"Heu quantum mutatus ab illa!"

"Pinion the fellow!"—and I felt myself seized by the elbows, with anything but femi-nine softness, by the beautiful unknown—who, doffing a veil and mask, showed a majestic aquiline nose, overlooking a forest of musta-chios. While he also groped for a pistol in his girdle, and the bandit shone revealed, I dashed in desperation the arm of the quandum Capuchin aside. Off went the cocked pistol: and, whether he was shot or not, such a yell arose, that, in the utmost trepidation—I awoke.

"Hold him—hold him, for the sake of good-ness!" shouted the grazier—"he is furious—wild—non-compos—as mad as a march hare!"

"He has broken all the coach-windows!" cried the lady.

"He has broken my head!" responded her mate.

"Will no body succour us?" "Murder!—murder!" was the chorus of man and wife.

When Jehu, with his coat of nineteen capes, opened the door to inquire the meaning of all this strange disturbance; it was some time before I was sufficiently recovered from my sleep and terror, to explain that a striking pic-ture, which I had lately seen, had forcibly wrought on my imagination in a dream. At last I succeeded in persuading all parties that I was safe travelling company to the next stage; and ever since that night, I have been frequently haunted with terrible visions of this *Pass of the Abruzzi.*

From the Spectator.

CINNAMON AND PEARLS.

WHAT a succession of human crime and human suffering would a HISTORY OF MONOPOLY contain! The general annals of nations, though dark enough upon the whole, are still occasionally relieved by some brighter pas-sages; but an account of the "Protective System," from the time of Carthage down-wards, would present few other alterations than from craft to violence and from violence to craft. We should see the monopoly, ac-quired by fraud, or force, or both, retained by open tyranny, or by the more insidious opera-tion of commercial laws and protective duties; transferred by trading wars; evaded by sys-tematic lawlessness; and broken through by "daring adventure"—to speak of buccaneer-ing in the language of buccaneers. "Plague, pestilence, and famine," would occasionally vary the piece, with death, sometimes sudden enough, but more frequently lingering, and heralded by excessive and ill-requited toil, and all the other concomitants of hopeless po-verty.

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In Miss MARTINEAU'S new tale, as in some of her former illustrations, the science is subordinate to the story. *Cinnamon and Pearls* is intended to exhibit the colonial principles of political economy. It is, however, merely a leaf from the Annals of Monopoly—the instance of a case which, *mutatis mutandis*, may be paralleled by millions, not only in colonies, but in mother countries. The place Miss Martineau has chosen for her tale is Ceylon; the subjects she has selected for illustration are the pearl-fishery and cinnamon-peeling. The hero of the piece is Rayo, a pearl-fisher at the opening of the drama, and subsequently an outcast in the jungle; the heroine is his wife Marana; and the business and disquisitions of the nouvelette are carried on by a missionary and his helpmate, by the family of an agent of the "Honourable Company," and by a few subordinate characters.

To quote from a well-constructed tale, is, generally, like offering a brick as a specimen of the house. We must, however, try to find some passages from a work where the story, interesting though it be, is secondary in importance to the practical truths of which it is the vehicle. We have, first,

A VIEW ON THE COAST OF CEYLON DURING THE PEARL-FISHERY, WITH FIGURES.

"All were confident; and the crowds on the beach looked as joyous for the night as if the work was going on for their sakes. A city of bowers seemed to have sprung up like Jonah's gourd, or like the tabernacle which, in old times of Jewish festivals, made Jerusalem a leafy paradise for a short season of every year. Talipot tents and bamboo huts dressed with greens and flowers were clustered around the sordid dwellings on the sands. Throngs of merchants and craftsmen, black, tawny, and white, with their variety of costumes, mingled in this great fair. The polisher of jewels was there with his glittering treasure. The pearl-driller looked to his needles and pearl-dust, while awaiting on his low seat the materials on which he was to employ his skill. The bald, yellow-mantled priest of Budhoo passed on amidst obeisances in one place, as did the Catholic pastor in another. The white-vested Mahomedan, the turbaned Hindoo, the swathed Malay merchants, exhibited their stores, or looked passively on the gay scene. The quiet Dutchman from the south sent a keen glance through the market in quest of precious stones in the hands of an ignorant or indolent vender. The haughty Candian abated his fierceness, and stepped out of the path of the European; while the stealthy Cingalese was in no one's path, but won his way like a snake in the tall grass of the jungle. The restless lessees of the banks, meanwhile, were flitting near the boats, now ranged in a long row, each with its platform, ropes and pullies; each with its shark-binder, its pilot, its commander, its crew of ten, and its company of ten divers. The boat-lights were being kindled, one by one, and scattering a thousand sparkles over the rippling tide. It was just on the stroke of ten, and the signal gun was all that was waited for. The buzz of voices fell into a deep silence as the expectation became more intense. Those who were wont to make the heavens their clock and the stars its hour-hand, looked up to mark the precise inclination of the Southern Cross; while those who found an index in the flow of the tide, paced the sands from watermark to watermark. Yet more turned their faces southward towards the dark outline of hill and forest that rose on the horizon, and watched for the land breeze. It came, at first in light puffs which scarcely bowed the the rushes around the lagoons, or made a stir among the stalks in the rice-ground. Moment by moment it strengthened, till the sails of the boats began to bulge, and every torch and fagot of cocoa-nut leaves on the beach slanted its forks of flame towards the sea, as if to indicate to the voyagers their way. Then the signal-gun boomed its wreath of smoke curled lazily upward and dispersed itself in the clear air; while a shout, in which every variety of voice was mingled, seemed to chase the little fleet into the distance. The shouting ceased amidst the anxiety of watching the clusters of receding lights, which presently looked as if they had parted company with those in the sky, and had become a degree less pure by their descent. Then rose the song of the dancing girls, as they stood grouped, each with a jewelled arm withdrawn from beneath her mantle, and her jet-black hair bound with strings of pearl. Mixed with their chaunt, came the mutterings and gabblings of the charmers who remained on shore, contorting their bodies more vehemently than would have been safe on any footing less stable than terra-firma.

"The most imposing part of the spectacle was now to the people at sea. As their vessels were impelled by an unintermitting wind through the calmest of seas, they were insensible to motion; and the scene on shore, with its stir and its sound, seemed to recede like the image of a phantasmagoria, till the flickering lights blended into one yellow haze, in which every distinct object was lost. It became at length like a dim star, contrasting strangely in brightness and in hue with the constellation which appeared to rise as rapidly as majestically over the southern hills, like an auxiliary wheeling his silent force to restore the invaded empire of night. Night now had here undisputed sway; for the torches which flared at the prows of the boats were tokens of homage, and not attempts at rivalship of her splendours.

"Sailing is nearly as calculable a matter on these expeditions as a journey of fifty miles in an English mail-coach. There is no need to think about the duration of the darkness, in a region where the days and nights never vary

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more than fifteen minutes from their equal length; and as for a fair wind, if it is certain that there will be one to carry you straight out at ten to-night, it is equally certain that there will be an opposite one to bring you straight in before noon to-morrow. Nature here saves you the trouble of putting engine and paddle-box into your boat, in order to be able to calculate your going forth and your return. By the time the amber haze in the east was parting to disclose the glories of a tropical sunrise, the fleet was stationed in a circle over the banks; and on each side of every platform stood five men, every one with a foot slung on the pyramidal stone, whose weight must carry him nine fathoms down to the regions of monstrous forms and terrifying motions."

Let us next—holding in our breath the while—accompany the

DESCENT OF RAYO, THE PEARL-DIVER.

"The splash of the thousand men who descended within the circle took away his breath effectually as the closing waters were about to deprive him of it. It was a singular sight to see the half of this vast marshalled company thus suddenly engulfed, and to think of them, in one moment after, as forming a human population at the bottom of the sea. To be a subject of the experiment, was to be the full as strange as to witness it; as Rayo found, when a minute of his companions' submersion was at length over, and a thousand faces (very nearly scarlet, notwithstanding their tawny hues) rushed up through the green wave. Shouting, dipping, and panting, they convulsively jerked their burden of oysters out upon the platform, and then tried to deliver their news from the regions below; but for this news their comrades must not wait. Down went Rayo, to find out the difference between the nine fathoms and nine. How far the lively image of a shark's row of teeth might have quickened his perceptions, he did not himself require; but he was conscious of a more dazzling flash before his eyes, a sharper boring of the drum of his ear, and a general pressure so much stronger than ever before, that it would have been easy for him to believe, if he had been a Hindoo, like his neighbours, that he supported the tortoise that supported the elephant that supported the globe. He could see nothing at first in the dizzy green that was suffocating and boiling him; but that did not signify, as he had no time to look about him. He thought he was descending clean into a shark's jaw, so sharp was that against which his left great-toe struck, when his descent from the ninth heaven to the ninetieth abyss was at length accomplished. (How could any one count it nine fathoms?) On meeting this shark's mouth, or whatever else it was, yelling was declared to be out of the question. It was luckily forgotten in the panic, that the rope was to be pulled in case of accident; luckily, as there was no alternative between Rayo's losing all credit as a diver, and the fishing being at an end for that day, from his spreading the alarm of a shark. He did not pull the rope; he only pulled up his left leg vigorously enough to assure himself that it was still in its proper place; by which time he discovered that he had only mistaken a large gaping oyster for a hungry shark. Rayo's great-toe being not exactly the viand that this oyster had a longing for, it ceased to gape; and Rayo manfully trampled it under foot, before wrenching it from the abode of which its seven years' lease had this day expired. These oysters required a terrible wrenching, considering that there was no taking breath between. Now he had got the knack. A pretty good handful, that! St. Anthony! where did that slap in the face come from—so cold and stunning? Rayo's idea of a buffet from the Devil was, that it would be hot; so he took heart, and supposed it was a fish, as indeed it was. He must go now—O! O! he must go. He should die now before he could get up through that immeasurable abyss. But where was the rope? St. Anthony! where was the rope? He was lost! No! it was the rope slapped his face this time. Still he was lost! A shadowy, striding mountain was coming upon him—too enormous to be any fish but a whale. Suppose Rayo should be the first to see a whale in these seas? St. Anthony! it was one of his companions. If they were not gone up yet, could not he stay an instant longer, and so avoid being made allowance for as the youngest diver of the party? No, not an instant. He rather thought he must be dead already, for it was hours since he breathed. He was alive enough, however, to coil himself in the rope. Then he went to sleep for a hundred years; then—what is this? dawn? A green dawn?—brighter,—lighter,—vistas of green light everywhere, with wriggling forms shooting from end to end of them. Pah! here's a mouthful of ooze. Rayo should not have opened his mouth. Here is the air at last! Rayo does not care; the water does as well by this time. If he is not dead now, water will never kill him, for he has been a lifetime under it.

"'Well, Rayo,' says the captain, 'you have done pretty well for the first time. You have been under water a full minute, and one man is up before you. Here comes another!'

"'A full minute!'

"Even so. Who has not gone through more than this in a dream of less than a minute? and yet more if he has been in sudden peril of instant death, when the entire life is lived over again, with the single difference of all its events being contemporaneous? Since it is impossible to get into this position voluntarily, let him who would know the full worth of a minute of waking existence, plunge nine fathoms deep—not in the sandy ooze of a storm-vext ocean, where he might as well be asleep for anything that he will see—but in

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some translucent region which nature has chosen for her treasury.

"Rayo had rediscovered one of the natural uses of air; but he was in despair at the prospect before him. Forty or fifty such plunges as this to-day! and as many more to-morrow, and almost every day for six weeks! Forty or fifty lifetimes a day for six weeks!"

Rayo yields to temptation, and swallows a large pearl, "such as would build a boat as well as a house, and make Marana look like a bride indeed;" and "which pearl Rayo believed no more than the proper payment of his labour, considering that strangers carried away all the profit from the country-people." Suspicions immediately attaches to him: an emetic—"an ample stock of emetics being the part of the apparatus of pearl-fishing least grudged by speculators"—confirms his larceny. He quits the coast, and, accompanied by his wife, goes "to the cocoa-trees down among the cinnamon gardens." Here cocoa-nuts could generally be gotten, but they sicken under the diet. Rayo's strength wastes. His wife is attacked by the ague.

"And it was but seldom she could snare a fowl.

"Did not her husband bring home game, or earn money, or grow rice?

"He brought home little game, for want of means to take it; he could not grow rice, as he had neither land nor seed; and as for earning money, how was it possible for a stranger to do so, when so many residents were already unemployed?"

In the mean time, a drought takes place; a famine follows; and death is busy amongst the Cingalese. The causes and effects of their miseries are beautifully described in the following extract, which exhibits the

RESULTS OF THE PROTECTIVE SYSTEM ON THE NON-PROTECTED.

"If the drought had been confined to the western coast of Ceylon, its effects would have been very deplorable, from the poverty of the people, though, from their being in the habit of the regular importation of rice, they were more sure of some extent of supply than if they had been dependant on their own scanty crops. But this year the drought extended to some of the districts of the neighbouring country, from which rice was annually imported to a large amount. This, again, would have mattered little, if the inhabitants had had the means of purchasing from a greater distance; but these means could not be within the reach of a colony whose productions were monopolized by the mother country. Hundreds of thousands of the inhabitants of Ceylon, who, if allowed the usual inducements to an accumulation of capital, would have been in common times purchasers of the innumerable comforts which the world yields, and in the worst seasons placed far above the reach of want, were reduced by a single delay of the monsoon to such a condition as rendered it doubtful whether they would ever be purchasers of anything. Again, want of capital was the grievance from which all other temporal grievances arose in this region of natural wealth and superabundant beauty; and this want of capital was caused by the diversion of labour from its natural channels, through the interference of the evil spirit of monopoly.

"Streams ran down from the mountains; and on either side of the streams were levels which lay waste and bare for want of irrigation; and on the banks of these streams lived a population which subsisted on unwholesome and unseasoned or deficient food. These waters could not be made useful, these plains could not be fertilized, these people could not be fed, because the natural wealth of the country was not permitted to create capital to the inhabitants.

"The cotton-tree might be met with growing luxuriantly wherever the hand of man or of nature had caused it to take root; yet those who lived within reach of its boughs hid themselves in the woods for the scantiness of their clothing, or went without some other necessary, in order to furnish themselves expensively with cotton-cloth which had been woven four thousand miles off. That it should be woven where it was, and sold where it was, was well; but that the purchasers should not have the raw material to exchange for the wrought, or something else to offer which should not leave them destitute, spoke ill for the administrators of their affairs.

"Potters' clay abounded in the intervals between soils which offered something better: and here and there a rude workman was seen 'working his work on the wheel,' as in the days of Jeremiah the prophet, and marring the clay, and making another vessel, as it seemed good to the potter. It would have seemed good to him to make better vessels, to improve his craft, and bring up his children to the art, and supply households at a greater distance with utensils, and great wealth and contentment, but that he had no money to spend on improvements, and that if his children tried to get any, they could find no free scope for their enterprise.

"Herds of buffaloes were seen feeding amidst the rank vegetation of the hills; and many a peasant would have gone among them morning and evening, with his bottle of hide slung over his shoulder, and many a maiden with her vase poised upon her head, if a free commerce in ghee had been permitted with the Arabs, who must drink a cupfull of it every morning, and with the multitude of dwellers in the Eastern Archipelago, who want it for anointings, for food, for sacrifice, and other purposes which now cost them dear. But the buffaloes might graze in peace, the peasants being permitted to sell ghee only to those who could not buy, or who did not consume ghee.

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"There were cocoa-nut fibres enough to spin a coir rope which might measure the equator; but coir was so taxed, as soon as it became rope, that the government need have little fear that any one would buy but itself, and those who could get no cheaper cordage.

"Chay-root, yielding the red dye which figures on Indian chintzes, spread itself far and wide through the light dry soil near the coast. How it should hurt the British Government that all nations should have red roses on their chintzes, had not been satisfactorily explained; but it was the will of that government that few should do so. The government bought up every ounce of chay-root which its Cingalese subjects were obliging enough to sell. There was much loyalty in thus furnishing chay-root; the diggers being paid a good deal less than half the price which the government demanded from its purchasers.

"The fragrance of spices was borne on every breeze; shells of various beautiful forms were thrown up by every tide; tortoise-shell might be had for the trouble of polishing, and ivory for that of hunting the elephant; arrack flowed for any one who would set it running from the tree; canes to make matting and baskets were trodden down from their abundance; the topaz and the amethyst, the opal, the garnet, the ruby, and the sapphire, jet, crystal, and pearls, were strewed as in fairy-land; the jack-wood, rivalling the finest mahogany, ebony, satin-wood, and the finely veined calaminda, grew like thorns in the thicket; yet the natural proprietors of this wealth, to which the world looked with longing eyes, were half-fed and not clothed; and their English fellow-subjects, located in a far less favourable habitation, were taxed to afford them such meagre support as they had

"The world had rolled back with the Cingalese. Monuments were before them at every step, which showed that their country had been more populous than now, and their forefathers more prosperous than themselves. They were now too many for their food—too many for the labour which their rulers vouchsafed to call for; yet they were but a million and a half on a territory which had sustained in more comfort a much greater number, without taxing a distant nation to give unproductive aid to a puny people, and before the advantages of national interchange had been fully ascertained. There were traces of times, before the English artizan was called upon to contribute his mite to his tawny brother over the sea; before the government complained of the expense of its colony; before murmurs arose about the scanty supply of cinnamon, while the Honourable Company was claiming compensation for an over supply; before the rulers at Columbo began to be at their wits' end to find means for keeping up their credit; before the expenditure of the colony so far exceeded its revenue, as that the inquiry began among certain wise ones, where was the great advantage of having a colony, which, however rich in name and appearance, cost more than it produced—there were traces of happier times, when the world seemed to have been wiser, however younger, than at present; or when the Cingalese had been under a wiser sway than that which was now calling upon them for perpetual submission and gratitude. The Dutch might have been hard taskmasters: but it was now felt that the English were yet more so; and, however much submission might be yielded, because it could not be refused, there was small room for gratitude, as any one would have admitted who could have drawn an accurate comparison between the condition of the foreign and the native, the producing and the commercial, population of the western portion of the island during this season of hardship.

"The Dutch-built houses, inhabited by foreign agents, displayed all their usual luxuries, carpeted with fragrant mats, gemmed with precious stones, perfumed with spicy oils, and supplied with food and drinks purchased by native produce from foreign lands. The huts of the humbler neighbours, meanwhile, were bare alike with furniture and food, and, for the most part, empty of inhabitants. The natives of Eastern countries seem to find consolation in the open air in times of extreme hardship; not only laying their sick on the banks of rivers, but gathering together in hungry groups by the road-side or by the sea-shore, in times of famine, gazing patiently on the food which is carried before their eyes, and waiting for death as the sun goes down. Such were the groups now seen on the shores of the Lake of Columbo, and in many an open space among the spoiled paddy-fields; while the foreigners, from whom they were wont to receive their pittance, were engaged with their curries, their coffee, and their meats from many climes. Thus was it during the day; while at night the distribution of action was reversed. The foreigners slept at ease in their cooled and darkened apartments, or if they could not rest, had nothing worse to complain of than a musquito foe; while their native neighbours were silently forming funeral piles along the shore; silently bringing more wood and more fagots from the thickets, as others of their caste dropped dead at length; silently laying out the corpses; silently watching them as they turned to ashes, and placing the limbs decently as they fell asunder; silently arranging themselves so that the funeral fire played in their dark eyes, and shone on their worn and lanky frames; silently waiting till the morning breeze puffed out the last flickering flame and dispersed the handful of white ashes which was all that remained of the parent who had murmured his blessing at sunset, or the wife who had whispered her farewell at midnight, or the infant whose breath had parted at the summons of the dawn. Silently were these rites performed; insomuch

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that any chance-watcher in the neighbouring verandah heard no other interruption to the splash of waters than the crackling of flames, and would not have guessed that bands of patient sufferers were gathered round this fearful sacrifice to the evil spirit of Monopoly—a sacrifice as far from appeasing the dæmon as from testifying to the willing homage of his priests. There were not among the gentle Cingalese any of the fierce passions which this dæmon commonly delights to unleash among his victims; none of the envy, jealousy, and hatred with which the desperately miserable enhance their desperation and their misery. Instead of jostling one another, these sufferers sat side by side; instead of gnashing their teeth at each other, they were altogether heedless of neighbourhood; instead of inflicting injuries, they merely ceased to confer mutual benefits. No aged man complained of violence, but sank down disappointed, when he found the water-pot—placed for the traveller's refreshment—empty by the way-side. No wearied woman murmured at being dislodged from the sheltered bench on the bridge; but neither did those, who had niched themselves there to seek forgetfulness in sleep, stir to make way for a fellow-sufferer. No child was driven from its chance-meal by a stronger arm than its own; but neither was there a look or a word to spare for the little ones (more tenacious of life than their parents,) who crept from their dead mother to their dying father, trying in vain to suck life from the sunken breasts of the one, and to unclose the fixed eyes of the other. Some who remained in their habitations in the woods, if less destitute, were not less miserable. If the sight and scent of the bread-fruit were too strong for the fortitude of some, they ate under the full conviction that they were exchanging famine for leprosy. Whether the belief in this effect of the fruit was right or wrong, those who believed and yet ate suffered cruelly for the want of rice. If a follower of Brama, in passing a ruin, saw a cow browsing on some pinnacle, and, in a fit of desperation, called the sacred creature down to be made food of, he found himself gnawed by the consciousness of his inexpiable crime as fearfully as by his previous hunger. An ample importation of rice—such as might always be secured by the absence of restrictions on commerce—would have saved to these the pangs of conscience, till a better knowledge had had time to strike root and ripen for harvest, as it would have spared to others the agonies of hunger while their rice-grounds were awaiting the latter rains, and preparing to become fruitful again in their season. As it was, all were prevented making the most of their own soil from want of capital! and, while rendered dependant on the importation of grain, were denied the means of insuring that importation. By the exorbitant taxation of some of their articles of produce, and the prohibition to sell others to any buyer but the government, the Cingalese were deprived of all chance of securing a subsistence, and of all inducement to accumulate property."

One more extract, and we have done. It is a scene which might in substance be paralleled without travelling as far as Ceylon.

"Few indeed were the places in the island where there were no struggles of poverty by day, or of death by night. In Rayo's hut, the poverty-struggle seemed to be drawing near a close and that of death impending. There needed the agency of no hag to touch the dwellers in the jungle with leprosy; no curse from above to make them feel as outcasts in their own land. The sunny days and starlight nights of the dry season were full of dreariness. Rayo, now the victim of leprosy in its most fearful form, passed the day in solitude—now creeping from his mat to his threshold, and there finding that his swollen limbs would carry him no further; now achieving with much toil, his daily walk in search of the honeycomb of the hollow tree, or of any windfall of the fruit he could no longer climb to reach. The pitcher-plant grew all around his hut, and regularly performed its silent service of preparing the limpid draught to satisfy his feverish longing; but the monkeys were now too strong for him; and often, in a state of desperate thirst, he saw a pert ape, or an insolent baboon, twist the green cup from its tendril, and run up a tree with it, or upset the draught before his eyes. If ever he got her enough to look out upon the open landscape, it stirred his spirit to see the herds of buffaloes on the hill-side, and the proud vessels on the distant main, bringing luxuries from many a clime; feeling, as he did, that the food and the wine thus exhibited to him would have preserved him from his disease, and kept Marana, in all her youth and strength, by his side. If he met a countryman with whom to speak, his tumultuous thoughts were not calmed; for he heard tell of the high price which cinnamon bore this season, on account of the lucky damage done by lightning to the crop. To him and his countrymen it signified little whether the Honourable Company were enabled to ask the prices of such a scarce season as this, or whether they sought from Government a compensation for a loss occasioned by an over-supply; Rayo and his countrymen had no part nor lot in the harvest of their native island; but Rayo had in the concerns of the rulers the deep stake of unsatisfied revenge. As often as he became sensible of a new loss of strength, as often as any of the horrible symptoms of elephantiasis met his consciousness, he drew sharp and brief inferences respecting the philosophy of colonization, which might have been worthy the ear of a British Parliament, if they could have been echoed so far over the sea."

The management of Ceylon is now in the

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hands of the State. The monopoly of the pearl-fishery is retained, but that of cinnamon is abolished: and, under the auspices of Sir Robert Wilmot Horton, many other improvements have taken place. But monopolies and restrictions of a similar nature, and working in the long run very similar effects (though the symptoms may differ with the different social conditions of the people upon whom they operate,) are still existent in Hindostan, and in all our colonies. Nay, "Mutato nomine, de *nobis* fabula narratur." Are there no hands idle, no fertile lands lying waste, in the East of Europe or the South of America, because we virtually prohibit the importation of the corn of one region, and of the sugar, coffee, chocolate, and spices of the other? Are there no pale-faced mechanics starving and rusting in idleness; or pining upon half employment; or with their children labouring "from the rising of the sun to the going down thereof," and yet barely earning a sufficiency to support existence; though the agriculturist of Poland and Russia would gladly supply them with sufficient food, and the planters of Brazil with yet untasted luxuries? Are there no sailors lounging about our ports, exemplifying their own proverb, and enjoying "a dog's life, ease and hunger," willing to fight for any man, or even, as the spokesman of Don Miguel's condottieri said, for the enemy of mankind, rather than starve; although the importation of foreign raw produce, and the consequent exportation of British manufactures, might, under less restricted system, find employment for them all? Are there no capitalists living in apparent luxury and splendour, and "faring sumptuously every day," but whose splendours are mockery to a harassed mind, and whose care is rendered distasteful by the anxieties of a large family, from (unromantic origin!) the difficulty of finding a field for the profitable employment of capital, and from the struggles—fiercer than ever pearl-fisher waged—to maintain *caste* and credit upon insufficient means? And are there none who perish prematurely in the struggle? Or, amidst the general difficulties and derangements springing from our system of protecting the few at the cost of the many, and limiting the field for the employment of industry, are there, among that numerous class who depend for their subsistence upon their personal exertions, no unwilling disciples of Malthus: who work to meet the wants of the day that is passing over them: whose visions of youth are gradually dissipated before the stern realities of life; and who, when the "hope deferred that maketh the heart sick," is at length exchanged for assured disappointment, either live on with soured tempers and injured health, or (if a man) sink into the slough of low sensuality, or die, nominally from an early break up of constitution, in reality from a broken heart? And lastly, are there none of these, or of the other classes in middling life, who are now paying the penalty of "loving, not wisely, but too well," in a constant shift to maintain a family with outward decency, or in a hopeless struggle with narrow circumstances or pecuniary embarrassments; who see their children sinking from their own station into a lower sphere; or who die, and leave them to the tender mercies of a world not perhaps naturally hard, but where the majority of us are too much occupied with our own difficulties to exercise much active sympathy for those of others? But what are these things to the rulers of nations, and who can expect that they should be troubled to endeavour at their remedy? They are busy, and may not be "embarrassed." The treasury has its jobs to manage. A place must be found for a young gentleman—a contract for a middle-aged member; an active public servant must be unwillingly superannuated, in order that his office may be filled. Or a troublesome motion is on the book, and a house must not be formed. Or it may be, a resolution must be evaded, lest it should have the effect of forcing on the consideration of the corn-laws, or of depriving Lord Ellenborough, and such as he, of their sinecures, or Mrs. Arbuthnot, and the "likes of her," of their pensions. If we look to individuals, Lord Grey is engaged in propitiating his order; his son-in-law is bent upon "spiting Church;" Lord Althrop has an excuse to offer, or (a very difficult matter) to "explain what he really did mean;" Mr. Rice is deep in a calculation on the Stamp Act (more preposterously exaggerated on the one side than was the Member for Oldham's on the other;) whilst Mr. Stanley has to insult an opponent, or to insinuate a calumny against a defenceless public servant, which, if true, would not only deprive him of character, but even of bread. Nay, when a part of the monopoly question actually forces itself upon them, they give it—not a comprehensive consideration, but twenty millions of the public money. They did not even avail themselves of the twin opportunities which Colonial Slavery and the East India Company's Charter afforded them for freeing Hindostan from the unfair and burdensome "protective duties," which oppress her people by crippling their industry.

From the Athenæum.

MISS HARRIET MARTINEAU.*

The young artist deserves great credit for the skill with which she has managed to give a strong and characteristic likeness without hardness of outline.

The extraordinary success of Miss Martineau's 'Illustrations of Political Economy' is well known. A French edition is now publishing in Paris; and the translator, M. B. Mau-

* Miss Harriet Martineau; engraved by Finden from a miniature by Miss M Gillies.

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rice, naturally anxious to prefix to his work some account of the writer, appears to have addressed to her a letter of inquiry, and has published a translation of her interesting reply. We are indebted for the retranslation here given to the *Monthly Repository*—a work we have often commended for the freshness and vigour of its original papers:—

Miss Harriet Martineau to M. B. Maurice.

London, June 3, 1833.

Sir,—I cannot refuse to give you the particulars for which you ask in a letter I have just received, respecting myself and the work which, after having excited your attention, has given you an employment that I fear must sometimes be a tedious one. The curiosity which the authors of popular works generally excite is innocent and natural: I have felt it too often myself not to be inclined to satisfy that which I may excite in others.

My family is of French origin, as my name must already have suggested to you. All that is known of it is that my great grandfather, who was a surgeon, quitted France on account of his religion, at the time of the revocation of the edict of Nantes, and settled at Norwich, in the county of Norfolk, where he married a French lady, who had emigrated at the same period and for the same reasons. Ever since, my family has maintained an honourable station in society, the eldest sons always practising surgery, the others devoting themselves to commerce or manufactures. My father, the youngest of five brothers, was the proprietor, at Norwich, his native place, of one of the manufactories peculiar to that town. He had eight children, of whom I am the sixth.

I was born in the month of June, 1802. The following are the principal circumstances which have combined to give me a taste for literary pursuits: my health, now perfectly good, was extremely delicate in my childhood; I have been, ever since that period, afflicted with an infirmity (deafness) which, without absolutely depriving me of all intercourse with the world, has forced me to seek occupations and pleasures within myself: lastly, that which has contributed to it more than all the rest, is the affection subsisting between me and that one of my brothers whose age is nearest to my own, and who adopted one of the learned professions.

The first work that I published was a little volume entitled 'Devotional Exercises,' for the use of young persons. It appeared in 1822, and its success encouraged me to let it be followed soon by another of the same description, entitled 'Addresses, with Prayers and Hymns, for the use of Families and Schools.' About this time a circumstance occured which was the origin of that series of tales you are now engaged in translating. A country bookseller asked me to compose for him some little work of fiction; I thought that I might join the useful to the agreeable, as I had the choice of the subject, if I could show the folly of the populace of Manchester, who had just been destroying the machinery, to the great detriment of the manufactures, on which their bread depended. I produced a little story, entitled 'The Rioters,' and the following year another, on wages, called 'The Turn Out.' I was far from suspecting, while I wrote them, that wages and machinery had anything to do with political economy; I do not even know whether I had ever heard the name of that science. It was not till some time afterwards, that reading Mrs. Marcet's 'Conversations on Political Economy,' I perceived that I had written political economy, as M. Jourdain spoke prose, without knowing it. Mrs. Marcet's excellent work suggested to me the idea that if some principles of the science had been successfully laid down in a narrative form, all might be so equally well. From that moment I was continually talking with my mother and the brother whom I have mentioned to you, of the plan which I am at present executing. Nevertheless, I had no friend in the literary world, which is indispensable towards gaining the confidence of the booksellers. No one who could be of any use to me would pay any attention to my plan. Really I cannot complain much of this; it must, I own, have appeared whimsical enough, and, all things considered, of very doubtful success. I am far from regretting this delay, which has enabled me to exercise myself in different kinds of composition, and has left me time to acquire some knowledge of the world, a thing so necessary to the truth of descriptions as varied as mine must be.

During the three years which preceded the publication of my tales, I was constantly writing on different subjects; I was, besides, employed in reviewing works on metaphysics and theology in the *Monthly Repository*, a periodical, the editor of which, the Rev. W. J. Fox, is, after my brother James, the steadiest friend and the best guide that I have ever had in literature and in philosophy. I published, besides, in 1830, the 'Traditions of Palestine.' In the course of the following year, the Association of Unitarian Dissenters, to whom I belong, printed three essays of mine, which had obtained prizes, and which were addressed to the Catholics, the Jews, and the Mahometans. Meantime I had quite made up my mind to risk the publication of my 'Illustrations of Political Economy.' The plan had been rejected by the Society for the Diffusion of Useful Knowledge, though only two or three of the members had paid any attention to it. No bookseller of any reputation would hear of my work, and when the recommendation of the literary man I have mentioned had determined one to attempt the enterprise, it was begun, a thousand voices uniting to announce that it would not succeed. At the end of one month success was certain.

I was sure that it would be so; not that I exaggerated my talents: I am as far as ever from thinking that this work has succeeded because it has been written by me; but I think

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that the *want* of such a work was felt so much by the public, that it was sure to be caught up with eagerness. This conviction gave me the courage to undertake it, and its being so well timed is sufficient by itself to explain the great number of copies which have been sold.

My intention at first was only to publish twenty-four tales; but as the taxes are a subject towards which the public mind is particularly directed at present, and as there is the greatest necessity that the people should be enlightened with regard to them, I have resolved to enlarge my plan, and to go as far as thirty tales.

As it has been erroneously supposed that my work was finished before I began the publication of it, I am glad to have an opportunity of telling you, that I only write each tale in the month before it is printed, that I may have the advantage of the newest discoveries upon the subject of which I treat. No one but myself sees them before they are given to the printer, and no one has ever helped me in their compilation. My brother, the only individual whose assistance I could accept, lives at Liverpool. I cannot therefore consult him. Last autumn I quitted Norwich for London, where I intend to remain.

Besides my Tales, which appear monthly, I have just undertaken a little series of four numbers of our system of Poor Laws, which will be circulated by the Society for the Diffusion of Useful Knowledge. The first, entitled 'The Parish,' came out a fortnight ago; the second will be published in the course of the summer. There is not at present any portrait of me published, but Finden is engraving one on steel, which will, I believe, soon be out.

I think I have answered all your questions; nothing remains but to assure you of the interest with which I shall see your translation. I shall be happy to own myself indebted to you, through your means, I can render to the French people the services that my countrymen have allowed me to render to them.

I am, Sir, very sincerely yours, &c.

HARRIET MARTINEAU.

From the Examiner.

MONTAGUE; OR, IS THIS RELIGION.*

Of all the religious fictions we meet with, Mr. Taylor's writings please, perhaps, alone, at least nearly so; his tales go to exalt the unity of Christianity, not by anathematizing differences of faith, or dogmatizing on some peculiar class of opinion, but by showing how its influences conduct when properly understood, or it pervades every thought and action, and by rendering a human being above humanity by reference to another world, makes him all but perfect in this. Theology was never shown in such amiable fruits. He would make our hearts yearn to the parish priest. But, alas! if the picture is so beautiful where is the original? We do not deny the virtue of a single influence Mr. Taylor would exemplify, but we regret to say that it does not prevail; that the spirit of his good men is the spirit of a holy but still a fancy Church. Taking, however, his premises for granted, it is scarcely possible to find any where such glorious pictures of moral and religious beauty as in the fictions of this amiable enthusiast, and it is impossible not to admire the force with which he makes his imaginary beings act upon the world as we find it. No one can read his scenes without overflowing with charity, without a strong tendency to look with kindness and hopefulness on all the world, and at the same time to regret that so much of the mischievous and the arrogant should usurp the name and place of religion, and disgust the better disposed of mankind with what, after all, is but a pompous masquerade.

The contrast between the religion of the boastful pretender and the humble recipient of a faith which shows itself in a divine conduct, is here exemplified in a multitude of forms. We have praised the depth of Christian feeling which animates the whole, but it is not more remarkable than the talent which knows how to paint the world as it is, and to blend the best and most respectable feelings of humanity with the holiest aspirations of piety. No works, scarcely those of the excellent Miss Austin, contain pictures of more living beauty, more striking reality, than the different persons depicted in this narrative. How many originals have we not seen of the austere Cramp, the new Tartuffe! How exact a picture is that of the selfish and silly Lady Montague—*ci-devant* the rich and now pious and now fashionable Miss Graham, the Grace's heiress! Has not every body traced a Mrs. Hunter Bond, from frivolity to seriousness, from a toady's fortune to the arms of a spanking priest, the mirror of prosperous living and intolerant orthodoxy? But what is to be said of the great personage of Thursley? Was ever religious beauty so practically exemplified? Can we, in all the divines, Bishop Leighton not excepted, find anything so humble, so pious, so pleasant, so gay, and yet so good, as this family!—not good to each other, but so unpretendingly good to all, and while so careful of self-important things, so utterly careless of selfishness in all those little affairs that are the whole world to others, and not at least so to the pretenders to supereminent holiness.

Pleasant are the passages we could point out in Mr. Taylor's books: grateful are the feelings with which we lay his volumes down: few turn their gift of writing to better account than the amiable and well-gifted author of the *Records of a Good Man's Life.*

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*Montague; or, Is this Religion. By C. B. Taylor, M. Author of Records of a Good Man's Life, and May Like It. A new edition. Smith, Elder & Co.

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From the Examiner.

THE PRESS AND THE STAMP DUTIES.

The low character of the American Press is instanced in proof that newspapers would be deteriorated by a reduction of price. A flimsier argument never was attempted. The growth of literature is in the "opportunities of leisure," which the Americans have not; and their journals are as good as there is the skill to make them, and as good as they have ever been, if not improved. In England, on the other hand, the public having been accustomed to journals conducted with some ability, would not be satisfied with an inferior production. What present readers have been used to they would continue to require. It is with the food of the mind as with the food of the body. A people like the Irish, who have never lived on any better food than potatoes, will be content with potatoes; but a people who have once been accustomed to eat bread will not descend to a potatoe diet. The Americans are on the potatoe diet of letters; potatoes without salt or butter-milk: they are a young people, sharp on money-making, and not at leisure for the relish of paragraphs. Doubtless they bolt their newspapers as they bolt their meat; and is any argument against cheap food to be drawn from the fact, that the Americans gobble up their meals without mastication or manners, as if they were eating for a wager against Time, the great eater of all things? Our corn monopolists, taking a lesson from our newspaper monopolists, may point to the American meals, *rudis indigestaque moles*, and say—"See the unsocial and dyspeptic effect of cheap food. Dinners in England will be brought down to the canine style of dinners in America if provisions become as cheap." The Tory writers, realizing a parallel absurdity, have contended that republicanism is nought, because the Americans spit with more freedom than discretion. To follow out the analogy to the argument against cheap newspapers, it should be apprehended, that if a republic were established in England, the people would instantly become incontinent of saliva, and begin spitting on their carpets.

And why should we voyage across the Atlantic for the instance of a cheap press? The duty on the French press is much lower (an eighth lower) than that on the English, the circulation of journals more extensive; and is it seen, on comparing the French and the English newspapers, that the French journals are vulgarized by their cheapness? On the contrary, the disquisition of a French paper is of a higher sort than that which usually appears in the English prints, and the matter generally is not so trivial, or addressed to such grovelling tastes as that which fills a large and not the most unacceptable portion of the London papers. In reporting, however, it must be admitted, that the French are inferior, and in the mechanical business of bringing out their papers. Compare, again, the relative stations of the French and English editors in society; and is it seen that cheapness degrades the Press? In Paris the editor of a journal of celebrity is as great a man as a stupid duke is in London. For the cheaper press of Paris, men of the best talents and the highest literary reputations are employed.

From the United Service Journal.

THE SACKING OF BADAJOZ.

[From the Reminiscences of a Subaltern.]

Badajoz, one of the richest and most beautiful towns in the south of Spain, whose inhabitants had witnessed its siege in silent terror for one and twenty days, and who had been shocked by the frightful massacre that had just taken place at its walls, was now about to be plunged into all the horrors that are, unfortunately, unavoidable upon an enterprise such as a town taken by storm. Scarcely had Count Phillippon and his garrison commenced their march towards Elvas, when the work of pillage commenced. Some—many indeed—of the good soldiers turned to the ditch of the castle and to the breaches to assist and carry off their wounded companions; but hundreds were neglected in the general and absorbing thirst for plunder.

The appearance of the castle was that of a vast wreck: the various ladders lying shattered at the base of its walls, the broken pikes and arms, and the brave men that lay as they had fallen—many holding their firelocks in their grasp—marked strongly the terrible contest in which they had been engaged, and presented to the eye of a spectator ample food for reflection; it was not possible to look at those brave men, all of them dead or frightfully maimed, without recollecting what they had been but a few short hours before; yet those feelings, unfortunately perhaps, do not predominate with soldiers, and those sighs, far from exciting reflections of a grave nature, more usually call forth some jocular remark, such as, "that he will have no further occasion to draw rations;" or—"that he has stuck his spoon in the wall for a left of messing,"—such is the force of habit.

At the breaches, the light and fourth divisions soldiers lay in heaps upon each other—a sad warm group; and many of those veterans from whom the vital spark had not yet fled, expired in the arms of the few of their companions who sought to remove them to a place better suited to their miserable condition. But war, with ever its numerous attractions to a young soldier may be, is but ill calculated to inspire it with those softer feelings so essential to succour in the moment of our distress; it must not, therefore, be wondered at, that a wish for plunder and enjoyment took the place of humanity, and that hundreds of gallant men were left to perish from neglect.

A military writer, (Capt. Kincaid,) whose book has been the theme of admiration by all that have read it,—and I hope, for their own sakes, that there are few who have not,—

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speaking of this epoch, says, that three days after the fall of the town he rode towards the Guadiana, and that in passing the verge of the camp of the fifth division, he was suprised and shocked to find two soldiers standing at the door of a small shed; they made signs to him, and upon examination he found that each had lost a leg! The surgeon had dressed their wounds on the night of the assault, and although their melancholy and destitute situation was known to hundreds of their companions, who had promised them relief, they were actually famishing *within three hundred yards of their own regiment!!!*

Before six o clock in the morning of the 7th of April, all organization amongst the assaulting columns had ceased, and a scene of plunder and cruelty, that it would be difficult to find a parallel for, took its place. The army, so fine and effective on the preceding day, was now transformed into a vast band of brigands, and the rich and beautiful city of Badajoz presented the turbulent aspect that must result from the concourse of numerous and warlike multitudes nearly strangers to each other, or known only by the name of the nation to whom they belonged. The horde of vagabonds, Spaniards as well as Portuguese, women as well as men—that now eagerly sought for admission to plunder, nearly augmented the number of brigands to what the assailing army had reckoned the night before; and it may be fairly said that twenty thousand people—armed with full powers to act as they thought fit, and all, or most all, armed with weapons which could be turned, at the pleasure or caprice of the bearer, for the purpose of enforcing any wish he sought to gratify—were let loose upon the doomed inhabitants of this devoted city. These people were under no restraint—had no person to control them, and in a short time got into such an awful state of intoxication that they lost all control over their own actions. What a frightful picture is this of a town carried by storm!—it is true, nevertheless, and, unfortunately for the sake of humanity, it is necessary, absolutely necessary; because if such latitude is not allowed to the soldiery, I believe that few fortresses would be carried by assault: the alternative is not, however, the less painful. Let the reader can for a moment fancy a fine city, containing an immense population, amongst which may be reckoned a proportion of the most beautiful women that Andalusia, or perhaps the world, could boast of,—if he can fancy that population, and those females, left to the mercy of twenty thousand infuriated and licentious soldiers for two days and two nights—I say, he can fancy this, he can well imagine the horrors that were acted within the walls of Badajoz.

In the first burst, all the wine and spirit stores were forced open and ransacked from top to bottom; and it required but a short time for the men to get into that fearful state that was like dangerous to all—officers or soldiers, or the inhabitants of the city. Casks of the choicest wines and brandy were dragged into the streets, and when the men had drunk as much as they fancied, the heads of the vessels were stove in, or the casks otherwise so broken that the liquor ran about in streams.

In the town were a number of animals that belonged to the garrison, several hundred sheep, numerous oxen, as likewise many horses; those were amongst the first taken possession of; and the wealthy occupier of many a house was glad to be allowed the employment of conducting them to our camp, as, by doing so, he got away from a place where his life was not worth a minute's purchase; but terrible as was this scene, it was not possible to avoid occasionally laughing, for the *conducteur* was generally not alone obliged to drive a herd of cattle, but also to carry the bales of plunder taken by his employers—perhaps from his own house!—and the stately gravity with which the Spaniard went through his work, dressed in short breeches, frilled shirt, and a hat and plumes that might vie with our eighth Henry, followed, as he was, by our ragamuffin soldiers with fixed bayonets, presented a scene that would puzzle even Mr. Cruikshank himself to justly delineate. The plunder so captured was deposited in one camp, and placed under a guard, chiefly composed of the soldiers' wives!

The shops were rifled, first by one group, who despoiled them of their most costly articles, then by another, who thought themselves rich in capturing what had been rejected by their predecessors; then another, and another still, until every vestige of property was swept away. A few hours was sufficient for this; night was fast drawing near, and then a scene took place that has seldom fallen to the lot of any writer to describe. Every insult, every infamy that human invention could torture into language, was practised. Age as well as youth was alike unrespected, and perhaps not one house, or one female, in this vast town, escaped injury: but war is a terrible engine, and, when once set in movement, it is not possible to calculate when or where it will stop. Happy are those countries that have not been visited by its scourge; and grateful ought the nation to be that can boast of having a man—I mean the Duke of Wellington—that, by his great genius as a general and steel-hardiness *as a man*—because nothing but the *latter* quality, in which, perhaps, he surpasses all ancient or modern heroes, could have enabled him or his army to remain in the Peninsula one day after the invasion of Portugal by the Prince of Esling, in 1810—has kept the British empire free from such a calamity; but such a picture of this great man can be but ill appreciated by the "people," who one day followed the triumphant car of the conqueror of Napoleon's hitherto invincible legions and marshals, and whose deafening shouts of applause shook the metropolis of Great Britain to its basement story, and who, a few short years afterwards,

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pelted him with mud in the same streets! But war, not politics, is the subject of this "Reminiscence," so I shall aside the latter, and pursue the former.

The day of the eighth of April was also a fearful one for the inhabitants; the soldiers became reckless, and drank to such an excess, that no person's life, no matter of what rank, or station, or sex, was safe. If they entered a house that had not been emptied of all its furniture or wine, they proceeded to destroy it; or, if it happened to be empty, which was generally the case, they commenced firing at the doors and windows, and not unfrequently at the inmates, *or at each other!* They would then sally forth into the streets, and fire at the different church-bells in the steeples, or the pigeons that inhabited the old Moorish turrets of the castle—even the owls were frighted from this place of refuge, and, by their discordant screams, announced to their hearers the great revolution that had taken place near their once peaceful abodes. The soldiers then fired upon their own comrades, and many men were killed, in endeavouring to carry away some species of plunder, by the hands of those who, but a few hours before, would have risked their own lives to protect those they now so wantonly sported with: then would they turn upon the already too deeply injured females, and tear from them the trinkets that adorned their necks, fingers, or ears! and, finally, they would strip them of their wearing apparel. Some, 'tis said, they were—ruffians of the lowest grade, no doubt—who *cut* the ear-rings out of the females ears that bore them, when they discovered a band of marauders approaching the unfortunate beings that were subjected to such brutal treatment, and whom they feared might anticipate them in their infamy; for here, as in all such disgraceful scenes, "might made right;" and the conduct of the soldiers, during the sacking of Badajoz, is a sufficient proof, if such proof be wanting, of the dangers attendant upon anything where the multitude are allowed to think and act for themselves.

Hundreds of those fellows took possession of the best warehouses, and for a time fulfilled the functions of merchants; those, in their turn, were ejected by a stronger party, who, after a fearful strife and loss of lives, displaced them, and occupied their stead, and those again were conquered by others, and others more powerful! and thus was Badajoz circumstanced on the morning of the 8th of April, 1812. It presented a fearful picture of the horrors that are inevitable upon a city carried by assault; and although it is painful to relate these disgraceful facts, it is essential nevertheless. All writers, no matter how insignificant they may be,—and I am willing to place myself at the bottom of the list of those persons,—should in any detail which may lay claim to historical facts, be extremely cautious that they in no way mislead their readers; and in anything that I have ever written, or may hereafter write, I shall not deviate from this principle. I feel as much pride as any man can feel in having taken a part in actions that must ever shed lustre upon my country; but no false feeling of delicacy shall ever prevent me from speaking the truth—no matter whether it touches the conduct of one man or ten thousand!

To put a stop to such a frightful scene, it was necessary to use some forbearence, as likewise a portion of severity. In the first instance, parties from those regiments that had least participated in the combat were ordered into the town to collect the hordes of stragglers that filled its streets with crimes too horrible to detail, but the evil had spread to such an extent that this measure was inadequate to the end proposed, and in many instances the parties so sent became infected by the contagion, and in place of remedying the disorder, increased it, by joining once more in revels they had for a time quitted. At length, a brigade of troops was marched into the city, and were directed to stand by their arms while any of the marauders remained; the provost-marshals attached to each division were directed to use that authority with which they are of necessity invested. Gibbets and triangles were in consequence erected, and many men were flogged, but, although the contrary has been said, none were hanged—*although hundreds deserved it.*

A few hours, so employed, were sufficient to purge the town of the infamous gang of robbers that still lurked about its streets, and those ruffians—chiefly Spaniards or Portuguese, not in any way attached to the army—were infinitely more dangerous than our fellows, bad as *they* were. Murder—except indeed in a paroxysm of drunkenness, and in many cases, I regret to say, it *did* occur in this way,—never entered their thoughts, but the infamous miscreants here referred to would commit the foulest deed for less than a dollar.

Towards evening tranquillity began to return, and protected as they now were by a body of troops, untainted by the disease which had spread like a contagion, the unfortunate inhabitants took advantage of the quiet that reigned: yet it was a fearful quiet, and might be likened to a ship at sea, which, after having been plundered and dismasted by pirates, was left floating on the ocean without a morsel of food to supply the wants of its crew, or a stitch of canvass to cover its naked masts; by degrees, however, some clothing, such as decency required, was procured for the females, by the return of their friends to the town; and many a father and mother rejoiced to find their children, who were still dearer to them than ever from the dangers they had escaped alive, although it was impossible to hide from them the fact that they had been seriously and grossly injured. But there were also many who were denied even this sad consolation, for numbers of the towns-people had fallen in the confusion that prevailed, some of our officers

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also were killed in this way, and it has been said, I believe truly, that one or two, one colonel commanding a regiment, lost their lives by the hands of their own men. These calamities are, however, the unavoidable attendants on war; and a great victory, gratifying as it unquestionably is to the General who achieves it, is not without its alloy, and brings forcibly to my recollection the fine reply of the Duke of Wellington after the battle of Waterloo, to a lady of great literary celebrity in Paris. This lady was amongst the many French who were at a ball given at the time the allied armies occupied Paris in 1815. She was most pointed in her attentions to the Duke, and devoted almost her entire conversation to him in preference to the two Emperors, the King of Prussia, or the other distinguished allied generals. "My lord," said she, in the course of conversation, "do you not think the gaining a great battle a delightful thing?" "*Ne pensez vous pas, qu'une grande victoire est la plus agreable de toutes choses?*" "Madam," replied the Duke, with a degree of coldness bordering on austerity, "I look upon it as the greatest calamity—except losing one!" *Je la regarde comme le plus grand malheur—excepte une defaite!*" It was a fine saying, and worthy of him that uttered it; yet this same man has been represented as one devoid of feeling!

The plunder with which our camp was now filled was so considerable, and of so varied a description, that numerous as were the purchasers, and different their wants, they all had, nevertheless, an opportunity of suiting themselves to their taste; still the sale had not commenced in form, although, like other markets, "some private sales were effected."

Early on the morning of the 9th of April, a great concourse of Spaniards had already thronged our lines; the neighbouring villages poured in their quota of persons seeking to be the purchasers of the booty captured by our men, and each succeeding hour increased the supply for their wants, numerous and varied as they were, and our camp presented the appearance of a vast market. The scene after the taking of Rodrigo was nothing in comparison to the present, because the resources of Badajoz might be said to be in the ratio of five to one as compared with her sister fortress, and, besides, our fellows were, in an equal proportion, more dexterous than they had been in their maiden effort to relieve Rodrigo of its valuables. It may, therefore, be well supposed, and the reader may safely take my word for it, that the transfer of property was, on the present occasion, considerable. Some men realized upwards of one thousand dollars, (about 250*l.*) others less, but all, or almost all, gained handsomely by an enterprise in which they had displayed such unheard-of acts of devotion and bravery; and it is only to be lamented that they tarnished laurels so nobly won by traits of barbarity that it would be difficult to find a parallel for in the annals of any army. But such atrocities are ever the attendants upon anything where those, hitherto dependent upon their superiors—whose station in society enables them to be the most competent judges of what is proper—are allowed to think and act for themselves; and a licentious army, although not by the half so bad as a licentious mob, is nevertheless a terrible scourge. The sale of the different commodities went on rapidly, notwithstanding we had no auctioneers; there was "king's duty," but, most undeniably, if the Spaniards paid no "king's duty," they paid the piper! While the divers articles were carried away by the purchasers, the wounded were carrying away to the hospitals and camp, and the lamentations of the women for their dead or wounded husbands was a striking contrast to the scene of gaiety which almost every where prevailed.

From the same.

FRENCH PRIVATEERING IN THE WEST INDIES.

Can sons of Neptune, generous, brave, and bold,
In pain and hazard toil for sordid gold?
They can! for gold too oft, with magic art,
Subdues each nobler impulse of the heart.
Falconer.

During the late wars, from the facility with which private vessels of war could be fitted out in the ports of the different islands belonging to France and Spain in the West Indies, the Caribbean Sea teemed with small privateers, which, notwithstanding the utmost vigilance of the officers commanding British men-of-war, committed great depredation upon our trade.

Our merchants and ship-owners, although they knew that such a system of privateering existed in the West, from feeling its effects, yet they were, perhaps, ignorant of the pertinacity with which it was carried on by the numerous daring commanders of the enemy's private armed vessels; and, I dare say, have often thought and complained of a want of activity in our cruisers, at the very time that the greatest exertions were used for the capturing and destroying those picaroons: these recollections may serve to explain the matter briefly; and to show that our naval commanders had to deal with a most subtle and clever enemy, that often bade defiance to all their skill and perseverance.

The Spaniards engaged in this pursuit were never equal to the Frenchmen who embraced the same line of employment; they were deficient in that activity and skill possessed by the latter; and were more intent upon petty predatory exploits, such as landing upon the unprotected coasts of Jamaica and stealing negroes, than running any hazard by attempts to capture our vessels at sea: a resolute disposition on the part of our merchant ships to contest for victory, generally had the effect of

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driving them off; but it was very different with the Frenchmen; they were not to be frightened so easily by a display of courage on the part of our merchantmen.

Of the war of 1794, Pierre Olanger was considered one of the most clever and resolute commanders of French privateers, but he appears to have been a great scoundrel. In the last war, Jacque Mathieu (by the privateer's-men themselves called Jacca Matu, and by our sailors Jack Mathew) became notorious for his enterprize and success on the Jamaica station. I shall here relate, briefly, one of the tricks he played off, which may give some idea of his expertness, skill, and intrepidity. A British sloop-of-war fell in with a small felucca commanded by this man, and by dint of carrying sail off the wind, brought her alongside. Mathieu lowered his sails, and the ship hove-to; whilst a boat was preparing to take possession of the prize, the captain of the sloop-of-war went into his cabin to take some refreshment, but had scarcely seated himself when he was surprised at hearing the discharge of several cannon, the balls from which broke his cabin windows, and swept the decanters and glasses off the table! Hastening upon deck, he had the mortification to see the daring Frenchman *luffing* his little vessel so close as nearly to touch the ship's quarter: all sail was soon set, and chase given to the privateer, but she having had time to gain the wind, from superior sailing *close-hauled*, and under cover of the night, after a long trial, effected her escape! I have often heard the captain relate this circumstance, and he said that, although he never had more cause, in his encounters with privateers, to be surprised and chagrined, yet he could never revert to the subject without laughter, it was altogether so unexpected, and placed the ship-of-war in such a ridiculous light—a lion stung by a mosquito; besides, at every turn he took upon deck he met "long faces," which, but a few minutes before, were drawn out quite the other way by smiles at the golden prospect. The fellow certainly deserved to escape, the *ruse* of lowering his sails and appearing to give up all as lost, in order to put his enemy off his guard, was one of those clever tricks Jacque had often played off on British men-of-war. Long before this he had displayed, under very trying and hazardous situations, an extraordinary promptitude of action in taking advantage of the slightest circumstance that afforded a chance of escape: and with the exception of Captain Love, who was the king of the picaroons, Mathieu was certainly the most enterprizing, audacious, and successful among the French privateer's-men.

At night it was a very difficult matter to catch one of those "low, sneaking-looking things," as the sailors termed the *Ballahous* and other small vessels of the enemy: it was by no means easy to retain sight of them, even with the aid of good night-telescopes, they were such small objects on a wide horizon; especially as they were constantly trying some manœuvre to deceive or elude the vigilant eyes they well knew were aching in keeping them in view; and sometimes when they were even under your bows they would steal away, and puzzle you exceedingly to catch another glimpse of them; indeed, I have known an instance where one of these vessels, after nearly carrying away a frigate's flying-gib-boom at noon-day, actually effected her escape. At times, when the moon shone brightly, they would "lead you a dance" almost round the compass, until they arrived at the sweep of the horizon which was most obscure, when they would lower down every sail, so that, in an instant, the person in the chaser employed with the night-glass would lose sight of the chase, and in nine cases out of ten not see her again! At other times they would allow the light in their *binnacle* to be seen by the man-of-war in chase, and then dropping a cask with a lantern suspended to a pole fixed in it, extinguish their own light, alter their course, and laugh in their sleeves, in anticipation of the chagrin which the English captain would feel in taking possession of an old tar-barrel instead of the expected privateer!

Until you had actually removed the men from one of these French craft, you could not be sure she was your prize, although under your stern, crossing under your bows, or, indeed, in any position; this has been proved in several instances besides that which I have just related. I recollect a schooner in the Mona Passage, (between Hispaniola and Porto Rico,) giving us, in a corvette, a chase of twelve hours, during which time, at night, we described a circle: that is to say, from before the wind to a close hard-on starboard-tack—tacked—close haul on larboard tack—then gradually off until before the wind again. At daylight the point of the schooner's gaff-topsail was alone visible above the horizon. The object the commander of the schooner aimed at, and which ultimately was successfully gained, was to try our rate of sailing upon all points, and that which gave him the advantage of distancing us, he followed. To those unacquainted with naval affairs, I may remark, that all vessels do not sail equally well upon all points; some holding their superiority only off the wind; others alone by the wind; whilst some few sail swiftly both by and large.

Heavy squalls intervening during a chase, the privateers often bear away before the wind, and, if seen, of course draw the chaser upon the same point of sailing; at such times, the air being loaded with aqueous vapour, the sight is obstructed even to within a short distance, and objects consequently hid from view; under such a cover, when the cunning privateer's-man calculates that his enemy is drawing nigh, he *yaws* his vessel either to the

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right or left for some distance out of the direct line he was pursuing, and then lowers all his sails: the man-of-war under a press of sail, carrying through all obstacles to come up to the chase, unknowingly dashes past her! When the squall ceases, and the atmosphere becomes again clear, the captain of the English ship is surprised to find himself running a race with the wind; the vessel he was in chase of, on looking about him, he observes two or three miles "dead in the wind's eye of him!" Perhaps there is nothing which provokes a testy skipper more, than to be outwitted in this manner by a mere French Picaroon, or to be teased for a whole day by four or five of these saucy fellows, without being able with all his skill, powder, and ball, to catch one of them; and truly, I think, albeit they who command others should know how to command themselves, there is great excuse for it: sailors are not philosophers—and *memo mortalium*, &c. It has happened, however, that, from due want of care on the part of the privateer's-men—from the man-of-war having made a reciprocal movement—or from mere accident, the vessel of the former has been run down, and the crew lost: this was the fate of the celebrated Captain Love, and two or three others of less note.

Jacque Mathieu, in his little *ballahou*, the Maringouin, or Musquito, has often annoyed our ships of war, particularly the ——— frigate, for a whole day. Confident in the swift-sailing quality of his vessel, Jacque would heave her to the wind, and there lie in the most unconcerned manner, until the ship of war had worked up so far to windward as to be within gun-shot, when the wily rover would fill his sails, shoot off like an arrow, and, by making one or two tacks, be sufficiently out of reach of the guns of the English ship to heave-to again; and so on alternately until the cover of night, when he would slip away unperceived! It must be observed, that all the labour and anxiety were on our side; such as setting and trimming sails, trimming the ship, working the guns, &c.; whereas the Frenchman, in his petite barque, had nothing more to do than to draw in or ease off his sheets, and to put his helm down. In the intermediate time, the crew were lying about in perfect repose, smoking cigars!

On the north side of St. Domingo (Hayti,) to the eastward of Cape Francois (Cape Haytian,) there is a singularly-shaped hill, or rather rock, stretching into the sea, and almost insulated. It has been named by the Spaniards Monte Christo; but it is, with more propriety, by the French, called La Grange. There is a small port here, which afforded shelter to the privateers when cruising off the coast. Whenever chased, they made directly for it, and sought protection under the guns of the fort. Our boats, however, in 1803, more than once, in despite of this protection, cut out several vessels under a formidable fire. In January, 1804, the ——— frigate chased two privateers into this anchorage; and although every stitch of canvass that the ship could bear was set, we had no chance of success with them, as, unfortunately, the frigate, which had been at a former period a swift sailor, no longer retained that first-rate quality; and we had often the mortification of being baffled in our pursuit of the enemy's light vessels in consequence. Our frigates generally were not so successful as the smaller classes of vessels of war on this station, in capturing privateers. In fine weather and light winds, it was difficult for a square-rigged vessel, even under a crowd of sail, to catch one of these little schooners, with no more than four or five sails set. The majority of instances, however, were unfortunate. In very heavy weather, indeed, and by the intervention of some fortuitous circumstance, some of these, it is true, were taken, even by two-decked ships. I may observe here, that the little schooners built at Bermuda, (such as the Pike, Bream, Cuttle, &c.,) carrying four guns, although well constructed, were not a match for the larger privateers, nor, indeed, for the smaller classes, when cruising, as these did often, three, four, and five in consort. Even the Supérieur, carrying twelve or fourteen guns, under the gallant Lieutenant Fromo, got severely handled by two or three privateers off St. Domingo; and the Gracieuse, and another schooner, met with a spirited resistance from Jean Marie in the Vengeance.

Two days after our unsuccessful essay (as stated above,) we spoke an American schooner, the master of which informed us that, six hours before our speaking him, he had seen a French privateer capture a British ship, and make sail with her to the westward. This intelligence instantly acted like a talisman; and although we had found such authority not always to be depended upon, yet, in a short time, our gallant ship was under a press of sail in pursuit, according to the received information. Among the naval evolutions, there are, perhaps, none which produce a more beautiful effect than those of making and shortening all sail, when performed by a well-disciplined crew. Our Yankee informant, who was leaning listlessly over the quarter bulwark of his little low vessel, close to us, seemed perfectly astounded at the rapidity of our movements. Indeed, the mere casual spectator, who views the slow and (from want of hands) awkward manner in which a merchant vessel sets and reduces her sails, can form no conception of the rapidity and simultaneous movement with which those of a man-of-war can be loosened and set, or reduced and furled. Jonathan appeared quite delighted at the noble appearance of the frigate, with her studding sails alow and aloft, and, as we dashed by him, greeted us with a wish of success. During a delightful moonlight, and a fine steady breeze, the old ship pressed her way to the westward. Many an anxious eye strained towards the horizon of

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that quarter: not a speck, however, met the view, until the open morn presented, directly in our line, a lofty sail. In an hour's time we were alongside of her. This vessel proved to be an English letter of marque, and had not been molested by any of the enemy's cruisers; consequently, she was not the ship alluded to by the American. We therefore made all sail again, and in the forenoon captured a French felucca, having on board two thousand dollars. This little privateer had but recently been fitted out; the crew were novices, and her capture was occasioned by their want of skill.

In March of the same year, we discovered a privateer under the land of Cape St. Nicholas, on the west side of St. Domingo, and immediately chased her. During the night, we got sufficiently near to fire several shots at her, and were congratulating ourselves upon our unusual good luck—her capture appearing certain—when, most provokingly, the wind died almost away, and the arch rogue very soon evaded us by the use of his sweeps. The next day, to our surprise, we saw her at a long distance outside of us, when we had expected to find her hemmed in between the land and our ship. Our partial success the evening before had inspired us with vain hopes; and the moment the sea-breeze permitted, we again made all sail in chase, and continued it for thirty-six hours, until we reached Cape Francois, when she fairly run us out of sight! In this chase, there was a fine display of what can be performed by nerve and good seamanship. Our worthy young captain, now, unhappily, no longer among us, with the sterling quality of a thorough seaman, possessing energy, activity, and intrepidity, in an eminent degree, conducted the duty throughout this long chase. We had, what was then considered unusual, a westerly wind; and in following the privateer, we got close in with the western part of the island of Tortudas. The little fugitive barely weathered it; but having done so, went off with a flowing sheet. Her object, that of drawing us so much into the bight as to oblige us to make a tack, had nearly been accomplished. Up to the last moment, it was doubtful whether the frigate would weather the point. To take the channel between the island and main would not do, as the privateer would, on seeing this, haul her wind, and leave us, on emerging from the eastern extreme of the channel, dead to leeward, as the wind then was. The master thought the old ship could not accomplish the weathering of the point—try it, however, the captain was determined. "She must do it," was often repeated; after which all was silent expectation until within a biscuit's throw of this bold projection; when, all being in readiness, the helm was promptly put down, and in a few seconds after, "shaking her cloathes in the wind," and gallantly showing her stern to the rocks, the "Old Lady" was again in the wake of the astonished Frenchman, parallel with the shore.

The night set in; the moon, with her silvery light, was up behind the hills back of Cape Francois; and the ship lay becalmed in the shadow of that huge promontory, which, in its contour, at a certain point of view, bears some resemblance to the celebrated rock of Gibraltar; but its shape varies remarkably at almost every point of bearing. From one position, it appears a huge mass of rocky land, with several conical peaks; at another, it forms a saddle mount, and again, altering the line of view, it looks lengthened out like a vast lion reposing.

The grey morning had scarcely dawned upon us, ere the mast-headman reported, with a cheerful voice, "Sail, oh!" and in a moment after, another, and another; and by the time the horizon became clearly exposed to view, we found no less than five privateers surrounding the ship, like as many sharks their expected prey. They doubtless had seen the ship at the close of the last day, from their anchorage at Monte Christo, and believing her to be a merchantman, had sallied forth during the night, in expectation of pouncing upon a good prize at day-break. They were, however, very soon undeceived, and began to exert all their nautical skill in manœuvre for their individual safety.

The sight was beautiful, and interesting to us in no common degree, but the bad sailing of the ship gave us little hope of success: nevertheless, as soon as the sea-breeze afforded the opportunity, we set all sail possible in chase, and soon commenced firing from the main-deck guns upon those that were within reach. By trimming, and suspending the chests and shot-lockers, sending part of the crew to bed, in order to make the ship more lively, her sailing was wonderfully improved; she tacked with unusual celerity, and afforded us occasionally some gleams of hope. In this state of anxious uncertainty we continued until noon, when the whole of the men were ordered down, for a few minutes, to their dinner; at this time we had one of the privateers on our lee-bow on the same tack, who, in the most prompt and skilful manner, put about with the design of trying for the weather-gage by crossing our hause! It was a bold and hazardous attempt, but it was the only chance she had of escape, and she succeeded! The intrepidity of the French commander upon this occasion can never be obliterated from my memory: he sent all his men below, and took the helm himself—there he stood, like a hero and a veteran warrior, unmoved amidst the showers of shot that fell around him, ripping up the decks of his little bark, and tearing his sails into ribands—there stood Jacque Mathieu himself, alone, and undismayed! Steadily he approached, and so close under our bows, that some of his ropes caught our flying-jib-boom and made it bend like a bow; the instant this temporary check ceased, she sprang, as it were, from us, and was soon out

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of reach of our shot; the forecastle guns, and all the marines blazing away at the little floating thing. Jacque was in his glory—it was in hazardous and difficult situations that this clever and intrepid seaman shone most conspicuous, differing essentially in this point from the generality of his countrymen—a man of less nerve and presence of mind would not have attempted it, and the correctness of his eye and the soundness of his judgment may be here inferred, from the success that attended his manœuvre. His escape depended upon the possibility of crossing to windward of the frigate without falling on board her—he had a moment only to decide, and the boldness of his conception and promptitude of action, carried him through all; and as he slid rapidly by, he waved his hat, accompanying the action with a loud and steadily delivered "*Bon jour, Messieurs!*" This was most admirably performed, and every body laughed at the fellow's coolness, and admired his abilities, and turned their attention to the next nearest: she, however, not daring to follow the example of the gallant Jacque, soon convinced us that her commander was not equal to the difficulty he was placed in; by bearing round away, as a dernier resort, and running up all his flying-sails, he committed an error in judgment, that cost him his vessel, although, as it was, she held us a tug until six o'clock in the evening, when we had the satisfaction of capturing a very beautiful vessel. She was subsequently scuttled and sank into the bosom of the deep, as we could not spare men, without weakening the ship's crew, to navigate her to Port Royal, thus sacrificing, and very properly, individual profit for the public good.

Resuming our station off Cape St. Nicholas, we again fell in with a French schooner privateer, and chased her into the Bight of Leogane. As the night drew on, the cunning rover kept his vessel close to the shore, not only because he knew we could not follow him in the ship, but in the hope that we should lose sight of him in the shade of the land; but our night-inverting glasses were excellent, and the eyes at them well practised. At half-past eight, the wind having died away, and perceiving that the chase had lowered her sails, the ship's anchor was dropped under foot, and the boats manned and armed sent after her. The opportunity appeared glorious to the young mids; their push-forward-zeal knew no bounds; I never saw a pack so elated; the feeling whilst the uncertainty lasted may be defined, something like delight mixed with anxious impatience. Happy fellows—thrice happy days!—who would wish to grow old and wise, that could live on as cheerful and as thoughtless as a mid? From a splashing in the water we found that the privateer was using her sweeps; this gave increased energy to the boat's crew, and they pulled away most steadily. At nine, the sound of the sweeps was no longer heard: we had now no guide, but pulled on as near as we could guess along the line of shore: in a few minutes after, a strong smell of garlic and tobacco-smoke warned us that we were near our enemy. Directly after, the indistinct appearance of her masts told us her position, and a smart fire of musketry was opened upon her, which was spiritedly returned. At this moment there was not a breath of wind stirring; the schooner, which was long and low, lay motionless—her sails down, and her sweeps hauled in, in readiness to repel the boarders, and to act when the land-wind came off. All our party were confident of success; the boats approached, and were in the very act of hooking on under a tremendous fire of muskets and musketoons, when, in an instant, the whole of the schooner's sails were spread, a cold air from the land filled them, and she glided away in the most astonishing manner. The effect was singular; one could almost swear the thing was endowed with life;—the shade of night added to the effect that sort of sublimity which darkness throws over objects and scenes in themselves unpossessed of that character. The oars were got out as speedily as possible, and the men pulled with great spirit after the fugitive; at this time the frigate passed us under all sail, firing her guns in rapid succession, some of the balls from which made a grand clatter among the rocks on shore. The noble frigate as she dashed past our pigmy vessels like a huge leviathan, had something very grand and imposing about her, as seen through the dubious light; apparently, her size was greatly augmented; and the long white horizontal line of her painted side, just distinguishable through the obscurity, glided past like a winged serpent darting through ether. As we advanced towards the open sea, the breeze became fresh, and in a little time we lost sight both of the ship and the schooner, and as the cannonading had ceased, we were in doubt whether the chase had surrendered or escaped. On getting on board the ship at midnight, we found that the privateer had really escaped, although, at one time, completely under the guns of the frigate; as the breeze freshened she drew away surprisingly fast, and at last she was suddenly lost sight of, when it was concluded that she had gone down.

A nearer chance of capture never, perhaps, occurred: the boat I was in had fairly got alongside the enemy's schooner, and another boat in the act of hooking on, by the rudder, to haul up, at the moment I have described that she slid past us, as it were, by magic! Our third lieutenant, lieutenant of marines, and several seamen were wounded. A day or two afterwards, we learned from an American, that he had spoken the privateer almost in a sinking state making her way to Monte Christo: great part of her deck was torn up by the thirty-two pound shot from the frigate's quarter-deck-guns, and many of her men were killed

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and wounded; but the spirit of the commander remained unsubdued: he could be no other than our old acquaintance Jacque.

From the same.

MODERN GREECE—EXPLOITS OF KANARIS.

"Dulce et decorum est pro patria mori:
Mors et fugacem persequitur virum,
Nec parcit imbellis juventæ
Poplitibus, timidoque tergo."

At no period of time has the moral and political world been subject to such violent convulsions and rapid changes, as during the existence of the present generation. We have lived, indeed, amidst the shock of conflicting opinions, the paroxysms of warfare, and the convulsive throes of expiring empires; and the spirit of disaffection is still in fermentation. But among all the "turns out" for constitution-making, none excited greater attention than that of Greece, although its effects were more locally restricted than those of the grander explosions in France, Poland, Spain, and Italy. During the struggle it was somewhat difficult to get a true opinion upon the question; for while the Miso-Hellenists were confined in number, the Phil-Hellenists comprehended, in addition to zealous and principled well-wishers, all the radical levellers of Europe. The first class recited the acts of barbarity, perfidy, and atrocity, by which the Greeks proved their utter want of faith, honour, and morals. The second, with ideas preoccupied by their own imaginations, consider them as the worthy descendants of the heroes and sages of old; and while one party allows them no virtue, the other will acknowledge in them no vice. Both these opinions are absurdly erroneous; they have strong capacities for both, and the inferences have been so sweeping and conclusive as materially to injure their cause. Thus, many a panting hero volunteered to join their standard, heated more by classical enthusiasm and captious vanity, than by a rational view of his undertaking; and quitting the well-organized services of the most intellectual and civilized nations of Europe, fondly dreamed of participating in the glory of again rearing on the sacred shores of Greece a political structure worthy of Solon or Lycurgus, and extravagantly expected that neither a Socrates, a Codrus, a Leonidas, nor a Demosthenes, would be wanting. Those who went abroad with such visionary ideas, and they were not a few, were bitterly disappointed; and returning home, some of them, like Stanhope, wrote dismal Jeremiads to prove the total unworthiness of the present race.

But a marvellous igorance still pervades Europe as to the real merits of the contest, because, in the excitement of the moment, little would gain credit, but what was exaggerated against the Turks, and grossly exaggerated in favour of those who, in the mass, might very properly be termed the mongrel Greeks. The former are undoubtedly a besotted, tyrannical, and contemptible squad, as a people; but the latter are also less remarkable for any good quality, than for cowardice, treachery, perjury, and cruelty,—vices so far from resulting, as their advocates pretend, from the slavery they have undergone, that they were *distinguished* for them before the Turks became their masters. To a long line of sanguinary, vindictive, rapacious, and weak emperors, succeeded the barbarous despotism and diabolical policy of the FREE REPUBLIC of Venice; and so degraded had these descendants of Pericles, Conon, Lysander, and Miltiades become, that, besides the decay of their moral energies, they had already lost many branches of elementary knowledge; and the architecture, sculpture, medals, paintings, and literature of the later Greeks, form a shameful contrast to those of their illustrious ancestors. The public character, therefore, of the contending parties cannot be held in high estimation—but among the individuals of the two people there is a remarkable difference; and it is found the Turks are the favourites of most of those who have sojourned among them, while the Greeks are generally upheld by enthusiasts acting under the stimuli of classical prejudices and religious feeling; and in true sectarian style, the latter nourished their opinions, and anathematized those of the other party, till to be anti-Greek was synonymous with anti-Christian,—although it would puzzle many of the same enthusiasts to point out the quantum of real Christianity existing in the Greek worship, or prove whether it is less idolatrous than that of the Turks. Throughout the late Lord Byron's letters, journals, and conversation, he almost invariably prefers the Turks to the Greeks; while in his poetry his whole energies are employed to laud the latter: the first resulted from his experience, the second was artificially inducted by education. The harrowing atrocities committed by the belligerents have been made a mode of comparison to estimate their morality by; but the statements have been much too ex-parte, and the special pleading too imaginary, to admit of a just verdict. The Turks had never recourse to the press to refute the amplified reports of the enormities which were circulated against them as well by the Greeks in Germany and in France, as by the holders of Greek scrip in England, for the double purpose of executing a crusade and raising funds,—assaulting at once the compassion and credulity of the public. Now, though the brutality on both sides was so disgusting as to make us—who were on the spot—wish that, like the Kilkenny cats, the parties would eat each other up,—we must confess, however unpalatable to that immaculate Hellenian, Mister Joseph Hume, that the balance of infraction of capitulations, indiscriminate butchery, and refinement in cruelty, is on the side of the Greeks. And we may also whisper to him, as well as to a few others

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misled by a knot of Ionian islanders who were baffled in their designs of pocketing the revenues of those states, that the cause, however *holy*, was all but lost by the folly, ignorance, and mismanagement, which appeared in the whole expenditure of the Greek loan.

It is true, that the very note of preparation, "*a Greek insurrection!*" carries an amazing prepossession in it; and the active mind revels in all the recollections of that beautiful and interesting country—in the fields of Marathon and Platæa, the pass of Thermopylæ, the shores of Salamis, and the crags of Pindus and Olympus—

"Κορυφας πολυδειρους Ουλυμπου."

But the professed object of the movement was tarnished to our own view of the affair, by a personal knowledge that a stream of Russian influence was poured through every ramification of the transaction. 'Tis true that, after the foul murder of Czerni-Georgi, this was disclaimed with due diplomatic gravity; but without taxing the autocrat as being the whole cause of the rebellion, we can positively assert that his being the head of the Greek church, the conduct of Strogonoff at Constantinople, the intrigues of old Capo d'Istria, the menacing army of 150,000 Muscovites on the borders of Turkey, and the Russian officers scattered about Greece, certainly maintained the cause. As for ourselves when the rising had actually taken place, we most heartily prayed for its success, but without shutting our eyes to the truth, that an independent state was not likely to be a consequence. We, of course, never imagined that a nation, sunk in the degradation of slavery was at once to cast off the brutifying effects of such a state and emerge in high civilization; but we could not help viewing the point at issue very much in the light of a mere change of masters for the oppressed, and likely to form an addition to the already enormous preponderance of Russia in Europe. Then the barefaced falsehoods which were trumped over Europe were of a nature to induce distrust and circumspection: we were on the spot, and knew of but few of those brilliant victories with which the papers, theatres, and panoramas of London teemed; and in spite of the enemy being both indolent and incapable, it is probable that, but for the secret agency of Russia, and the affair of Navarino, the cause would have been lost by cowardice, disaffection, and want of talent. Nor were the resources of the insurgents so indifferent as to apologize for the inefficiency of their operations. Many of the islands had long enjoyed a literal freedom, insomuch that they entered the arena with a powerful fleet of ships, and a store of wealth acquired by unrestricted commercial intercourse with European countries. The Turkish army in the Morea was barely 6000 men, and yet it gave ample employment to ten times that number of Greeks; and whilst a disgraceful inertness stigmatized most of their military proceedings, the horrors of war augmented, without any real advantage to the cause of liberation, by the predatory inroads of the insurgent privateers, and the barefaced piracies they recklessly committed. We, therefore, considered the construction of an *independent* Greek nation as not only improbable, but impracticable, the natives of each petty state differing as much from each other as they do from the Turks; and their statesmen being as turbulent as they are variable, and as artful as they are specious. Recent facts oblige us to retain this opinion—for after foreign powers had settled the war for them, their time has been lost in squabbles and murders; and though our ministers have kindly made England a guarantee for two millions sterling, to place a German dwarf on the mock throne, and have bought for him, of the Turks, a boundary line for another half-million, that he may repose in safety, we predict that it will yet be some time before property is respected in Greece.

But we must now quit the considerations into which we have been drawn, and show, that while we entertain no very high opinion of the Greeks, as a nation, we are desirous of appreciating the high merit of some individuals. We have witnessed various instances of admirable devotion and patriotism; and while many were distinguished by sagacity and courage, others, possessing wealth and comfort, ruined themselves by generous contributions to the cause. It is the exploits of one of these heroes, Constantine Kanaris, that we are now about to relate,—and the story will be told in very nearly his own words. We should observe, that, at the time of which we shall speak, the Greek fleet consisted of about 180 vessels, of various sizes, and was manned by from 15 to 20,000 seamen. These ships were chiefly fitted out by the spirited natives of Hydra, Spezzia, Psara, and Samos; but though the naval prowess of the insurgents was loudly bruited, it was but little superior to that of the Turks, who are, perhaps, the most contemptible maritime enemies that can possibly be found afloat. Instead of a decided plan of operations, the patriot sailors took to piracy, and no other idea of conquering the naval force of the incautious Ottoman than by fireships, which, as an exclusive mode of warfare, must be condemned; while against the Turks, whom a strict fatalism renders singularly callous and careless of human life, it is inefficient.

The atrocious massacre at Scio, in the summer of 1822, had struck fury into the minds of the Greeks who were cruising in the vicinity; but their leaders did not seem to partake the feeling, if we may judge by their discreditable inactivity. But that horrid carnage had hardly ceased, when it was reserved for Kanaris to deal retribution upon some of the perpetrators.

Towards the close of the Ramadam, the Greek squadron returned to their respective ports, without having made any serious dispo-

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sition to attack the Turkish fleet at Scio, although they had twice entered the strait which divides that island from Asia Minor, for the purpose. It was on the last of these occasions, while losing sight of the enemy in the distance, that the idea first struck Kanaris, that all had not been done which ought to have been, and of the possibility of destroying some of the ships single-handed by surprise. While pacing his deck he matured a plan, and immediately on his arrival at Psara, made a proposal to his superiors, which was most readily acceded to.

Previous to this, Kanaris had commanded the Platoff fire-ship, with such credit as to have gained general notice; and in the retreat through the Spalmador passage, he dropped astern of his companions, backed his main topsail, and was the last out of the straits, a station of his own choice, in order, he said, to protect the rear of the fleet. This afforded him an opportunity of observing the sluggishness of the larger ships of the enemy; and from that moment he felt so thoroughly persuaded of success, that he resolved to venture at all hazards, notwithstanding two other vessels, commanded by Nicolao Apostolo, the admiral's son, had failed but a very short time before, owing, it was thought, to their being fired too soon.

Hearing the intention of Kanaris, the captain of a Hydriot brig, Andrea Pepino, volunteered his services to accompany him, and was accepted. Their two vessels were carefully fitted for the deadly purpose, and manned with picked crews of twenty-three men each. The combustibles were of the most inflammable and inextinguishable description; and two large swift-rowing boats were given them to effect their escape in. Thus equipped, they sailed for the port of Kaloni, in Mytilene, in order, from its advantageous position to the northward of Scio, to await there the opportunity of the first northerly wind for carrying their project into execution, as well as to create less suspicion by coming from that quarter.

Owing to light, baffling winds, they were three days on their passage to Kaloni, and it was not till the third day after that they got a breeze suitable to their wishes. In the meantime they amused themselves, fishing and sporting in and about the harbour.

On Wednesday, the 19th of June, at noon (the sixth day from Psara), they sailed, with a steady breeze from the N.E., steering direct for Spalmador island, intending to get within the straits of Scio as soon after dusk as possible. On nearing Spalmador, they got sight of the look-out Turkish squadron of five sail, (three brigs and two schooners,) cruising to the northward of the island; on which they hauled up and shaped a course as if bound into Smyrna, but kept the yards fine, to check the vessel's way as much as possible. This deception answered, for so little did the Turks understand their duty as cruisers, that they made no disposition to follow. Another difficulty arose: an English man-of-war hove in sight, bound into the gulf, and Kanaris was well aware of the vigilance which British sailors use; he was, therefore, however perilous, under the necessity of showing his colours to her, but he hauled them down again immediately after, to prevent their being made out by the Turks.

At sunset he had lost sight of the Turks behind Karabouna, on which he altered his course, and rounded the cape, keeping the main close on board. As he approached the entrance of the straits the wind gradually died away; and when abreast of Green Island, about 10 P. M. it fell nearly calm. Pepino, the Hydriot captain, hailed him at this time, and asked Kanaris, "What do you intend doing? do you think it safe to go on? the wind is very light; will it not be better to give it up for to-night, and take a more favourable opportunity? If we get becalmed inside the islands, the chances will be against our getting out again." Kanaris boldly replied, "there is nothing to fear; we shall have a breeze presently, and we have some time yet till daylight." A short time after, the Hydriot hailed him again to the same effect, and he answered, with something of asperity in his tone, "It is my intention to proceed, come what may; I will either do the business at once, or not at all." Some of Kanaris's crew now began to feel dissatisfied; and, hearing them mutter about the chances of being taken, and that it would be better to make the attempt on some other night, he called them aft, and upbraided them with their wavering: "Did I ask you to come with me?" demanded he; "was it not your own voluntary choice? Did not ye beg of me to take ye? If ye are tired of the thing already, and want to get home again, ye had better jump overboard and be off at once; and if that won't please ye, I must declare that ye are all under my command, and if one of you dare open your mouths again on the subject, I will cut his throat that instant." From that moment he had no further trouble with them, and they obeyed every order implicitly.

On nearing Hippo island, the five look-out cruisers were observed to leeward of Spalmador, standing across towards the main, on the larboard tack; and a large ship on the opposite tack, was seen in the middle of the channel. This ship showed a light, which was answered by the others, each of whom showed one. This was a ticklish moment; Kanaris braced his yards in, and kept them pointed as near as the wind would allow, and on towards the Turks, to prevent their seeing him. The land here being very high, by keeping close under it, he luckily passed unperceived, and the breeze freshening up again, soon carried him out of sight.

To leeward of Hippo island the land trends down to a low point, off which lies a shoal, which he bordered on as close as the lead would

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permit, till, having rounded it, he braced sharp up, and hauled directly across for the town of Scio. When about mid-channel over he saw the Turkish fleet with their lights up for the festival of the Bairam: "Look, my lads!" said he to his crew, "those fellows shall have better lights before their feasting is over." But the body of them were rather on his weather-bow, owing to the wind having drawn more to the N. W. off the hills of Scio. This was unfortunate, as Kanaris had allowed for hauling his wind from the shoal-point sufficient room for passing to windward of the whole, from whence he intended to bear up and choose his object. Two of the largest ships, however, being the leewardmost, still laid within his reach, and he stood towards them, while they, having no suspicion of an enemy eluding the vigilance of their looks-out, supposed they were vessels belonging to their own fleet. It was about two in the morning, when the weathermost ship of the two, which proved to be the Capudan Pasha, hailed Kanaris as he approached, who, without making reply, steadily continued his course. Pepino, the Hydriot, now grappled this ship on the larboard side, and applying the fire there, spread consternation on board; but she was injudiciously placed, and unfortunately kindled too soon, so that the prodigious efforts of the Turkish crew at length succeeded in disengaging her, after which she was sunk. This was but a momentary respite for the Capudan Pasha, for in a few minutes Kanaris laid him aboard athwart his bowsprit, and in that position set fire to the fatal train. In the panic, no sort of opposition was made, nor were there many people apparently now upon her decks: but notwithstanding, Kanaris, feeling anxious to escape, hurried his men into the boat; one of them, however, a fellow full of humour, begged to stop a little, something having just occurred to him, which he said he wished to tell the Turks, and catching up the trumpet, he bawled out—"There is a fire for you—put it out if you can." This timely joke added considerably to the spirits and confidence of the Greeks; and they pulled away before the wind to escape by the southern end of the straits, where, meeting no impediment, they arrived by daylight. At about 10 A. M. they got on board one of their cruisers off the little isle of Veneccia, and at sunset anchored at Psara, amidst the loud acclamations of their compatriots.

In the mean time the flames spread over the ill-fated line-of-battle ship with such rapility, that every effort to save her was utterly useless; and within three quarters of an hour she blew up with a deafening explosion. The Capudan Pasha, though severely wounded, was unwilling to quit his ship, but as the fire increased, his officers forced him into a boat alongside; a mast, however, which immediately fell, wounded him mortally on the head, and sunk the boat. He was brought ashore on part of the wreck; and expired within an hour after; and at 10 o'clock the next morning, at the very moment that Kanaris had accomplished his escape, was buried in the castle of Scio. With the crew, and the prisoners on board, among whom were about 80 Greek women, there were upwards of 1200 people destroyed.

This success led to a second expedition. On the arrival of the Turkish fleet off Tenedos, the Greek cruisers having previously quitted the coasts and returned to their respective ports, Kanaris was appointed to disturb them. Having made all his arrangements, he sailed from Psara on Friday the 8th of November, 1822, at sunset, with two well-equipped fire-vessels, the one a brig called the Emperor Alexander,* carrying 21 men, including himself, and the greater part of whom had served under him in the former expedition to Scio; the other, a small coasting saccoleva, as a better deception than two square-rigged vessels, with the same number of hands, commanded by Giorgio Nicolas Brastanos. Two settees accompanied them as an escort, the largest having 34 men and 8 guns, the smallest 28 men and 3 guns, for the purpose of receiving them on board on the completion of their enterprize. Accordingly, on the noon of Saturday, the 9th, they were off Cape Sigri, in Mytilene, with light airs from the southward, having run about forty-five miles since the preceding evening at sunset.

At the close of day they were about half way between Sigri and Cape Baba, steering for the latter, when the wind freshening gradually, the saccoleva was taken in tow. Having arrived off Cape Baba, the two settees were sent away to rendezvous to the S.W. of Tenedos, within sight of the anchorage; there to wait, and, in the event of success, to make the best of their way, immediately that they observed the fire break out, to the edge of the great shoal on the east side of Lemnos, where Kanaris intended to pull, under the idea of escaping pursuit, if chased by Turkish frigates, by getting into shallow water. If no fire was perceived, then they were to take it for granted the fleet was not at Tenedos, in which case Kanaris was to run on through the roadstead to Imbro, where the settees were to rejoin him, and from thence concert further measures against uhe fleet in the Dardanelles.

Having parted company with the settees, Kanaris hauled in close under the land, keeping it as close aboard as possible, to prevent being seen by the Turkish look-out ships. They passed a corvette standing off on the larboard tack; but as she paid no attention to him, they supposed her to be French. At eleven he was obliged to cast off the tow, the breeze

* In addition to our former remarks, it is seen, that both the vessels commanded by Kanaris had Russian names. And there were many houses which we visited in the islands ornamented with portraits of the Emperor Alexander, a proof that he was held as a patron

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having freshened considerably; and, to enable the saccoleva to keep up, he took in his top-gallant-sails, going between six and seven knots.

About midnight they saw Tenedos; and a few minutes afterwards observed three Turkish frigates under easy sail standing off on the larboard tack. These our hero passed astern of unperceived, by hugging the shore close on board. To the northward of Scorpiata a long shoal runs off, which obliged him to keep a greater offing; and as he drew out from under the land, the frigates tacked, and one of them set her foresail as if to chase him. But this was only an inference; for the Turks, ignorant of what was being wafted against them in the darkness, took no other notice of them. In a few minutes more, Kanaris discovered the lights of the flag-ship; and in about a quarter of an hour plainly distinguished three huge line-of-battle ships riding towards the main land, with their heads to the westward, and the wind on the larboard beam, owing to a strong current setting to windward through the roadstead out of the Dardanelles. The frigates and small craft were lying more in shore, near the Troad, relying on the look-out squadron for protection.

The saccoleva being still astern, and Kanaris perceiving that the ship with the lights aboard (which he therefore took to be the flag) lay to leeward of the nearest line-of-battle ship, and that to get at her he must pass within hail of the latter, he decided on assigning the nearest ship, as the least difficult, to the saccoleva, in order that he might not be accused of acting unfairly, and that, by not lighting his own vessel first, his companion might have a better chance of succeeding. Besides which, he drily observed, the first in command was always his quarry.

Having thus decided, he stood direct for his unsuspecting prey. Fortunately the first ship paid no attention to him, though he passed so near as to hear the voices of her crew: but instantly afterwards he was hailed by the second, who, on receiving no answer, fired two shot at him, one of which went through the head of his mainsail, and a third shot was fired from the other ship at the saccoleva. To prevent the chance of cutting away his running gear, Kanaris racked the halliards and ties aloft, and in this manner, with full way on him, and a fresh breeze, going six or seven knots, he ran his vessel on board, stem on to the larboard bow of his antagonist, under the forechains, his bowsprit luckily going in to one of the ports. It was his original intention to have steered for her spritsail-yard, but observing her lying broadside on, he was afraid the fire would be too much ahead, and therefore steered a course for her foremast. As he drew near her, he perceived a multitude of people on her poop, all in fright and confusion, calling aloud to their prophet, and exclaiming, "She is a fire-ship! a pirate! an infidel! Fire away! sink her!" with other cries of terror. A great many of them at the same time leaped into a boat astern; but when once Kanaris was alongside, no effort was made, nor even a musket fired at him.

Just as he was approaching his object, Kanaris sent his men into the boat on the larboard side of the brig, sitting himself on the larboard gunwale, from whence he conned, as she was steered to her destined position; and when thoroughly grappled fast, lighted the train from the boat, and hailed the Turk—"We are no Austrians—(a report having reached him that he wore Austrian colours at Scio)—nor pirates, but true Psaraotes and the same that burnt your Capudan Pasha at Scio!" The flames flew fore and aft in an instant, and the breeze being very fresh, they communicated almost as rapidly with the Turk, whence the most dreadful shrieks and yells were now proceeding from people who were shortly silent for ever.

The same instant that his own vessel was kindled, Kanaris had the mortification of perceiving that the saccoleva was very improperly fired. Being lighted too soon, as at Scio in the instance of the Hydriot, the vessel did not get a thorough hold, and broke adrift without accomplishing her object. This was just what he anticipated, and to prevent the probability of which he had so nobly resigned his own claim to Captain Brastanos. No sooner had he shoved off in his boat, than he observed a Turkish frigate steering directly towards him, and to avoid her he stood close in to the town of Tenedos, where she lost sight of him under the land, which he kept close on board, pulling head to wind, and when clear of the south point of the island, tossed up his mast and made sail for Lemnos, where, with the assistance of their oars and a good breeze, they arrived by eight o'clock. When abreast of the eastern point, about half an hour after he had quitted the fire-ship, he observed the line-of-battle ship entirely in flames; her three masts, as he said, burning "like three candles." The other ships of the fleet were firing guns, and, in the greatest confusion, falling on board of each other, some with their cables cut, others with their sails loose, and some apparently on the shoal. There being a swell on, and a fresh breeze, much distress and mischief must have ensued. The light of the brilliant flames enabled him clearly to distinguish the different objects. It was about three o'clock on Sunday morning of the 10th when he laid his desolating brig alongside.

Finding the two settees punctual to their rendezvous off Lemnos, Kanaris immediately went on board, and there being no signs of the other boat with the crew of the saccoleva, he sent the settee appointed as her escort to look out to windward of Tenedos, while he bore up towards the N.E. end of the island, to be ready in case the boat should have rowed through the roadstead, and had come out at

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hat end. In about an hour after the sacco-eva's settee made signal of having picked up he boat, upon which they both made sail to he westward, undisturbed by any of the im-pecile cruisers of their enemy, whose frigates, with common attention, ought to have caught hem. The whole of this enterprize was so ably and suddenly executed, that not the most trifling casualty occurred to the Greeks, and every man returned to Psara without a hair of his head singed. Contrary winds de-ained the settees at S. Giorgio di Skyros hree days, where they were received with he greatest joy and hospitality by their coun-rymen. The next evening Brastanos reached Psara, and the following morning Kanaris re-urned into port, under a salute from every un in the island. On landing, he was met y a procession, which conducted him to the hurch, where a public and solemn thanks-iving was offered up to the Most High, for the uccess which had attended their hero's under-aking.

Kanaris afterwards attempted to set a Turk-sh ship on fire in the day-time, and while nder sail; but his vessel falling astern, he issed his aim, and was obliged to retreat ith the utmost precipitation to effect his scape, two of his men being killed, and him-elf wounded in the hand.

In 1824, the capture of Psara by the Turk-sh Admiral, and its recapture by the Psara-te sailors, gave ample employment to the nergies of Kanaris, who was at every post here he could be serviceable. In August of the me year, the Ottoman forces having made a escent on Samos, a Greek squadron, under the ommand of Giorgius Taktouri, advanced to re-eve that important island, when several skir-ishes took place. On the morning of the 16th, he Pasha stood out with twenty-two ships and essels, and Taktouri met him with sixteen nder his own flag, and some vessels com-anded by Kanaris, who had a sort of roving ommission. An obstinate combat ensued, in hich our hero tried all his art to *hook* an nemy, without being able to close. The urks were, however, thrown into disorder nd retreated. But on the following morning ney again approached under a leading breeze, n which the Greek admiral ordered all his re-ships to make sail, under the escort of the ifferent ships of war, and there was every ppearance of both sides fighting to extremity.

At 10 A.M., the brulot of Captain Demetrius apli approached a heavy frigate and grappled ith her, but by the freshness of the breeze nd the assistance of some galleys, she escaped he impending danger. Though this attempt as unsuccessful, it afforded the daring Kana-s an opportunity of coming up with the same igate, and he succeeded by 11 o'clock in rappling her whilst under full sail. In an wfully short space of time she was all in ames; and the devouring element penetrat-g quickly to the magazine, she blew up with a horrid crash, not only launching her own 600 men into eternity, but proving fatal to several vessels inshore of her. On this bril-liant occasion, Kanaris lost only two of his crew.

Kanaris is a modest man, of plain manners, and great apparent sincerity, requiring to be *drawn out* before the foregoing particulars could be elicited from him. He is the master of a merchant vessel, and occasionally acts as pilot to foreign vessels, a duty for which he is admirably calculated, from his perfect know-ledge of the Archipelago. He is poor, but contented, being happy that he lives as re-spectably as any of his relations, and that he has not lost ground since he began the world. He has a wife and two children; the former takes a pride in her husband's career, and in the young Constantine they fondly predict an orna-ment to the islands. When requested to sit for his portrait, (now in our possession), he smiled, saying, they must make the picture very ugly to be like him, "unless the artist could catch him setting fire to the train of a brulot."

From the Athenæum.

THE DUCHESS OF BERRI.*

Of this work, which is to appear simulta-neously in Paris and London, in French and in English, we have been fortunate enough to secure some of the proof sheets. Upon its high interest we need not enlarge: the per-sonal adventures of the Princess—her jour-neyings on foot and on horseback, in disguise and in her own character, her mental and bodily sufferings, her hopes and her despair, are a romance, and seem to belong to another age: they recall the wanderings and the perils of our own Charles Edward, with all the additional interest which must attach to the daring and the suffering of a woman.

The volume opens with a brief historical sketch of the position of France in relation to Europe, and of La Vendée to France, when the Duchess ventured to throw herself upon the country, and hazard the fortunes of a civil war. The peculiar position of La Vendée, its old Bourbon prejudices, with the clashing inte-rests of the new proprietors, the liberal feelings of the conscript soldiers, and the enlarged views and interest consequent on trade and manufactures which had penetrated the coun-try by the roads made by Napoleon, are here traced with great fidelity. In 1794, the whole country was occupied by seigneurs and their serfs—nobles and farmers—almost to a man Bourbonists; but in 1832 the purchasers of the national property—the returned conscript sol-diers, the merchants and traders, were with and for the revolution; upon the line of the great roads, where information had spread, the peo-ple, says the General, are liberal in opinion,

* The Duchess of Berri in La Vendee. By General Dermoncourt

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but "this feeling cools in proportion as you advance on either side, into the less frequented parts of the country."

General Dermoncourt is of opinion, that the government of Lous-Philippe was not anxious, in the first instance, to quiet La Vendée—the troubles there served to distract public attention from the temporising foreign policy of the ministry; therefore, General Lamarque was superseded in command by General Bonnet; but as this latter was equally firm and resolute, he too refused to temporise according to instructions, sent in his resignation, and was succeeded by Solignac. But the time arrived when the insurrection was to be put down, and General Dermoncourt was appointed to command the military subdivision at Nantes.

At my time of life, (says the General,) a man may speak of himself with the same freedom as of another—and my appointment was proof that the ministers intended no longer to temporise with the insurgents. Forty-four years of service in Europe, in Asia, in America, and in Africa—the giant battles in which I have shared, and compared with which our battles of the present day are utterly insignificant, have made me careless of life, and the sword fit lightly to my hand. Moreover, my disgrace under the restoration—the active part I took in the conspiracy of Belfort, in which I was near losing my head—and the promptitude with which I offered my services to the provisional government of July, 1830, constituted a sure moral pledge to the government, of the zeal with which I would smite the Chouans.

The peculiar nature of Vendean warfare, with which the General was familiar, is related in a very graphic and spirited manner:

A Vendean, as I have already stated, confounds every strategic calculation of the military art, especially those made for open plains.

As for the army, which you expect every minute to encounter, it vanishes like smoke, for in truth it has no existence.

When a day is fixed to strike a blow, at daybreak, or even during the night, the tocsin is sounded in the village fixed on as the point of union. The neighbouring villages reply in the same manner; the villagers quit their cottages if it be in the night, or their ploughs if in the day, throwing upon their shoulder the gun, which they scarcely ever quit, stuff cartridges into their belt, tie their handkerchief round a broad-brimmed hat, which shades their sun-burnt countenance, stop at their church to utter a short prayer, then wend their way from all parts of the country to the common centre, inspired with a twofold faith in God, and in the justice of their cause. Then come their chiefs, who acquaint them with the cause of their being assembled; and if it is to attack some patriot column, they state the road which the column will pursue, and the hour it will pass. Then when this information is well understood by all, the chief in command gives them the plan of the battle in the following words:

"Scatter yourselves, my fine fellows!"

Then each breaks, not from the ranks, but from the group—marches off his own way, proceeds onward with precaution and in silence, and in a short time every tree, every bush, every tuft of furze bordering either side of the high road conceals a peasant, with a gun in one hand and supporting himself with the other, crouched like a wild beast, without motion, and scarcely breathing.

Meanwhile, the patriot column unconscious of the thought of some unknown danger, advances towards the defile, preceded by scouts, who pass without seeing, touch without feeling, and are allowed to go by scathless; but the moment the detachment is in the midst of the pass, jammed in between two sloping banks, as if it were in an immense rut, and unable to deploy either to the right or to the left,—a signal is given at one extremity, and is repeated along the whole line of ambuscade, to signify, that each is at his post, then a human cry succeeds—one of war and of death. In an instant, each bush, each tuft of furze, glares with a sudden flash, and a shower of balls strikes whole files of soldiers to the earth without their being able to perceive the enemy who slaughter them. The dead and wounded are piled upon each other on the road; and if the column is not thrown into disorder, and the voices of the officers are heard above the firing—if, in short, the troops attempt to grapple body to body with their assailants, who strike without showing themselves,—if they climb the sides like a glacis, and scale the hedge, like a wall, the peasants have already had time to retire behind a second inclosure, whence the invisible firing commences as murderous as before. Should the second hedge be stormed, in the same manner, in twenty, a hundred similar intrenchments afford successive shelter to this destructive retreat. Thus the country is thus divided for the security of the children of the soil, which seems to show a maternal solicitude for their preservation, by offering them a shelter everywhere, and their enemy everywhere a grave.

What I have just stated explains how the convention, which had conquered fourteen armies commanded by kings and princes, could never pacify La Vendee, kept in a state of rebellion by a few peasants; and how Napoleon, who dictated his will to the whole of Europe, could never succeed in getting his orders executed in three of the departments of France.

The first impression made on the mind of the General, from the circumstances he here narrated, are given—"and I saw immediately," he states, "that an extensive rising was contemplated; the very air brought with it a smell of war, which an old soldier knows by instinct—but, interesting as all this undoubtedly is, we must pass it by, to come at once to the personal adventures of the Duchess. First, only, we shall give some particulars of those events and circumstances which influenced the Duchess to adventure of this chivalrous enterprize:

The Duchess having formed the resolution of quitting her family and entering France, obtained

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om the ex-King a letter dated from Edinburgh, id addressed to the royalists of France, in order at these latter might acknowledge Marie-Caroe Duchess of Berri, as Regent. Having obined this letter, the Duchess left England with few courtiers who had remained faithful to her. June 1831, she passed through Holland, reained a day or two at Frankfort, and at Mayce. She then crossed Switzerland, entered iedmont, and, under the name of the Countess agana, at length stopped at Sestri, a small town tuated twelve leagues from Genoa, and forming irt of the dominions of King Charles Albert.

Her incognito was, however, quite useless, for did not even extend to the individuals by whom ie was accompanied. She might be traced from n to inn, for in every innkeeper's book were to seen the signatures of M. de Menars, M. de uras, and others of her suite.

The royalists of France, who had been informed the Duchess's approach towards the French ontier, covered the roads of Lombardy and Piedont; and every body knew the Duchess of Berunder the name of the Countess de Sagana. he herself did not affect concealment. Every unday she went to a church, situated about two ndred paces from her place of residence, on foot, id generally through lines of people attracted by riosity, and followed by the same suite that atnded her at Paris. * * *

The French government was therefore soon ade acquainted with the presence of the Duchs in Piedmont, and took offence accordingly. M. Cases, the French consul at Genoa, knew that e hotels of that city were crowded with Frenchen, none of whom came to him to have their ssports countersigned. The fact is, most of the yalists had obtained passports at foreign emssies, and having for a time become British, erman, or Italian subjects, went under assumed mes to the embassies of their adopted nations present their passports. Thus, at the Hotel of lalata, at Genoa, there were a dozen travellers all nations in Europe except France, who, when sembled together, spoke nothing but French, ith as pure an accent as M. de Cases himself. his gave the Consul great uneasiness, and he rerred the matter to his government. A letter om the Cabinet of the Tuileries was immedisly addressed to the Sardinian government comaining that Charles Albert was nurturing a coniracy in his states, which could be directed only ainst France.

Charles Albert then wrote to the Duchess, inrming her of the political system adopted by reign states with regard to France. He informed r that the sovereigns of Europe, too much hassed themselves by the popular discontent manisted in their own dominions, would not wage ith France a war of principles, in which they ould be badly seconded by their own subjects, but was their intention to unite against that couny on the slighest aggression which could afford em a plausible pretence for doing so. This long plomatic letter concluded by a polite request, e motives for which were stated at length, but hich was not less a peremptory order, to quit the ardinian states, the residence of the Duchess having become too notorious; but leave was given to return whenever she pleased under a stricter incognito; which might enable the King of Sardinia to deny to Lous-Philippe her being in his dominions.

This letter exasperated the Duchess, whose independent and despotic character would lead her to undergo any kind of danger and fatigue, rather than support the slightest contradiction to her will. She could not comprehend how Charles Albert, whom she had seen, with epaulets of red wool, join as a volunteer the French army destined to conquer Spain, could so soon forget the kind reception he had met with at the court of Charles X.; and how, eight years after, having himself become a king, he could order her to quit his dominions. This letter was a source of humiliation, to which she constantly reverted in her conversation with those Frenchmen who went to Sestri to receive her orders.

"Royalty is disappearing," she said to one of them, "like architecture. My great-grandfather built palaces, my grandfather built houses, my father built huts, and my brother will no doubt build rats'-nests. But, God willing, my son, when it comes to his turn, shall build palaces again."

At length the Duchess made up her mind to leave Piedmont, pledging herself to the royalists whom she had received at Sestri, to enter France at their very first call, and the moment they thought a favourable opportunity offered. After staying a few days at Modena, she went through Tuscany, and proceeded to Rome. It was at this period that the Pope presented Deutz to her.

The courtiers that surrounded the Duchess now advised with all their eloquence, that she should throw herself at once upon France. The discontent in the south, was represented to her as an open rebellion—the fidelity of La Vendee as an armed and organized army—the republican movements as a royalist revolt. All letters pointing out the impolicy of so rash a step, were suppressed, and only those submitted which tended to encourage this feeling; "and I have letters now before me," says the General, "written with a blindness and imprudence scarcely credible, and by a peer of France, whose opinions were, under the circumstances, all but peremptory;" and he gives extracts from some in cipher, which, however, are translated, suppressing the names where the publication might compromise parties hitherto unknown. Impelled by them, the Duchess resolved to hazard all; and accordingly the following letter was transmitted to the faithful:—

"I will make known at Nantes, at Angers, at Rennes, and at Lyons, that I am in France. Prepare to take arms as soon as you receive this intelligence, which you will probably do from the 2d to the 3d of May next. If the messengers should not be able to pass, public report will acquaint you with my arrival, and you will take arms without delay.

"MARIE-CAROLINE."

"April 15th, 1832."

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On the 21st, the Duchess embarked on board the steamer *Carlo Alberto*. On the 29th she was off Marseilles; on that night the insurrection was to break out in the city.

The weather was, however, unfavorable to a landing upon the coast. There was a heavy swell, it blew fresh, and an attempt to near the land anywhere, except in the roadstead of Marseilles, would have exposed the vessel to great danger. The captain nevertheless offered the Duchess to run the risk, but she formally objected to it; requesting only, that a boat might be lowered, as she was resolved to attempt a landing The captain refused for a considerable time to comply, but the Duchess was peremptory in her orders, and the commander of the steamer had now no alternative but to obey: the vessel was freighted by Her Royal Highness, and was therefore under her control. Moreover, the reasons she gave were sacred: she had, she said, herself fixed the hour for the insurrection, and she would not fail to be present, lest it should risk the throne of her son, and the lives of those who were about to hazard all in her cause.

The captain, therefore, had the boat lowered: two persons entered it with the Duchess—namely, M. de Menars and General de Bourmont. The rowers took their seats, and the frail bark, separating from the steamer, disappeared between two mountains of water, then rose upon the top of a wave like a flake of foam.

It was by a miracle that so slight a vessel resisted the heavy sea during three hours. The Duchess on this occasion was, what she always is in real danger, calm and almost gay. She is one of those frail delicate beings whom a breath would be supposed to have power to bend, and yet who only enjoy existence with a tempest either over their head or in their bosom.

At length the adventurous passengers were landed on the coast without being perceived; for the evening had set in. Not daring to enter any house, they resolved to pass the night where they were. The Duchess, having wrapped herself in a cloak, lay down under the shelter of a rock, and fell asleep, while M. de Menars and General Bourmont kept watch over her until daylight.

The first glance which the twilight allowed them to cast upon the city, satisfied the Duchess that her instructions had been followed. The white flag had replaced the tricolour upon the church of St. Laurent, and the alarm-bell, whose deep tones escaped from the old church, now vibrated fearfully through the air. It required almost the exertion of manual strength to prevent the Duchess from entering Marseilles. Her companions, however, prevailed upon her to wait some short time longer. Soon a numerous crowd was perceived pressing forward upon the esplanade of La Tourette, and looking towards the sea at the steamer *Carlo Alberto*; for a report had been spread through the city that the Duchess of Berri and General Bourmont were on board of this vessel, and that the Regent and the Marshal were coming to assist the legitimate movement which had just been effected.

At eight o'clock the adventurous Duchess and her companions heard the drums beating to arms in every part of the city. This continued till eleven, without any report of fire-arms being mingled with it; then all was again silent. At nine, the tricolour flag had resumed its place upon St. Laurent's church; at twelve, the crowd assembled on the esplanade of La Tourette dispersed at the sight of the national guard and the troops of the line, whose arms the Duchess saw upon the terrace glittering in the sun's rays.

At two in the afternoon, a frigate left the harbour, bearing the tricolour flag, and standing out under a press of sail. She rapidly approached the steamer, which appeared at about four leagues from shore, floating like a buoy upon the waves. On seeing this, the *Carlo Alberto* began to move, and soon disappeared in the direction of Toulon.

All these were unfavourable symptoms.

To have remained any longer where they then were, would have been the height of imprudence; General Bourmont therefore proposed to Her Royal Highness to enter a hut which they saw at a little distance, whilst he went on a journey of discovery. This hut belonged to a charcoal-burner.

At four, General Bourmont returned with the following intelligence:

During the whole of the night of the 29th and the morning of the 30th, mobs of legitimatists had assembled and paraded through all parts of the city, carrying a white flag and crying, "Vive Henri V!" At three in the morning, some armed men had entered the church of St. Laurent after having obtained the keys by force, and had planted the white flag upon it in lieu of the tricolour. Other armed men had proceeded to the Patoche and to the watch-house, torn the tricolour flag from them, and dragged it through the mud. But the greater number had gone to the Palais de Justice, crying, "Vive la Ligue! Vive Henri V!"

A sub-lieutenant of the 13th, who was there, summoned the crowd to disperse, and, on a refusal to comply, made by its ringleader, Colonel de Lachaud, he seized the latter by the collar, and, after a violent struggle, dragged him into the guard-house. A general "*sauve qui peut*" was then heard, and during the rout three other individuals were seized; these turned out to be M. de Candolle, M. Laget de Podio, and M. Chevalier.

The patriotic feelings manifested by the majority of the population, and the little sympathy these legitimatist demonstrations had excited, was of bad augury for the success of the enterprise. Scarcely two hundred Carlists had taken a part in the movement, although there were six or eight thousand in the city; and it was probable that the other towns in the south would not rise unless Marseilles, their queen city, set them the example. This was disastrous intelligence, and the Duchess and her little council eagerly consulted as to what was best to be done. A decision of some kind was urgent, for their situation was very precarious, and the danger increased every moment. To add to their misfortune, the disappearance of the *Carlo Alberto* had cut off

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their retreat by sea, and they had therefore only a choice of two alternatives left—namely, to pass through the country separating the Rhone from the Alps, cross these mountains, and descend into Piedmont; or, turning westward, to cross France in nearly its whole breadth, and take shelter in La Vendee. This latter plan, though the most dangerous of execution, had at least a chance of success in its result, and it was therefore chosen by the Duchess. She declared, that as she had entered France, she would not leave it, and, with the rapidity always attendant upon her resolves, gave orders for immediate departure.

The Duchess had a friend residing in the neighbourhood of Montpellier, upon whose fidelity she could depend; but, as the party had neither carriage, nor horse, nor mule, there was no alternative but to walk thither, and they accordingly started, resolved to make the first stage as long as possible.

The little party now left the sea shore. The night was dark, and they could distinguish Marseilles at the other extremity of the bay only by its numerous lights, which looked like stars. Now and then a murmur arose from the agitated city, which, carried forward by a gentle and damp breeze, reached the ears of the travellers. Then the Duchess would turn round, cast a glance towards the city of her lost hopes, and again resume her wearisome journey with a sigh.

Presuming that, after the manifestations in the city, the high roads would be guarded, and that persons of their appearance, travelling on foot, could not escape observation, it was decided that they should proceed through the mountains under the conduct of the charcoal-burner. After five hours of most fatiguing labour, the guide confessed that in the darkness of the night he had lost his way; the Duchess was by this time so utterly exhausted that she could proceed no farther: "she therefore wrapped herself in her warm cloak, laid her head upon the portmanteau, and was soon as fast asleep as if she had been in the Tuileries, while her companions kept watch over her."

At dawn of day the Duchess awoke. The instant there was light enough, the guide discovered his mistake. He had wandered two leagues from the path he ought to have followed, and to regain which, they would have to cross, for the space of a league, a tract of open country, where they would run the danger of being recognized and taken. The Duchess perceiving a country seat at a little distance, asked to whom it belonged.

"To a furious republican," the guide answered; and what is more, he is Maire of the Commune."

"Very well," replied the Princess, "conduct me thither."

Her companions looked at her with astonishment.

"Gentlemen," she said, in a tone of voice she always assumes when her determination is irrevocable, turning towards them, and without giving them time to speak, "the moment is come when we must part. There is less danger for us separately, than if we remain together. Monsieur de Bourmont, you shall receive my orders at Nantes; proceed thither, and wait for me. Monsieur de Menars, do you reach Montpellier; there I will let you know where I am. Adieu, gentlemen; I wish you a safe journey, and may God be with you."

On saying this she gave them her hand to kiss, and took leave of them. They both withdrew, well knowing that remonstrance was of no avail.

On finding herself alone, the Duchess repeated her order to the guide to conduct her to the house of the Maire. In a quarter of an hour they were in the Maire's drawing-room; and notice of their arrival having being given to the master of the house, he made his appearance in about ten minutes, and the Duchess advanced to meet him.

"Sir," said she, "you are a republican, I know; but no political opinions can apply to a proscribed fugitive. I am the Duchess of Berri; and I am come to ask you for an asylum."

"My house is at your service, Madam."

"Your situation enables you to provide me with a passport, and I have depended on your getting one for me."

"I will procure you one."

"I must to-morrow proceed to the neighbourhood of Montpellier, will you afford me the means of doing so?"

"I will myself conduct you thither."

"Now, Sir," continued the Duchess, holding out her hand to him, "order a bed to be got ready for me, and you will see that the Duchess of Berri can sleep soundly under the roof of a republican."

Next evening, the Duchess was near Montpellier; she had travelled thither, in the Maire's *char-a-banc*, seated by his side. As soon as M. de Menars joined her, preparations were made for departure. Her Royal Highness and M. de Menars got into a calash; the Marquis de L—, wrapped up in a box-coat, took the coachman's seat; and the travellers, with regular passports took, *en poste*, the high road from Montpellier to Carcassone. They were to stay a day at Toulouse, from which town they intended to proceed, by way of Bordeaux, to a chateau situated in the neighbourhood of St. Jean d'Angely, belonging to a friend of the Marquis de L—, who answered for his fidelity, though he was not aware of the visit he was about to receive. It was from this chateau that the Duchess was to give notice of her arrival to the legitimatists at Paris, and issue her first proclamations in La Vendee.

The facility and quiet with which they had travelled from Montpellier to Toulouse, gave to the Duchess such a feeling of security, that,

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on her arrival at the latter city, she made the circumstance known to many friends, and received their visits:—

She, however, left Toulouse the same night; continued her journey next day in an open calash; passed through Bordeaux without stopping: crossed the Dordogne at Cublac, and, descending as far as Blay, passed close by the walls of that citadel, which she then little thought would become so soon the place of her captivity.

In the evening, the carriage stopped before the gate of a chateau. The Marquis de L— left the coach-box, and rang at the gate with the violence of one not inclined to wait. The loudness of the ring, and the hour at which it sounded through the house, brought out the master himself.

"It is I, de L—," said the Marquis, on perceiving him: "open the gate quickly, for I bring you the Royal Highness the Duchess of Berri."

The master of the house started with surprise and dismay.

"The Duchess of Berri!" he stammered out: "what, Madam——."

"Yes, she herself—open the gate quickly."

"But you are not aware that I have twenty persons in the house; and that they are all assembled in the drawing-room, and——"

"Sir," said the Duchess, opening the blinds of the carriage, "have you not, by any chance, a female cousin living fifty leagues from this place?"

"Yes, Madam."

"Well then, open the gate, and introduce me to these twenty persons as your cousin,"

There was no replying to this; and the master of the house, who had only made these objections in his anxiety for the safety of the Duchess, instantly opened the gate; the fair heroine leapt from the carriage, put her arm under his, and proceeded towards the house.

Meantime, the visitors, when perceiving the absence of their host, had most of them withdrawn to their bed-rooms; so that the Duchess entered with M. de Menars and the Marquis de L—, she found only the lady of the house and two or three persons with her. The introduction was therefore less awkward.

Next morning the Duchess came down to breakfast, underwent her second introduction, and played her part of cousin so naturally, that no one present had the least suspicion of her not being so. It happened fortunately, that not one of the guests had ever seen her before.

On the following Sunday, the Cure of the little commune of S—, to whose flock the inhabitants of the chateau belonged, came there, as usual, to breakfast; and to him the Duchess was introduced, as she had been to the other guests, as the cousin of the master of the house. The Cure advanced to offer his respects to her, but stopped suddenly with such an air of stupefaction, that the Duchess burst out laughing.

The good priest had been presented to the Duchess of Berri, when she came to Rochefort in 1828.

"What is there in my cousin's countenance that makes so strong an impression upon you," said the master of the house.

"Why," said the Cure stammering, "this is Madame——! your—cousin!—Oh! but it is really surprising!"

"But what is there surprising!" said the Duchess, amused at the priest's embarrassment.

There is that—Your Royal Highness is—I mean that M——'s cousin resembles your Royal Highness—the fact is, I took you for—and even now—I could almost swear that—"

The Duchess laughed like a mad woman. At this moment the bell announced breakfast.

The Duchess was seated at the breakfast table opposite the Cure, who, pre-occupied by his idea, kept looking at the cause of his embarrassment, and forgot to eat;—or, if his absence was mentioned to him, he would carry his fork to his mouth instinctively, and immediately replacing it upon his plate, exclaim,

"It is incredible! never did such a likeness exist before."

The Duchess remained a week at this chateau, and from thence despatched letters to her friends in Paris and La Vendée, and issued a proclamation to the people, as Regent of France. But, says the General,

The Duchess was acting under a complete illusion, with regard not only to the preparations, but also to public feeling, in the western departments. She compared these provinces to those in the south, which a simple proclamation may rouse into insurrection, and a single check discourage. The people of La Vendee are grave, cold, and silent; they slowly and laboriously discuss every project, alternately weighing the chances of success and of failure. And when the former seem to preponderate in the balance, the Vendean holds out his hand, says YES, and dies, if necessary, in the fulfilment of his promise. But, as he knows that Yes and No are to him words of life and death, he is slow in giving them utterance.

Indeed, many of the Vendean chiefs, on receiving an order to take up arms, protested against the proceeding as hopeless and ruinous—concluding by assuring the Duchess that individually they would shed their blood at her command, but warning her against the awful responsibility of calling on the peasantry to embark in so desperate an attempt: even M. de Coislin, whose promises, says the General, had mainly influenced the Duchess, delivered in a long memorial (which is given in the narrative) against her proceedings.

The Duchess, however, had set her fortune on the die, and resolved to abide the chance. The following was her reply to M. de Coislin:

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"I have reason to be grieved at the statements contained in the note you have sent me. You will call to mind, Sir, the contents of your own despatches. It was those despatches, as well as a duty I considered sacred, which induced me to trust myself to the well-known loyalty of these provinces. If I gave orders to assume arms on the 24th, it was because I felt sure of your participation, and in consequence of positive notes from the South, and from divers points of France, should deem my cause for ever lost, were I obliged to fly from this country, and I shall naturally be forced to do so unless arms be assumed forthwith. I shall then have no resource left but to lament, far from France, my having relied too much upon the promises of those in whose favour I have braved every danger in order to fulfil mine. I must confess, that, deprived as I am of the counsels of Monsieur le Marechal, I feel great difficulty in coming to such a resolution without him. But I have the assurance that he will be at his post, if he is not there already.

"I could have wished that the loss of his advice had been supplied by you; but time was pressing, and I therefore felt bound to make an appeal to your devotion and your zeal. The order sent throughout France to take arms *on the twenty-fourth of this month, remains then in full force for the West.*

"It now remains for me, Sir, to call your attention to the army. It will ensure our success; and it is our duty to use towards it all possible means of persuasion. You will therefore take care to disseminate my proclamations and ordinances two days beforehand; and you will not commit any act of hostility against it, until you have exhausted all means of conciliation. Such is my positive will.

"P. S.—I beg you will immediately forward this letter to the persons who signed that which you sent to me. I need not tell you, Monsieur le Marquis, how greatly I rely upon your devotion, of which you have already afforded me so many proofs, and which becomes so necessary at this decisive moment.

"MARIE-CAROLINE,
"Regent of France."

"Vendee, May 18th, 1832."

Great hopes were entertained that the army would declare for her. The accounts of the private attempts made to win it over, show how strangely she had been misinformed.

Meanwhile the Duchess, as I have already stated, had quitted, on the 15th May, at eleven o'clock, the chateau in which she had found hospitality, and had entered La Vendée. She was to join M. de Charette, on the next day, in the neighbourhood of Montaigu; and, for this purpose, she was obliged to travel the remainder of the day, and the whole of the following night. She was to stop half way, at the house of a Cure who had received notice from M. de Charette, and who, zealously devoted to Madame's party, had undertaken to save her conducted to the place of meeting. The Duchess reached his house at about eight o'clock in the evening; she was alone, fearing that a number of attendants might excite suspicion. She had still seven leagues to travel.

As soon as the Duchess had supped, she requested the Cure to give the necessary orders for her departure, whilst she made her preparations. All was soon ready, and when, at the expiration of a quarter of an hour, the Cure returned to the room occupied by Her Royal Highness to tell her that her horse was saddled, he found her dressed as a peasant boy, having the appearance of a youth of eighteen. Her light auburn tresses were completely hid under a brown wig.

He then called his godson, a stripling of sixteen, and pointing to Her Royal Highness, said only these few words:

"Here is a young man, who will get up behind you; he must be taken to——"

The lad, casting a rapid glance at the person committed to his guidance, replied, "Very well, Monsieur le Cure, he shall be taken thither."

The Duchess having bid adieu to the priest, mounted behind her conductor, and the horse started off at a trot.

They travelled on, without either party saying a word, and without the guide once turning his head towards his companions. In three hours they reached the place appointed.

The Duchess made herself known, and entered the house where she was expected. Immediately, the lad who had brought her, set out on his return, without saying a word to her, or asking for any reward.

The young lad had seen the Duchess in 1828, and recognized her even under her disguise.—The character of the Vendean peasant is fully displayed in this action, so simple at a first glance, and yet so characteristic. He is ever the same—cold, silent, and devoted.

Charette arrived at the hour appointed. The Duchess and he got on horseback to proceed to the neighbourhood of Grand-Lieu; and, after about an hour's travelling, an accident happened which had well nigh terminated the campaign ere it was begun.

In crossing the Maine a little below Remouilli, on a bridge, or rather a dike of wet stones, the Duchess's foot slipped, and she was precipitated into the little river. Charette immediately jumped in and bore her to the opposite bank. But Madame, who, as the reader knows, was dressed as a boy, had no change of clothes, and was greatly embarrassed. But, perceiving a house close by, she entered it, undressed, and taking a blanket from a bed, wrapped it round her whilst her clothes were dried; then, returning to the door of the house, she partook of a bowl of sour milk and a piece of black bread, which her companion had asked for.

At Aigrefeuille, the Duchess, having obtained the garments of her sex and a carriage,

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pursued the high road as far as Couffon, where she entered a house. A woman, soon after, left it, dressed in her clothes, and got into the carriage, which continued to follow the road to Nantes. The Duchess, in the meantime, dressed in the clothes which the woman had exchanged for her's, took a cross road, and penetrated into the most intricate part of the country. She thus hoped, should she have been followed, to put her pursuers upon a wrong scent.

The same day (17th) Madame stopped at a wretched cottage, but far from any other dwelling, and perfectly concealed from casual observation. Thence she made M. de Bourmont acquainted with her arrival in La Vendee. The General had, on the same day, reached Nantes, after travelling through France, by way of Lyons and Moulins. There also Madame received M. de Coislin's note, and the visit of M. Guibourg.

While the Duchess was thus actively engaged in La Vendee, meetings were held of her most influential friends at Paris, who, however, despaired from any good resulting from the attempt. It was the more necessary, therefore, immediately to communicate to her their opinions by some person whose authority could not be doubted. The Duke of Fitzjames—the Viscount Chateaubriand—Hyde de Neuville, were all, of course, narrowly watched by the government: at length it was determined that M. de Berryer, the advocate, under pretence of a lawsuit in which he was engaged at the assizes at Vannes, should proceed to her with a brief note, containing a summary of the opinions of the meeting: leaving all further particulars to be communicated by him orally. The involved intricacy of the clue by which he had to thread his way to the Duchess is exceedingly curious, and the whole narrative of his journey romantic and interesting:—

M. Berryer left Paris on the morning of the 20th, and reached Nantes on the 22nd. On his arrival, he was informed that M. de Bourmont had been there for two days past. He immediately paid the General a visit. M. de Bourmont had received, on the 15th, the order for taking arms on the 24th; but, after what he had heard during his short residence at Nantes, he thought with M. Berryer, that no hope could be founded upon this insurrection, which he considered a lamentable piece of rashness and folly.

The Marshal was indeed so strongly of this opinion, that he had taken on himself to postpone the general rising until further orders.

M. de Bourmont applauded the motive which had led M. Berryer to seek the Duchess, and all was ready for his departure on the same day.

Accordingly, at two o'clock in the afternoon, M. Berryer got into a small hack cabriolet, and as he entered it, asked the Duchess's confidential agent at Nantes what road he was to take, and where Madame resided. The agent replied by pointing to a peasant at the corner of the street, mounted on a dapple-grey horse, saying:

"Look at that man; you have only to follow him."

And, in fact, scarcely did the peasant perceive M. Berryer's vehicle in motion, than he trotted forward, so that M. Berryer could follow without losing sight of him. In this manner they crossed the bridges, and entered the open country. The peasant never once turned his head towards M. Berryer, but jogged on with such apparent carelessness and inattention to the vehicle he was guiding, that M. Berryer more than once thought himself the dupe of some mystification. With regard to the cabdriver, as he was not in the secret, he could give no information about the road they were following; and when, on his asking whither he was to drive, his fare merely replied, "Follow that man," he strictly obeyed the injunction, and took no more notice of the guide than the latter took of him.

After a journey of two hours and a half, during which M. Berryer had felt considerable uneasiness, they arrived at a small town, and the peasant on horseback stopped in front of the inn, and alighted. The cab immediately drew up at the same place, and M. Berryer got out. The peasant then continued his journey on foot, and M. Berryer having told the cab-driver to wait for him there till six o'clock the next evening, instantly followed his strange guide.

Having advanced about a hundred paces, the guide entered a house, and as, during the short walk, M. Berryer had gained upon him, he followed close at his heels. The man opened the door of the kitchen, where the mistress of the house was alone, and pointing to M. Berryer, said,

"Here 's a gentleman who must be conducted."

"He shall be conducted," replied the mistress of the house.

Scarcely had she uttered these words, ere the peasant opened the door and disappeared, without giving M. Berryer time to thank or remunerate him. The mistress of the house then made the stranger a sign to be seated, and continued, without saying a single syllable, to attend to her household affairs as if she were alone.

A silence of three quarters of an hour succeeded, and was only interrupted by the arrival of the master, who bowed to the stranger, but evinced neither surprise nor curiosity; only he looked towards his wife, who, without stirring from her place, and without interruption to what she was doing, repeated the words previously uttered by the guide—

"Here's a gentleman who must be conducted."

The master of the house then cast upon his

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ast one of those rapid, uneasy, and searching aces peculiar to the Vendean peasantry; after ich, his countenance resumed its habitual pression, that of kindness and naivete. Adsing towards M. Berryer with his hat in' his nd—

"Does Monsieur wish to travel in our coun-?" he asked.

'Yes, I wish to go farther on."

'Monsieur has papers, no doubt?"

'Yes."

'In regular order?"

"Perfectly."

'If Monsieur would show them to me, I would orm him whether he could with safety travel ough our country."

'Here they are."

The peasant took them and glanced his eyes r them; and the moment he saw the name of ryer, folded them up and returned them, ing:

'Oh! it's all right. Monsieur may go anyere with those papers."

'And will you undertake to conduct me?"

'Yes, Sir."

'I wish to be as soon as possible."

'I will have the horses saddled."

The master of the house then went out, and rning in ten minutes after, said:

'The horses are ready."

'And the guide?"

'Is waiting, Sir."

At the door M. Berryer found a lad belonging the farm, already on horseback, holding a ond horse by the bridle; and scarcely was the t of the Paris advocate in the stirrup, ere the w guide, as silent as his predecessor, began to on.

In about two hours, during which M. Berryer not exchange a single word with his guide, y arrived, about nightfall, at the door of one those farms honoured by the appellation of teaux. It was now half-past eight. M. Ber- and his conductor both alighted and entered house.

The latter, addressing a servant, said:

'Here 's a gentleman who must speak to your ster."

This latter was already in bed. He had passed preceding night at a rendezvous, and the ole day on horseback; being therefore too d to get up, one of his relations came down his stead.

The moment M. Berryer stated who he was, that he wished to see the Duchess of Berri, ers were instantly given to prepare for their arture, he himself undertaking to conduct the eller.

n ten minutes, both were on horseback. After uarter of an hour's riding, a loud cry was red about a hundred yards before them. M. ryer started, and inquired what it meant.

It is our scout," calmly replied the Vendean f, "who is asking, after his fashion, whether road is free. Listen, and you will hear the y."

t these words he extended his hand, seized Berryer's arm, and thus forced him to pull up. An instant after, a second cry was heard, much farther off than the former, of which it seemed an echo, so perfectly similar was the sound.

"We may now advance," resumed the chief, making his horse walk forward; "the road is free."

"Are we then preceded by a scout?" asked M. Berryer.

"Yes. We have a man two hundred yards in advance of us, and one two hundred yards in our rear."

"But who replied to the former?"

"The peasants whose cottages border upon the road. Take notice, when we pass before one of them, and you will see a small wicket opened and a man's head appear. If we were soldiers belonging to some neighbouring cantonment, the man who would have seen us pass, would immediately go out by a back door, and if there were a meeting in the neighbourhood, which we were going to surprise, it would receive notice of our approach a quarter of an hour before our arrival."

At this moment the Vendean chief ceased speaking. "Listen," said he, stopping his horse.

"What is the matter?" inquired M. Berryer, "I heard only the cry of our scout."

"Yes, but no cry replies to it; there are soldiers in the neighbourhood."

So saying, he set off at a trot, and M. Berryer followed him; almost at the same moment they were overtaken by the man in the rear, who advanced at full speed.

Here the road branched off into two directions, and they found their scout motionless and undecided, between the two paths. His cry had been answered on neither side, and he knew not which to take; for both led to the place where the travellers were bound.

The chief and the guide having conversed together an instant in an under-tone, the guide took the dark avenue on the right, and was soon lost in the gloom. Five minutes after, the chief and M. Berryer entered the same road, leaving motionless, at the place they quitted, their companion, who, five minutes after, followed them in his turn.

About three hundred paces further on, they found their guide at a dead stand; having made them a sign to keep silence, he whispered the words, "a patrole."

And, in fact, they heard, immediately after, the regular tramp of footsteps made by soldiers marching. This happened to be one of my moveable columns going its night-round.

The noise soon came nearer, and they perceived the bayonets of the men standing out in relief upon the dark sky. The detachment, to avoid the water running in the hollow roads, had taken neither of the two paths—which was what caused the momentary hesitation in the guide—but had climbed the slope, and was marching on the other side of the hedge upon the ground which commanded the hollow path forming its boundaries. The situation of the travellers was at this moment very critical; for if one of the four horses had neighed, all would have been

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made prisoners. But, as if the poor beasts had understood the danger of their masters, they remained still and silent, and the soldiers passed without suspecting near whom they were. When the sound of their footsteps had died away, the travellers resumed their journey.

At half past ten they turned off from the road, and entered a small wood, where they alighted, and, leaving their horses under the care of the two peasants, M. Berryer and the Vendean chief continued their route on foot.

They were now not very far distant from the farm inhabited by the Duchess of Berri; but, as they wished to enter by a back door, it was necessary to take a circuit, and cross marshes, in which they sank up to their knees in mire. At length they perceived a little dark mass, which was the farm-house surrounded by trees. They soon reached the door, at which the chief knocked in a particular manner.

Footsteps were immediately heard inside, and a voice exclaimed, "Who's there?"

The chief replied by a known pass-word, and the door was opened.

An old woman performed the duties of porter; but, for greater security, she was attended by a stout and robust peasant armed with a stick, a weapon of terrific power in such hands.

"We want to see Monsieur Charles," said the chief.

"He is asleep," the old woman replied; "but he gave orders to be immediately informed if any one arrived. Come into the kitchen, and I will go and awake him."

"Tell him that it is M. Berryer from Paris," said this gentleman.

The old woman left them in the kitchen.

In about ten minutes she returned, and informed M. Berryer that Monsieur Charles was ready to receive him. He accordingly followed her up a rickety staircase outside the house. It led to a small room on the first floor, the only one indeed in the house at all fit to be inhabited.

This was the apartment of the Duchess of Berri, into which the old woman ushered M. Berryer, then, shutting the door, remained outside.

All M. Berryer's attention was now directed to Madame, who was in bed, upon a wooden bedstead clumsily made with a hedging-bill. She had sheets of the finest lawn, and was covered with a Scotch shawl of green and red plaid. She had on her head one of those woollen coifs worn by the women of the country, the pinners of which fall over the shoulders. The walls of the room were bare, the apartment was heated by an awkward chimney of plaster of Paris, and the only furniture, besides the bed, was a table covered with papers, upon which were two brace of pistols, and in a corner a chair, upon which lay a complete dress of a peasant boy, and a black-wig.

I have already stated that the object of M. Berryer's interview with the Duchess was to persuade her to quit France; but as I cannot give the particulars of this conversation without compromising many persons, I shall pass it over in silence. The reader, with the details already given, may easily supply this deficiency by conjecture. At three o'clock in the morning, but not until that hour, Madame yielded to the arguments urged by M. Berryer in his own name, and in that of his party. Nevertheless, though the Duchess might of herself have seen that very little advantage could be expected from an armed insurrection, it was not without tears and cries of despair that she gave way.

"Well, it is settled," she said: "I must then quit France; but I will not return, you may depend upon it, for I will not come back with foreign armies. They are only waiting for a time, as you well know; and then, when the day comes, they will demand my son—not that they trouble themselves much more about him now than they did about Louis XVIII. in 1813. But he will prove a means of their having a party at Paris. Well! but they shall not have my son; they shall not have him upon any consideration: I would rather he should labour in the mountains of Calabria. Look you, M. Berryer; if he is to purchase the throne of France by the cession of a province, of a city, of a fortress, of a house—nay, of a cottage such as I now inhabit, I give you the word of a regent and a mother that he shall never be king."

At four o'clock the Duchess seemed completely resigned. M. Berryer took leave of her, having her promise that she would meet him at noon at the second house at which he had stopped on the preceding evening, and which was four long leagues from the inn where he had left his cabdriver. On their arrival at this latter place, Madame was to enter his cabriolet, return with him to Nantes, take the post then with a fictitious passport, and, crossing the whole of France, leave it by Mount Cenis.

M. Berryer stopped at the place appointed, and waited from twelve till six in the afternoon, when he received a despatch from the Duchess, informing him that she had changed her mind.

She stated that she had linked too many interests with her own, to fly from the consequences of her entrance into France, and allow them to weigh upon others; that she was therefore resolved to share to the very last extremity the fate of those whom she had brought into peril; only the assumption of arms fixed for the 24th of May, was adjourned to the 3d—4th of June. In consternation, M. Berryer returned to Nantes.

On the 25th, M. de Bourmont received a letter from the Duchess, confirming the one she had written to M. Berryer. It is here subjoined:

"Having come to the firm determination of not quitting the western provinces, and to trust myself to their long-tried fidelity, I depend upon you, my good friend, for the adoption of every necessary measure for the assumption of arms on the night of the 3d—4th of June. I call to my standard all men of valour; God will aid us in saving our country; no danger, no fatigue shall discourage me; I will appear at the very first meetings.

"MARIE-CAROLINE,
"Regent of France."

"Vendee, May 25th, 1832."

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Her presence in La Vendee had now ceased to be a secret, and the most active military measures were taken by General Dermoncourt. He resolved no longer to act on the defensive, but, if possible, to arrest the chiefs. Several reports having reached him, that La Chaliere was the centre of operations, he procured a warrant, and proceeded there forthwith. The difference of feeling among the people of the towns and villages, as explained in our last, is here evident enough. M. Dudore, having been apprehended and carried into Nantes, was with the greatest difficulty protected from the mob, who threatened to throw him, carriage and all, into the river; whereas, on General Dermoncourt passing through La Chapelle-sur-Erdre, though enough men were assembled "to form a noble battalion," not one would serve as guide, and he was obliged to summon and compel the Maire himself to accompany him.

Three quarters of an hour, (says the General,) we reached La Chaliere; but being behind time when I arrived, I found the chateau invested by my detachments.

I was then informed that my soldiers had been near apprehending two individuals, one of whom was just getting on horseback, and had escaped only by leaving his horse and portmanteau behind him. The other had returned to the chateau, pursued by one of my voltigeurs; but, the door being immediately closed after him, my men, the slaves of discipline, had waited for my arrival before they proceeded farther: and, in fact, I was the bearer of the only warrant which gave legality to the domiciliary visit I was about to make.

We now entered the chateau without loss of time, and our search immediately commenced.

For a whole hour it was fruitless; but at length a man, with nothing on but his shirt, was brought before me. He had been found in a secret recess, with a pistol in each hand. He informed me that he was master of the house, and that his name was M. de Laubepin.

As we were discussing with him about the rank he held in the liberal army, a grenadier came into the room with three bottles in his hands.

"General," said he, with a somewhat embarrassed air, probably caused by a consciousness of the motive which had led him to the cellar, "here are some bottles which have a very seditious appearence."

"How so?"

"General, allow me to establish a fact: bottles are intended to hold wine and sometimes other liquors, are they not?"

"Yes."

"Well, then," said the man, holding the bottles near my eyes, "there is no wine in them, nor spirits either, but papers."

I immediately perceived, by the looks of the master of the house, that the discovery by no means pleased him; and this excited my curiosity still more. Having broken the bottles, I found the letters, memoranda, and notes, written in cipher, which the reader has already seen in the preceding chapter, and which explained so minutely the military operations already effected by the party, and those which remained to be performed. Among these papers was a commission conferring upon M. de Laubepin the title of Intendant-General of the armies of the West. This came very seasonably, to put an end to our discussion as to the rank he held; and M. de Laubepin, probably considering the whole discovered, said not a word more.

Madame de Laubepin was at this time confined to her bed, her accouchment having just taken place; but an opinion being current among the soldiers, that the lady was in truth the Duchess of Berri, the General thought it necessary for his own after security, to keep a garrison in the house until the contrary should have been legally certified, and accordingly a whole cargo of the authorities from Nantes were forthwith despatched by steam-boat to La Chaliere for this purpose. When they were introduced to the sick lady, she could not but smile through her tears, at the commotion this mistake had caused among so many grave gentlemen.

The important result of this expedition determined the General to undertake others of a like nature—but at the day-break on the 4th of June, the peasants came in from all quarters, announcing that the tocsin was sounding The news of the insurrection spread everywhere.

I immediately (says the General) set out with two companies of picked men, and fifty moveable gendarmes. Two leagues before we came to Aigrefeuille, our scouts thought they perceived a movement to the left of the road; but, as the country was covered with wood, it was impossible to quit the high road, and I ordered the march to be continued. About a quarter of an hour after, we perceived smoke rising above the Maine, and the report of musketry reached us. The wind blowing from us, it was difficult to judge from this of the importance of the action. I threw out my scouts on the side of the firing, and ordered that they should be supported. In the meantime, I reached the post to which I was going. All the inhabitants were in great alarm. They informed me that ever since ten o'clock in the morning there had been fighting going on at Maisdon and at Chateau-Thebaut, and it appeared that a body of Chouans coming from Montbert, were then marching upon Aigrefeuille. I immediately set out for this place, leaving platoons at all the branches of the road to watch the motions of the enemy, and I arrived there just as the national guard were preparing to receive the Chouans. Having encouraged them in these good intentions, I hastened to the scene of action, to which I was guided by the report of musketry, although it was beginning to subside. I asked particulars of an

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officer whom I met; he informed me that the enemy, having been driven from Maisdon, were they had taken up a strong position, had begun to retreat before our soldiers.

Meanwhile, I received intelligence that a considerable body of the retreating enemy had crossed the Maine, and were falling back upon Montbert, where the Chouans were assembled in strong force. They were commanded by La Roberie, under the orders of Charette and the Duchess of Berri.

The General now received orders to attack Montbert. "This," he observes, "was a thing very easily talked about at Nantes but extremely difficult to effect at Aigrefeuille." He learned soon after, that the Duchess and Charette had been at Montbert—and on the evening of the 6th, that some fighting had taken place at Vieillevigne, at which the Duchess was present. She had dressed the wounds of the men with her own hands, and had escaped only by changing her horse for that of Charette. Another encounter took place on the same day, the particulars of which will give the reader some notion of the heroic daring of the Chouans:

A meeting had been appointed for the 6th, at the chateau of La Penissiere de la Cœur, situated a league and a half from Clisson. The object of this meeting was to march against Cugnau and Buffiere, and disarm the national guard. At nine o'clock in the morning they were forty five Chouans assembled at the place indicated. These were all young men of family; they were commanded by two brother ex-officers in the royal guard, and had with them two peasants, who, having learned at Nantes to play upon the light infantry bugle, formed their band of military music.

The adjutant-major of the 29th having been informed, in the absence of the chef-de-bataillon Georges, that this meeting was to take place, took with him forty-five voltigeurs and two gendarmes, and proceeded to the chateau appointed for the Chouans to assemble. On reaching this place, he found that his detachment was not sufficiently numerous to invest the habitation, which was defended by a wall forming the enclosure of a park. A gendarme was therefore despatched for reinforcements, and ninety men were sent, who were soon, after followed by forty more under the command of Lieutenant Saneo. The adjutant-major now ordered the attack to be made. After a short defence, the external wall was abandoned, and the Chouans retreated into the house, where they barricaded all the doors.

They then stationed their forces on the ground and the first floors, placing a man with a bugle on each floor, who did not cease playing during the whole action; and from the windows they began a fire which was well kept up and very ably directed. Twice the soldiers advanced within twenty paces of the house, and were as often repulsed.

The adjutant-major ordered a third attack to be made, and whilst preparations were making for it, four men, aided by a mass, advanced towards the chateau, selected a part of the gable-end which had no opening into the garden, and the approach to which could not therefore be defended. Having reached the wall in safety, they placed a ladder against it, and ascending to the roof of the house, in which they made an opening, threw lighted combustibles into the garrets and withdrew. In an instant, a column of smoke burst from the roof.

The soldiers uttered loud cries, and again marched towards the little citadel, which seemed to have planted a standard of flame upon its summit. The besieged had perceived the fire, but had not time to extinguish it, and as flame has always a tendency to ascend, they hoped that when the roof was destroyed it would become extinguished for want of something to feed on. They therefore replied to the cries of our soldiers by a volley of musketry, as well sustained as the former, and during the whole time the bugles continued playing warlike airs.

At this juncture, the chef-de-bataillon Georges arrived with a few men. He immediately ordered the charge to be beat, and the men, in emulation of each other, rushed towards the chateau.

This time they reached the doors of the building, and the sappers and miners prepared to break them open. The officers commanding the Chouans, ordered those stationed on the ground-floor to ascend to the story above it. They immediately obeyed; and whilst the sappers were breaking open the doors, half the besieged continued to fire at their assailants, whilst the other half occupied themselves in taking up the paving tiles and making holes through the floor, so that the moment the soldiers entered, they were received by a volley fired between the beams and joists.

This force then withdrew, and the Chouans hailed their retreat with their screeching bugles and loud cries of: "Long live Henry V."

The chef-de-bataillon now directed that the ground-floor should be set on fire in the same manner as the garrets had been. Accordingly the men advanced with lighted torches and dry wood, all of which they threw into the house, through the windows, and in ten minutes the Chouans had fire above and below them. It seemed therefore impossible for them to escape death, and the firing which they kept up, and which had not intermitted for a single moment, appeared to be the last act of vengeance of men driven to desperation.

And in truth their situation was dreadful. The fire soon reached the beams, and the rooms filled with smoke which escaped through the windows. The garrison had therefore nothing left but the choice of their mode of death: to be burned to death, suffocated by the smoke, or massacred by our soldiers.

The commanders of the rebels adopted a de-

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perate course; they resolved to make a sortie. But as it was necessary that, to give it the least chance of success, it should be protected by a fire of musketry which would occupy our soldiers, they asked who would volunteer to sacrifice themselves for the safety of their comrades. Eight offered their services.

The little band was therefore divided into two platoons. Thirty-five men and a bugle-player were to make an attempt to reach the other extremity of the park, closed only by a hedge: and the eight others with the other bugle-player were to protect the attempt. The two brothers embraced each other, for they were to separate; one commanded the garrison that remained, the other led the sortie.

In consequence of these arrangements, and whilst those who remained continued, by running from window to window, to keep up a tolerably brisk fire, the others made a hole in the wall of the house opposite to the side attacked; and on a passage sufficiently large being made, they came forth in good order, bugle at the head, and marched in double quick time towards the extremity of the park where the hedge was.

Their retreat brought upon them a discharge of musketry, which killed two. A third, mortally wounded, expired near the hedge. The bugle-player at the head received three balls, but still continued to play. It is a pity that I dare not publish the names of such men.

Meantime the situation of the eight who remained in the house had become more and more dangerous. The burning rafters cracked and seemed no longer able to bear the weight of the besieged, who therefore retired into a species of recess formed by the wall, resolved to defend themselves there to the last extremity; and scarcely had they reached it ere the floor fell in with a dreadful crash. The soldiers uttered shouts of joy at this event; for the musketry ceased to annoy them at the same instant, and they thought the garrison had been crushed in the ruins. This error saved the lives of the latter.

When the Chouans in their recess perceived that the besiegers were convinced they had fallen into the immense furnace which flamed fearfully, they remained silent and motionless. Our soldiers, on the other hand, with a horror quite natural in such a case, speedily quitted a burning building whose flames devoured at the same time both friends and enemies, whether alive or dead. Meantime, night soon came, and amid its darkness the eight men, supposed to have been either crushed to death or burned alive, glided like wandering spectres along the heated walls, and reached in safety the hedge through which their companions had escaped; so that there remained nothing upon the field of battle except the red and smoking house, and around it a few corpses rendered visible by the last flashes of the expiring flame.

The General now renewed his exertions, and, in proof of the fatiguing labour undergone in this desultory warfare, he mentions, that, on one occasion, he had not slept for seventy-two hours.

I immediately after pushed on (he observes) to St. Etienne de Mon-Marte, where I found no other traces of the Chouans than two freshly covered graves in the churchyard. Two Vendeans, killed on the 5th at Haratue, were buried there.

Returning from this place, I went to Paulx, where I halted to refresh my column, and proceeded to the only inn kept in the place. Scarcely was I seated there, when an orderly came to inform me that a man without his coat, but in a white and fine shirt, was in the stable employed in cleaning three horses. I immediately ordered that he should be brought before me.

On asking him his name and profession, he replied by showing me his passport, and his commission as postmaster for supplying post-horses at a place near Toulouse. He came to La Vendée, he said, for the purpose of purchasing horses at the fair of St. Gervais. In truth, this fair was to begin next day, and we were only four leagues from the village in which it was held. Nevertheless, as the account he gave of himself did not appear to me quite satisfactory, I ordered him to be searched by my gendarmes. He wore, like all the Carlists, a scapulary suspended round his neck; and to this scapulary was attached a gold heart surmounted by a small cross, on which was engraven, "*God* and *the King*." He wore, moreover, a belt containing five thousand francs in gold, for which I gave him a receipt; and having drawn up a proces-verbal, I delivered him in charge to the gendarmes, who almost immediately after brought me a brace of horse-pistols and a great stiletto, which they had found in the holsters of his saddle. There could be no further doubt that this prisoner belonged to the Carlist army. I afterwards learned that one of the horses upon which he was discovered performing the office of groom, had been ridden by the Duchess of Berri.

I now resumed my march, directing my detachment upon the village of La Marne, where I had ordered the commandant, Philipeau, to meet me. I found him just returning from Sainte-dumine-de consait, where, however, he had not found any traces of the Chouans, although on the previous day it had been invested by more than eight hundred rebels. The only capture he had made was a young man wounded in the leg, and who stated that he had received his wound at the combat of Vieillevigne. It was from him we learned that the Duchess of Berri had been present at this action, and had dressed the men's wounds. I returned to Machecoul the same evening, after having made my detach-

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ment, in the course of the day, cover more than twelve leagues of ground.

The next day, (9th) we started at two o'clock in the morning, and having divided my troops into two columns, we reached Bouaine by two opposite roads. I have since been informed by the Duchess of Berri herself, that I missed her by a quarter of an hour only. As, however, we found everything perfectly quiet, we returned to Machecoul, where we arrived after as hard a day's work as that of the preceding.

The active exertions of the military continued, and not an hour's rest was allowed to the Duchess: one day, her horses' harness was taken; another, her baggage was captured, and she escaped with only the clothes on her back. Life at last became intolerable—"she had not now even an entire night's rest," says the General, "and when daylight came, danger and fatigue woke with her." A novel plan was therefore determined on. It was resolved that she should proceed secretly to Nantes: the military, thus losing all trace of her, would, it was hoped, become alarmed; fresh troops would be withdrawn from the city to scour the country, when the Chouans, disguised as peasants, were to enter the town on the market day, seize on the castle, and declare the regency of the Duchess, who would immediately put herself at their head. The scheme was daring; and, says the General, "the chiefs calculated greatly on the presence of mind and courage of the Duchess; and in this they were right; for it was La Vendée which failed the Duchess, not the Duchess who failed La Vendée." The plan being determined on, she resolved to enter Nantes on foot, in the dress of a peasant girl, accompanied only by Mademoiselle de Kersabiec and M. de Menars.

In consequence of this decision, on the very next market day, which I believe was on the 16th of June, the Duchess, at six o'clock in the morning, set out from a cottage at which she had slept, situated in the neighbourhood of Chateau-Thebaud. Mademoiselle de Kersabiec was dressed like the Duchess, and M. de Menars as a farmer. They had five leagues to travel on foot.

After journeying half an hour, the thick nailed shoes and worsted stockings, to which the Duchess was not accustomed, hurt her feet; still she attempted to walk, but, judging that, if she continued to wear these shoes and stockings, she should be unable to proceed, she seated herself upon the bank of a ditch, took them off, thrust them into her large pockets, and continued the journey barefooted.

A moment after, she perceived, as she remarked the peasant girls who passed, that the fineness of her skin, and the aristocratic whiteness of her legs, were likely to betray her; she therefore went to the road-side, took some dark-coloured earth, and rubbed her legs with it. She had still four leagues to travel before they reached the place of her destination.

This sight, it must be confessed, was an admirable theme to draw philosophical reflections from those who accompanied her. They beheld a woman who, two years before, had her place of Queen-Mother at the Tuileries—who rode out in a carriage drawn by six horses, with escorts of body-guards resplendent with gold and silver—who went to the representation of the theatrical pieces acted expressly for her, preceded by runners shaking their torches—who filled the theatre with her sole presence, and on her return to her palace, reached her splendid bed-chamber, walking upon double cushions of Persia and Turkey, lest the floor should gall her delicate little feet; this woman, the only one of her family, perhaps, who had done nothing to deserve her misfortunes, they now saw, still covered with the powder of the action of Vieillevigne, beset with danger, proscribed, a price set upon her head, and whose only escort and court consisted of an old man and a young girl, going to seek an asylum, from which she might perhaps be shut out, clad in the garments of a peasant, walking barefooted on the angular sand and sharp pebbles of the road. And it was not she who suffered; it was her companions: for they had tears in their eyes, and she, laughter, jests, and consolation in her mouth.

At length, Nantes appeared in sight, and Madame put on her shoes and stockings to enter the town. On reaching the Pont Pyrmil, she found herself in the midst of a detachment commanded by an officer formerly in the guard, and whom she recognized as having often seen on duty at her palace.

Opposite to the Bouffai, somebody tapped the Duchess on the shoulder; she started and turned round: the person guilty of this familiarity turned out to be an old apple-woman, who had placed her basket of fruit on the ground, and was unable by herself to replace it upon her head.

"My good girls," she said, addressing the Duchess and Mademoiselle de Kersabiec, "help me, pray, to take up my basket, and I will give each of you an apple."

Madame immediately seized a handle of the basket, made a sign to her companion to take the other, and the load was quickly placed upon the head of the old woman, who was going away without giving the promised reward, when Madame seized her by the arm, and said,

"Stop, mother, where's my apple?"

The old woman having given it to her, she was eating it with an appetite sharpened by a walk of five leagues, when, raising her eyes, she saw a placard headed by these three words in very large letters:

"STATE OF SIEGE."

This was the ministerial decree which outlawed four departments of La Vendee, and set

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a price upon the Duchess's head. She approached the placard and calmly read it through, notwithstanding the remonstrances of Mademoiselle de Kersabiec who pressed her to hasten to the house where she was expected. But the Duchess replied, that the placard concerned her too nearly for her not to make herself acquainted with its contents. The alarm of her two companions, whilst she was reading it, may easily be imagined.

At length she resumed her walk, and in a few minutes reached the house at which she was expected, and where she took off her clothes covered with dirt. They are now preserved there as relics. She soon after proceeded to the residence of Mesdemoiselles Deguigny, where an apartment was prepared for her, and within this apartment a place of concealment. This apartment was a sort of garret on the third floor, and the place of concealment a recess within an angle closed by a chimney. An iron plate formed the entrance, which was opened by a spring.

Here, in the very head-quarters of the army, the Duchess remained concealed for five months; but the vigilance of the military prevented the execution of the intended project for seizing on the castle. It was, however, generally rumoured that she was in Nantes; "and my agents," says the General, "brought me positive proof of it; but the prudence of her friends left us without a single clue that would lead to her discovery." It was towards the end of this period that the ever-infamous Deutz arrived from Paris. A minute, and not uninteresting history of this scoundrel is given in the work; but it will be enough for us to repeat, after the public journals of the period, that he was a converted Jew, who had, in consequence, been taken under the especial protection of the Pope, by whom he was introduced to the Duchess as an active and trustworthy agent; and that he had been repeatedly employed by her, and, so far as was or is known, he executed his trusts faithfully. The last mission on which he was employed, was to Paris; where, in conjunction with an agent of Don Miguel, a loan was to be raised, to be shared equally between the parties. On that occasion Deutz was discovered, and he immediately sold the Duchess to the minister, and himself to everlasting infamy. He was forthwith despatched to Nantes.

I have already stated how jealously the Duchess was watched by those around her, and that a coterie had possession of her person, and prevented almost all her friends from seeing her. This circumstance had nearly caused the failure of Deutz's treachery. This individual well knew that the Duchess was at Nantes, but in that respect the whole town knew as much as he did. The house she inhabited was the important thing to know, and of this Deutz was ignorant.

He succeeded, however, in making her acquainted with his arrival; but the Duchess, fearing at first that this information was a snare laid by the police, or that another person might obtain access to her by assuming the name of Deutz, refused to see him unless he entrusted his despatches to a person she sent to him. This he declined, stating that he was going to spend some days at Paimbœuf, and on his return would, in the hope of being more fortunate, have the honour again to solicit an audience of her Royal Highness.

In truth, he did quit Nantes, and was absent ten days. On his return, he again solicited an audience, and was again refused.

He then consented to forward to the Duchess, by a third person, the important despatches of which he was bearer. On receiving these papers, she no longer felt any doubts about the identity of Deutz, and consented to see him.

Accordingly, on Wednesday the 31st of October, at seven o'clock in the evening, Deutz was taken to the house of the Demoiselles Deguigny, into which he was conducted, however, without knowing where he was or even the street he was in.

After a conference of an hour and a half, he took leave of the Duchess, convinced that she quitted the house at the same time he did, and that she received him as she had done at Massa, at the house of a person devoted to her, and not at her own residence. He was unable, therefore, either to give any precise information concerning the house in which he had seen her, or to affirm positively where the royal fugitive was sure to be found. It would therefore have been folly to have risked an attempt to arrest her, which might have produced no other result than that of putting her upon her guard!

Deutz, therefore, solicited a second audience, under the pretence that the agitation caused by the sight of the Duchess at the last audience she granted him, had made him forget to communicate to her matters of the most urgent importance. The Duchess felt less difficulty in granting his request, because she had herself despatches to give him. A second interview was therefore fixed for Tuesday the 6th of November, of which he immediately informed the police.

At four o'clock, Deutz was conducted to the Duchess; but it seems that he was followed by some skilful police agents, who watched all her motions.

The same day, at about two o'clock, this wretch had passed before the house in which the Duchess was concealed, the better, no doubt, to reconnoitre the premises. Scarcely had he entered, ere he recognized the place; it was therefore probable that the Duchess resided there.

On entering her apartment, he found her pale and agitated. She rose, walked straight to him, rumpling a letter in her hand, and fixing her eyes upon him as if she would scrutinize his innermost thoughts.

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"Sir," she said, "do you know what they write to me from Paris? They inform me that I am betrayed; is it by you?"

Deutz remained silent at this unexpected reception; he had not a word at his command wherewith to defend himself.

"You see, Sir," continued the Duchess, showing him the despatch, "I am to be arrested to-morrow. Do you know anything about it?"

Deutz having recovered himself, assumed a certain degree of assurance. He attributed to wounded feelings the confusion he had betrayed on her accusing him, protesting that he was innocent and faithful, and appealed for a proof of his incorruptibility to the prudence and economy with which he had executed every mission she had intrusted him with. The Duchess acknowledged the truth of his appeal, and immediately said that she believed him incapable of such baseness. This audience lasted about an hour.

As Deutz withdrew, he passed near the dining-room, the door of which was ajar. Casting a rapid glance into the room, he perceived a table set out for seven persons; and as he knew that the Demoiselles Deguigny lived alone, he concluded that the Duchess was about to sit down to dinner. On that day she had invited Madame de Charette and Mademoiselle Kersabiec to dine with her.

Deutz immediately communicated all he had observed to the police, and within a few minutes the military were in motion, and twelve hundred men soon surrounded the whole row of houses, in one of which it was now known that the Duchess was concealed. It happened that M. Guibourg, coming accidentally to the window, saw the glitter of bayonets, and a column of troops in full march towards the house.

He immediately started back and exclaimed, "Hide yourself, Madam! for God's sake, hide yourself!"

On reaching the garret, the recess was immediately opened, and a dispute arose as to who should enter it first. This was really not a vain quarrel about etiquette and precedence; the passage into the place of concealment was by no means easy, and the soldiers might reach the room before the last of the party had time to enter it; the opening would then be closed, and this person, whoever it might be, taken prisoner. Moreover, the recess was so small, that two men would have found great difficulty in entering it after the females of the party had preceded them. The Duchess of Berri, however, put an end to the discussion by *commanding* that all should enter according to their stature, the tallest first. The Duchess and Mademoiselle Stylite Kersabiec still remained, and the latter would not pass in before the royal fugitive. But the Duchess with a smile said to her,

"In good strategy, Stylite, when a general effects a retreat, he always goes last."

Mademoiselle Stylite, therefore, went into the recess, and the Duchess followed, and she was actually closing the aperture when the soldiers opened the door.

M. Joly perfectly recognized the interior of the house from the description given him by Deutz. He found the dinner-table for seven persons still laid, for it had not yet been used; whilst the two Demoiselles Deguigny and Mad. de Charette seemed the only occupants of the house. He began by securing the persons of these ladies; then proceeding up the staircase like one to whom the locality was well known, went straight to the door of the garret; which, having recognized, he said in a tone sufficiently loud for the Duchess to hear it from the recess,

"Here is the hall of audience."

There was now no further doubt in the mind of the Duchess of Berri that Deutz was the author of the treachery announced to her that day from Paris.* An open letter lay upon the table; M. Joly took it up. It was the one which the Duchess had that morning received from Paris, and which Deutz had seen her crumple in her hand. This removed every doubt of the Duchess of Berri being in the house, and the sole object was now to find her place of concealment.

Sentries were immediately placed in every room.

The search now began; the drawers and cupboards, and other pieces of furniture were unlocked when the keys were found, and broken open when this was not the case. The sappers and masons, who were in attendance, sounded the floors and walls with hatchets and hammers Architects were taken into every room, and after having compared their external with their internal form, declared it impossible that any of them could contain a concealment. In one of the apartments different articles were found, and among them printed papers, trinkets, and plate, which gave a certainty to the supposition that the Duchess of Berri was residing in the house. The police then proceeded to the adjoining houses, where they continued their search; and in a short time the Duchess heard blows struck with a hammer against the wall of the apartment contiguous to her recess. These blows were struck with such force that several pieces of plaster were detached from the wall, and fell upon the fugitives, who, for an instant, feared that the entire wall would fall and crush them.

The search having continued many hours the police began to despair, and it was imagined that the Duchess must have escaped: still the soldiers continued to occupy every room in the house, and the Duchess and her friends

* The Duchess of Berri had agents at Paris among the individuals whom King Louis-Philippe considered the most devoted to him; and these persons gave her information of every thing that passed in the offices of the Ministers and at the Tuileries. It would, indeed, astonish the public, if I named the person from whom she received the information alluded to; but my naming him would be a denunciation. *Note in the original.*

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were obliged to remain quiet, although their situation was dreadful—confined in a small recess *three feet and a half long, and eighteen inches wide at one extremity, but diminishing gradually to eight or ten.* The sufferings of M. de Menars and M. Guibourg must have been extreme, for they had scarcely room to stand upright, even by placing their heads between the rafters.

Moreover, the night was damp, and the cold humid air, penetrating through the slates of the roof, fell upon the party, chilling them almost to death. But no one dared complain, as the Duchess did not.

The cold was so piercing, that the gendarmes stationed in the room could bear it no longer. One of them, therefore, went down stairs and brought up some dried turf, and in ten minutes a beautiful fire was burning in the chimney behind the plate of which the Duchess and her friends were concealed.

This fire, which was lighted for the benefit of only two individuals, gave out its warmth to six; and frozen, as the prisoners were, they at first considered this change of temperature a great blessing. But the chimney-plate and wall having become heated, produced in a short time a frightful degree of heat, which continued gradually to increase. The wall at length became so hot, that not one of them could touch it, and the cast-iron plate was actually red-hot. Almost at the same time, and although the dawn had not yet appeared, the labours of the workmen, in search of the Duchess, recommenced. Iron bars and beams were struck with redoubled energy against the wall of the recess, and shook it fearfully. It seemed to the prisoners as if the workmen were pulling down the house and those adjoining. The Duchess then had nothing to hope, even if she escaped the flames, but to be crushed to death by the falling ruins. Nevertheless, in the midst of these trying moments, neither her courage nor her gaiety left her; and several times, as she has since stated to me, she could not help laughing at the conversation and guard-house wit of the two gendarmes on duty in the room. But their talk being at length all spent, one of them went to sleep, and slept soundly, notwithstanding the horrible noise close to him, proceeding from the neighbouring houses.

His companion, being sufficiently warm, had ceased to keep up the fire; the plate and the wall therefore gradually cooled. Meantime M. de Menars had succeeded in pushing aside some of the slates, so as to make two or three little openings, through which they got a breath of fresh air. Now all the fears of the little party turned towards the workmen, who were sounding with heavy blows the walls which touched them, and the plate of a chimney close to them, but belonging to another house. Each blow detached the plaster from the wall, and it fell upon them in powder. The prisoners saw through the cracks which all this violence made every moment in the wall, almost all the persons who were in search of them. They had at length given themselves up for lost, when the workmen abandoned that part of the house which, from an instinct I cannot explain, they had so minutely explored. The prisoners now drew their breath freely: the Duchess thought herself safe; but this hope did not last long.

The gendarme, who had kept watch, anxious to take advantage of the silence which had succeeded the noise made by the workmen, and which had made the whole house totter, now awoke his companion in order to have a nap in his turn. The other had become chilled during his sleep, and felt almost frozen when he awoke. Scarcely were his eyes open, ere he thought of warming himself. He therefore relighted the fire, and as the turf did not burn fast enough, he threw into it a great number of bundles of the *Quotidienne*, which happened to be in the room. They soon caught, and the fire again blazed up in the chimney.

The paper produced a thicker smoke and a greater heat than the fuel which had been used the first time. The prisoners were now in great danger. The smoke passed through the cracks made by the hammering of the workmen against the wall; and the plate, which was not yet cold, soon heated to a terrific degree. The air of the recess became every instant less fit for respiration: the persons it contained were obliged to place their mouths against the slates in order to exchange their burning breath for fresh air. The Duchess was the greatest sufferer, for, having entered the last, she was close to the plate. Each of her companions offered several times to change places with her, but she would not consent.

At length, to the danger of being suffocated, another was soon added—that of being burned alive. The plate had become red-hot, and the lower part of their clothes seemed likely to catch fire. *The dress of the Duchess had already caught twice*, and she had extinguished it with her naked hands, at the expense of two burns, of which she long after bore the marks. Each moment rarefied the air in the recess still more, whilst the external air did not enter in sufficient quantity to enable them to breathe freely. The lungs of the prisoners became dreadfully oppressed; and to remain ten minutes longer in such a furnace would have endangered the Duchess's life. Each of her companions entreated her to go out: but she positively refused. Big tears of rage rolled from her eyes, and the burning air immediately dried them upon her cheeks. Her dress again caught fire, and again she extinguished it; but the movement she made in doing so, raised the latch which closed the door of the recess, and the plate of the chimney opened a little. Mademoiselle de Kersabiec immediately put forward her hand to close it, and burned herself dreadfully.

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Some of the incidents we must here omit. At length, the Duchess declared she could hold out no longer, and M. de Menars threw open the plate, to the astonishment of the gendarmes, who called out—

"Who 's there?"

"I," replied the Duchess. "I am the Duchess of Berri; do not harm me."

The gendarmes immediately rushed to the fire, and kicked it out of the chimney. The Duchess came forth the first, and as she passed was obliged to place her hands and feet upon the burning fire-place: her companions followed. It was now half-past nine o'clock in the morning, *and the party had been shut up in this recess for sixteen hours.*

The Duchess immediately sent for General Dermoncourt, and delivered herself up to him.

I led her (continues the General) towards a chair. Her face was pale, her head bare, her hair standing up over her forehead like that of a man. She wore a plain merino dress of a brown colour, burnt in several places at the bottom, and on her feet she wore small list slippers. As she sate down, she said, strongly pressing my arm, and in a short and strongly accentuated tone of voice,—

"General, I have nothing to reproach myself with; I have performed the duty of a mother in trying to reconquer the inheritance of my son."

Scarcely was she seated ere she looked round for the other prisoners, and perceived them all with the exception of M. Guibourg, whom she requested might be sent for. She then leaned towards me:

"General," said she, "I wish not to be separated from my companions in misfortune."

This I promised she should not be, in the name of Count D'Erlon, who I was sure would do honour to my word.

The Duchess appeared very thirsty, and though pale, seemed animated like a person in a fever. I had a glass of water brought to her; she dipped her fingers into it, and its coolness seemed to calm her a little. I then proposed that she should drink one, to which she acceded; but as the house had been turned topsy-turvy, it was no easy matter to get a second glass of water. * *

Meantime, my secretary and my aide-de-camp had gone over, the one to Count D'Erlon, the other to M. Maurice Duval, to inform them of what had occurred, and request their attendance. M. Duval arrived first.

He entered the room in which we were, with his hat upon his head, as if there had been no female prisoner there, who, from her rank and misfortunes, was deserving of greater deference and respect than she had enjoyed even during her prosperity. He approached the Duchess, cavalierly placed his hand to his hat, and scarcely raising it from his head, exclaimed, "Ah! yes, it is she!" and then went out to give his orders.

"Who is that man?" inquired the Princess. * *

"Does Madame not guess?" I said.

She looked at me with a smile.

"It can be nothing but a prefect," she replied: and she could not have guessed nearer the mark had she even seen M. Duval's commission.

"Did that man serve under the Restoration?" she asked.

"No, madam."

"I am very glad of it, for the Restoration's sake."

At this instant Count d'Erlon arrived. * *

The Duchess then briskly rose from her chair, and went straight to him.

"Monsieur le Comte," said she, "I have trusted myself to General Dermoncourt, and I am sure you will do me the favour to allow him to remain with me. I have asked that I may not be separated from my unhappy companions, and he has promised it to me in your name: will you do honour to his word?"

"The General has promised nothing," the Count replied, "which I am not ready to ratify: and in whatever you may ask me that is within my power to grant, you will always find me most anxious to comply with your desires."

These words tranquillized the Duchess.

I now approached her, and said that if she felt a little better, it was urgent that we should leave the house.

"To proceed whither?" she asked, fixing her eyes steadfastly upon me; "whither would you take me?"

"To the castle, Madam."

"Ah! well, and from thence to Blaye, I doubt?"—She then took my arm. * *

"Oh! General," said she, casting a last parting glance at the room, and the now cold chimney-plate, "if you had not waged war with me after the fashion of St. Lawrence's martyrdom, which," added she, laughing, "is unworthy of a brave and loyal knight, you would not now have my arm under yours."

The Duchess was so exhausted and worn out with suffering and fatigue, that it was with difficulty she reached the castle, though not more than sixty yards distant.

On her arrival at the apartment of the colonel of artillery, who was governor of the castle, and who had immediately given it up for her use, she felt a little revived, and begged me she would willingly take something to eat.

"For," she added, "as I was just going to dine when you came, I have eaten nothing for the last thirty-six hours." * *

I now asked permission of the Duchess to take my leave of her, as Count d'Erlon and the Prefect were reviewing the troops, and I was under the necessity of being present.

"When shall I see you again!" she said.

"Whenever your Royal Highness chooses to send for me. You know, Madam, that I am entirely at your commands."

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"And you would obey them?" said she smiling.

"I should consider it both an honour and a duty," I replied. At these words I bowed and left the room.

Scarcely had I advanced thirty paces from the castle, ere a trumpeter of gendarmerie overtook me out of breath, and told me that the Duchess of Berri *ordered* me to return to her that minute; and he added, that her Royal Highness seemed in a great rage with me. I asked him if he knew the cause of this sudden anger. He replied, that from some words which the Duchess had said to Mademoiselle de Kersabiec, he attributed it to the circumstance of M. de Menars being taken to the tower instead of an apartment next to hers. Fearing that all the respect and attention which I had directed to be shown to this gentleman, might not have been paid to him, I immediately went to his apartment, and found him so ill, that he had thrown himself upon his bed without having the strength to undress himself. I offered to be his valet de chambre, but as there was neither chair nor table in his room, and he could not stand, this was by no means an easy office. I therefore called a gendarme to my assistance, and we succeeded between us in putting him into bed. * *

I immediately after proceeded to the apartment of the Duchess. The moment she saw me, she sprang rather than advanced toward me.

"Ah, ah! Sir," she said, in a voice of great anger, "it is thus you begin; it is thus you keep your promises; this is of good augury for the future. This is dreadful."

"What is the matter, Madam?" I asked.

"The matter is that you promised not to separate me from any of my companions, and you have already begun by placing Menars in another building."

"Madam, you are mistaken," I said; "M. de Menars is in the tower, it is true; but the tower belongs to the corps-de-logis, inhabited by your Royal Highness." * *

"If this is the case, come with me then, Sir; I will go and see poor Menars this instant."

So saying, she took hold of my arm, and dragged me towards the door. I stopped her.

"Does your Royal Highness forget that you are under arrest?"

"Ah! that is true," said she, sighing; "I thought myself still in a palace, whilst I am in a prison. At all events, General, I hope I am not forbidden to send and inquire how he is?"

"I am come to tell your Royal Highness how he is, for I have just left him."

"Well! how is he?"

I then informed the Duchess what I had done.

"General," she said, in a tone which showed that her anger had entirely vanished, "I thank you for your kindness to Menars. He is well worthy of it, for he was no advocate for my silly enterprize. He urged everything he could to dissuade me from it; but when he saw that I was fully bent upon it, he said to me, 'Madam, I have now been sixteen years with you, and it is my duty to follow you; but in so doing, it is without approving of your projects, which may produce the most unhappy results both for yourself and France.'" The Duchess stopped for an instant, and then added with a sigh, "Poor Menars was perhaps right."

Here we must omit many interesting incidents. The Duchess asked if she might be permitted to receive the public journals, and, permission being given, she named, among others, *L'Ami de la Charte;* and when the General expressed some surprise, she gave this strange and not unwomanly reason:—

"This last, General, is from another motive," she said, in a tone of deep sadness. "In it I am always called Caroline; it is the name of my childhood; and I regret it, because that which has been conferred upon me in my womanhood has never brought me good fortune."

M. Maurice Duval, the prefect, again annoyed the Duchess: he came into her presence without being announced, went straight to the sideboard, and, turning his back on the Duchess, began eating some partridges. "She looked at him," says the General, "with an expression I shall never forget, and then turning to me—

"General," she said, "do you know what I regret most in the rank I have lost?"

"No, Madam."

"Two ushers to punish that man's insolence."

"Indeed," says the General, "the prefect's conduct filled me with as much indignation as the Duchess." Here again we must make large omissions; and we regret it the more, as every line and word is interesting. There cannot be the least doubt, that in the following conversation the Duchess had a hope that it might by possibility become known, yet it will be read with interest.

"Did you ever see my son, General?"

"I never had that honour, Madam."

"Well, he is a brave child; very mad like me, very obstinate like me; but, like me, devoted body and soul to France."

"You love him much, no doubt?"

"As dearly as a mother can love her son."

"Such being the case, your Royal Highness must allow me to observe, that I cannot comprehend how, after all was over in La Vendee, when, after the actions at Vieillevigne and La Penissiere, all hope was lost, you did not think of returning to that son whom you love so dearly. We gave you plenty of time and opportunity."

"General, I think it was you who seized my correspondence?"

"It was, Madam."

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"And you read my letters?"

"I committed that indiscretion."

"Well, you must have seen in them, that from the moment I put myself at the head of my brave Vendeans, I resolved to submit to all the consequences of the insurrection. What! they rose for me, they risked their lives for me, and could I desert them? Never, General; their fate was mine, and I have kept my word with them. Besides, I should have been your prisoner long ago—I should have given myself up to you, to put an end to the thing, but for one fear."

"May I ask what that was?"

"I knew very well that as soon as it was known I was a prisoner, I should be claimed by Spain, Prussia, and Russia. The French government, on the other hand, would have me tried, and this is quite natural. The Holy Alliance would never suffer me to appear before a Court of Assize; for the dignity of every crowned head in Europe would be compromised by it. From such a conflict of interest to a coldness, and from a coldness to war, is only a step; and I have already told you that I would never become a pretence for a war of invasion. 'Everything for France and by France,' was the motto I had adopted, and from which I determined not to depart. Besides, who would assure me that France, if once invaded, would not be divided? I will have the whole of it, or none!"

I smiled.

"What are you laughing at?" she said.

I bowed without making any reply.

"Come," she said, "tell me what you are laughing at. I will know."

"I am laughing at seeing in your Royal Highness so great a dread of foreign war."

"And so little of a civil war. That is what you mean, is it not?"

"I beg your Royal Highness to remark, that you have completed my thought, but not my sentence."

"Oh! I don't feel at all annoyed or offended at this; for I came to France under an illusion with regard to the public feeling. I thought that the whole kingdom would rise in my favour, and that the army would join me. In short, I expected a species of return from Elba. After the combats at Vieillevigne and La Penissiere, I gave positive orders to all my Vendeans to return to their homes; for I am a Frenchwoman above all things, General; and a proof of it is, that if I only turn towards those good French faces, I fancy myself no longer in prison. The whole of my fear is, that I shall be sent elsewhere. I am sure they will not leave me here. I am too near the focus of insurrection. No matter, they are more embarrassed than I am, General; you may depend upon that."

As she uttered these words, she rose and walked about the room like a man, with her hands behind her back. An instant after, she stopped short. * *

It was half-past six, and the Duchess was going to dine. I therefore took leave of her.

"Good-bye till to-morrow, General," she said with the liveliness of a child.

The result is well known—her subsequent life has been matter of public history. We here, therefore, close our notice of a work which cannot fail to have greatly interested the reader. It will, we believe, be published on Monday next, at Paris, and, perhaps, on the same day in London; and Mr. Bull, we see, announces, that an English translation is to appear on Wednesday.

From Tait's Magazine.

WINE.

"Oh! thou invisible spirit of wine!—if thou hast no name to be known by, let us call thee—devil."

Shakspeare.

Some eighteen months, or two years ago, I was doing my duty to my country and myself on board His Majesty's frigate the Astræ, by undergoing seventeen games of chess per diem with our first lieutenant, and filling up every pause with murmurs at the continuance of these piping times of peace. We had been cruising some months in the Mediterranean, chiefly for the amusement of two dandy cousins of an honourable Captain, whom we picked up at Malta, basking like two yellow, over-ripe gourds in the sunshine. We had touched at most of the ports of the Ionians, where cyprus may be had for paying for; and where *faldettas* are held by hands as fair as their coquettish folds are black and lustrous. We had done due service to the state, by catching agues, snipe-shooting in the Albanian marshes; listening to five-year-old operas, screeched by fifty-year-old prima donnas; by learning to swear by Saint Spiridion, and *at* his Klephtic votaries. We had spouted in the school of Homer, and shouted at Lepanto; poured libations on the grave of Anacreon; and voted the Leucadian leap a trifle, compared with a Leicestershire fence!

At length, one beautiful evening, one of those twilights of chrysolite and gold, such as poets dream of, and the Levant alone can realize, (having been for three preceding days not "spell-bound," but "calm-bound among the clustering Cyclades,") it was the pleasure of our honourable Captain, and his cousins, to drop anchor in the Bay of ——, (I have reasons of my own for not being more explicit;) where, after swearing the usual number of oaths at the quarantine officers, and the crews of the Venetian and Turkish traders, who make it part of their religion to give offence to the blue-jackets, where offence can be given with impunity, I had the satisfaction to find myself, at about seven o'clock, P. M., seated at the mess of His Majesty's gallant —th, doing as much justice to the roast beef of Old England as if we had not been within a days sail of the

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land of the Minotaur. It was, indeed, re-shing to listen to the king's English, in its vn accents; to eat of the king's sirloin, in its vn gravy; and to join in the jargon of horse-sh, in its own slang;—to hear the names of ewmarket, White's, Tattersall's, Ellen Tree, id Fanny Kemble, familiar in their mouths household words; to throw off, in short, for hour or two, the tedium of professional ex-ence. A bumper of port appeared as palata-e in a climate where the thermometer stood 88° in the shade, as amid the clammy fogs the cold North; and, at length, after a liberal dulgence in Hudson's best, (only the more lished because the richest Turkey tobacco, id a pipe of cherry wood was in the hands of ery soldier in the garrison,) proposals were ade for a bowl of "Gin-Punch!" Lord homas Howard, a lieutenant in the —th, was nounced to be a masterhand in the scientific ew; and the very name of gin-punch affords, the fatherland of Achilles, a sort of anti-imax, which there was no resisting. The aterials were brought. The regimental bowl, which Picton himself is recorded to have nnged the ladle; lemons from the islands re-lent of romance and poetry; and a bottle of odger's best, redolent of Holborn Hill, ap-ared in as orderly array as though we had en supping at Limmer's.

"Are you a punch-drinker?" inquired my ighbour, Captain Wargrave, with whom, as school-fellow of my elder brother's, I had ickly made acquaintance.

"If I may venture to own it, no!" said I; "I ve swallowed too much punch on compulsion the course of my life."

"I judged as much from your looks," replied Vargrave, who had promised to see me on ard the frigate. "If you want to get away om these noisy fellows, we can easily slip off hile Lord Thomas and his operations engage eir attention."

And, in compliance with the hint, I soon und myself sauntering with him, arm in arm, the bastions of ——. We had an hour be-e us; for the Captain's gig was not ordered l eleven; and, in order to keep an eye at ce on the frigate and the shore, we sat down an abutment of the parapet, to gossip away e time; interrupted only by the measured mp of the sentinels, and enjoying the fresh-ss of the night air, perfumed by jessamine d orange blossoms, proceeding from the lliced gardens of the Government House. I am not ambitious of writing bad Byron, y readers must allow me to spare them the scription of a night in Greece: a lieutenant H. M. S. the Astræa, and a captain of H. 's gallant —th, may be supposed to entertain otspur's prejudices against ballad-mongers!

"There seem to be hard-going fellows in ur mess," said I, to Wargrave, as he sat be-le me, with his arms folded over his breast. Thornton I understand, carries off his two ttles a-day, like a Trojan; and the fat major, who sat opposite to me, made such play with the champagne, as caused me to blush for my squeamishness. For my own part, I should be well content never to exceed a couple of glasses of good claret. Wine affects me in a different way from most men. The more I drink, the more my spirits are depressed. While others get roaring drunk, I sit moping and despair-ing; and the next day my head aches like an artilleryman's."

"You are fortunate," said Wargrave drily.

"Fortunate?" cried I. "I wish I could ap-preciate my own luck!—I am voted the sulk-iest dog unhanged, whenever it is my cue to be jolly; and after proving a wet blanket to a merry party over-night, am ready to shoot my-self with the headach and blue devils next morning. If there be a fellow I really envy, it is such a one as Thornton; who is ready to chime in with the chorus of the 36th stanza of Nancy Dawson between his two last bottles; and keeps his head and legs an hour after all the rest of the party have lost theirs under the table."

"I fancy Thornton is pretty well seasoned; saturated like an old claret hogshead!"

"Enviable dog! From time immemorial, odes have been endited to petition the gods for an insensible heart. When I turn lyrist, it will be to pray for an insensible stomach! 'Tis a monstrous hard thing, when one hears the trolling of a joyous *chanson a boire*, or *trink-lied*, under the lime-trees of France or Ger-many, to feel no sympathy in the strain save that of nausea. There is something fresh and picturesque in the mere sound of 'the vine—the grape—the cup—the bowl!' It always appears to me that Bacchus is the universal di-vinity, and that I alone am exempted from the worship. Think of Lord Thomas's gin-punch, and pity me!"

Wargrave replied by a vague unmeaning laugh; which led me to conclude that my elo-quence was lost upon him. Yet I continued.

"Do you know that, in spite of the preva-lence of the Bacchanalian idolatry, I think we hardly give honour due to the influence of wine. It has ever been the mania of mankind to ascribe the actions of their fellow-creatures to all motives but the true; but if they saw clearly, and spoke honestly, they would admit that more heroes have been made by the bottle than the sword."

"Have you any personal meaning in this tirade?" suddenly interrupted my companion, in a voice whose concentration was deadly.

"*Personal* meaning!" I reiterated. "Of what nature?" And for a moment I could not but fancy that poor Wargrave had taken a deeper share in the Chateau Margoux of the fat major than I had been aware of. A man rather touched by wine, is sure to take fire on the most distant imputation of drunkenness.

"I can scarcely imagine, Sir," he continued, in a voice, however, that savoured of anything rather than inebriety, "that any man acquainted

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with the misfortunes of my life should address *me* on such a subject!"

"Be satisfied, then, that your indignation is groundless, and most unreasonable," said I, still doubtful how far I ought to resent the ungraciousness of his demeanour; "for, on the word of a gentleman, till this day, I never heard your name. Your avowal of intimacy with my brother, and something in the frankness of your manner that reminded me of his, added to the hilarity of an unexpected re-union with so many of my countrymen, has perhaps induced too sudden a familiarity in my demeanour; but, in wishing you good night, Captain Wargrave, and a fairer interpretation of the next sailor who opens his heart to you at sight, allow me to assure you, that not a shadow of offence was intended in the rhapsody you are pleased to resent."

"Forgive me!" exclaimed Wargrave, extending his hands, nay almost his arms, towards me. "It would have afforded only a crowning incident to my miserable history, had my jealous soreness on one fatal subject produced a serious misunderstanding with the brother of one of my dearest and earliest friends."

While I frankly accepted his apologies and offered hand, I could detect, by the light of the moon, an expression of such profound dejection on the altered face of Wargrave—so deadly a paleness—a *haggardness*—that involuntarily I reseated myself on the wall beside him, as if to mark the resumption of a friendly feeling. He did not speak when he took his place; but, after a few minutes' silence, I had the mortification to hear him sobbing like a child.

"My dear fellow, you attach too much importance to an unguarded word, handsomely and satisfactorily explained," said I, trying to reconcile him with himself. "Dismiss it from your thoughts."

"Do not fancy," replied Wargrave, in a broken voice, "that these humiliating tears originate in anything that has passed between us this night. No! The associations recalled to my mind by the rash humour you are generous enough to see in its true light, are of far more ancient date, and far more ineffaceable nature. I owe you something, in return for your forbearance. You have still an hour to be on shore," he continued, looking at his watch. "Devote those minutes to *me*, and I will impart a lesson worth ten years' experience; a lesson of which my own life must be the text—myself the hero!"

There was no disputing with him,—no begging him to be calm. On his whole frame was imprinted the character of an affliction not to be trifled with. I had only to listen, and impart, in the patience of my attention, such solace as the truly miserable can best appreciate.

"You were right," said Wargrave, with a bitter smile, "in saying that we do not allow ourselves to assign to wine the full measure of authority it holds among the motives of our conduct. But you were wrong in limiting that authority to the instigation of great and heroic actions. Wine is said in Scripture to 'make glad the heart of man.' Wine is said by the poets to be the balm of grief, the dew of beauty, the philter of love. What then is gracious and graceful is it not said to be? Clustering grapes entwine the brow of divinity; and wine is held to be a libation worthy of the gods. Fools! fools! fools!—they seem to have poured forth their blood and tears for me, to know that it is a fountain of eternal damnation! Do not fancy that I allude to DRUNKENNESS; do not class me, in your imagination, with the sensual brute who degrades himself to the filthiness of intoxication. Against a vice so flagrant, how easy to arm one's virtue! No! the true danger lies many degrees within that fearful limit; and the Spartans, who warned their sons against wine by the exhibition of their drunken Helots, fulfilled their duty blindly. Drunkenness implies, in fact, an extinction of the very faculties of evil. The enfeebled arm can deal no mortal blow; the staggering step retards the perpetration of sin. The voice can neither modulate its tones to seduction, nor hurl the defiance of deadly hatred. The drunkard is an idiot: a thing which children mock at, and women chastise. It is the man whose temperament is excited, not overpowered, by wine, to whom the snare is fatal."

"Only when unconscious of his infirmity," said I bluntly.

"Shakspeare makes Cassio conscious, but not till his fault is achieved."

"Cassio is the victim of a designing tempter: but an ordinary man, aware of his frailty, must surely find it easy to avoid the mischief!"

"*Easy*, as we look upon the thing from hence, with the summer sky over our heads, the unshackled ocean at our feet, and the mockery of the scorner unheard; but in the animation of a convivial meeting, with cooler heads to mislead us by example, under the influence of conversation, music, mirth, who can at all times remember by how short a process it turns to poison in his veins! Do not suppose me the Apostle of a Temperance Society, when I assert, on my life, my soul, my honour, that, after three glasses of wine, I am no longer master of my actions. Without being at the moment conscious of the change, I begin to see, and feel, and hear, and reason differently. The minor transitions between good and evil are forgotten; the lava boils in my bosom. Three more, and I become a madman."

"But this constitutes a positive physical infirmity," said I. "You must of course regard yourself as an exception!"

"No! I am convinced the case is common. Among my own acquaintance, I know fifty men who are pleasant companions in the morning, but intolerable after dinner; men who neither like wine nor indulge in it; but who, while simply fulfilling the forms and cere-

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es of society, frequently become odious to hers, and a burthen to themselves."

"I really believe you are right."

"I know that I am right; listen: When I came your brother's friend at Westminster, was on the foundation,—an only son, intended r the Church; and the importance which my her and mother attached to my election for llege, added such a stimulus to my exertions, at, at the early age of fourteen, their wish as accomplished. I was the first boy of my ars. A studentship at Christ-church crowned y highest ambition; and all that remained r me at Westminster was to preside over the rewell supper, indispensable on occasions of ese triumphs. I was unaccustomed to wine, r my parents had probably taken silent note the infirmity of my nature; and a very small oportion of the fiery tavern port, which forms e nectar of similar festivities, sufficed to ele- te my spirits to madness. Heated by noise id intemperance, we all sallied forth together, epared to riot, bully, insult. A fight ensued; life was lost. Expulsion suspended my elec- on. I never reached Oxford; my professional ospects were blighted: and, within a few onths, my father died of the disappointment! nd now, what was to be done with me? My ardians decided, that in the army the influ- ce of my past fault would prove least inju- ous; and, eager to escape the tacit reproach my poor mother's pale face and gloomy eeds, I gladly acceded to their advice. At fteen, I was gazetted in the —th Regiment Light Dragoons."

"At least you had no cause to regret your hange of profession?" said I, with a sailor's rejudice against parsonic cloth.

"I *did* regret it. A family-living was wait- g for me; and I had accustomed myself to e thoughts of early independence and a set- ed home. Inquire of my friend Richard, on our return to England, and he will tell you at there could not be a calmer, graver, more udious, more sober fellow than myself. The ature of my misdemeanour, meanwhile, was ot such as to alienate from me the regard of y young companions; and I will answer for , that on entering the army, no fellow could oast a more extensive circle of friends. At Vestminster, they used to call me 'Wargrave e peace-maker.' I never had a quarrel; I ever had an enemy. Yet, twelve months fter joining the —th, I had acquired the op- robrium of being a quarrelsome fellow; I ad fought one of my brother officers, and was n the most uncomfortable terms with four thers."

"And this sudden change——"

"Was *then* attributed to the sourness arising rom my disappointments in life. I have since scribed it to a truer origin—the irritation of he doses of brandy, tinged with sloe juice, vhich formed the luxury of a mess-cellar. Smarting under the consciousness of unpopu- arity, I fancied I hated my profession, when in fact I only hated myself. I managed to get on half-pay, and returned to my mother's tran- quil roof; tranquil to monotony—tranquil to dulness,—where, instead of regretting the brilliant life I had forsaken, my peace of mind and early contentment came back to me at once. There was no one to bear me company over the bottle; I was my mother's constant companion; I seldom tasted wine; I became healthy, happy, beloved."

"Beloved in a *lover's* sense?"

"Beloved as a neighbour and a fellow-citi- zen. But higher distinctions of affection fol- lowed. A young and very beautiful girl, of rank and fortune superior to my own, deigned to encourage the humble veneration with which I regarded her. I became emboldened to solicit her heart and hand. My mother assured her I was the best of sons. I readily promised to be the best of husbands. She believed us both; accepted me—married me; and, on welcoming home my lovely gentle Mary, all remembrance of past sorrow seemed to be obliterated. Our position in the world, if not brilliant, was ho- nourable. My mother's table renewed those hospitalities over which my father had loved to preside. Mary's three brother's were our constant guests; and Wargrave—the calm, sober, indolent Wargrave—once more became fractious and ill at ease. My poor mother, who could conceive no fault in *my* disposition —concluding that, as in other instances, the husband had discovered in the daily compa- nionship of married life, faults which had been invisible to the lover—ascribed to poor Mary all the discredit of the change. She took a dislike to her daughter-in-law, nay, even to Mrs. Wargrave's family, friends, and acquaint- ances. She saw that after they had been dining with me, I grew morose and irritable; and attributed the fault to my guests, instead of to the cursed wine their company compelled me to swallow."

"Your wife was probably more discerning!"

"No! On such subjects, women are not enlightened by experience. Even the vice of drunkenness is a mystery to them, unless when chance exhibits to their observation some miserable brute lying senseless in the public streets. Mary probably ascribed my fractious- ness to infirmity of temper. She found me less good-humoured than she had expected, and more easily moved by trifles. The morning is the portion of the day in which married people live least in each other's society; and my evenings seldom passed without a political squabble with some visiter, or a storm with the servants. The tea was cold; the newspaper did not arrive in time; or all the world was not exactly of my own opinion respecting the conduct of Ministers. Fortunately, poor Mary's time was engrossed by preparations for the arri- val of her first child, a pledge of domestic hap- piness calculated to reconcile a woman even to greater vexations than those arising from her husband's irritability. Mary palliated all

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my bursts of temper, by declaring her opinion that '*any* man might possess the insipid quality of good humour; but that Wargrave, if somewhat hasty, had the best heart and principles in the world.' As soon as our little boy made his appearance, she excited the contempt of all her female acquainatnces, by trusting 'that Harry would, in all respects, resemble his father.' Heaven bless her for her blindness!"

Wargrave paused for a moment; during which I took care to direct my eyes towards the frigate.

"Among those female friends, was a certain Sophy Cavendish, a cousin of Mary's; young, handsome, rich,—richer and almost as handsome as herself; but gifted with that intemperate vivacity which health and prosperity inspire. Sophy was a fearless creature; the only person who did not shrink from my fits of ill-temper. When I scolded, she bantered; when I appeared sullen, she piqued me into cheerfulness. We usually met in morning visits, when I was in a mood to take her railleries in good part. To this playful girl it unluckily occurred to suggest to her cousin, 'Why don't you manage Wargrave as I do? why don't you laugh him out of his perversity?' And Mary, to whose disposition and manners all these *agaceries* were foreign, soon began to assume a most provoking sportiveness in our domestic disputes; would seize me by the hair, the sleeve, point her finger at me when I was sullen, and laugh heartily whenever I indulged in a reproof. I vow to Heaven, there were moments when this innocent folly made me hate her! 'It does not become *you* to ape the monkey tricks of your cousin,' cried I, one night when she had amused herself by filliping water at me across the dessert-table, while I was engaged in an intemperate professional dispute with an old brother officer.—'In trying to make me look like a fool, you only make a fool of yourself!'—'Don't be intimidated by a few big words,' cried Miss Cavendish, when this ebullition was reported to her. 'Men and nettles must be bullied into tameness; they have a sting only for those who are afraid of them.—— Persevere!' She *did* persevere; and, on an occasion equally ill-timed, again the angry husband retorted severely upon the wife he loved. 'You must not banter him *in company*,' said Sophia. 'He is one of those men who hate being shown up before others. But when you are alone, take your revenge. Treat his anger as a jest. Prove to him you are not afraid of him; and since he chooses to behave like a child, argue with him as children are argued with.'

"It was on my return from a club-dinner, that Mary attempted to put these mischievous precepts into practice. I was late—too late; for, against my will, I had been detained by the jovial party. But, instead of encouraging the apologies I was inclined to offer for having kept her watching, Mary, who had been beguiling the time of my absence in her dressing-room with an entertaining book, by which her spirits were exhilarated, began to laugh at my excuses: to banter, to mock me. I begged her to desist. She persisted. I grew angry. She replied to my invectives by a thousand sharp accusations, invented to justify her mirth. I bade her be silent. She only laughed me loudly. I stamped, swore—raved;—she reproached me in mimicry of my violence. I *struck her!*"

When Wargrave's melancholy voice subsided into silence, the expressions of my countryman, Tobin, (the prototype of Knowles) involuntarily recurred to my mind—

"The man who lays his hand
Save in the way of kindness, on a woman,
Is a wretch, whom 'twere base flattery to call
coward."

"I know not what followed this act of brutality," cried Wargrave, rousing himself. "I have a faint remembrance of kneeling and imploring, and offering the sacrifice of my life in atonement for such ingratitude. But I have a very strong one of the patient immobility which, from that moment, poor Mary assumed in my presence. She jested no more; she never laughed again. What worlds would have given had she remonstrated—defended herself—resented the injury! But no! from that fatal night, like the enchanted princess of the story, she became converted into marble whenever her husband approached her. I fancied—so conscious are the guilty—that she sometimes betrayed an apprehension of leaving our child in the room alone with me. Perhaps she thought me mad! She was right. The brief insanity inspired by wine had once caused me to raise my hand against her."

"But you had no reason to suppose that, on *this* occasion, Mrs. Wargrave again conferred with her family touching your conduct!"

"No reason; yet I did suppose it. I knew the secret had been kept from her brothers, for, if not, fine manly fellows as they were, nothing would induce them again to sit at my board. But there *was* a person whose interference between me and my wife I dreaded more than theirs; a brother of Sophy Cavendish, who had loved Mary from her childhood, and wooed her, and been dismissed shortly after her acquaintance with myself. That fellow I never could endure! Horace Cavendish was the reverse of his sister; grave, even to dejection; cold and dignified in his demeanour, sententious, taciturn, repulsive. Mary had a great opinion of him, although she had preferred the vivacity of my manner, and the impetuosity of my character. But now that these qualities had been turned against herself, might not a revulsion of feeling cause her to regret her cousin? She must have felt that Horace Cavendish would have invited an executioner to hack his arm off, rather than raise it against a woman! No provocation would have caused *him* to address her in those terms

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of insult, in which, on more than one occasion, had indulged. I began to hate him, for I felt *ittle* in his presence. I saw that he was my superior in temper and breeding: that he would have made a happier woman of my wife. Yet had no pretext for dismissing him my house. He came, and came, and sat there day after day, arguing upon men and things, in his calm, measured, dispassionate voice. He could not but have seen that he was odious to me; yet he had not the delicacy to withdraw from our society. Perhaps he thought his presence necessary to protect his cousin? Perhaps he thought I was not to be trusted with the deposite of her happiness?"

"But surely," said I, beginning to dread the continuation of his recital, "surely, after what had already occurred, you were careful to refrain from the stimulants which had betrayed you into an unworthy action?"

"Right. I *was* careful. My temperance was that of an anchorite. On the pretext of health, I refrained for many months from tasting wine. I became myself again. My brothers-in-law called me milksop! I cared not what they called me. The current of my blood ran cool and free. I wanted to conquer back the confidence of my wife!"

"But perhaps this total abstinence rendered the ordeal still more critical, when you were compelled occasionally to resume your former habits?"

"Right again. I was storing a magazine against myself! There occurred a family festival from which I could not absent myself; the wedding of Sophy Cavendish. Even my wife relaxed in her habitual coldness towards me, and requested me to join the party. We met; a party of some thirty—giggling, noisy, mirthless, to jest and to be merry. It was settled that I must 'drink the bride's health;' and Mrs. Wargrave extended her glass towards mine, as if to make it a pledge of reconciliation. How eagerly I quaffed it! The champagne warmed my heart. Of my free will I took a second glass. The bridegroom was to be toasted; then the family into which Sophy was marrying; then the family she was quitting. At length the health of Mrs. Wargrave was proposed. Could I do otherwise than honour it in a bumper? I looked towards her for further encouragement—further kindness; but, instead of the expected smile, I saw her pale, trembling, anxious. My kindling glances and altered countenance perhaps reminded her of the fatal night which had been the origin of misunderstanding. Yes, she trembled; but, in the midst of her agitation, I saw, or fancied I saw, a look of sympathy and good understanding pass between her and Horace Cavendish. I turned fiercely towards him. He regarded me with contempt; that look at least I could not misinterpret: *but I revenged it!*"

Involuntarily I rose from the parapet, and walked a few paces towards the frigate, in order that Wargrave might recover breath and composure. He followed me—he clung to my arm; the rest of his narrative was spoken almost in a whisper.

"In the mood which had now taken possession of me, it was easy to give offence; and Cavendish appeared no less ready than myself. We quarrelled. Mary's brother attempted to pacify us, but the purpose of both was settled. I saw that he looked upon me as a venomous reptile to be crushed; and I looked upon him as the lover of Mary. One of us must die to extinguish such deadly hatred. We met at sunrise. Both were sober then. I shot him through the heart!"

"I had once the misfortune to act as second in a mortal duel, my dear Wargrave," said I; "I know how to pity you."

"Not *you!*" faltered my companion, shuddering with emotion. "You may know what it is to contemplate the ebbing blood, the livid face, the leaden eye of a victim; to see him carried log-like from the field; to feel that many lips are cursing you—many hearts upbraiding you; but you cannot estimate the agony of a position such as mine with regard to Mary. I surrendered myself to justice; took no heed of my defence. Yet surely many must have loved me; for, on the day of trial, hundreds of witnesses came forward to attest my humanity, my generosity, my mildness of nature."

"Mildness!"

"Ay!—Save when under that fatal influence, (the influence which stimulates my lips this very moment,) my disposition is gentle and forbearing. But they adduced something which almost made me long to refute their evidence in my favour. Many of our mutual friends attested upon oath that the deceased had been observed to *seek occasions* of giving me offence. That he had often spoken of me disparagingly, threateningly; that he had been heard to say, I *deserved* to die! I was now sure that Mary had taken him into her confidence; and yet it was by my wife's unceasing exertions that this mass of evidence had been collected in my favour. I was acquitted. The court rang with acclamations; for I was 'the only son of my mother, and she was a widow;' and the name of Wargrave commanded respect and love from many, both in *her* person and that of my wife. The Cavendish family had not availed itself mercilessly against my life. I left the court 'without a blemish upon my character,' and with gratitude for the good offices of hundreds. I was not yet quite a wretch."

"But I had not yet seen Mary! On the plea of severe indisposition, she had refrained from visiting me in prison; and now, that all danger was over, I rejoiced she had been spared the humiliation of such an interview. On the eve of my trial, I wrote to her; expressing my wishes and intentions towards herself and our child, should the event prove fatal; and inviting her to accompany me in-

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stantly to the continent, should the laws of my country spare my life. We could not remain in the centre of a family so cruelly disunited, in a home so utterly desecrated. I implored her, too, to allow my aged mother to become our companion, that she might sanction my attempts in a new career of happiness and virtue. But, although relieved by this explanation of my future views, I trembled when I found myself once more on the threshold of home. To meet her again—to fall once more upon the neck of my poor mother, whose blindness and infirmities had forbidden her to visit me in durance! What a trial! The shouts of the multitude were dying away in the distance; my sole companion was a venerable servant of my father's, who sat sobbing by my side. He had attended as witness at the trial. He was dressed in a suit of deep mourning, probably in token of the dishonour of his master's house."

"The windows are closed," said I, looking anxiously upwards, as the carriage stopped. "Has Mrs. Wargrave—has my mother quitted town?"

"There was no use distressing you, Master William, so long as you was in trouble," said the old man, grasping my arm. "My poor old mistress has been buried these six weeks; she died of a stroke of apoplexy, the day after you surrendered yourself. We buried her, Sir, by your father."

"And my wife?" said I, as soon as I could recover my utterance.

"I don't rightly understand,—I can't quite make out,—I believe, Sir, you will find a letter," said my grey-headed companion, following me closely into the house.

"From Mary?"

"Here it is," he replied, opening a shutter of the cold, grim, cheerless room, and pointing to the table.

"From Mary?" I again reiterated, as I snatched it up. "No! *not* from Mary; not even from any member of her family; not even from any friend,—from any acquaintance. *It was a lawyer's letter;* informing me, with technical precision, that 'his client, Mrs. Mary Wargrave, conceiving she had just cause and provocation to withdraw herself from my roof, had already taken up her abode with her family; that she was prepared to defend herself, by the strong aid of the law, against any opposition I might offer to her design; but trusted the affair would be amicably adjusted. His client, Mrs. Mary Wargrave, moreover, demanded no other maintenance than the trifle allowed by her marriage settlement, for her separate use. Instead of accompanying me to the continent, she proposed to reside with her brothers.'

"And it was by the hand of a lawyer's clerk I was to learn all this! The woman—the wife—*whom I had struck!*—was prepared to plead 'cruelty' against me in a court of justice, rather than live with the murderer of her minion! She knew to what a home I was returning; she knew that my household gods were shattered;—and at such a moment abandoned me!"

"Drink this, Master William," said the poor old man, returning to my side with a salver and a bottle of the Madeira which had been forty years in his keeping. "You want support, my dear boy; drink this."

"Give it me," cried I, snatching the glass from his hands. "Another—another!—I do want support; for I have still a task to perform. Stop the carriage; I am going out. Another glass!—I *must* see Mrs. Wargrave!—Where is she?"

"Three miles off, Sir, at Sir William's. My mistress is with her elder brother, Sir. You can't see her to-night. Wait till morning; wait till you are more composed. You will lose your senses with all these cruel shocks!"

"I *have* lost my senses!" I exclaimed, throwing myself again into the carriage. "And therefore I must see her,—must see her before I die."

"And these frantic words were constantly on my lips till the carriage stopped at the gate of Sir William Brabazon. I would not suffer it to enter, I traversed the court-yard on foot. I wished to give no announcement of my arrival. It was dusk. The servant did not recognise me, when, having entered the office by a side-door, I demanded of a strange servant admittance to Mrs. Wargrave. The answer was such as I had anticipated. 'Mrs. Wargrave could see no one. She was ill—had only just risen from her bed.' Nevertheless, I urged the necessity of an immediate interview. 'I must see her on business.' Still less. 'It was impossible for Mrs. Wargrave to see any person on business, as Sir William and Mr. Brabazon had just gone out of town; and she was quite alone, and much indisposed.'—'Take in this note,' said I, tearing a blank leaf from my pocket-book, and folding it to represent a letter. And following with caution the servant I despatched on my errand, I found my way to the door of Mary's apartment. It was the beginning of spring. The invalid was sitting in a large arm-chair before the fire, with her little boy asleep in her arms. I had preceded the servant into the room; and by the imperfect fire-light, she mistook me for the medical attendant she was expecting.

"'Good evening, Doctor,' said she, in a voice so faint and tremulous, that I could scarcely recognise it for hers. 'You will find me better to-night. But why are you so late?'

"'You will, perhaps, find *me* too early,' said I, placing myself resolutely beside her chair, "unless you are disposed to annul the instrument with which you have been pleased to complete the measure of your husband's miseries. Do not tremble, Madam; do not shudder; do not faint. You have no person

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injury to apprehend. I am come here, a broken-hearted man, to learn my award of life or death." And, in spite of my false courage, I staggered to the wall, and leaned against it for support.

"'My brothers are absent,' faltered Mary. 'I have no counsellor at hand, to act as mediator between us.'

"For which reason I hazard this appeal. I am here to speak with my own lips to your own ears, to your own heart. Let its unbiassed impulses condemn mè or absolve me. Do not decide upon the suggestions of others."

"'I *have* decided,' murmured Mrs. Wargrave, '*irrevocably*.'

"No, you have *not!*" said I, again approaching her; "for you have decided without listening to the defence of your husband, to the appeal of nature. Mary, Mary! have you so soon forgotten the vows of eternal union breathed in the presence of God? On what covenant did you accept my hand, my name, my tenderness? On that of a merciful compromise with the frailties of human nature; 'for better, for worse, for richer, for poorer, in sickness and in health.' It *has* been for *worse*, for I have been perverse, and wayward, and mad; it *has* been for *poorer*, for my good name is taken from me; it *has* been for sickness, for a heavy sickness is on my soul. But is the *covenant* less binding? Are you not still my wife?—my wife whom I adore,—my wife whom I have injured,—my wife, whose patience I would requite by a whole life of homage and adoration,—my wife who once vowed a vow before the Lord, that, forsaking all other, she would cleave to *me* alone? Mary, no human law can contravene this primal statute. Mary, you have no right to cast from you the father of your child."

"'It is for my child's sake that I seek to withdraw from his authority,' said Mrs. Wargrave, with more firmness than might have been expected; a firmness probably derived from the contact of the innocent and helpless being she pressed to her bosom. 'No! I *cannot* live with you again; my confidence is gone, my respect diminished. This boy, as his faculties become developed, would see me tremble in your presence; would learn that I fear you; that"——

"That you despise me! speak out, Madam; speak out!"

"'That I *pity* you,' continued Mary, resolutely; 'that I pity you, as one who has the reproach of blood upon his hand, and the accusation of ruffianly injury against a woman on his conscience.'

"And such are the lessons you will teach him; lessons to lead him to perdition, to damnation; for, by the laws of the Almighty, Madam, however your kindred or your lawyers may inspire you, the father, no less than the mother, must be honoured by his child."

"'It is a lesson I would scrupulously withhold from him: and, to *secure* his ignorance, it is needful that he should live an alien from his father's roof. Wargrave, our child must not grow up in observation of our estrangement.'

"Then, by Heaven, my resolution is taken! Still less shall his little life be passed in watching the tears shed by his mother for the victim of an adulterous passion! You have appealed to the laws: by the laws let us abide. The child is mine, by right, by enforcement. Live where you will—defy me from what shelter you please; but this little creature whom you have constituted my enemy, remains with *me!* Surrender him to me, or dread the consequences!"

"You did not!" I incoherently gasped, seizing Wargrave by the arm, and dreading, I knew not what.

"Have I not told you," he replied, in a voice which froze the blood in my veins, "that, before quitting home, I had swallowed half a bottle of Madeira? My frame was heated, my brain maddened! I saw in the woman before me only the minion, the mourner of Horace Cavendish. I had no longer a wife."

"And you dared to injure her?"

"Right boy; that is the word,—*dared!* It was cowardly, was it not? brutal, monstrous! Say something that may spare my own bitter self-accusations!"

Involuntarily I released myself from his arm.

"Yes! Mary, like yourself, prepared herself for violence at my hands," continued Wargrave, scarcely noticing the movement; "for instinctively she attempted to rise and approach the bell; but, encumbered by the child, or by her own weakness, she fell back in her chair. 'Don't wake him!' said she, in a faint, piteous voice, as if, after all, *his* helplessness constituted her best defence.

"Give him up, then, at once. Do you think I do not love him! Do you think I shall be less careful of him than yourself? Give him up to his father."

"For a moment, as if overcome, she seemed attempting to unclasp the little hand which, even in sleep, clung tenderly to her night-dress. For a moment she seemed to recognise the irresistibility of my claim.

"The carriage waits, said I sternly. Where is his nurse?"

"'I am his nurse,' cried Mary, bursting into an agony of tears. 'I will go with him. To retain my child, I will consent to live with you again.'

"With *me?* Am I a worm, that you think to trample on me thus? Live with *me*, whom you have dishonoured with your pity, your contempt; your preference of another? Rather again stand arraigned before a criminal tribunal, than accept such a woman as my wife!"

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"'As a *servant*, then; let me attend as a servant on this little creature, so dear to me, so precious to me, so feeble, so'——

"Is it Cavendish's brat, that you plead for him so warmly?" cried I, infuriated that even my child should be preferred to *me*. And I now attempted to remove him by force from her arms.

"'Help! help! help!' faltered the feeble, half-fainting mother. But no one came, and I persisted. Did you ever attempt to hold a struggling child—a child that others were struggling to retain—a young child—a soft, frail, feeble child? And why did she resist? Should not she, woman as she was, have known that mischief would arise from such contact? She who had tended those delicate limbs, that fragile frame? The boy wakened from his sleep—was screaming violently. He struggled, and struggled, and moaned, and gasped. But, on a sudden, his shrieks ceased. He was still, silent, breathless"——

"Dead!" cried I.

"So she imagined at the moment, when, at the summons of her fearful shrieks, the servants rushed into the room. But no, I had not again become a murderer; a new curse was in store for me. When medical aid was procured, it was found that a limb was dislocated; the spine injured; the boy a cripple for life!"

"What must have been his father's remorse!"

"His father was spared the intelligence.—It was not for fourteen months that I was removed from the private madhouse, to which, that fatal night, I was conveyed, a raving maniac. The influence of wine, passion, horror, had induced epilepsy; from which I was only roused to a state of frenzy. Careful treatment and solitude gradually restored me. Legal steps had been taken by the Brabazon family during my confinement: and my mutilated boy is placed, by the Court of Chancery, under the guardianship of his mother. For some time after my recovery I became a wanderer on the continent, with the intention of wasting the remnants of my blighted existence in restless obscurity. But I soon felt that the best propitiation, the best sacrifice to offer to my injured wife and child, was an attempt to conquer, for their sake, an honourable position in society. I got placed on full-pay in a regiment appointed to a foreign station. I made over to my boy the whole of my property. I pique myself on living on my pay,—on drinking no wine,—on absenting myself from all the seductions of society. I lead a life of penance, of penitence, of pain. But, some day or other, my little victim will learn the death of his father, and feel that he devoted his wretched days to the duties of an honourable profession, in order to spare him further dishonour as *the son of a suicide*."

"Thank God!" was my murmured ejaculation, when at this moment I perceived the boat of the Astræa; whose approach enabled me to cover my emotion with the bustle of parting. There was not a word of consolation—of palliation, to be offered to such a man. He had indeed afforded me a fearful commentary on my text. Never before had I duly appreciated the perils and dangers of WINE!

"And it is to such a stimulus," murmured I, as I slowly rejoined my companions, "that judge and juror recur for strength to inspire their decrees; to such an influence, that captain and helmsman turn for courage in the storm: to such a counsellor, the warrior refers his manœuvres on the day of battle; nay, that the minister, the chancellor, the sovereign himself, dedicate the frailty of their nature! That human life, that human happiness, should be subjected to so devilish an instrument! Against all other enemies, we fortify ourselves with defence; to this master-fiend, we open the doors of the citadel."

My meditations were soon cut short by the joyous chorus of a drinking-song, with which Lord Thomas's decoctions inspired the shattered reason of the Commandants, superior and inferior, of His Majesty's Ship the Astræa.

From the Westminster Review.

NOVA SCOTIA.*

THE maritime energy of mankind was necessarily confined within most narrow limits, till the discovery of the compass,—or, rather, till the period when that instrument was first brought into general use; for the time of its invention is shrouded in mystery, and the name of its discoverer a secret. Among numerous assertions and conjectures, it is reported to have been known to an Emperor of China 1120 years before the Christian era;† to have been in use in the days of Solomon;‡ to have been known to the Greeks and Romans; and to have been merely brought by Vasco de Gama into Europe from the coast of Africa, where he found it in use among the Arabians who traded with the African nations.§ To reconcile opinions so conflicting and laying claim to such high antiquity, is impossible; and to elicit truth from them, hopeless. Time may disclose facts that have been long hidden in darkness; on time, therefore, must depend all addition to the present stock of knowledge on this subject.

The introduction of the compass into general use was, as might be expected, accomplished gradually; priority being claimed by the Spaniards among the European nations. If the laws called *Las Leyes de Partidas* be entitled to the date attributed to them, the invention was not only known, but was in use among the

*A Brief description of Nova Scotia, with plates of the principal Harbours, including a particular account of the Island of Grand Manan. By Anthony Lockwood, R. A. Professor of Hydrography, Assistant Surveyor General of the Provinces of Nova Scotia and Cape Breton.—dto. 1828. pp. 102 Hydrographer's Office, Admiralty.

† Hutton's Mathematical Dictionary.

‡ Bochardi Chanaam, Lib. i. cap. 58.

§ Lafiteau, History of Portuguese Discovery in the New World.

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seamen of that nation, in the middle of the thirteenth century; because in one of those laws there is the following passage, *asi como los marineros se guian en la noche obscura por el aguja*, 'as mariners steer in dark nights by means of the compass,' plainly indicating that it was in common use. Whatever may be the degree of credit which this evidence deserves, the use of the compass was probably, at that early period, confined to short voyages, and cannot be considered to have obtained general adoption, or to have been used on the ocean, until the beginning of the fifteenth century.

Equal doubt and obscurity attach to the invention and the inventor of sea charts, nor can the various improvements in their construction be always awarded to the lawful owners; the variations are many and progressive; the improvements are visible, and can often be traced to a definite period of introduction, but contemporary history has neglected to couple the name of the inventor with that of the discovery; and this absence of proof has afforded an ample field for the conjecture of modern writers, who have too often supplied facts by fictions, and substituted prejudice and opinion for lucid arguments and sound conclusions. Many were the grades through which the chart had to pass in the progress from rudeness to the beauty and exactness which it has now attained; the genius of the mechanic, the learning of the philosopher, the intrepidity of the seaman, and the patronage of princes, have all been taxed to increase its perfection and complete its utility.

A modern chart, if it detail a survey of any considerable extent, is generally accompanied by a book of instructions, in which the dangers included within the limits of the survey are described, and the bearings of remarkable objects on the coast assigned. The work, however, of Mr. Lockwood assumes a more extensive character, and includes in its object a geographical description of the provinces to which it relates.

Under the term Nova Scotia was originally comprehended not only the province which still bears that name, but New Brunswick, Cape Breton, and Prince Edward's Island; being between Lat. 43° and 49° N.; Long. 60° and 70° W.; 400 miles in length, and of various breadths, from 40 to 150 miles. In 1784, this was divided into two governments, viz. New Brunswick and Nova Scotia; and in this reduced extent, Nova Scotia measures 240 miles in length, and from thirty to sixty miles in breadth. Joined to the main land by a narrow isthmus at the northern extremity of the Bay of Fundy, the province of Nova Scotia is a peninsula, and lies to the westward of New Brunswick. Its discovery is generally attributed to Sebastian Cabot, about the year 1497, while he was in the employ of our Henry the Seventh; but that prince, as well as several of his successors, appear to have set little value on the discovery, for no attempt was made to render it useful to the country. The first effort to form a settlement upon it, was made by the French in the year 1598, when the Marquis de la Roche landed a large body of convicts upon Sable island; but a great portion of these unfortunate creatures perished for want, the remainder were conveyed back to France, and the attempt to settle proved totally unsuccessful. Persuaded of the value of a settlement on this spot, and undismayed by former misfortunes, the French renewed the speculation, and with better success, within six years afterwards. In 1604, MM. De Monts, Champlain, Petrincourt, and numerous settlers arrived from France, landed on the main land of the province, and after surveying it minutely, founded the town of Port Royal, now called Annapolis; took formal possession of the country, which they named Acadia; and De Monts assumed the character of Governor, acting under the commission of the King of France. This colony, however, disappointed the expectation of all the parties engaged in its settlement; it had but a ten year's duration, for jealousies and feuds soon sprang up between the inhabitants of the new colony and those of New England, their immediate neighbours. As usually happens, acts of irritation and aggression were numerous on both sides; which led in 1614 to open hostilities, the colony being in that year destroyed by a New England force, under the command of Sir Charles Argal, who destroyed the patent of the King of France, and removed the greater part of the settlers into the province of Canada. Nova Scotia was finally ceded to England by the treaty of Utrecht, and the cession was confirmed by that of Aix-la-Chapelle in 1748. In the following year, Governor Cornwallis left England with 4000 settlers, landed at Chebucto Harbour, and founded the city of Halifax.

From this period and to this circumstance must be attributed the improvement of the colony. The situation of Halifax was well chosen for the purposes of general government, and for the prosecution of every branch of trade both internal and external. Port Royal, though seated on a fine and spacious harbour, was deficient in many important requisites for becoming a good and effective seat of government to a new establishment, or for the promotion of other than a limited trade, confined chiefly to a peculiar branch. Such is the opinion of most persons conversant with the subject, and it is believed that the fur trade constituted the leading motive of France in the attempt to establish the colony. At this time the province had received little benefit from the labour of clearing, and exhibited one vast forest of tall and majestic trees, the growth of ages, intersected here and there with what are called barrens, or tracks of land covered with weeds and moss. The axe and

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the saw were extensively wanted to prepare this wilderness, and render it fit to become the habitation of man.

The hills or highlands, for there are no mountains, generally run in a direction from N. to S.; sometimes, like the Horton chain, terminating in bold and rocky cliffs upon the coast, but no where exceeding 600 feet in height, which is the measurement of Ardoise hill between Halifax and Windsor. The hills which lie in the interior, and run through the counties of Queen's, Annapolis, and Shelburne, are said to exhibit traces of volcanic action; these are known by the name of the Blue Mountains. Although many large tracts of land have been brought into a state of cultivation, there remains a large portion in its primitive condition,—a wild and savage wilderness. There is certainly much poor land in the province, but its quantity has been greatly exaggerated. Limestone is very generally distributed throughout the province, and has been used with singular effect in the improvement of some of the cold wet soils.

Some inconvenience is felt from the singularity of the climate; in which a severe winter of some months duration, is succeeded, without any gradual increase in temperature, by a summer of intense heat. Viewed in conjunction with the position of the country on the globe, the circumstance is remarkable, and it may rationally be expected that the amelioration of the climate will keep pace with the increase of cultivation, and the extension of improvement. The severity of the winter is probably increased by the dampness of the ground, shaded as it is from the rays of the sun by the foliage of the countless myriads of trees by which the face of the country is so abundantly covered. The leaves fall and are decomposed upon the moss and other vegetable matter which covers the surface of the ground, and thus add to the dampness of the soil, which is likewise increased by the attraction of the forests. The clouds arrested in their progress by the attraction ot the trees on the highlands, discharge their burthen of water, and deluge the land with floods. But these are evils which will be overcome by time, labour, and industry.

As the chief object of the present article is to point out the local advantages which the situation of Nova Scotia offers for trade and internal intercourse, that end will be best answered by describing some of the most prominent harbours, bays, and rivers that encircle and intersect the province, with such equality of distribution, that out of 15,617 square miles of which it is composed, there is no point that is more than thirty miles distant from navigable water. It will be desirable to begin at the boundary line which divides Nova Scotia from New Brunswick, proceed onwards to the head of the Bay of Fundy, and return to the westward in an opposite direction; after which the harbours and settlements on the northern, and on the eastern coast to its extremity, will remain for the completion of the survey.

The line of demarkation commences upon the sea coast in lat. 45° 10′ N., lon. 66° 50′ W. at the island of Grand Manan, which lies in the entrance into the Bay of Fundy, about two leagues from the main land. This island, important from its position, is about fourteen miles in length, and from seven to nine miles in breadth, and contains 37,000 acres. Covered with timber of the best quality, and thinly populated by some settlers from the United States, amounting to about 380 persons, the inconveniences arising from damps, fogs, and heavy rains, are found here as in Nova Scotia; the vicissitudes of the climate are nearly the same, but from the beneficial influence of the sea air, the winters are not so severe. The shore is very bold and craggy on all sides, particularly on the western, where the cliffs present a formidable appearance, rising 600 feet above the level of the sea, and afford but one small inlet, called Dark Cove, that will prove an asylum even to boats. Whale Cove, on the northern shore, equally abrupt and bold, may be used as a harbour in southerly gales, where ships may wait for tides, in safety, in from fifteen to twenty-five fathoms. The qualities of the soil of this small island are known to be excellent, and from the best authority, that of the farmers who have settled upon it. The dangers around Grand Manan are numerous, and were till very recently, but imperfectly known or inaccurately laid down in the charts.

'No chart extant shows the dangers of Manan: no book of directions that I have ever seen, explains the courses and rates of the tides. The repeated instances of shipwreck arising mostly from deficient information concerning these dangers and tides, drew from the merchants of St. John's city an application to the Lords of the Admiralty for a survey of the Bay of Fundy.'—p. 94.

To supply this deficiency the Admiralty published a survey of the Bay of Fundy, composed of three sheets; of the coast of Nova Scotia, in thirteen sheets; and of the gulf and river of St. Lawrence, comprising three sheets, each of which may be purchased separately. This extensive survey was made by the late Captain Hurd, Messrs. De Barre and Lockwood, Captain Bayfield, all of the Royal Navy of Great Britain; and the Port of St. Pierre Island, by Lieutenant Thouars of the Royal Navy of France. The plans or charts of the harbours, seven in number, contained in Mr. Lockwood's work, are clear, correct, and exceedingly neat in the execution; but as the names of the most prominent harbours only are engraved, though all are laid down upon the charts, their value and utility are greatly reduced, and they can be viewed in scarcely any other light than as mere skeletons. Should this work be reprinted by the Admiralty with

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additions, that of a few more names placed against the smaller harbours would prove both valuable and acceptable.

Ten miles distant from Grand Manan is a large and deep bay which retains its Indian name of Passamaquoddy; the entrance being formed by Campo Bello on the south, and Spruce and White Islands on the north. It is three miles in breadth, and contains within it harbours equal to any in the world for safety, convenience, and the general purposes of commerce. The harbours in this fine bay are well situated for the lumber trade, the fishery, and for ship-building, in consequence of the large supply of good timber which abounds on the shores of the bay, and the great rise of the tide which takes place, an advantage of great value for the construction of docks and the purposes of ship-building. The upper end of the bay terminates in the river St. Croix, which branches out into three channels, making considerable angles with each other. It is here that the British and American territories meet; the boundary line between which; was to be drawn from the head of this river. But the river, like Cerberus, is triple headed, and this circumstance threw triple difficulty in the way of the negociators, as to which of the branches should be considered to be the head, and the settlement of the question has employed the subtlety of the diplomatists of both countries. The land about the upper end of this bay is very good; the timber of the best quality, and very abundant. St. Andrew's is a handsome town, standing on the river St. Croix, and has some advantages of climate which make it a desirable spot, the principal one being the absence of the dense fogs by which many other parts of the province are annoyed. The harbour, unnoticed by Mr. Lockwood, has only six feet water at ebb tide, and the town is built at too great a distance from the sea; disadvantages of magnitude, and obstructions to its ever becoming a port of consequence. Beaver harbour, or Port Parker, as it is sometimes called, lies to the east of Passamaquoddy bay, distant three leagues. The harbour, exposed to the southerly winds, might be improved at a little expense. The town was founded by about 8 or 900 refugees, and is well chosen for carrying on the fishery. On the western side of the harbour the descendants of four Dutch families, who in 1798 purchased 5,000 acres, are doing well.

From Beaver harbour to St. John's river, distant twelve leagues E. N. E., the coast is bold and rocky, but of moderate height, and entirely free from danger. The city of St. John, on the north side of the Bay of Fundy, and forty-five miles distant from the Island of Grand Manan, stands on an irregular descent, with a southern aspect, and on entering the river presents an imposing and agreeable appearance. It is built on the east side of the harbour within two miles of Partridge island, which lying directly opposite the entrance of the river, breaks the sea, and shelters it from all winds. It is rendered exceedingly pleasant from its peculiar situation; being built on a neck of land, and almost surrounded by the sea. The streets cross each other at right angles, and are about sixty feet in breadth, each house having at least a sixty feet frontage, and a depth of 120 feet; but there are many that are far larger and more spacious. No place on the north side of the Bay of Fundy possesses equal advantages with this for becoming a place of general trade, on account of the river, which extends much further into the country than any other, as well as of the large tracts of land which border its shores, equal in point of excellence to any in America for breeding live stock, the production of grain, or the quantity and quality of its timber; the lumber trade might here be prosecuted to any extent, and in ship-building it might vie with New England. The harbour of St. John has from 7 to 10 fathoms water, good anchorage and a excellent beach; it never freezes up for when the river above the falls is broken, the great force of the tide dashes the ice to pieces so completely that it never does any injury to the shipping. About a mile above the town there is a large fall or rapid, occasioned by some rocks which encroach upon the river and confine it at this place. When the flood has risen twelve feet in the harbour below, the falls are smooth, and continue passable for twenty minutes; and from hence the river is navigable for more than seventy miles for vessels of from 80 to 100 tons burthen. From the middle of April till the beginning of June, in consequence of the heavy rains and the melting of the snow, the falls are impassable for vessels bound up the river, the tide not rising to their level; and owing to the strong current that runs through the harbour at that period, vessels often find a difficulty in entering it, unless assisted by a favourable wind. At a distance of sixty miles from the sea, the river communicates with a very large, deep, and beautiful sheet of water called the Grand Lake, situated on its eastern side, and navigable into the river. The rise of the tide in this Lake is four feet; the lands on its banks are remarkable for their goodness and fertility; it is abundantly stocked with numerous kinds of fish; and in fact possesses most of the requisites for constituting a prosperous settlement.

The Bay of Fundy, which is not described in Mr. Lockwood's work, continues of various breadths from six to fifteen leagues, and has throughout its course a great depth of water. It is divided by the land into two distinct arms, the largest of which is called the Basin of Mines, and the other Chignecto Bay. The Basin of Mines takes a course nearly due east, for eighty miles in length, receiving the waters of several rivers, and having a rise and fall of the tide continually increasing as it advances, till it is equal, at its head, to seventy

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feet perpendicular. An advantage of magnitude results from this great rise of the tide, which makes several rivers both in this and in the N. E. branch of the bay navigable for a great distance into the country. One fact here is curious and worthy of remark; Vert Bay on the Gulf of St. Lawrence, is divided from the Basin of Mines by a narrow neck of land, and is not more than twenty miles distant from it, yet the tides rise only eight feet perpendicular, being sixty-two feet *minus* the rise in the Basin of Mines. Chignecto Bay, the other arm or head of the Bay of Fundy, takes a N. E. course from the point of separation, flowing through a space of fifty miles, and receiving the waters of some rivers of considerable magnitude, the largest of which is called the Petudiac. Of the Bay of Fundy, generally, it may be affirmed, that the tides rise higher than in any other part of America, rushing with great velocity into the rivers, bays, and harbours, and depositing large masses of alluvial matter, the origin of those tracts of rich marsh land which abound in the whole of the district surrounding it, which is the most populous and productive in the province of Nova Scotia. There is no vestige of the French village of Mines remaining, except the cellars of the houses, a few old orchards, and that constant appendage to an Acadian settlement, groups of willows.* Most of the land here is in good tillage, and there are 4,000 acres of diked land, besides salt marshes and other pastures. Coal, limestone, and other valuable minerals are abundant round the head of the bay; and between the towns of St. John and Digby, a steam-packet three times a week has been established.

Returning down the Bay of Fundy to the westward, no harbour occurs till nearly opposite St. John's river, where stands that of Annapolis, one of the noblest in the world; the entrance formed by two capes or headlands, perfectly sheltered from all winds, and having a depth of from twenty to thirty fathoms. The entrance is nearly a mile in breadth, and has a strong current both upon ebb and flood tide, and the shore is so steep that a ship may run her bowsprit against the rocks and be in ten fathoms water. This basin is twenty miles in circumference and capable of holding a great number of ships, and on its shore is built the handsome town of Digby. From the basin to the Bay of Annapolis is a distance of twelve miles up a deep and narrow river. The town, built on a peninsula projecting for a considerable distance into the water, and which forms two handsome basins, has not much increased either in size or population. The air of this and of some other parts of the county of Annapolis is very salubrious, and the timber remarkably fine in growth and excellent in quality.

* Bouchette's Survey of the British Settlements in North America, Vol II.

Passing south-west from Annapolis, situation is arrested by the fine deep bay and river of St. Mary, in the county of Sydney. The township of St. Mary contains about 280,000 acres, the quality of which in the interior is good; but along the coast there is much that is barren and stony. Some of the land in this county is equal to any in the province, and there are 120,000 acres of the best quality ungranted by the government. The river is difficult of access in consequence of a bar across its mouth with twelve feet water on it, and which at very low ebb tides has scarcely eleven feet. At a distance of about twelve miles it divides, and flows through a finely wooded country, the timber of which is of the soundest and most valuable description, and easily floated down to Sherbrook by means of the various branches of the river. The town of Sherbrook, at the head of the river, which is navigable up to it for ships of 100 tons, is only twelve miles distant from the sea, and has long carried on a profitable lumber trade. From the many local advantages of this town, among which may be enumerated some good roads, it is probable that it will at no very distant period of time be raised into commercial eminence. Country Harbour is also in the township of St. Mary; it is navigable for ships of the first class for twelve miles from the entrance into Sandwich bay in which it is situated. The lands around this harbour were granted in 1783 to the soldiers of the South Carolina regiment, after it was disbanded; but these men possessed neither industry nor perseverance, and after exhausting their stores of provisions and other necessaries, left the settlement, with the exception of two or three families which remained, and who are now the possessors of some fine and valuable property. At Guysborough or Manchester the fishing is carried on so extensively and profitably, that no more land has been brought under tillage than is necessary for the supply of the population of the district; which makes a favourable opening for the exertions of those who might be disposed to direct their attention to agricultural pursuits. The situation of the town and the effect of the surrounding scenery are beautiful. It stands near the entrance, on the western side of the lower basin of Milford Haven; and as the country on each side has been cleared many years, the forest has been exchanged for extensive meadows, such timber only remaining as is beneficial for the land or advantageous to the landscape. The harbour of Milford Haven, unnoticed in the work under consideration, stands at the head of Chedabucto bay; it has a narrow entrance, and is rendered difficult of access on account of a bar across it, which at low water has only eighteen feet upon it. A spacious basin, half a mile wide and three miles long, completely sheltered from all winds and affording good anchorage, immediately succeeds. After passing through a narrow channel about two

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miles in length, another harbour more spacious than the former, measuring from four to five miles, opens to the seaman, the whole way being navigable for ships of 500 tons burthen. It is on the western side of this basin that the town of Guysborough is so picturesquely situated.

From St. Mary's Bay, the coast lies nearly due north and south, and its south-western extremity is exposed to the uncontrolled force of the western ocean; from the inroads of which, it presents a very rugged and broken appearance. Off this coast, and within sight of land, lie the Seal Islands, truly dangerous from the number of currents which prevail around them. The largest is two miles long from N. to S. and lies at the entrance into the Bay of Fundy; — a light-house on the southern end of this island is much wanted, not only for avoiding the dangers of the island itself, but as a preservative against others in its vicinity which have proved fatal. Among these is the Blonde rock, two miles south of the island, and so called from his Majesty's ship of that name having been lost upon it in 1777; and some heavy and dangerous overfalls, lying about a mile to the westward, which break, and present an alarming appearance.

From the southern extremity of the Peninsula, the coast rages nearly E. N. E. and W. S. W. with little variation, as far as Cape Canso, the eastern extremity, along a space of about 300 miles, abounding in excellent harbours at short distances from each other throughout the entire line. Of these, Barrington, which lies eastward of Seal Island, has a flourishing settlement upon its margin, with from four to five thousand inhabitants. Here is some of the stony land against which so much has frequently been said; but the excellence of the pasturage enables the inhabitants to keep a large stock of cattle, and they enjoy not only the necessaries of life in plenty, but many of its luxuries. Six leagues N. E. of Barrington Bay is Shelburne, the finest harbour in Nova Scotia; easy of access, of perfect security, and affording safe anchorage for the largest class of shipping. It is sheltered from the winds; and protected against the fury of the waves by McNutt's Island, lying at the entrance, and on which is placed a light-house, the lantern rising 125 feet above the level of the sea. The first settlement was made in 1764 by Alexander McNutt and others, who had received a grant of 100,000 acres of land in the neighbourhood of this harbour; but these people did little more than improve the land at its entrance. In 1783, at the close of the war with America, a large number of families emigrated to this spot, and pleased with the spacious harbour, began to build the town. These infatuated people expended their fortunes in extravagant buildings without object or consideration. In 1784, the population exceeded 12,000 inhabitants; in 1816, they were only 374 persons in the town and suburbs. Their object was to draw the leading persons of the province to this spot, and to make it the seat of government of the province; but in this they were disappointed, and most of them reduced to poverty and the victims of their own folly, returned into the United States where they finally settled. 'The misfortune of these people,' says Mr. Morris the late surveyor-general of the province, 'arose principally from their being unfit for either farming or fishing, as they had accumulated their property by commerce; and in the frenzy of enthusiasm, were led to imagine, that a great town with spacious streets and commodius buildings would attract the stranger, and pave the way to its greatness. In the short space of two years, they had dissipated their fortunes, amounting, it is supposed, to no less than 500,000*l.* sterling.' Such was the rise, the grandeur, and the decay of this splendid settlement; to the actors engaged in it the result was misery and ruin, to future settlers it will be instruction and warning. About five miles east of this settlement, is a salmon fishery, noted for the extraordinary quantity of fish which it contains. Many other good harbours lie on this coast, along the line to Halifax; on all of which settlements have been made, and a foundation laid for future prosperity. At present more than one-half of the export trade, and nearly the whole of the import, is carried on at Halifax. In 1828 the imports amounted to 733,392*l.*, which employed 544 vessels and 3,340 men; and the exports, exclusive of the coasting trade, to 246,852*l.* carried on in 553 vessels containing 61,511 tons, and navigated by 3,323 men. There were 150 vessels belonging to this port in 1828; 73 of which were square-rigged, and 77 schooners. The direction of the trade of the port will be seen by the disposition of the vessels; 70 were employed in the West Indian trade; 4 between Great Britian and Halifax; 6 in the trade with other European states and with Brazil; and the remainder in the fisheries. Owing to the almost exclusive attention paid to this port, its prosperity and increase have been greatly extended; in 1790 it contained 700 houses and 4,000 inhabitants; in 1828 the houses had increased to the number of 1,580, and the population to 14,439 persons. The quality of the land throughout the county of Halifax is extremely varied, and contains all the grades, from stony and barren, to rich and fertile; of the former, are some lands on the shores of St. Margaret's Bay; and of the latter, those round Colchester exhibit a fair and pleasing specimen. This latter district is well watered, and abounds in coal, limestone, and gypsum. In other parts of the county, on the Stewiack River for instance, veins of coal rise to the surface of the earth, and freestone, lime, and slate are found in abundance.

Another great advantage which this country possesses, may be found in the number and

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distribution of its rivers; most of them navigable through a considerable extent of country, which they enrich, beautify, and improve by their waters. The largest river in the province is the Shubenacadie, which flows from the Grand Lake in the county of Halifax, and falls into the sea at Cobequid Bay. It divides the counties of Halifax and Hants, and is navagable for more than thirty miles. The Clyde is the most beautiful river in Nova Scotia, taking its rise in a chain of lakes in the interior, and flowing through a course of 40 miles in extent. Many others after pursuing their courses through many miles of country, empty themselves into the sea at various points, where they form spacious harbours for shelter, to the preservation of which they mainly contribute by the force of their currents. Such are the Mersey, which falls into Liverpool harbour; the Medway and the Shelburne, the one forming the harbour of Port Medway, and the other the noble harbour of Shelburne. The Tusket is a valuable river both for commerce and intercourse, in consequence of its numerous branches, some of which expand into lakes, and form extensive harbours; it rises in the Blue Mountains, is navigable for ships through an extent of ten miles, and for small craft through a distance of thirty.

Such is the outline of this valuable district, the commerce of which might be greatly enlarged with a little well-directed encouragement.. Hitherto the foreign trade has been chiefly confined to Halifax, declared a free warehousing port in 1826; but since that period, the same privilege has been extended to Sydney and Picton. The former of these is situated in a highly cultivated and populous country; and the latter, on the north eastern coast, in the county of Cumberland, is fast rising in wealth and prosperity. The position is well chosen, but the harbour cannot be called a good one, because there is a bar across its entrance which has but 15 feet water upon it: and on the outside of this bar, lies the Middle Ground, a shoal only seven feet under water; but beyond the bar the water deepens to 7 fathoms, which depth continues as far as the town.

As large tracts of public land of the very best quality still remain untenanted, sound policy would seem to dictate that such be sold, at a moderate price, as speedily as may be; and if the terms were equitable, it would not be difficult to find purchasers. The Americans fix 2 dollars per acre as the price of the public lands for sale within the United States, and experience has taught them that this is as fair a price as could be adopted,—one in which the interest of both parties to the bargain has been duly consulted. The experince of the American government on this head is so extensive, and the result of such continued experience under all variety of circumstances and in every possible situation, that it must be worth the attention of any state which possesses, or may hereafter possess, territories in the rich, fertile, and beautiful quarter of the globe.

THE BRIDE'S RETURN.

BY H. S. B.

I.

She hath her wish,—for which in vain
She pined in restless dreams—
"Oh mother! *is* this home again?
How desolate it seems!
Yet all the dear, familiar things
Look as they did of yore;
But oh! the change this sad heart brings,—
This is my home no more!

II.

"I left thee!—like the dove of old
I left thy parent breast,—
But on life's waste of waters cold
My soul hath found no rest!
And back the weary bird is come,
Its woes—its wanderings o'er;
Ne'er from the holy ark to roam—
Yet this is home no more!

III.

"Oh mother! sing my childhood songs!
They fall like summer's rain
On this worn heart, that vainly longs
To be *all* thine again!
Speak comfort to me! call me yet
'*Thy* Mary'—as of yore;
Those words could make me half forget—
That this is home no more!

IV.

"Sit near me! Oh this hour repays
Long years of lonely pain;
I feel—as if the old bright days
Were all come back again!
My heart beats thick with happy dreams—
Mine eyes with tears run o'er
Thou'rt with me, mother! Oh it seems
Like home! *our* home once more!

V.

"Oh home and mother! can ye not
Give back my heart's glad youth!
The visions which my soul forgot,
Or learnt to doubt their truth!
Give back my childhood's peaceful sleep,
Its aimless hopes restore!—
Ye cannot!—mothet, let me weep—
For this is home no more!"

VI.

Thou mourner for departed dreams!
On earth there is no rest—
When grief hath troubled the pure streams
Of memory in thy breast!
A shadow on thy path shall lie
Where sunshine laugh'd before;
Look upwards—to the happy sky!
Earth is thy home no more!

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From the Athenæum.

MR. LESLIE.

LESLIE, the painter, has left England on his turn to America; he has, we believe, received some appointment in Boston connected th the fine arts, but it is not of great value; d had his genius been appreciated here as it served to be, and a little more encouragent given, we should, we suspect, have rened him among us.—Newton, too, it is said, about to follow him.

The departure of Mr. Leslie from this coun-, announced last week, cannot be passed er as an ordinary event; it is, we know, a ject of deep and general regret among ists, and indeed to all, especially the adrers of that elegant and difficult department art, genteel comedy, in which he was so -eminent. To his personal friends his abice can hardly be supplied; and they must left to regret that they shall no longer enthat society, and those happy hours which private worth, his intelligence, and affecnate disposition made so delightful and inactive. Mr. Leslie leaves us for a permant and honourable situation under the Amean Government, in a department in which assistance of his professional talents is red. He felt it a duty he owed himself, family, and his country, to give this offer, east, a trial; especially after the flattering itation of the President Jackson, in his letter him, and from the honourable distinction ich it conveyed. We expressed our fears t Mr. Leslie had not been sufficiently panized here; we are informed that in this ject he had no reason to complain; that he indeed grateful for the encouragement he received, and that of late his commissions eased. It deserves, however, to be mened that others entertained the same opinion, that a high-minded nobleman, in no way e distinguished than as a liberal friend of —the Earl of Egremont—most generously red him 1000 guineas to paint a companion picture which he had already executed him. This noble offer was as nobly refused he part of the artist, who replied, "that to ive a commission given under such an imsion, he should consider little better than ery." It was not without pain that Leslie ght of leaving England, so greatly ened to him; and most of all, he regretted removal from the "only country where g art is to be found"—that he should no er behold the talent annually displayed—in "particular, the works of Chantrey, Vilkie, of Turner, the native freshness of andscapes of Constable, and the grace and ance of the portrait composition of Cha-' It is however pleasant to know that his rable works will continue to grace the s of the Royal Academy; that he has not ned his diploma, and that we may still forward to future gratification from the ions of a pencil which has embodied forth, with such congeniality of sentiment—free from all common or vulgar feeling—the humour and pathos of a Sterne—the chivalrous eccentricities of Don Quixotte—the rich, racy, worldly wit of Falstaff—and the elegance and refinement of polished life, in his picture of 'The Grosvenor Family.'

Eheu! quam tenui e filo pendet
Quidquid in vita maxime arridet.

From the United Service Journal.

GUSTAVUS ADOLPHUS'S DEATH.

THIS great captain, it will be recollected, came to an untimely end on the eve of the battle of Lutzen, which was fought on the 16th November, 1632; but the circumstances of his death have been to this day involved in mystery. Some writers have ascribed it to the machinations of Cardinal Richelieu; others have affirmed that he fell by the hands of the Duke of Saxe-Luenburg, one of his own commanders; or that a page or groom in his service shot him; and not a few, that he was shot in a sudden discharge of musketry from the Austrian advanced posts. A document exists, however, amongst the royal archives of Sweden, which seems decisive of this long-contested question. This is a letter from Andreas Goeding, provost of Werio, a town in Gothland, to the then secretary of the archives of state. The writer's narrative is as follows:—

"When I was in Saxony, in the year 1687, a fortunate accident enabled me to discover the circumstances accompanying the melancholy end of Gustavus Adolphus. This great monarch had rode out for the simple purpose of reconnoitring the enemy, attended by a single servant. A dense fog prevented him from observing a detachment of Austrian troops, who fired upon and wounded him, but not mortally. The servant, who assisted in bringing him back to the camp, consummated his end by a pistol shot, and possessed himself of a pair of spectacles, which the king had in daily use in consequence of the shortness of his sight. I bought the spectacles from the deacon of Naumburg; and it so happened that, during my stay there, the murderer, who was become very advanced in years, felt his last hour approaching. The goadings of his conscience, a natural consequence of the atrocious murder which he had perpetrated, did not allow him a moment's rest. He requested my friend, the deacon to whom I have just alluded, to come to him, and he then confessed his guilt. My information is derived from the lips of the deacon himself, the party from whom I purchased the spectacles, and I have deposited them in the Swedish archives."

There is no reason whatever to question the genuineness of the letter; but still it would be desirable to know, whether the Swedish government took any steps, upon its receipt, to institute further inquiries on the spot where the

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murderer died, and whether they ever ascertained from the deacon of Naumburg himself that the circumstances which the provost relates were in every respect conformable with the wretch's confession.

THE WIFE.

BY MRS. C. B. WILSON.

"How much the *wife* is dearer than the *bride*."
Lord Lyttleton.

She stood beside him, in the spring-tide hour
When Hymen lit with smiles the nuptial bow'r,
A downcast, trembling girl;—whose pulse was stirr'd
By the least murmur, like a frighten'd bird;
Timid, and shrinking from each stranger's gaze,
And blushing when she heard the voice of praise,
She clung to him as some superior thing,
And soar'd aloft upon his stronger wing!
Now mark the change:—when storm-clouds gather fast,
And man, creation's lord, before the blast
Shrinks like a parched scroll or with'ring leaf,
And turns revolting from the face of grief—
When, in despair, his scarce uplifted eye,
Sees foes who linger, fancied friends who fly—
Woman steps forth, and boldly braves the shock,
Firm to his interests as the granite rock;
She stems the wave, unshrinking meets the storm,
And wears his guardian angel's earthly form!
And if she cannot check the tempest's course,
She points a shelter from its 'whelming force!
When envy's sneer would coldly blight his name,
And busy tongues are sporting with his fame,
Who solves each doubt—clears every mist away,
And makes him radiant in the face of day?
She who would peril fortune, fame, and life,
For man, the ingrate—THE DEVOTED WIFE.

From the Journal of the Belles Lettres.

APHORISMS FROM GOETHE.*

THOUGH we propose to pay our due respects again to this publication, we pause in the meantime to give a specimen of Goethe's maxims and reflections, extracted from the last five volumes of his posthumous works.

Modern poets pour a great deal of water in their ink.

The greatest difficulties are found where they are least expected.

In the works of man, as in those of nature, their purpose and design are the proper objects of our attention.

The greatest good that we derive from history is that it awakes enthusiasm.

Literature is a fragment of a fragment. Of all that ever happened, or has been said, but a fraction has been written; and of this latter but little is extant.

Shakspeare is dangerous reading to budding talent,—he compels it to reproduce him while it fancies it is producing itself.

Wisdom exists only in truth.

The smallest hair casts its shadow.

There are not always frogs where there is water, but where we hear them croak we may be sure the latter is not far off.

Many knock at random on the wall with the hammer, and fancy they hit the nail on the head every time.

Historical writing is a way of getting rid of the past.

What we do not understand we do not possess.

Foresight is simple, retrospection manifold.

One who feels not love must learn to flatter, or he will never succeed.

The world is a cracked bell; it rattles, but does not ring.

There are men who never go wrong, because they never entertain any sensible project.

Time is itself an element.

Let us know the world as we may, it has always a day and a night side.

At all times it is individuals and not the age which have influenced knowledge. It was his age which poisoned Socrates, his age which condemned Huss to the stake. Ages have always been alike.

What government is the best?—that which teaches us to govern ourselves.

Truth is like God; it does not show itself directly; we must seek it in its manifestations.

Aphorisms in Natural Science.

The ignorant propose questions which the learned have answered a thousand years ago.

Nothing is more prejudicial to a new truth than an old error.

Man must persist in the belief that the incomprehensible is comprehensible, otherwise he would inquire into nothing.

Hypotheses are lullabies with which teachers hush their pupils asleep.

* Goethe's Posthumous Works, Vols. VI. to X. London, Schloss.

From the Athenæum.

African Expedition.—Letters have been received from Richard Lander, dated 8th of May, from Fernando Po, where he had been obliged to go for the recovery of his health. He had been seriously ill, but was so far recovered, that he intended to return in the *Albert* man-of-war in a day or two to the brig at the mouth of the Niger, where it had been arranged that the steam-boats from the interior should meet him. The steam-boats had been detained up the river for want of water. Colonel Nicholls, the Governor of Fernando Po, had kindly furnished him with a supply of wine and medicines for the invalids. Lander expected to be in England in September or October. The expedition had suffered severely from fever, having lost twenty-five men. It is, however, gratifying to learn from other accounts received about the same time, that the reports of the failure of the expedition in its commercial objects have been much exaggerated—for the quantity of ivory they had procured would, it was believed, be at least sufficient to defray the expense of the expedition.

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From Tait's Edinburgh Magazine.

MEMOIRS OF MRS. INCHBALD.

By James Boaden, Esq.

Mrs. Inchbald, take her all in all, was, by her character and genius the most remarkable Englishwoman of a remarkable period. She was the friend of Godwin, Holcroft, and John Kemble; and is seen at this distance as the "bright peculiar star" in that constellation of female genius which illustrated the closing years of the last century, and shed a farewell radiance on the dawning of the present. There is pleasure in dwelling on the names of these lights—the lesser and the greater: Anne Radcliffe, Johanna Baillie, Mary Wolstoncroft, Harriet and Sophia Lee, Charlotte Smith, Letitia Barbauld, Mrs. Hunter, Amelia Opie—in ways how different! —Hannah More, and the unfortunate Mary Robinson; and, first in the brilliant cluster, Elizabeth Inchbald. Our blue-stocking ladies have disappeared as rapidly as our great poets. But Mrs. Inchbald was never a blue-stocking, save in a single night of her eccentric life, at a masquerade, when dressing the assumed character cost her nothing. Her garbled Confessions—for we refuse the name of Memoirs to Mr. Boaden's piece of patched work—forms the most important addition lately made to those rare and valuable books which teach men and women to know themselves, by displaying before them, unveiled, the real workings of a noble and powerful, but still a merely human, and a female nature.

The subject of Mr. Boaden's book, was an uneducated country girl, a strolling actress, early left to her own guidance, and endowed with the gift, so perilous in her condition, of great personal beauty, who achieved for herself fame and fortune, and established a reputation for genius and talent which this memoir proves were surpassed by moral greatness; by the magnanimity, candour, and independence of her mind; and by her singular goodness of heart. Yet Mrs. Inchbald was no impossible piece of perfection; she had faults enough, and to spare; some of them the offspring of her virtues. With her acute intellect, and fine genius, were combined even to excess, the qualities of a *very* woman. She was largely endowed with all the instincts of the sex; its thousand vagaries, caprices; its genius for coquetry; love of admiration; and the romance, generosity, caution, frankness, sensibility, timidity, and daringness which distinguish woman.

Accident made the social discipline of this lady a tolerably fair experiment of what a female may be made who shares in manly education. We mean that education which commences when the spelling-book is closed, and is carried forward by the actual business, and the buffetings and conflicts of life. Seventy years since, the boys and girls of a small Suffolk farm must have been trained exactly alike; and Mr. Boaden's heroine never was at any school, nor received any education, save English reading, picked up in some furtive way. From this position she passed to the stage, where there is a complete breaking down of the thin party-walls which, in humble life, separate the arena in which the sexes are trained, and an entire levelling of all those bulwarks by which our social forms protect and sequester women of higher station, shutting them up alike from the knowledge of good and of evil. If there be originally no essential difference in the mental and moral nature of the sexes; if man, the Bread-Winner, be not always inherently different from woman, whether the thrifty manager, or the graceful dispenser of the Bread, then ought there to have been no distinction between the tastes and tendencies of Mrs. Inchbald and those of her male friends. But there was wide distinction, though no fairer experiment in training could, as society is constituted, have been made. The result was a noble, self-relying character, and a high-toned consistent morality, but, we hesitate to say it, a not very amiable w man For this, her domestic and social position were more in fault than her peculiar training. Mrs. Inchbald, a youthful beauty, with a high-spirit, and the requisite share of vanity, had hardly done wrangling with the respectable, but unsuitable gentleman whom she rashly married, and taken to that habit of living well with him which, with two-thirds of the world, forms the useful substitute of empassioned affection, when she was left a childless widow. It does not appear that, though an affectionate and most liberal and dutiful relation, she ever loved any one, as happier women love; or that any portion of her lonely, though active life, was spent under the sweet influences of an entirely confiding and relying sympathy with those among whom she moved. Failing the natural charities, she found their substitute among the beings of imagination, and wedded Dorrifort, and loved with Agnes Primrose and Rebecca. But the most creative and subtle imagination cannot from ideal abstractions, draw the humanizing uses of the real beings of one's own heart, who may be kissed and chided, frowned at and wept over, sinned against and pardoned for sinning. Her womanly education was never completed; and so far the experiment is not fair. As it was she showed with equal genius, and under greater difficulty, ten times the common sense of most of her literary brethren; and enjoyed and dispensed far more social happiness.

The materials out of which Mr. Boaden has constructed this memoir are a diary kept by Mrs. Inchbald from girlhood, with candour and fidelity unequalled in autobiography; above two hundred of her letters, and a mass of miscellaneous information about herself and her associates, which he was the very man to gather and store. At first glance, Mr. Boaden's book is, we own, exceedingly provoking. It seems a mere *higgledy-piggledy* hodge-podge, composed of the most heterogeneous ingredients, with here and there a morsel of what you have been promised and are in search of. On a second survey a sort of order

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begins to arise from the chaos; but it takes a third inspection before one discovers the key to Mr. Boaden's cypher, and finds that he has attempted, after a fashion all his own, and by a sort of chronological arrangement, a strange running commentary on Mrs. Inchbald's fifty years' record of her singular life, making her entries a series of pegs on which to hang anecdotes, quotations, puns, puzzles, guesses, sly hints, smart retorts, and a few specimens of what, considering the source whence it emanates, may fairly be called innocent malice. "Motley is your only wear," with Mr. Boaden. He labours under the St. Vitus' Dance; and is evidently, because of his infirmity, unable to approach any object directly, or to perform the simplest action without a variety of preliminary grimaces, nods, winks, and contortions, and comic twitchings of the face, for which he need not be blamed, since he cannot help it. Once this stage is got over, he often goes on tolerably well; and his very slovenliness, we suspect, has done more for those who would see the real Mrs. Inchbald, with her blemishes as well as her beauties about her, than might have been accomplished by fifty cleverer "dressers." If he lays a horrible daub of rouge on one cheek, he forgets, and blunders on, and leaves the other of the natural colour. The picture is, indeed, true likeness, though the dress and accessories are in bad taste. He has not marred the finer features and nobler proportions he found in his subject; all the rest is pardonable, and we go on with him swimmingly.

Elizabeth Simpson, afterwards Mrs. Inchbald, was born at the farm of Standingfield, near Bury St. Edmunds, on the 15th October, 1753. Her father died when she was only eight years of age, leaving her mother with a numerous family, and in circumstances far from opulent. The family were Catholics, in which faith Mrs. Inchbald lived and died. Her religious practice, though not strict, was more regular than her belief was steady and orthodox.

The girls of the Simpson family were distinguished for beauty—Saxon beauty—the beauty tradition ascribes to fair Rosamond and Jane Shore: golden tresses, and the charming and harmonious features, with the dazzlingly fair and delicate complexions of English girls. Elizabeth had a considerable hesitation or impediment in her speech, which made her utterance so indistinct that she early shunned society, and found her amusement in books. She never attended any school; and, from the report given of her slovenly manuscripts and very deficient orthography, which, with whity-brown paper, long frightened theatrical managers from her first dramatic pieces, it appears that she made no great proficiency in the merely mechanical parts of education. Mr. Boaden thinks it singular that, though she shunned company she longed to see the world; or, in other words, that, tired of the monotony and of the dull and narrow realities of Standingfield, she should indulge the more readily the longings of a very young, adventurous, and imaginative girl, to reach those regions of splendour and romance which London has prefigured to so many youthful minds. There seems, from some unexplained cause, to have been a more familiar intercourse with players, between Standingfield and the Bury and Norwich theatres, than is usual between the *boards* and a well-regulated English farm-house. Elizabeth's first romantic girlish passion seems to have been for Mr. Griffiths, the Norwich manager, and probably the *first man* of his own stage. To this gentlemen she secretly applied, in her seventeenth year, for an engagement; for now her long-cherished purpose was fixed to see the world, and to be an actress. Her application was fortunately fruitless. Mr. Boaden, who is a prodigious discoverer of such minute objects as mare's nests, and something of a wag withal, just hints, in his own facetious way, that he "has a strong suspicion our Rosalind had a juvenile passion for this gentleman," knowing that she had stolen his picture; and having first read in her pocket-book the name of the hero, Griffiths, entered in separate letters, with the significant commentary—"*Each dear letter of thy name is harmony.*" Mr. Boaden facetiously remarks, that it may be so in *Wales*, but has his own doubts as to other places.

About this time, George Simpson, the brother of Elizabeth, went upon the stage, in which profession he never attained even mediocrity; and his conversation and example probably stimulated his sister, who was now left alone at Standingfield, the other daughters being all married. In April, 1772, Mr. Boaden's heroine took the adventurous step that ultimately decided her fortunes. She ran away to London without the knowledge of her mother, and with a design of going upon the stage. She had already seen the metropolis, when on a visit to her married sisters; but at this time she avoided them; and, after a series of adventures, with which many marvels and much romance have been interwoven, she, in a very few days, made her arrival known to her relations. On her former visit she had received pointed attentions from Mr. Inchbald, a respectable comedian of middle age, and they had for a time corresponded. These attentions were now renewed; and, while labouring with all her might to obtain a stage engagement, she, without anything resembling affection or exclusive preference, accepted his addresses; and in a little month became his wife. Her independent character and natural shrewdness breaks strongly out in the first of her published letters, which is an answer to her admirer, Mr. Inchbald, and written in her eighteenth year. After a few airs allowable to a young beauty in love with one man, and addressing another verging on forty, for whom she cared not one straw, she says,

"I find you have seen my thoughts on marriage; but as you desire it, I will repeat them. In spite of your eloquent pen, matrimony still appears to me with less charms than terrors: the bliss arising from it, I doubt not, is superior to any other—but best not be ventured for (in my opinion) till some little time have prov-

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ed the emptiness of all other; which it seldom fails to do. But to enter into marriage with the least reluctance, as fearing you are going to sacrifice part of your time, must be greatly imprudent: fewer unhappy matches I think would be occasioned, if fewer persons were guilty of this indiscretion—an indiscretion that shocks me, and which I hope Heaven will ever preserve me from; as must be your wish, if the regard you have professed for me be really mine."

It is evident that her passion for the stage was intimately connected with her violent love for the stage-manager: yet she had scarcely ever spoken to this enviable and insensible Mr. Griffiths, though, during the festivities of Bury fair, on the previous year, she had diligently courted opportunities of advancing her double interests; and failing, had returned to Standingfield, "unhappy, and very unhappy."

"The web of life is of mingled yarn," says one great authority; and another, the philosopher Sancho Panza we believe, that most people are neither to be painted black nor white, but with good brown ochre. Mrs. Inchbald's girlish pocket-book, which much oftener rises up to do honour to her sincerity and honesty than in judgment against her, contains the following notices:—"1772, January 22d. Saw Mr. Griffiths' picture; 28th, *stole it*; 29*th*, rather disappointed at not receiving a letter from Mr. Inchbald." Next month she went to Bury, and clandestinely to Norwich, and had an interview with Mr. Griffiths, probably soliciting an engagement from various motives. She reached Norwich at seven in the evening, and left it at twelve. On the 4th of March, she wrote to Mr. Griffiths, and received on the 20th an answer which "distracted her;" packed up her clothes on the 10th of April; eloped to London; and by the 10th of June was, as we have seen, Mrs. Inchbald. Mr. Boaden, who takes good care not to let us know no more of the lady than he sees fit, says, it appears from her Diary, that she never, in after life, saw her first flame with indifference.

It is, we think, conclusive against the profession of an actor, that no respectable player, however successful, ever wished his son or daughter to follow his vocation. It is felt enough to sacrifice one generation to the caprice of the public in this degraded *caste*. Why it is degraded is not our present inquiry. These memoirs afford abundant evidence both of its dangers and degradations; to women especially.—Mrs. Inchbald was too pure-minded ever to be prudish; her profession set her above all false, and some true delicacy; and she was of a character too haughty and too sincere for any kind of affectation. For more than twenty years of her life her position on the stage, and her great personal beauty, exposed her to insult, which, we fear, she came at last to consider very much as a thing of course. Though she repelled the outrage, she generally accepted the implied homage to her beauty and attractions with considerable complacency.

On coming to London she formed the design of appearing in the character of Miranda, in the Tempest, for which part her lovely face, her youth, and fine figure, singularly qualified her: "tall, slender, straight, of the purest complexion and most beautiful features; her hair of a golden auburn; her eyes full at once of spirit and sweetness." This lovely young woman, besides applying to King, waited on Dodds the manager, who, says Boaden, settled with her, "and made her some presents; and it would seem was fully disposed to try how far a manager's pretensions might carry him." In her memorandum-book she says, that on one day "she was rather frightened;" but the man, the brute we mean, had civilized. Two or three days afterwards she had occasion to see him, and again "was terrified and vexed beyond measure at his behaviour." Her biographer mentions that on this occasion she was provoked to snatch up a bason of hot water, and dash it in her assailant's face; "not," as he wittily remarks, "to throw *cold* water on his flame." She was still willing to accept the engagement; but the condition seemed to have been the infamous addresses of Dodds, and failing in that object it broke off. Digges, the Edinburgh manager, at one time, according to the mysterious hints of Boaden, made proposals with which she could not comply, though she listened to every thing; and Daly, the Dublin manager, behaved as brutally as Dodds.

Mrs. Inchbald's first appearance on the stage was at Bristol, and in the character of Cordelia: her husband acting Lear. She must at least have looked this part and that of Jane Shore, and several others which she afterwards attempted, to admiration; but Mrs. Inchbald forms no exception to the unbroken rule, that no writer of great original genius ever yet became an eminent or even second-rate player. It would seem that the requisite power and talents cannot co-exist. The *real* identity, the in-born power chills, overawes, and confounds the imitative and assumed person. Mrs. Inchbald was too deeply and intensely a *self;* too powerfully moved by thoughts, feelings, passions, to be able to subdue or annihilate that self, and throw it at pleasure in to another existence. The creative and the imitative powers are essentially different. Acting is properly called a profession, and one which requires half a life-time of experience and arduous study, to accomplish the original talent or faculty of the mime; a great poet or dramatist blazes forth at once; his first effort is often his best. Mrs. Inchbald could not have been a Mrs. Siddons if she would. Nature intended her for a higher destiny. She persevered, for to this her firm temper, and her excellent understanding led in everything she attempted; but her success, as an actress, was not great.

In the first years of her married life Mrs. Inchbald was professionally engaged, along with her husband, by Digges, then the manager for all Scotland. We have seldom yet had more than one, and never to any good purpose. The head-quarters was Edinburgh; but the company went,

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wholly, or in detachments, to Glasgow and Aberdeen; *strolling* occasionally to smaller towns. In this situation she endured many of the hardships and mortifications of a female strolling player, and enjoyed few of the compensating solaces of that painful and wearing condition. Her husband, though a sensible and "good enough sort of a man," was not always perfectly exemplary. Mrs. Inchbald, a high-spirited and beautiful young woman, felt herself neglected; and went, as her biographer intimates, rather far in a platonic flirtation with a Mr. Sterling, one of the company, who, quietly and perseveringly attentive, duly appeared to read to her during her husband's absence at the theatre or with convivial parties.

In Edinburgh, she attended the Catholic chapel with tolerable regularity. Is it the habit of confession, or the ingenuousness of her own nature, which has made Mrs. Inchbald so frank in her private journal? that journal which should forthwith be lodged in the British Museum. Her frankness should save her memory from the innuendoes, and mysterious hints of her biographer, who becomes eloquent in laudation of the utility and safety of the Catholic institution of confession to married women. The uses of confession are indeed well exemplified in this case. Mrs. Inchbald stated her fears to the priest, and by his injunction refused to admit Mr. Sterling on his next visit; but the gentleman came again, and the readings went on as before. There never was kept so honest a record of the alternate sunshine and shadows of married life, since Mr. Pepys wrote in his imagined undiscoverable cypher.

While the company were absent from Edinburgh she corresponded with Mr. Sterling: "a dangerous indulgence," remarks Mr. Boaden. On her return she mentions that this gentleman was less with her, and she was now *graciously noticed* by the manager, and his mistress, Miss Witherington, who occasionally took her an airing, gave her a seat in the manager's box, that enviable spot, and invited her to dine at the managerial villa at Bonniton. These are favours for which female players are bound to feel grateful and proud if they can. In Scotland she performed in the whole range of characters in tragedy and comedy, which her beautiful face, and fine person, qualified her to represent;—and without making much advancement in the art for which nature had denied her the great first requisite,—the faculty of imitation, and the power of sinking her own indentity,—she studied hard, and declaimed aloud to her husband, who was her teacher, in their walks on the hills around the city, and on the shore,—"Good Demosthenian practice," quoth Mr. Boaden.

Mrs. Inchbald was now about twenty-two. The powers of her mind were already dawning; she was feeling her own strength; the graces of her person were in full splendour; and she was driving about the world, liable to all the discomforts of a female player's life, occasionally riding in carts between towns, wet to the skin, and dragged from her fireside, and compelled to attend morning rehearsals, and walk at night in stage-processions, in whatever humour or state of health. Added to this, she had commenced her married life without any great stock of affection, and it was not apparently augmenting; she complained of the neglect of her husband, and he of her coldness; her health suffered, her temper was not proof; and one day we find her reading to Inchbald from the "Sufferings of our Lord," and next day the married pair are wrangling about the parting of their salaries; a continual subject of dispute. He did not adopt the maxim of Rousseau, "All that is mine is thine, and all that is thine is thine;" and she wished to have the power of relieving her needy relatives. With all this they were, at a pinch, tolerable friends. She swept, and the dust fell, no doubt to rise again.

A quarrel with the audience drove Inchbald from Scotland, and they went to France, that the husband might prosecute painting, in which he had made some proficiency; and the wife acquire a complete knowledge of the French language, which she had begun to study in the previous year. They did little more than look about them for a few months. Mrs. Inchbald found friends and admirers, and did not neglect study. Their slender funds were completely exhausted by a short residence; and the husband's painting having failed, the wife began to write a farce, and, together, they returned to Brighton, and almost pennyless. She has entered in her journal, that at Brighton they several times went without either dinner or tea, and that once they eat turnips in the field for a meal. These are among the incidental delights of the stage! John Kemble dieted on pease and turnips, for want of better fare or from averseress to *diddling*. They got to London by some means or other, and were so fortunate as to procure an engagement at Liverpool, after Mrs. Inchbald had attempted the inexorable Manager Griffiths. At Liverpool she became acquainted with Mrs. Siddons, as much entitled to be then named the great Mrs. Siddons, —washing and ironing for her husband and her child, and lightening her domestic duties by *singing* away the hours,—as when crowded theatres, and patrician audiences, afterwards did homage to her mature and unrivalled powers as an actress. There was she so honourably occupied; and there, too, was the future Countess of Derby, taking a *half benefit*,—neither, as Mr. Boaden sagaciously remarks, once dreaming of the honours that awaited them. At Manchester, which was in the same theatrical circuit, Mrs. Inchbald first became acquainted with John Kemble, the brother of her new friend, Siddons. He was a few years younger than herself; but with a face, figure, character, and habits, to interest her, and to recommend himself. If we may fairly construe Mr. Boaden's mystical intimations, Mr. Kemble's appearance was the cause of one of those periodical fits of conjugal fidgetiness to

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which Mrs. Inchbald was liable. Every day she had a quarrel with her husband, and a visit from John, whom Mr. Boaden, by no great stretch of charity, wholly acquits of all dishonourable intentions. Matters righted again. How smoothly would ordinary narrative slide over the little *wimplings* and asperities in Mrs. Inchbald's honestly journalized married life!

Mrs. Siddons went to York; Inchbald painted Kemble, who read while Mrs. Inchbald worked or made notes of the lecture. At intervals the young man—he was scarce twenty—would amuse himself and his fair friend with tricks upon the cards; or, as she relates, they played with anything that was in the way,—wax, thread, or dirt—careless of their future fame and personal dignity; and, on Sundays, Mr. Inchbald read mass to his wife and the Douay student. Mrs. Inchbald had now begun the outline of what, in the progress of years, became the *Simple Story;* which, when printed differed, as much from its original draft as Sir John Cutler's darned hose from their black silk originals. Kemble knew of her novel, and she was the confidante of his first attempts at dramatic composition. In an engagement at Birmingham the families lived almost together—Inchbald painting in Mrs. Siddons' quiet, invalid chamber, and his wife rehearsing her parts with Kemble, or prosecuting her French and other studies. Their sapient worships, the Magistrates, closed the theatre,—broke up this pleasant and profitable society,—and "the rogues and vagabonds," male and female, were scattered different ways.

In the course of her subsequent stroll, Mrs. Inchbald became acquainted with one who was more capable of acting as her literary adviser than the cold and classic John. This was Holcroft, who acted in the same company at Canterbury. They afterwards frequently crossed each other's path of life on more momentous occasions.

It appeared the summit of theatrical felicity to the Inchbalds to procure an engagement with Tate Wilkinson, whose head-quarters was York, in the centre of a wealthy and play-going district, where the Kembles were beginning to be favourites.

Mr. Boaden is far from willing openly to impeach his heroine, and has besides, in his books, always acted on the maxim, "Present company excepted;" but he is forced to confess that she really was a little teasing "in her love of attention and admiration." She was, in short, among other things, rather coquettish in an open, honest way; and her husband, who had shown little alarm at the attention of Mr. Sterling or the presence of John Kemble, became violently jealous of a certain little Davis, a low comedian, who dressed her hair, lodged in the same house, showed all obsequiousness, and lived upon the smiles which she lavished, for the amiable purpose of fooling and provoking both obsequious admirer and jealous husband. "Pleasant, but wrong." Mr Boaden, who has an anecdote or a dramatic quotation, *apropos de bottes* to everything, is forced to quote Othello here. This little Davis, "the first dresser in the world," according to Mrs. Inchbald, was, in consequence, a great favourite among the ladies of the Theatre, who never seemed to think him, as he buzzed about among them, of any particular sex, or anything but a dresser; so that Mr. Inchbald's jealousy was in this instance as ridiculous as misplaced.

Throughout her whole life, Mrs. Inchbald was most affectionately attached to her sisters and near relatives, few of whom appear to have merited her regard, or have been either in heart, mind, or conduct worthy of her. The Simpson family had latterly been very unfortunate. Some of her sisters were widows, and she had already begun to lay the foundation of her penurious habits by the generous self-denial she was obliged to practise to supply their wants. The parsimony which was, in her case, the means of extensive, and, in some instances, of almost romantic generosity, surely deserves a softer name. Her theatrical appearances were now frequent; yet she read a good deal; wrote occasionally at her *Simple Story;* had her hair dressed, and her charms improved by little Davis; quarrelled frequently with her husband; corresponded with Mrs. Siddons, whom the people of Liverpool were pelting and hissing off the stage; and with Dr. Brodie, who had attended her in an illness at Aberdeen. And she often also wept for the misfortunes of her "poor mother, and her favourite sister, Dolly." Save for those occasional conjugal bickerings which kept the domestic atmosphere from stagnating, and which do not appear to have gone very far beyond stage length, the Inchbalds were now enjoying comparative comfort and prosperity. They were favourites with the manager, who had raised their salary, not indeed to the starry brilliance of these latter days, as Mr. Boaden might say, but to somewhere about two guineas and a half a-week between them. From this sum, with their benefits, they had saved considerably; prudently providing against a return to field-turnip diet; when Inchbalu died very suddenly, to the deep and sincere grief of his wife. The day of his death she calls "a day of horror," and the week following it, "a week of grief, horror, and affliction." Her respect and affection for her husband were evinced in kindness to his natural sons, who had been to her no small cause of domestic annoyance, and who ill-merited her bounty. Throughout a profligate life, they proved insolent ungrateful tormentors, often cast off, but again working upon the sympathies of a hasty but generous disposition.

The widowed wo of a female player gets short time for indulgence, though Mrs. Inchbald's friends were kind and sympathizing: she obtained a benefit; the funeral charges were made as light as possible; and at the age of twenty-six she was again mistress of herself, and of nearly £400 in the funds and in cash—an immense sum, considering how it must have been scraped up. She resumed her profession; and, receiving

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a guinea and a half a-week, lived upon less than a pound: she was not yet nearly so rigid an economist as she ultimately became.

For once we shall subscribe to the justice of Mr. Boaden's strictures. In the autumn of this year she received a letter from a Scotch baronet, which led to one of those ticklish correspondences which, secure of herself, she rather courted than shunned; a hardihood neither sanctioned by wisdom nor very consistent with dignity. But she liked to write letters, and to meet with adventures. Her novel had now got the finishing touches; and, after a careful revision by Mr. Kemble, who wrote her husband's epitaph, but rather avoided herself, it was sent to try its fortunes in London, consigned to the care of Dr. Brodie, who was now settled in the metropolis. It was declined by Stockdale. Its time was fortunately still ten years off.

Kemble, though her junior, and of the bolder sex, was a person of much greater circumspection and prudence than the young widow. She honestly tells that now she would "have jumped at him;" but his cautious and calculating conduct, much as he seemed to admire her, foiled and disconcerted her hopes. It said as plainly as possible, "You had best not think of me, for I cannot marry you." He however gave her excellent advice, in guarding against improper female acquaintances. As if to finish her hopes, he also came a-wooing for another. Suett, the comedian, the famed Dicky Gossip, aspired to the hand of the beautiful widow.

Mr. Boaden again half-hints that Kemble was only deterred by "her independent turn of mind," from preferring his own suit. He had indeed seen some few touches of her temper in her first husband's life; but he forgot that her affection for himself was of a different nature from that which led to her prudent, and yet precipitate match with Mr. Inchbald. There might however be wisdom in his forbearance. John Philip liked to be master and manager—ay, every inch; and Elizabeth had so long taken her own way, that she was not now likely to be easily bitted up.

In the summer of 1780, she accepted an engagement in Edinburgh during the races. The condition of female players must be greatly improved since that period. She complains of *surprises* from the behaviour of the gentlemen who found a way into the society of the ladies of the theatre,—of the "shock" given her by the conversation of a Mr. Berkley, (Barclay?) of Aberdeen; but records that she still corresponded with the Scottish baronet, Sir John Whitefoorde, who had seen her at Doncaster in the previous year. The Catholic devotees of the city became alarmed by the free life of their gay, histrionic sister, who now absented herself from prayers as uniformly as she had formerly attended them. Dr. Geddes, the bishop, wrote an admonitory and warning epistle, which reached her in a roundabout way, and produced no visible effect.

She meditated appearing on the London boards; and, in September quitted the York company, having made a new conquest of a Mr. Glover. Mrs. Inchbald appears to have wanted the cajoling art, and she disdained the manœuvring means of riveting her *great conquests*, though she was not devoid of matrimonial ambition. It was impossible, with a spirit like hers, bold, honest, and frank, to have undergone the long mental drudgery and moral debasement, or to have practised the subserviency and dissimulation which have sometimes, with time and patience, won a way from the green-room to the drawing-room.

Her first appearances in London were not very encouraging. She was condemned to all the drudgery of the theatre—walking in the pantomime, playing in Omai. She sought consolation in reading, and the exercise of her pen, cautiously sounding the unpropitious manager about a farce. In London she at once assumed the free, easy, *bachelor* and independent life which she led to the last; strictly within the limits of virtue, but violating, or setting at nought many of the feminine smaller proprieties rigidly observed by the prudent, even among the heroines of the stage. Her female acquaintances were in general the ladies of the theatre; but her bachelor range was more extensive. Early in her London life, the Marquis of Carmarthen was a visiter at her humble lodgings. Dick Wilson, a clever, and dissolute comedian, who, in Edinburgh, had often seduced her husband from his own fire-side, became a humble suitor for her hand, but an unsuccessful one. Dr. Brodie, now a London practitioner, occasionally took his tea at her lodgings; little Davis was an inmate of the same house; but now, that there was no Inchbald to torment, he sunk to his true level.

Mr. Boaden appears to have formed a tolerably correct notion of Mrs. Inchbald's matrimonial plans, projects, ambitions, and machinations. She would have married John Kemble, probably Dr. Brodie, and certainly Sir Charles Bunbury. The latter was indeed for years her great card. But her temper, and her high-spirited sincerity, did not allow her to play with the coolness and dexterity requisite to success. On the death of her husband, Dr. Brodie sent a letter of consolation, which probably led her to believe that he meant at some future period to assume the office of permanent consoler. Suspicious of his sincerity, or of his designs, led to a *fracas*: all his presents were sent back; but after a lull, he returned to his old customs, and often breakfasted, dined, or supped with her; "often," she says, "at his own expense;" for she made no secret of her economy. Then came a period of estrangement, and again the Doctor resumed his visits. No female of respectable conduct could, we have said, have lived more independent of the mere forms and superstitions of decorum, than Mrs. Inchbald, and never perhaps did so *venturesome* a lady come off so scathless. After attending a masquerade in male attire, and accompanied by the Marquis of Carmarthen, as Mr. Boaden alleges, upon no ground that he shows us, nor upon any grounds at all, her sisters began to preach prudence. The masquerade had evidently pro-

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duced some scandal in their circle. If the hardihood, and daringness of the wild widow ever involved her in anything that threatened a serious scrape, the same high and resolute spirit brought her, like Juliet, clear through. Why has not Mr. Boaden quoted this? Her frankness being equal on all points, her conduct at once said to those admirers whom she would have accepted,—

If that thy bent of love be *honourable*,
Thy purpose *marriage*, sent me word withall.

Her *skilly-shally* lover, Dr. Brodie, sent no such word; and when, after an unaccountable absence, he had dined with her a few times, she told him he must come no more. Disregarding this command, he attempted to force his way up stairs, the lady met him, and, with great indignation, *turned him out of doors.* "*Served him right!*" Though she was of too open and *manly* a character to harbour malice, she readily forgot and forgave, and often converted over-brisk admirers into respectful, useful, and steady friends: this decided step of almost kicking down stairs, appears to have terminated her acquaintance with the very *quis-quis* Aberdonian. Lovers and admirers she had, in sufficient variety, for the first dozen years of her residence in London. Mr. Boaden states, that *Peter Pindar*, (Dr. Wolcot,) owned a *penchant;* but this was a tribute, gallant, poetical, and amatory, which the Doctor, we apprehend, paid to all the contemporary *Muses.* His compliments and addresses to "the beautiful Mrs. Robinson" were, at least, as high-flown and passionate; yet we do not suppose that even she mistook Peter's jest for his earnest. Holcroft's passion, or purpose of marrying, was more vehement and sincere, but it came too late; the mistress of forty declined the suit of the lover of fifty,—valued as a friend, but unable to advance her ambition as a husband. Their friendship, though liable to many fluctuations, endured till the close of Holcroft's life. When arrested with Hardy and Horne Tooke, she visited him in prison along with her friendly publisher, Robinson; and, many years afterwards, when the same gentleman informed her that Holcroft was dying, and in great pecuniary distress, the interests of the now popular and well-friended authoress, procured fifty pounds for his relief from Mr. Prince Hoare. She herself gave ten pounds to the subscription made for his family after his death.

Six years after having seen her at Doncaster, Mr. Glover, *a Squire*, proposed for the still beautiful widow; but his suit, though backed by a carriage, and a settlement of £500 a-year, was rejected. The lady stuck to her *clogs*, and her 3*s.* 6*d.* lodging, though she might still have had hopes of ultimately carrying Sir Charles Bunbury. The sporting baronet was her visiter, as often as he could bring himself from Newmarket and the Oaks to London. Her ambitious hopes made the equivocal attentions of this dangling gentleman, half-patron, half-friend, and his intermittent passion, if it ever reached to passion, not a little tantalizing. Sir Charles was never able to screw his courage to the sticking place, but neither could he forgo his visits. Dismissed, as a means of bringing him to the point, he broke through rule, and became at last a privileged offender. They continued friends, as friendship goes in this world, for their joint lives; and long after her final attempts to make the baronet know his own mind; and, after youth, beauty, and all thoughts of matrimony had perished, we find Mrs. Inchbald visiting at his seat, when she went to pass some days with her relations in Suffolk.

In her final matrimonial speculation, the hero was Dr. Gisborne, who must have been either most innocently simple, or a superlatively cunning little man. Will the sex, and, especially, will the blue-stocking ladies, ever forgive Mrs. Inchbald for writing, and then not burning her confessions? She is traitress alike to the sex, and the caste. At first the Doctor was treated with hauteur and caprice; but when at last he *shammed* belief of being disdained and discarded, the Muse became rather more condescending, though no encouragement could now make the perverse or puzzled Doctor forget his own unworthiness. How much of real life, of the anatomy and play of the ordinary motives of *frail* humanity, must be seen in the skeleton volumes of Mrs. Inchbald's Diary! "Dec. 17, 1794, Dr. Gisborne drank tea with me; he staid very late, and talked of marrying, *but not me.*" Next day she avows herself happy at his behaviour, and yet contrives "brave punishments" for her equivocal admirer; which were carried into effect when he next came to tea, by the poor Doctor being peremptorally ordered never either to "*visit* or *write* her again." This was intended as a touchstone to prove the Doctor's metal. "He received it," she says, "in a manner which convinced me that I was right." The acquaintance languished on, and, ten years afterwards, she felt and regretted his death. Such is habit.

Mrs. Inchbald was now above forty, and with Dr. Gisborne she closed her matrimonial speculations, which were but interludes in her active life. A few years previous to this she had been professionally attended by Dr. Warren, who treated her case with so much skill, and was so amiably attentive, that she conceived a warm attachment, something very like a real passion, or a very violent *Platonic*, for the married physician. According to his usual happy manner, Mr. Boaden hints away "about and about" this, instead of simply copying out the entries of this most candid of her sex. He says, "If she hears but his name in company she is delighted with the word; and she records her practice of continually walking (surely not continually, Mr. Boaden?) up and down Sackville Street, where he lived, watching whether there were lights in his apartment. —following his carriage about town for the chance of seeing him—and other extravagancies." She writes down that when she is so happy as to meet him, "she is afraid to look at him." This we admit to be a rather decided symptom.

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After all, her violent admiration, of which she appears to have made no secret among her friends, might be only one of those ordinary affectionate whims which ladies allow themselves to indulge for those "dear creatures," their favourite clergyman or their favourite physician. She bought a print of Dr. Warren; and, if their greatful female patients did not buy the portraits of fashionable physicians, we know not who would. Mr. Boaden sets down this entry as a flagrant symptom:—"Read, worked, and looked at my picture." This attachment was of longer endurance than such caprices generally are, which speaks favourably for its character and basis. Six years after the Doctor's first attendance, he again prescribed for her; and she writes, "I admired him more than ever." His sudden death, in the same year, naturally made a deep impression on her mind; and her record for several days is, "Thought of Dr. Warren," "Talked of Dr. Warren's death." She afterwards addressed a few stanzas to his widow, which have no great merit save in the motive—and nothing Sapphic.

Mrs. Inchbald had now been upwards of ten years in London. Her professional duties were in the first years extremely irksome and mortifying, and her salary was often very small; but, by living in cheap lodgings, sometimes going without a dinner, and economizing in every honest way, she was able to maintain her independence, and even to assist those needy female relatives whom she afterwards handsomely supported. Her personal friends were either persons of the same profession, or the theatrical amateurs, who dispense dinners, small criticism, and small patronage to the "poor players." Of this number was Mr. Francis* Twiss and Mr. Babb; the tide of popularity afterwards brought others of about like value.

The rejection of a full half-dozen short dramatic pieces did not discourage Mrs. Inchbald from attempting others; or if her spirit failed for a short time, its buoyant energy speedily returned. The habit of composition was certainly become one of the solitary woman's truest pleasures. Industry, perseverance, and *indefatigableness*, were ever her characteristics; and when her fame was at the highest, and her fortune large for her views and habits, if ever a gay evening was spent with some party of fashionable amateurs, seven o'clock next morning beheld Mrs. Inchbald *scuttling* home to her household drudgery and her pen,—at once her bread-winner and solace. She had made many attempts to have some one of her pieces accepted, and tried "both their houses," and must often have cried "a plague o' both," but still patiently walked in the pantomine, and kept her garret,

"Her crust of bread, and liberty."

Harris, the manager of Covent Garden, advanced her £20 upon a farce, for which Sir Charles Bunbury procured a license; but it was not brought out. She was, by her own unbacked talent, and the elder Colman's knowledge and taste, more fortunate at the Haymarket; and the "Mogul Tale," sent to him as the production of Mrs. Wootley, a fictitious name, though the real authoress was suspected, was brought out on the 20th July, 1784; and she had the pleasure of entering in her journal "that it went off with the greatest applause." It yielded her a hundred guineas.

The managerial horror at her whity-brown paper, her bad spelling, and "the puzzle of her cramp hand," was now fairly overcome. She began to write with fresh ardour; and to polish, add to, and reconstruct her many half-finished performances. When Covent Garden opened for the winter, her salary, on the strength of her reputation, was raised a guinea a-week. Next summer her first comedy, "*I'll tell you What*," was brought out at the same theatre with her afterpiece. It brought £300 from the manager, besides the bookseller's purchase money for copyright.

It is justly said that no one begins to save till there is some prospect of a sure foundation for future accumulation. Mrs. Inchbald was scarcely an exception. When the profits of her first dramatic pieces allowed her to buy into the funds to the extent of £500, she renewed her vow of rigid economy, resolved to depend on herself, and to be indebted "to the courtesy of no manager."

From every fresh sum that she received, this munificent miser always made a largesse among her needy friends. About this time she left the stage, and consequently reduced her expenditure to 30s. a-week. A stroke of good fortune in the lottery made her increase her allowance four shillings a-week; but this again she saved, and distributed the surplus at the close of her financial year, as was the case with all her *savings* of this kind.

None of the virtues were at this time of easy practice at Covent Garden or the Haymarket; unfenced spots both, as Mr. Boaden might say. There were few of the ladies of whom Harris, the baffled manager, who had alleged the managerial right, even in her case, could say, "As for that woman, Inchbald, she has devoted herself to virtue and a garret."

Among her papers Mr. Boaden has found a piquant fragment of an autobiography, which she destroyed before her death, to the endless regret of the lovers of that rare commodity, truth. She, who is so candid in her personal confessions; who had been behind, as well as in front of the curtain; and who was so clear-sighted in detecting the true springs of human action, would neither have affected the mystery of Mr. Boaden, nor been awed in writing by the prudence, or civil cowardice, which made all the booksellers shrink from the publication of what must have been by far her most valuable work. Its history is curious. She wrote it with care in the first years

* Let the name of Francis be forgotten among his people; may it only be said, Behold the father of Horace!

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of this century, when her powers were in full maturity, and her experience of the hollow and false world ample. Phillips (Sir Richard, we presume) offered £1,000 for the work. Her long-tried, and steady friend and publisher, George Robinson, for whom she had the highest respect and regard, styling him "her best friend in the world," agreed to buy the work, *if approved on perusal. It would not do.* He durst not venture the autobiography; and she would not at this time take Phillips' money. When her female friends spoke to her about this work, her usual reply (speaking with her natural impediment) was, "would you have me *mur-der-ed*?"

She had for fifteen years been adding to, and revising this curious composition, when, in 1817, it was put into the hands of Mr. Constable by Godwin. The picture is exquisite. If ever Mrs. Inchbald's Memoirs are published with *cuts*, let us see Mr. Constable, in a fit of *trade* enthusiasm, in the back-parlour of Mrs. Godwin's shop, in Skinner Street, slobbering Mrs. Inchbald's ugly MS.

"'Mr. Constable has flown with the eagerness of a lover to the perusal of your MS. at every moment he could rescue from the remorseless gripe of business. I never saw a man so fascinated. I believe the instant I leave his apartment at any time, he takes up the book and kisses it. He says he never saw a MS. so beautiful: you best know whether, in so saying, he alludes to the elegance of the penmanship, or the charms of the narrative. Mr. Constable is a widower, of an amorous complexion, and I am not sure that he has not been guilty of the indelicacy of having endeavoured to prevail on the book to come to bed to him. Do not therefore be hard-hearted, and refuse to admit the man into your presence who thus worships your image.'

Now mark the shrewed lady: "23d, Received an equivocal letter from Mr. Godwin, on Mr. Constable's admiration of my MS."

"31st, Mr. Constable called on me, between two and three; staid till near four. He praised the two volumes he had read of my MS., most extremely." This was the last day of the year. In January of the next, the MS. came back from Edinburgh. It was too *strong* for the north, as well as too piquant for the south. Mr. Boaden cannot guess whether its fiat was pronounced by the GREAT UNKNOWN, or the *Edinburgh Reviewers:* which might be most likely to condemn pictures of contemporary society, and of "high-life, and high-lived company," sketched by the author of that thoroughly radical work, NATURE AND ART, it would now be difficult to guess. Then we would have blamed Sir Walter; though the critic who first obtained for the *Jolly Beggars*, a place in Burns' published works, must have been somewhat liberal, at least in his literary tastes. The work was also offered to Longman, and again to Phillips. We shall give the fragment in which the beautiful woman, (no actress,) who yet walked in the pantomime for her bread, and dedicated herself to virtue and a garret, describes her friends:—

"To have fixed the degrees and shades of female virtue, possessed at this time by the actresses of the Haymarket Theatre, would have been employment for an able casuist.

"One evening, about half an hour before the curtain was drawn up, some accident having happened in the dressing-room of one of the actresses, a woman of known intrigue, she ran in haste to the dressing-room of Mrs. Wells, to finish the business of her toilet. Mrs. Wells, who was the mistress of the well-known Captain Topham, shocked at the intrusion of a reprobated woman, who had a worse character than herself, quitted her own room, and ran to Miss Farren's, crying, 'What would Captain Topham say, if I were to remain in such company?'

"No sooner had she entered the room to which as an asylum she had fled, than Mrs. Farren flew out at the door repeating, 'What would Lord Derby say, if I should be seen in such company?'"

Mr. Boaden by a few of his mysterious nods and winks, would, we suppose, be understood to intimate that the elegant Farren, had the—"*what would he say?*" thrown back on herself by a married lady; and that in short, the call of alarmed virtue passing her, made the round of the green-room. The satirist of Haymarket female virtue, or female affectation of virtue, was herself in some respects far from being strait-laced. Mrs. Wells, before whom Miss Farren fled, was at this time her intimate associate: friendship is out of the question. The Suffolk heroine, and independent widow, acting on her assumed brevet of bachelorism, and judging men and women in a rather elemental way, chose to think almost as well of Captain Topham's mistress, as of the prudent and respectable probationary Countess. The history of this Mrs. Wells is the most affecting episode in these memoirs; a painful example of the ruin and misery attending those profligate and heartless connexions, which wreck so many women the most rarely endowed by nature. Mr. Boaden actually becomes enthusiastic in speaking of her beauty, and her genius for the stage. This unfortunate woman, after glittering for her little hour, fell into yet greater irregularities, and was at last the inmate of a jail and a mad-house. In advanced age, she seems to have recovered herself, and with sensibility undeadened. There is an extremely affecting letter about her, addressed many years later in life, to Mrs. Inchbald, by a lady, a stranger; and it may be some extenuation of the commencement of the intimacy, even with the most rigid, that to the close of this lost woman's life, the bounty of her early friend attended her. The history of this connexion is curious in another point. Captain Topham, the *protector*,—we believe that is the fashionable name for such guardian angels of helpless woman,—was, with his respectable friend the Reverend Mr. Charles d'Este, the prototype of a me-

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dern class of periodical writers. He started a "diverting" paper called the *World*, in conjunction with this reverend friend, a royal chaplain, and a "man in private life strictly decorous; who made allowance for a man of the *World*," quoth Mr. Boaden, "meaning a pun with the reader's pardon." The printer knew, or was supposed to know, nothing of Topham; a man of fortune, fashion, wit, and gallantry, commanding a troop of the Guards, who went about all day, "*everywhere* that a gentleman of taste could be;" a tolerably wide range; and at night deposited his gleanings in the letter-box. Captain Topham, a man of wit and talent, unquestionably, had a somewhat better right to talk as he did of *Grub Street Writers*, and the Low PRINTS, than any of his successors, ecclesiastical, civil, or military, whether in Sunday papers, or other periodicals. The theatre in which Mrs. Wells performed, was naturally extolled in his print; and the dramatic pieces of her friend, Mrs. Inchbald, were called anything but *Grub Street*, in the columns of the *World*. Even had Mrs. Inchbald been a little of a self-seeker in her acquaintanceship with Topham and his mistress, her green-room associate, she must be pardoned. She was a friendless "player woman," striving for bread, and determined against protection. Very reverend persons have sought success in blameless pursuits by similar or by worse means.

We must refer to Mr. Boaden's chronology—for this should be the title—for the exact periods, names, ages, and characters of her several plays. Missing her autobiography, posterity must deem her novels her only important works. Of them we shall speak by-and-by; and secondarily, for there was more greatness and originality in her character than even in her writings. Her dramatic pieces, from a very obvious reason, were the most profitable to the author; who finally, while in the exercise of a really noble, though judicious liberality, accumulated at least £5,000, which she left by will to her relations. One of her most characteristic letters, Mr. Boaden, for some crotchety reason or another, has thought fit to omit. It was addressed to her friend Mr. John Taylor, a friendly, stirring kind of man in his day, and, obviously, a very *small* one. As he shrunk from being called Oculist, even in Mrs. Inchbald's Will, we know not how to designate him. He was editor or part editor of the *Sun* newspaper. Mrs. Inchbald left him a legacy of £100; and a mysterious epistle of his, so *cautiously* worded that we defy a conjurer to make anything of it, means, being interpreted by Mr. Boaden,—direct for once,—that the lady with whom Mr. Taylor remonstrated for her shabby style of living and lodging, and often warned against the consequences to her pecuniary prospects of her Jacobinical politics and dangerous connexion with the philosophers, had enclosed him a fifty-pound note as a present, in one of his frequent pinches. The letter omitted by Mr. Boaden we publish here from his life of Taylor, and for the benefit of *the whole literary world*. Our readers have already an idea of how Mrs. Inchbald had lived for the last eighteen years. All the world were agreed as to her excessive shabbiness; but some of her friends thought so eccentric a person a little mad also. By this time, be it remembered, she had seen and aided many of her gay and extravagant early associates sunk in all the meanness, as well as the destitution of self-incurred poverty:—

"'My dear Sir,—I read your letter with gratitude, because I have had so many proofs of your friendship for me, that I do not once doubt of your kind intentions.

"'You have taken the best method possible on such an occasion, not to hurt my spirits: for had you suspected me to be insane, or even nervous, you would have mentioned the subject with more caution, and by so doing, might have given me alarm.

"'That the world should say I have lost my senses, I can readily forgive, when I recollect a few years ago it said the same of Mrs. Siddons.

"'I am now fifty-two years old, and yet if I were to dress, paint, and visit, no one would call my understanding in question; or if I were to beg from all my acquaintance a guinea or two, as a subscription for a foolish book, no one would accuse me of avarice. But because I choose that retirement suitable for my years, and think it my duty to support two sisters instead of one servant, I am accused of madness. I might plunge in debt, be confined in prison, a pensioner on the 'Literary Fund,' or be gay as a girl of eighteen, and yet be considered as perfectly in my senses; but because I choose to live in independence, affluence to me, with a mind serene, and prospects unclouded, I am supposed to be mad. In making use of the word affluence, I do not mean to exclude some inconveniences annexed: but this is the case in every state. I wish for more suitable lodgings; but I am unfortunately averse to a street, after living so long in a square; but with all my labour to find one, I cannot fix on a spot such as I wish to make my residence for life; and till I do, and am confined to London, the beautiful view, from my present apartment, of the Surrey hills and the Thames, invites me to remain here, for I believe that there is neither such fine air nor so fine a prospect in all the town. I am, besides, near my sisters here; and the time when they are not with me is so wholly engrossed in writing, that I want leisure for the convenience of walking out. Retirement in the country would, perhaps, have been more advisable than in London: but my sisters did not like to accompany me, as I did not like to leave them behind."

In another of her letters, (and why has Mr. Boaden given us so few out of his two hundred?) she says to the intelligent female friend who was looking after her sick sister in the country,

"'I am more apt than most people to start at expense; but believe me 'tis only when I witness expenses that are superfluous. Upon an occasion like the present, with you for the manager of my purse, I shall consider every

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farthing expended as indispensably necessary, and from my heart rejoice that I have earned and saved a little money for so good a purpose.' "

The penurious habits of Mrs. Inchbald must not, therefore, be mistaken for sordidness or blind avarice, nor sneered at as meanness. She had, ladies! refused a coach, a rich husband, and a settlement of £500 a-year. If the love of independence formed the basis of the noblest points of her remarkable and really magnanimous character, frugality was the great prop of this and of all her virtues. The parsimony which was the foundation of her generosity, in her deserves the nobler name of self-denial. " I'm far from being a near man," says Mr. Hobson, one of Miss Burney's best characters, complacently contrasting himself with Briggs, the humourous miser of the same authoress—" Far from being a near man! *I never grudged anything on myself in my life.*" This is the counterfeit generosity which passes current with the multitude. The man who grudges nothing on his pleasures is a fine, free fellow, with the best heart in the world. Mrs. Inchbald grudged every thing on herself, and showed a steady discriminative bountifulness to her needy relatives and improvident friends, which all the *generous* may have the will, though none but the *frugal* can have the power to display. Though her firm principles and good sense set her above many dangers, to which her frail female associates were subjected, it was her frugality, her foresight, and providence, which placed her virtue above the temptations of which many of those around her became the victims as much from *necessity*, or what they imagined so, as from passion or vanity. In the sustaining consciousness of true dignity, she was able to look with pity on them, and with something very like contempt on the small game of ambition, of mean arts, hollow shows and seemings, played by the virtuous *caste* of the same kindred and tribe—those who, if they did not achieve a coronet, at least got the length of gliding, gracefully and snake-like, into and about halls where coronets are figured on chair-backs.

Like all ardent devotees, Mrs. Inchbald sometimes carried the spirit of her rule to the excess of a superstitious observance of its letter. We see no necessity for her scrubbing stairs or sifting cinders, and shivering for the want of a few bushels of coals, while she was giving away large sums to keep others easy and warm; but the first might be a pastime as compatible with health and even with literary pursuits, as many others we daily see practised; and the latter, a piece of homely pride, which her good sense would have corrected on the safe side of a rheumatism; nor can we see why a rich lady should not as readily be indulged in showing by her whims how little she can live upon, as how much she can contrive to lavish on her own person, and her own pleasures. As utilitarians we should, moreover, be pleased to see the *useful* arts rising in general estimation; in importance they cannot rise. And, among others, why not Mrs. Inchbald's scrubbing of grates, lighting fires, and making soup?—There was considerable difference between the king and basket-maker, in the estimation of the men of nature; but how would the women, and men both, have in like circumstances settled it between the queen and the maid-of-all-work? We, however, give up Mrs. Inchbald's scrubbing as a virtue, and also as a grace or a humour. It was not in her even a domestic utility; it is only sacred as a female caprice. Princes have made watch wheels, when they have been industrious and ingenious; and a gentleman is vain of being able to harness his horse, and intolerably proud if he can shoe him. A French lady feels her womanly consequence enhanced by performing a good ragout; and if a young mother, any where, of the wealthy, helpless class, forced by some dire necessity, can wash and clothe, and feed her own infant, how sweetly complacent are her feelings! The mother is now first, all a mother—and the infant doubly dear as the creature of her *sole* care. This is digression, but not altogether out of point. We meant to expose the old, cunning game by which the half-ashamed, subservient, and truckling, as well as the impudent and thoroughly corrupted, try to sneer all independent exertion, and all virtue guarded by your only true watchmen, *Independence* and *Frugality*, out of countenance. The coteries of Paris laughed at the idea of Rousseau being able to exist, cottage-harboured, and cottage-fed, away from their mocking flatteries, their *society*, their wit and gaiety; and above all, away from the numerous *agremens* of their establishments. It was an affectation of the philosopher soon to evaporate. The Reverend Mr. Estes and the gallant Captain Tophams, would probably have known better; yet had they been Treasury scribes of King Charles' reign instead of wits of the Regency, how bright the jokes they would have cracked on Andrew Marvell's garret and scrag of cold mutton! Even *they*, at that time, durst not have approached wiih indignity THE MAN.

How few members of the Hon. House, how very few ladies of Covent Garden Theatre, or of the All-the-World-is-a-Stage of England, could have braved " the world's dread laugh," like this most exemplary self-depending woman! Her courage was nobler than her genius: its example ought to be more beneficial. In all civilized communities, what is meant by garrets,—self-denial to wit, and the moral energy by which independence may be maintained on the narrowest means, —is indefeasibly allied with honour and integrity. Half the moral courage of Mrs. Inchbald would have saved Edmund Burke from the misery of a debtor; the remorse of a conscious swerver from the truth; and the shame of being the pensioner, and accounted the bribed tool of corruption. With her clear spirit, accurately distinguishing real dignity from the glare of ostentation, Sir Walter Scott had avoided the only error of his life; and, lacking a castle, an establishment, and the honour of entertaining Mrs. Coutts,

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and the other Princes and Princesses of Mammon's and Fashion's Empire, would have escaped the anguish which tortured his noble mind, and broke his nobler heart, and laid him in the grave in the unfinished agony of an ineffectual struggle to correct one grievous miscalculation of that in which man's true honour consists,—leaving his memory to the regret of thousands, but also to the implied ignominy of a tardy subscription.

How much of female purity and happiness have been undermined and wrecked, from women being trained to believe that there is degradation in living, (or being able to live,) like Mrs. Inchbald, on a very few shillings a-week; or in washing their children's clothes, like Mrs. Siddons; and from *not* being trained to believe and to feel that useful duty, however lowly its sphrre of exercise, is compatible with the highest cultivation, and is the most inalienable attribute of dignified character. How much bright promise has been blasted —how much plain honesty subverted, because young men are trained, alike by example and precept, to believe, that to be distinguished, and to gain influence, and have success in public life, they must, by some means or other, accumulate like Huskisson, or revel like Sheridan, or shine among, though not of, the noble and the gay, like Canning! Memories like theirs should be viewed as beacons, warning from the sunken rock or the whirlpool, not regarded as the steady guiding lights pointing the only safe track into port.

Among purely literary men, the examples of ruinous improvidence, ending in shipwreck of peace and personal honour, is as frequent as among politicians. Those writers who, throwing aside shame with honesty, buckle to the service of corruption with the reckless ferocity of the renegade, and fatten in the trade, are not worthy of notice. They are the privileged sneerers at "Grub Street and Garret." It is for a nobler class that good spirits grieve and are in travail, seeing how often their ruin and debasement originate with themselves. The single example of Mrs. Inchbald ought to stop the pitiable outcry of literary characters about the indifference of the great to the manifestations of genius, to the neglect of the public, and the ruled enormities of those monsters, stage-managers and publishers. No one had more of this to contend against for long years, than Mrs. Inchbald: but she fell into none of an author's proverbial misfortunes, simply because she understood her true position. The main cause of the misery of men of genius is ignorance of this—the most fatal and least pardonable of all kinds of ignorance; or else they are wilful traitors to themselves; of a morality too feeble to live by Mrs. Inchbald's rule, and to feel their personal dignity no whit abated by the trivial circumstance—trivial as respects genius—of living on fifty pounds a-year, or on fifty thousand. Burns the poet, and Hogg the Forrest-bard, surely required no more bread and cheese and Scotch kail to cherish the Muse and welcome her visitations than sufficed of those grosser elements to sustain the noble peasant, "following his plough in glory and in joy;" or the gay shepherd, when the bughting-star, rising over the hills of Deloraine, pointed to welcome supper-time, and the sowens seasoned by a *lilt* from the lasses. No more!—and the rest is "leather or prunella" as respected either the silent inborn power, or the splendid manifestations of their genius. How false to themselves are but too often those leading minds of the world! Every one readily agrees that virtue is not to receive its full reward here: but *genius*, clamorous *genius*, ought to be paid in hard cash, or a short order on Coutts and Co.! How humbling and mortifying was it, some short time since, to find many able men seriously railing at the Lord Chancellor because ten or a dozen men of genius, talent, and learning, one of whom was Coleridge, were no longer subjected to the degradation of sharing among them, from public bounty, a sum about equal to what is paid to a single Mrs. Arbuthnot!

It will be seen by her letters and style of living, that Mrs. Inchbald's visiting acquaintance were never more numerous than she could help. She allowed herself Sundays and holidays; and at one time dined frequently on a Sunday with Mr. Twiss, both before and after his marriage with Miss Frances Kemble. She also enjoyed what she and her friends called her *Bob* Sundays; for several years dining either with Mr. Babb, or her publisher, George Robinson.

Her connexion with the fashionable world was chiefly through the medium of the Kembles. We have said that a guiding maxim with her courteous biographer, is "Present company excepted." In his life of John Kemble or Mrs. Siddons, he would not for the world have taken the freedom with them that he does here. This life is indeed Mr. Boaden's achievement in moral courage. The example of Mrs. Inchbald has inspired him.

Mrs. Inchbald, and the Kembles and Siddonses, early and equal friends, had recrossed each other on the path of the world, as people in great towns usually do. She might perhaps have been dropped gently; but her rising literary reputation, and consequence in theatres and green-rooms, began to be felt. Mrs. Siddons and Kemble had infinitely more toil, and we doubt not, far more difficulty and pain to play their part in making way among patrons of all grades, and in keeping them, than in their stage performances. "She was playing the game of the world," says Mr. Boaden, in reference to the Siddonses. Her daughters occasionally visited Mrs. Inchbald—and in a few years she saw the Kembles oftener, sometimes attended Mrs. Siddons' routs, and was introduced to Mr. Lawrence, afterwards Sir Thomas Lawrence; all of which, is it not seen in the faithful chronicles of Mr. Boaden. There had, to say the whole, been no particular or *friendly* intimacy for a dozen previous years; and after she had been successfully writing for Covent-Garden for eight or nine years, Kemble and Mrs. Siddons, whose *Muse* she was at dinners and in

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cards, would have engaged her as a performer at their theatre, to detach her, Boaden plainly states, as a writer from the rival House. Sheridan liked no *striking* talent, and John Kemble thought there were standard plays enough, when he had *altered, revised*, and *got them up*, in the splendid style of *Spectacle*, which first depraved modern taste, and laid the foundation of the ruin of what is called the legitimate drama. We give Mr. Boaden great credit for his plain speaking on this occasion. He could always do so very well if he chose; and if, instead of resembling a magpie, hopping about, and peeping knowingly into a marrow-bone, he would dab at once, and bring up the substance. Mrs. Inchbald declined the friendly offer of an engagement, to walk in the pantomime at Drury Lane, probably at a good salary, but either to the suspension of her dramatic writing, or the injury of her literary reputation. This was done upon her own judgment certainly, but also by the advice of the most judicious of her friends. At the "almost command" of Mrs. Jordan, the manager bought, however, one piece from his old friend and *Muse*. Thus the world wags, playing its game of *self*,—and in revelations like these consists one chief good of all biography. In the course of the following years, Mrs. Inchbald's acquaintance in the upper world extended. She had been "distinguished" by Mr. Hardinge, the eccentric barrister, some of whose trumpery or half-crazy letters Mr. Boaden has published; and by Rogers, and the capricious blue-stocking, Mrs. Dobson, the translator of the Life of Petrarch, who, as the wife of a fashionable physician, kept a carriage, and gave dinners. Among those her biographer calls "her distinguished visiters," was Miss Wallis, an amiable and virtuous woman, and the dramatic *pet* or idol of the day. She was zealously patronized by the Chancellor Loughborough, in whose carriage she always made her calls. This and other carriages, with their coronets and proper insignia, often surprised poor Mrs. Inchbald in her household drudgery. "Last Thursday morning," she writes, "I had just finished scouring my bed-chamber, while a coach with a coronet and two footmen waited at my door to take me an airing.' In referring to the amiable condescensions of the Lord Chancellor to Miss Wallis, Mr. Boaden sagaciously says,—"But however pure and captivating such condescensions may be, they are still *condescensions:* the persons *patronized* by the great are never upon a level with them; and the proud independent mind of Mrs. Inchbald noticed some of the attendant evils upon such a state." Her record will be given *literatim*:—"May 21st, Dined with Miss Wallis; two *upper-women servants* there some time. Saw much of the sorrow of such connexions." Madame Roland, when only Mademoiselle Something, could venture to resent indignantly the insult offered her, in being sent to dine at the second table in the Farmer-general's: the Miss Wallises must pocket these affronts. The upper-women servants might be perfectly good company, but durst they have appeared at their master's tables? Connected with this delicate topic, we shall give a letter, written by Mrs. John Kemble, the widow of Mr. Brereton, an amiable woman, whom the talented manager condescended to marry, to the astonishment of some of his admirers, and who made him, we confess, a much more suitable wife and deputy manager, than the independent *Muse* could have done.

Before giving Mrs. John Kemble's letter, we must introduce our readers to the Priory, and the circle of the Marquis of Abercorn. In 1795, Mrs. Inchbald, three years after their offer of an engagement, had frequent intercourse with the Kemble family. She was at the height of her reputation. "They were playing the great worldly game, and strengthening themselves by splendid connexion; but still remembering early friends, whose talents and accomplishments could strengthen"—their game, in short—for to this at last comes Mr. Boaden's *circumbendibus*. Having leaped the gulf between, we quote him again. "Kemble, to be near the Abercorn family, had taken a house at Harrow Weald; and he took Mrs. Inchbald down there in his chaise to pass a few days with Mrs. Kemble." This was the prelude to a visit to the Marquis of Abercorn, of private-theatrical, amateur dramatic, and other memories. Of her second visit, we extract Mr. Boaden's account:—

"She accepted of a *gaudy* day or two at the Priory; and on Saturday, the 2d of January, 1796, left Leicester Square for the Marquis of Abercorn's at Stanmore. She found there Lord and Lady George Seymour, Mr. Copley, Mr. Hamilton, (the artists,) Mrs. Kemble, and her musical niece, Miss Sharpe. On Sunday the Marchioness went to church; Mrs. Inchbald staid at home, employed upon her novel. If curiosity should be at all tempted to inquire how a party so distinguished got through the day, we are fortunately in a condition to gratify them. A little more *gold leaf* was really all the difference between them and their humblest neighbours. After dinner they conversed on *religion* and *politics*, and after supper they played at *Crambo*. Now, though we are clear that Mrs. Inchbald was not born under a *rhyming* planet, yet there is no reason to question her perfect equality with her noble and well-bred compeers.

"She passed *Good Friday* at the same elegant retirement. The Kembles were both there; and Dr. Howley, (the present Archbishop of Canterbury,) then a young divine, called upon the Marquis, and displayed his powers of mind to their great delight."

When Kemble finally quarrelled with the Drury Lane management, where his honourable punctuality had been tortured by the extravagance of Sheridan, he went abroad, and left his sensible and prudent wife, who understood her little great world perfectly, to negotiate for him for a sixth of the Covent-Garden Patent, with the friendly aid of Mrs. Inchbald. We have said Mrs. Brereton was a far more suitable partner

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for a man who needed to get on by courting patronage, than the Muse; and here is proof, in extracts of letters written from the *Priory;* which also gives a broad clue to the exact nature of the connexion between the world of fashion, and the world of the stage, and furnish us with another proof-impression of a portrait of fashionable society:—

"As to what Mr. Harris means to say to Mr. Lewis, I do not know whether it can be of much consequence, as he must have made up his mind most unsteadily should that make any material alteration; and with regard to Mr. Kemble, I am certain he will feel himself too independent in the whole transaction, to allow himself to enter into any engagement with Mr. Harris without having the most perfect confidence that it will turn out pleasantly to all parties

"Our Friday evening was most splendid, and to me in every way triumphant. We had to dine and sleep in the house about forty persons: the Prince of Wales, Duke and Duchess of Devonshire, Lady Melbourn and family, the Castlereaghs, Mr. and Mrs. Sheridan, Lady Westmoreland, and the Ladies Fane, Lady Ely, &c. The audience consisted of about seventy persons—a large party from the Earl of Essex's; another from Prince Castelcicala; and everybody supped. Nothing could be more brilliant: the whole theatricals under my direction, and, I do assure you, most excellently acted. Lady Cahir admirable in *Lady Contest*, and she was a blaze of diamonds! During dinner, *the Prince inquired* much *after Mr. Kemble of the Marchioness;* went into the most unbounded panegyric upon him; and said he had been only twice to Drury Lane,—once to the Pantomime, and once to see Fulstaff; and should certainly not go again until he returned. An epilogue was spoken by the Hon. Mr. Lamb, in which was *a towering compliment to Mr. Kemble*, warmly received; and after it was over, and supper over, the Prince *came and sat down by me.* He would not allow me to stand, and talked in the most familiar manner, and the most friendly, for an hour: all this in presence of my friend *Sheridan.* Sheridan was very civil, and so was I. Sent a long message to Mr. K., wishing him to return, which I told him I should not send. He asked for his direction, which I laughed at; but told him, if he chose to write anything, I would send it to him. I would not tell him when I thought he would return.

"I never saw anything more beautiful than the supper rooms. Mr. Sheridan came with a *very elegant chariot, four beautiful black horses, and two footmen. The Duchess had only one. Mrs. Sheridan had a fine shawl on, that he said he gave forty-five guineas for*—a diamond necklace, ear-rings, cross, cestus, and clasps to her shoulders—and a double row of fine pearl round her neck.

"I wish you had come, as I do believe there never was a thing of the kind went off better. The billiard room was the theatre; and we had very pretty scenes. A band of music, and the organs struck up "God save the King!" as soon as the Prince was seated. Lord and Lady A. treated me with the most marked attention: and I dare say Sheridan wished me at the d——l: all the grandees talking of Mr. Kemble's return, and the desire they had to see him again. Sheridan is little-minded enough to be vexed at seeing any of his performers admitted into the society he lives with.

"I shall be in London next week, as the whole family will come then for the winter. We have a great dinner again to-morrow—Mr. Addington, and a very large party to meet him; which will, I suppose, be the last. I shall be here again at Easter, should I be in England. I have the pleasure of being convinced that I have not, by my long residence, lost any part of the good opinion the whole of this family have ever shown they had of me; which, I do assure you, is a very pleasant circumstance to me. I think the houses I have been in during my husband's absence, have been most *creditable and serviceable to him; for he has been constantly kept before the eyes of the great world, passages in his letters talked of, &c.* I will come and see you as soon as ever I come to town; but I hope, before that, to have heard from Mr. Kemble, that he has got the copy of Mr. Harris's letter."

One short sketch which Mrs. Inchbald makes of Sheridan, on a previous rupture with Mr. Kemble, tempts us to wish that she, and not Moore, had written his memoirs:—

"He has now with only one short speech—but I am told appropriate, both in sense and address, as if delivered by Milton's Devil—so infatuated all the Court of Chancery, and the whole town along with them, that every body is raving against poor Hammersley, the banker, and compassionating Sheridan; ALL, except his most intimate friends, who know all particulars; THEY shake their heads and sigh!

"Kemble, unable to get even five hundred out of four thousand pounds, packed up his boxes, made a parting supper to his friends, and ordered the chaise at seven o'clock the next morning. As they were sitting down to supper, 'Pop! he comes, like a catastrophe.' Mr. Sheridan was announced. Kemble and he withdrew to the study; and the next morning I heard ALL WAS SETTLED."

Expressing herself with some severity against Sheridan at an election, at a time when a mania of loyalty had seized the people, she says, with much true nature, "He now finds that he has praised the volunteers in vain, and had better have paid his debts. Yet I like the man so well, and am, with all my boasting, so bad a patriot, that, if I had a vote, I would give it him. I am now more angry with Coke than with Wyndham."

If the Kembles were thus her passport to the great world, she was one of their diplomas to admission. At their table she met several of the nobility; and attended a masquerade given by Mrs. Morton Pitt, with them, in the character of a *blue-stocking*, prudently borrowing every old tag of *blue* she wore. About this time she occasionally saw that vehement patroness of the blues, Lady Cork; and had the honour of being taken

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in Kemble's box to be introduced to the Duchess of Devonshire, who, however, did not appear. At a political Whig dinner at Perry's, she met some of the distinguished politicians of the day. Godwin brought Curran, and Kemble Talma. But she soon *cut* the fashionable world altogether; and in 1804, from her late experiences, made many additions to her *autobiography*. Of its general style we may judge from the few scraps of contemporary letters with which Boaden has favoured us:—

"Mrs. Inchbald was not inattentive to the feelings of the Kemble family, on the infatuation of Mrs. Siddons as to the Galindos. She has written this very singular sentence upon the subject:—

"'When Kemble returned from Spain (1803,) he came to me like a madman,—said Mrs. Siddons had been imposed on by persons, whom it was a disgrace to her to *know;* and he begged me to explain it so to her. He requested Harris to withdraw his promise (of engaging Mrs. G. at Mrs. Siddon's request.) Yet such was his tenderness to his sister's sensibility, that he would not undeceive her *himself*. Mr. Kemble blamed ME. and I blamed HIM for his reserve; and we have never been so cordial since. Nor have I ever admired Mrs. Siddons so much since; for though I can *pity* a dupe, I must also *despise* one. Even to be familiar with such people was a lack of virtue, though not of chastity.'"

She had several little quarrels with Kemble,—refused his invitations, and their intercourse was again suspended. The young Roscius had become the prevailing whim in the great capricious world, and John Kemble was justly in dudgeon with it.

Mrs. Inchbald, like every person of sense acquainted with the stage, allowed the quickness and talent for mimicking passion of the wonderful boy; but her admiration stopped there. "I hate all *prodigies*," she says, "partly because I have no faith in them." Mrs. Siddons may well be pardoned for having resisted the attempt of striking her down to playing wife or mistress to the *prodigy*. The town was offended. From her garret—"the watch-tower in the skies"—which kept her apart from all biases, Mrs. Inchbald dealt out even-handed justice.

Covent Garden theatre was burned down; and though her sympathy with her old friends was acute, it could not conquer her sense of justice, and her poignant feeling of the ludicrous, in all weakness and affectation. To her friend and executrix, Mrs. Philip, she wrote:—

"There is something so romantically friendly in Mrs. T. Hughes' grief for Mr. and Mrs. Kemble, that, notwithstanding my respect for her, it had a risible effect. I lament every event that tends to degrade the stage! But Mr. and Mrs. Kemble, seated in the hearts of our nobility, who confer not merely honours on them, but riches by ten thousand pounds as a present*—THEY, who can feel no humiliation from the scoff of a plebeian, or any poverty from a public loss, they were NOT the objects of compassion, to an excess such as Mr. Hughes has felt for them."

Mr. Boaden charms us on this occasion. Hear him on the *stars*:—

"For many years (and they may still do so for aught we know) our NOBLES of illustrious birth and the most splendid stations, absolutely courted the friendly society of those, who, two centuries back, would have been honoured by the title of 'their servants.' Physicians, too, attended these people without fees; and, after their visit, drove about the town as flying *bulletins* of the health of the 'darlings;' puffing at the same time their own skill for recovering them from perhaps a 'box fever;' or a quarrel about 'salary or dresses' with the manager. But there is no sympathy for aught '*below the stars*;' which, as our readers know, in theatres royal, are the two or three *leaders* of the troops. In all correspondence about them, too, an epithet has been appropriated which is really quite fulsome; they are styled 'the *dear* creature;' or *Dear* Mrs. ——, or Dear Miss ——; 'not when spoken *to*, for that is usual, but when spoken *of*; as the mere expression of a current passion, which, everything, above the vulgar, must be supposed to feel for a being so exquisite.' These idiots never once think of the *actual* prodigy, who created the CHARACTERS acted, and informed the page—

"With music, image, sentiment, and thought,
Never to die! the treasure of mankind!"

The literary friends and acquaintances of Mrs. Inchbald have a more abiding interest than her professional associates and fashionable hosts. She had seen Mrs. Barbauld; and she was acquainted with Mrs. Opie both before and after her marriage. The Edgeworth family, not personally known to her, commenced a correspondence with Mrs. Inchbald; which gives us a few of Miss Edgeworth's letters, estimable in themselves, and doubly so as a rarity. Those of the other members of "that family of love and talent," we scarce so much relish. Old Mr. Edgeworth writes in that cock-of-his-own-walk style, which is not in the best taste; and the whole family have an amiable habit of trumpeting each other's praise, which is apt to become tiresome. Well educated Scotch and English people, who are very nearly related, seem to think their brothers, sisters, fathers, and daughters, so much a part of themselves, that to talk, in society, of their great talents, and many virtues, and worthiness of all acceptation, would be an indecorum.

Miss Edgeworth's letter contained a cordial invitation to Ireland. She and her father were alike admirers of the *Simple Story*. "Two-thirds of it, at least, is superior," says Mr. Edgeworth, "in truth of delineation, and strength of character, to Maria's, or to *any other writing*."

* Referring to the gift of the Duke of Northumberland.

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They equally admired the unseen authoress, and "her strong original letter," (one of criticism on a late work of Miss Edgeworth's,) which Miss Edgeworth, on the whole, "preferred to Walter Scott's;" and for this admirable reason:—

"Now, I must assure you, that as to quantity of praise, I believe Scott far exceeded you; and as to quality, in elegance, none can exceed him: but still, in Mrs. Inchbald's letter there was an undefinable originality, and a carelessness about her own authorship, and such warm-sympathy both for the fictitious characters of which she had been reading, and for that Maria Edgeworth to whom she was writing, as carried away all suffrages. We particularly like the frankness with which you find fault, and say such and such a stale trick was unworthy of us. None but a writer who has herself excelled, could, as you did, feel and allow for the difficulties in composition; nor could any other so well judge where I was wrong or right in dilating or suppressing.

"It is of great use, as well as delight, to us to see any thing we write tried upon such a person as you, who will and can do what so few have either the power or the courage to attempt—tell the impression really made upon their feelings, and point out the causes of those impressions.

"I do not know what you mean by saying that every sensible mother is like Lady Maria Vivian: you are requested to explain. I wish I could find any excuse for begging another letter from you.

"*Perhaps* we shall, as we at present intend, be in London next spring.

"Last night my father and I were numbering the people we should wish to see. Our list is not very numerous; but Mrs. Inchbald is one of the first persons we at the same moment eagerly named."

Miss Edgeworth's wish was gratified in the following year, when Mrs. Inchbald *turned out* to a rout to meet her, and again met her in the same place at dinner. We must be allowed one more extract from Miss Edgeworth, as it refers to her own works:—

"'Thank you, thank you, thank you!—for liking the two Clays: but pray don't envelop all the country gentlemen of England in *English Clay*.'

"'Would you ever have guessed that the character of Rosamond is like ME? All know me intimately, say that it is as like as it is possible; those who do not know me intimately, would never guess it.'"

Mrs. Opie, who visited Mrs. Inchbald without ceremony, about this time almost by threats got her from her *roost* over a public house, in some terrace, to meet, at a third place, Madame de Stael; her friends, for the credit of London blues, choosing that the Baroness should believe she was in Mrs. Inchbald's lodging. The meeting between that "captivating woman," as Mr. Boaden calls Madame de Stael, and the once-beautiful Suffolk adventuress, is thus affectingly described by herself:—

"I will now mention the calamity of a neighbour, by many degrees the first female writer in the world, as she is called by the *Edinburgh Reviewers*. Madame de Stael asked a lady of my acquaintance to introduce her to me. The lady was our mutual acquaintance, of course, and so far my friends as to conceal my place of abode; yet she menaced me with a visit from the Baroness of Holstein, if I would not consent to meet her at a third house. After much persuasion, I did so. I admired Madame de Stael much; *she talked to me the whole time: so did Miss Edgeworth whenever I met her in company. These authoresses suppose me dead, and seem to pay a tribute to my memory but with Madame de Stael it seemed no passing compliment;* she was inquisitive as well as attentive, and entreated me to explain to her the motive why I shunned society? 'Because,' I replied,' 'I dread the loneliness that will follow.' 'What! will you feel your solitude more when you return from this company, than you did before you came hither?'—'Yes.'—'I should think it would elevate your spirits: why will you feel your loneliness more?'—'Because I have no one to tell that I have seen you; no one to describe your person to; no one to whom I can repeat the many encomiums you have passed on my 'Simple Story;' no one to enjoy any of your praises but myself.'—'Ah ah! you have no children:' and she turned to an elegant young woman, her daughter, with pathetic tenderness. She then so forcibly depicted a mother's joys, that she sent me home more melancholy at the comparison of our situations in life, than could have arisen from the consequences of riches or poverty. I called by appointment at her house two days after. I was told she was ILL. The next morning my paper explained her illness. You have seen the death of her son in the papers: he was one of Bernadotte's aid-de-camps; the most beautiful young man that ever was seen—only nineteen: a duel with sabres, and the first stroke literally cut off his head! Necker's grandson!"

With a sharp, and occasionally *gruff* manner, and hearty contempt of all the maukish reciprocated sensibilities of "dear creatures;" how could the delineators of Miss Milner and Rebecca, and, above all, of the poor lost Agnes Primrose, be devoid of a heart overflowing with natural tenderness? The pathos of *Nature and Art* is fully equal to its power.

In her lodgings, which she changed frequently during a half-century's pilgrimage in London, she sometimes became excessively fond of the children of the house. Of one *pet*, whom she named Pretty, she writes in this womanly fashion:—

"'I was always fond of children, but, till of late, I never paid any attention to them till they could speak. A child was born in this house last October, and I, have seen it every day since that time, have been so enchanted by its increasing beauty and sense, that, though I have not the smallest acquaintance with either of its parents, I think I love it almost better than anything in the world. A child of

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this age is the most curious thing I ever met with; the most entertaining and the most affectionate. I shall never again have common patience with a mother who complains of *anything* but the loss of her children; so no complaints when you see me again. Remember you have had two children, and I never had one.' We may as well mention, from her minutes, what she says farther as to her darling. In July she took great trouble in assisting to wean him. The child fretted himself ill, and she nursed him carefully. When he was a little recovered, his mother took him out of town a few days for a change of air: on the 20th of August they returned to town in the evening, and Mrs. Inchbald being out, she did not see him till the following morning, when he came to her, evidently knew her, and she retained him some time."

In another house, a little girl, the constant companion of her nearly unbroken solitude, her plaything and pupil for five years, died at the age of sixteen, to her great grief. Most of her own family were now dead. She lost in the same year with this young girl, her only remaining sister Mrs. Hunt. There is again much womanly feeling in this entire history. Braddock, the person referred to, must have been something worse than an egregious trifler.

"'In some such words I should imagine she might be mentioned in Braddock's will—if there at all, of which I doubt exceedingly; for a man who could behave so dishonourably as he did by her was not likely to treat other people much better; and so, were he to have made restitution for all injuries in a pecuniary way, perhaps he would have had no legacy for his two nephews or any part of his family. However, I should like she should be satisfied on the subject, and, at your leisure, I shall be glad to have any further information. But, thank God, my sister wants for no one thing; she has, even from my allowance, plenty of pocket-money; but an affection to an only child, and an infatuated love to six grand children, makes her think highly of money, only for the sake of bestowing it on them. Poor woman, she is now so infirm she cannot walk a few paces without resting—her hair is white as snow, and her teeth all gone;—yet she loves Mr. Braddock to this day, and takes his part when any one censures his principles. She says, though he *deceived* her, and almost drove her to distraction, he never took away her character, nor boasted of his cruelty; but always owned, to all he knew, that her conduct had been most *exemplary*, and his own most unworthy: he always vowed, too, that he never would marry; and his keeping his word in that point has fixed her affections."

On the subject of her sister's death, she continued:—

"'To return to my melancholy. Many a time this winter, when I cried with cold, I said to myself—"But, thank God, my sister has not to stir from her room; she has her fire lighted every morning; all her provision bought, and brought to her ready cooked; she would be less able to bear what I bear; and how much more should I have to suffer, but from this reflection!" It almost made me warm, when I reflected that SHE suffered no cold; and yet, perhaps the severe weather affected her, for after only two days of *dangerous* illness she died. I have now buried my whole family—I mean my Standing-field family,—*the only part to whom I ever felt tender attachment.* She died on the 14th February, aged 74."

Of the same sister, she says,

"You are hard-hearted in your censure of my floor;—forgetting that it is both my eating-room and my kitchen; nay, my scullery; for there my saucepans are cleaned. Thank God, I am not like Vivian, I can say NO,—and from that quality may I date my peace of mind, not to be sullied or much disturbed by ten thousand grease spots. I say NO to all the vanities of the world, and perhaps soon shall have to say that I allow my poor *infirm sister a hundred a-year.* I have *raised my allowance to eighty;* but, in the rapid stride of her wants, and my obligation as a Christian to make no selfish refusal to the poor, a few months, I foresee, must make the sum a hundred.

"I have not been in bed these five nights; my bed-chamber due north, 'where the sun never shines,' has a chimney that will admit of no fire, because it will not draw up the smoke. This *might* be remedied by a bricklayer, and I might buy a curtain to the window, and carpet for the floor, to keep me warm; but as my residence here is uncertain, and it is certain that I cannot stay longer than midsummer, I am resolved to be at no farther expense to endear the place to me. I have only had the alternative of sleeping on my sofa; this is a troublesome accommodation, and, instead of the comforts of bed, only reminds me of such comforts LOST for the present long winter; and though I am not kept awake from cold, as in the other room, I am far from refreshed with my night's rest; and dread that the want of a canopy over my head, as the weather grows colder, may affect my eyes, the which even more than health I prize.

"Another grievance; the maid is very ill, has been so long; she is an out-patient at St. George's Hospital; she appears in a decline. The Clarkes wish to keep her; it would be inhuman in me to object, and equally cruel to see her do work that is too much for her constitution. I therefore have more household labour than I had in the strand; but I *now* see two of the most sublime sights, every fine day, that this world can bestow, and I see them both from my window—the rising and the setting sun."

In one letter, she says, "My evenings now begin to be dull, they are so long, and no *fire* to cheer them. I would give a good deal could I call on you one hour every evening. It would make my day's work go off with more spirit: but I have no evening's reward, and in that am poorer than the poorest wife or mother in the world. All the entertainment I require is the exchange of a few sentences; and that I do not sometimes obtain for days together."

These are hardly trival records in the biogra-

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phy of an authoress who painted the passions, and drew from her own heart.

A noticeable incident in the literary life of Mrs. Inchbald is, that she narrowly escaped being the coadjutor of Mr. Gifford and Mr. Southey, in the *Quarterly Review;* and Mr. Boaden wonders what turn its politics might have taken with such an ally, and we, whether the spirit of Jacobinism would have exorcised the demon of Toryism. She received earnest letters from Mr. Hoppner and Mr. Murray on this subject; but steadily declined the invitation to connect herself with a work "that not only promised to *live*, but to maintain a great reputation." She had lately felt considerable soreness on the subject of criticism. Prefaces for plays, with critical remarks, which she had written for Longman, did not add to her literary reputation, and begot ill-nature. She, however, afterwards sold the *use* of her name for the selection of plays, which is called, we believe, Inchbald's British Theatre. Mrs. Inchbald declined the editorship of some work of Colburn's, several years after this; and also of *La belle Assemblée*, to the great grief of Mr. Bell, who could only commiserate, what to him seemed her lonely life, and lament her obstinate resolution.

In the course of her long literary life, she had translated a good many dramatic pieces; and indeed many of her plays are adaptations from the French.

Mrs. Inchbald's politics are seen in her works, and, especially, in *Nature and Art*, which probes society to the core, proving the hollowness or rottenness of some of its institutions. Whether her diary afforded no materials, or that Mr. Boaden has been too prudent to use them, we gather very few particulars about her connexion and intercourse, which, at one time, must have been intimate, with Godwin and his first wife, Holcroft, and that party, save a few scraps of criticism. Her Radicalism, existing long before the new name was invented, was tempered by recollection of the Royal Family commanding her popular plays, and of the Queen's enthusiastic reception at Covent Garden, when, after the first illness of George III., Toryism and Pitt prevailed over Whiggism, Fox, and the Prince of Wales.* She rejoiced in the first triumphs of Liberty in France; but like many of the best friends of Freedom, was repelled by the horrors which subsequently attended the Revolution. The howl of sedition and Jacobinism raised against one of her plays in a Treasury rint, the *True Briton*, she dexterously turned to account, by replying in Woodfall's Diary. In consequence of the attack, the sale of that play was immense. We fear Mrs. Inchbald was so *un-English* as often to have exulted at the success of the French arms. She visited Holcroft in jail, and thought the Burdett mobs combined the *Sublime and Beautiful*. Even the Peninsular triumphs, this rooted Jacobin did not envy. The Tower guns provoked her, she doubted the possibility of Wellington beating Massena, and rejoiced to enter next day in her journal,—"Glad to find the Tower guns fired yesterday for little boast." She felt the overthrow of Napoleon, "and was," says her biographer, "literally sunken and dejected as at some public calamity. The rejoicings of her country were bitter to her." Mrs. Inchbald fell into the common mistake of the Liberals of the early years of the century, of identifying Napoleon and *his* cause, with the advance of the cause of truth, to which he was a most equivocal auxiliary. We must pardon her. The Liberals of a generation later, and more enlightened, worshipped Napoleon. Among modern sovereigns he was as at least the one-eyed king of the blind.

In one of her letters to her amiable and steady friend, Mrs. Phillips she breaks forth—

"I cannot pity the sufferings of any merchants, for they have always pleaded for the war, gloried in it; and let them now partake of its pains, as they did of its former pleasures. How can you talk of the present Administration except as Mr. Pitt's? Fox being dead, of his party there can be none but children or dependants. Are not the Grenvilles, as usual, at the head? You may be certain I wish well to England, for I love my King, I adore my Queen, *and I have a great regard for myself*; but it is probable that, only through bitter adversity, we shall ever ascend to prosperity,—and the interesting manner in which the adversity is likely to come, highly gratifies my romantic spirit of chivalry.

"How can Mr. Wyndham talk to his constituents about the affairs of state, that required his presence as a Minister? He has as much assurance as the man who boasted he had had business at the Assizes—and it was, to be tried and sentenced to the pillory! But the hopes of the nation, I hear, are now fixed on persuading Sir Sidney Smith to follow the example of Jerome Bonaparte, go to Germany—and once *more* conquer the 'runagate' Napoleon. I feel such great interest in the war in Germany, that it almost repays me for the two shillings in every pound which was stopped at the bank out of my dividend last Thursday. The triumph of Napoleon will, perhaps, avenge me."

She contemplated her own share of the wreck that might be consequent on revolution, kept a hoard of guineas, and looked forward between jest and earnest to selling oranges in Leicester Square. At the trial of Queen Caroline, she took the part which became her, but without violence. A string of emphatic texts from Scripture, directed against that unrighteous, vindictive, and most impolitic prosecution, appeared in the *Morning Chronicle*, and are attributed by Mr. Boaden to her pen; though she declined, at her advanced age, all outward show of partizanship, which ladies, for the first time, were exhibiting.

Mrs. Inchbald's temper rapidly mellowed and

* How the Prince of Wales was abused, lampooned, execrated, when, as the Prince Regent, he only followed the course of all Whigs, turned his back on his early opinions, and became Tory in office!

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improved from the era that she "quarrelled with her looking-glass," as her biographer has it, and resigned herself gracefully to be old and unadmired. In a kind of annual balance of the relative happiness of her years, which she struck every September, she begins about 1797 to feel the decay of her beauty—"after an alteration in my teeth, and the death of Dr. Warren;—yet far from unhappy.

"1798—Rehearsing Lovers' Vows, &c. &c., happy, but for suspicion amounting almost to *certainty* of a rapid appearance of age in my face.

"1799—Extremely happy, but for the still nearer approach of age.

"1800—After 'Wise Man of the East,' still happy, but for my still increased appearance of declining years.

"1801—London; after the death of my best friend in the world, Mr. Robinson, and in suspicion of never more being a young woman again; very happy, but for my years.

"1803—After quitting Leicester Square for ever—after caring scarce at all, or thinking of Dr. Gisborne, entertaining some hopes on the publication of my Life, and some fears of an invasion by the French; *very happy.*"

Mrs. Inchbald lets us into one secret of female devoteeism:—"I can never hope to be young and beautiful again, but in the promises of the Gospel." Her later years were certainly more devoutly passed than her earlier life. She was a punctual observer of the devotional ritual the Catholic Church prescribes, without being rigid beyond a whim, or in the least tinctured with superstition; believing all she could, and striving to believe all she was required. At the age of sixty-five, and till the last hour of life, her mind never abated in activity, her heart in affectionate energy; and all her early faults had disappeared. Had she lived in a Catholic country, she might have devoted her last years to the heavenly offices of a *Sister of Charity.* The only employment she would have chosen in her old age was, she said, to nurse, attend, and converse with the sick. At different times she lived in Catholic boarding-houses; an English imitation of a nunnery, where the fair community, wanting the fine temper which seems to belong to the climate of France, were about as uncomfortable, in these dens of spleen as in the ordinary resorts of this kind. If she rejoiced in clean hands, "and a hot joint among six," for a few weeks, the habit of independence led her back to the solitatry lodging, where the reward of performing her own household drudgery was being enabled to "cut a crust from her own loaf." It is a misfortune that she has not written "Characters and Adventures in Female Boarding-houses," in ten volumes,—Annandale House and Millennium House included. We can remember her settling there being made an advertising puff for the establishment. Of their comforts and tendencies she gives an incidental picture, which makes one wish that, besides a private chapel, these places were provided with a tread-mill, or a hemp beating apparatus:—

"All the old widows and old maids of this house are stretched upon beds or sofas with swollen legs, nervous head-aches, or slow-fevers, brought on by loss of appetite, violent thirst, broken sleep, and other dog-day complaints,—while I am the only young and strong person among them, and am called upon to divert their Blue Devils from bringing them to an untimely end."

Must we draw to a close without once approaching the works composed by our authoress, from that NECESSITY of living, which she never disguised? They are less extraordinary than her life; and much less valuable than even this bald record of it. Her SIMPLE STORY appears by the almost unanimous verdict of the great judges and critics, to be ranked as her first work. We demur to the fiat of Edgeworth's Town, the award of Madame de Stael, and even to the judgment of Mr. Boaden, as mouth-piece of the literary world. NATURE AND ART is one of the few modern English books we would test young minds by.

Mrs. Inchbald died at Kensington, in August, 1821, in her sixty-ninth year.

From Blackwood's Edinburgh Magazine.

NORA BOYLE.

"It was a winter evening, and fast came down the snow,
And keenly o'er the wide heath the bitter blast did blow."

THERE was snow enough to mottle the tempestuous darkness, but it melted into rain ere it had broken the black monotony of the ground. On all the dreary upland of Dirrimahon Moore there was neither human habitation, house nor tree. One gaunt pillow stone, a solitary monument of unknown times, was all that rose upon the bare expense to break the rush of the blast, and the sweeping current did surge against and pour over it like the waters of a headlong river. The only shelter obtainable within sight was that afforded by its base, and some seemingly belated traveller, or houseless outcast, had taken its protection; for there sat at its foot a figure wrapped and gathered up in the folds of a long mantle, but so motionless that, save for an occasional movement of the head to cast a glance past its shielding side into the stormy weather beyond, she,—for, alas! it was a female form,—might have been supposed either numbed into insensibility by the cold, or fast asleep. The storm continued; she kept her comfortless position, her head sunk upon her bosom, and the dark mantle drawn so close around her, that her figure was soon scarcely distinguishable from the dark ground where she sat. A most forlorn half hour had passed, and no other human being had appeared upon the scene. The watcher had sunk her head low-

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er and lower, and had drawn herself closer and closer to the rugged shelter, for the gale had now swelled into a storm, that raved over the bleak desert till yellow tufts of the last year's grass, and bushy wisps of straw and heather, rolled before it in a whirling drift, that emulated the driving tumult of the sky. At length, upon the faintly marked pathway that crossed the moor within a stone's throw of the pillar, there emerged from the darkness a single horseman—his cloak, and the mane of the strong animal he rode, streaming straight out into the blast, and his back and shoulders crusted white with snow. He drew up from the gallop at which he had approached, and, as he slowly rode past the spot described, cast round an anxious but disappointed glance, then turning from the horse track, directed his course over the open moor, and twice made the whole circuit of the pillar before he at last rode up to it and dismounted. It was only as he leaped to the ground that he at length observed the presence of the other.

"Ha, my true girl!" he exclaimed in a voice of joyful surprise, as he cast his reins over the top of the grey stone, "I feared this wild weather had marred our meeting—it has been a cold trysting-place for you, Nora, and I have kept you waiting, but I could not come sooner, and when I did come, I could not see you for this blinding sleet!—Have you brought the child?" There was no answer; he stooped and drew the cloak from her face, "Ho, Nora, awaken! how can you sleep on such a night as this? 'Tis I, Nora—rouse yourself."

"Oh, Richard," replied a feeble voice, as the benumbed being awoke from her stupor—"oh Richard, are you come at last? I thought I was doomed to die at the foot of this cold stone. God and my own chilled heart only know what I have this night suffered for your sake."

Her words, half inarticulate from weakness, were almost inaudible from the violence of the wind, but their faintness made her wretched plight sufficiently understood.

"Get up, Nora dear," said her companion, bending over her, and extending his cloak between her and the blast, while he urged her to rise—"You will perish, Nora, if you sit longer here," he said. "I have a pillion for you behind my saddle; we can be in Banagher before an hour."

"In Banagher!" she exclaimed; "and shall we not first go to Inisbeg chapel?"

"Yes, yes," he replied hastily; "certainly we shall—I had forgotten."

"Oh, Richard," she cried, taking his hand, "you would not, you surely would not deceive me?"

"Do I live? do I breathe?" he exclaimed; but the tone of indignant affection in which he spoke was too extravagant to be real:—"but, Nora," he added quickly in a low and eager whisper, "have you brought the child?"

"Alas! poor infant," she replied, "he is here in my arms. I would to God I were free of the sin of bringing him out this bitter night!—Baby, baby," she passionately added, addressing her covered and apparently sleeping burthen, "I have stolen you to-night from your lawful mother, but it was to gain a lawful father for my own. Oh, Richard, shall we not be kind to him when we are the happy couple that you promise this night's theft shall make us?"

"We will, we will, Nora; but waste no more time, rise and let us go." He aided her to rise slowly and painfully, and placing his arm round her waist, supported her, while she began to lay the infant closer in its mufflings. Suddenly she started, and drew in her breath with the quick sob of terrified alarm. "What is the matter?" cried her supporter.

"Oh, nothing—I hope, I trust in God, nothing," she replied, sighing convulsively, and trembling, as with a shaking and hurried hand she undid the wrappers in which the infant lay; but when she had bared its neck, and once pressed her cheek to its face, and her hand to its little feet, she fell from his arms to the ground, with one long cry, and fainted.

"What is the meaning of all this?" cried the man, in a voice of rough impatience and vexation, as he stooped down and raised her on his knee. Her head sank back upon his arm, and the child rolled from her relaxed embrace. He grasped it roughly as it fell, bent down, and gazed upon its still features, and laughed horribly.—"Ah ha!" he muttered, "here is a speedy consummation. No more need for plotting and planning now;—no more need for coaxing and quieting the scrupulous fool after this. Ha, ha, Sir Richard Morton, I wish you joy!"

But consciousness was now returning to the wretched girl; she heaved a deep sigh, and raised her hands to her forehead—"Nurse, bring me the baby—oh! gracious God, what is this!—Richard, Richard, where am I?—is this the Brehon's pillar?—and the infant—is he—oh! is he so numbed?"

"Numbed!" repeated Morton, in a voice of ill-subdued triumph, "he is numbed to death, I think."

"No, no, no," she exclaimed, frantically tearing away the kerchief from her bosom, and snatching the motionless body from the ground, where it had fallen like a clod out of the hands of the exulting villain, to press it ineffectually against her chilled and terrified heart. "Oh! no, no, he is not dead—he is not dead—she cried, "or I am the most accursed of women;" and starting to her feet, she rushed wildly into the storm. The storm caught her like a withered leaf in autumn, and upon the wings of the wind, and in the frenzy of despair, she flitted before her astonished pursuer, for Morton had followed on the instant; yet although he ran swiftly, impelled by anger and apprehension, he had left both horse and pillar far out of sight, before he overtook, and at length arrested her. "Touch me not, Richard!" she exclaimed, "touch me not, for I am a wretch that would

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pollute the hangman. Oh, God! send the storm to sweep me to the river, or the snow to bury me where I stand, for I have taken the life of that innocent babe, and am not fit to live!"

Amid her passionate lamentations, the voice of Morton was hardly heard; but when her tears and sobs at length choked their utterance, he said to her, as she sank exhausted in his arms, "Cease your useless complaints, and hear me. What is done cannot be undone; but listen to me, and, even as it is, I will shew you how to make it better for us both—Do you hear what I say to you, Nora Boyle?"

"Richard, Richard, do you know what I have done?" she sobbed in reply.

"I'll tell you what," cried he sternly, "you have done me better service than you ever did before—you have done the very thing I wanted."

"My brain is bewildered and burning," she said, "and I hardly comprehend what you would tell me. Service, did you say? Alas! I can do you no service, Richard. I would to God I were dead!"

"I did not ask you to do more service," cried he,—"I told you, you had done enough already. The stealing of their heir, I tell you, was of no use without this; and this would have been done sooner or later. Why, what a simpleton you were, to think that I would succeed to these estates, till a jury had been shown that the next heir was dead! I was jesting with you when I said that I would rear him in France."

Consciousness of something dreadfully sinful in her companion seemed to have been gradually forcing itself upon the reluctant mind of the miserable girl; she had shrunk partially from his embrace at the first faint suspicion, but now she sprung from his side with the energy of entire horror.

"Jesting! jesting!" she exclaimed; "and your promise that you would marry me—oh! blessed Virgin! was that jesting also?"

"Perverse and provoking fool," he cried furiously, and grasped her by the arm, "dare you reproach me with a falsehood when the guilt of murder is on your own soul? What would you do? Would you rush into Lady Morton's chamber with her dead child in your arms, and tell her that you come to be hanged? Would you go mad, and rave to the tempest here, till you sink upon the common, and become like what you carry?"

"Oh! that I were;—oh! would to God that I were!" she exclaimed, with a fresh burst of passionate weeping.

"Well, well," said he, "be calm; be calm, I entreat you now, and listen to me."

He set his back doggedly against the blast, and again drew her to his side, where, under the shelter of his cloak, he said, in a strong whisper—

"You can save us both if you will, Nora. Go down to Mount Morton; I will see you safe to the door. Steal in as you came out. Dry the wet from the child's hair, and the marks of the soil from his night-dress, and lay him as you found him, in his cradle. The draught you gave the nurse secures you from interruption. Then, go to your own bed; but you must hang your wet clothes to dry, and throw your shoes into the river out of your window. They will all say in the morning that the child died a natural death overnight. Come"—for all at once, as he was speaking, she had clasped her hands closer over her breast, where the infant still lay, and with a deep and fluttering inspiration had made a motion of assent, in the direction of the house,—"Come, there is a good girl. Did I not say well, Nora? Why, you are a woman of spirit after all. I was wrong to quarrel with you. This was no fault of yours. You could not tell how cold it would be; never blame yourself then. By my honour I will marry you yet, if you only do this thing well;—but why do you not speak, Nora?"

"Make haste, make haste," in a voice of forced and tremulous calmness, was all the reply she made.

"Yes, let us hurry on," he answered; "the sooner it is done the better. But, I cannot take you with me to-night, Nora; you are aware of that. You must stay to avoid suspicion. And, mark me, be not too eager in the morning to take the alarm; and when you have to look at it along with the rest"——

But let us not pollute our pages with the minutiæ of deliberate villany which, in the pauses of the wind, he ceased not to pour into the ears of Nora Boyle, till they had passed the farthest skirts of the declining moor, and were arrived beneath an arch of tossing and leafless branches. Through this the blast shrieked so loud and shrilly, that neither heard the other till they stood before an antique and extensive building at its farther end.

"Now, Nora," whispered Morton, as they advanced to a low door in the thickly ivied wall, "remember what I have told you; I will see you to-morrow: till then, give me a kiss"——

But she had hurried in through the unfastened postern, and he heard the bolts shoot and the chains fall on the inside ere the unhallowed words had passed his lips.

"She cannot mean to play me false," he muttered; "she cannot do but as I have desired. She has no choice. Yet I will not trust her. I will round to her window, and see to it myself."

So saying, he turned from the door, and dived into the thick shrubbery that skirted the courtyard in front.

Mount-Morton House was built on the precipitous bank of a torrent that poured the collected waters of its course into the Shannon, sometimes in a tiny cascade that was hardly visible, trickling down the face of its steep channel, and sometimes, as on this occasion, in a thundering water-fall that shook the trees upon its sides, and drove the beaten flood in a tumultuous repulse far over its level banks beyond. The rear walls of the building rose almost from the verge of the rock; and

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any ledge that their regular foundation had left, was inaccessible except from below.

Morton descended the steep and wooded bank till he arrived at the water's edge, which was now risen so high, that in some places there was barely footing between it and the overhanging precipice. The jagged and confused masses of rock that usually obstructed the course of the howling brook were now covered by a deep river that poured its silent weight of waters from bank to bank, uninterrupted, save here and there where a sullen gurgle told that some overhanging branch or twisted root was struggling ineffectually with its swift oppressor. Every stock and stone, from the spot where he stood to the window of Nora Boyle, was known—alas! too well known to Richard Morton; yet he paused and shuddered when he looked at the drifting tempest and black precipice above him; and at the swelling inundation at his feet. Bound upon whatever errand of sin, he might have clambered up the ragged pathway before, yet his hand had never trembled as it grasped branch or tendril, and his knee had ever been firm above the narrowest footing; but whether it was the increased danger of the ascent on such a night, or the tremendous consciousness of what that perilous ascent was undertaken for, that now unmanned him, he stood in nerveless trepidation, his hand laid upon the first hold he had to take, and his foot placed in its first step up the sheer face of the crag, motionless, till suddenly a strong light flashed successively from the three loop-holes of the hall, and after disappearing for a moment, streamed again with a strong and steady lustre from the well-known window of his paramour. He started from his trance, and flung himself to the next ledge at a bound; thence toiling upward, now swinging from branch to branch, now clambering from crag to crag, sometimes hanging from the one hand, sometimes from the other, panting and exhausted he at length gained the projection beneath Nora's window. He caught the sill, and raising himself slowly, looked into the apartment. A light burned on the high mantel-piece, and a low fire was gathering into flame below. On the floor knelt Nora Boyle, and before her, wrapped in blankets, lay the discoloured body of the frozen child.

"Nora," cried Morton in a strong whisper, "what are you doing? You will ruin all! Put him in his cradle, and get to bed."

She raised her head with a strong shudder. "Villain, I defy you!" she cried, and bent down again—it was to chafe the little limbs with both hands.

"Villain! villain!" repeated Morton—"are you mad? do you know what you say? open the window, and I will show you what to do myself."

Her long hair, glistening with rain, had fallen down dishevelled over her hands; she threw back her head to part it on her brow, and bind up the wet locks behind; and, as with unconscious violence, she drew the dark and glossy bands till the water streamed from their hard knot, cast one glance of exulting abhorrence at the window, and cried again, "Villain, I defy you! *The baby is not dead!*"

"It is a lie!" cried Morton, furiously, but his heart misgave him as he uttered the words; and the chance of losing all by that unforseen possibility, smote upon his soul with sickening suddenness. "No, no, Nora," he cried, "you are deceived. It cannot be. The body is as cold as a stone. You will be hanged for his murder if you go on.—"Nora!"—for she did not seem to hear him, bending with her face to the infant's, and constantly chafing with both her hands,—"Nora! give it up and save yourself. Put him in the cradle. I will marry you—I will, by all that is sacred, if you do! I will make you Lady Morton, by Heaven I will, before to-morrow morning if you give it up.—Nora! wretch! hear me, I will not be trifled with. Open the window or I will break it in," and he shook the stauncheons furiously, but she heard him not.

"Oh, blessed mother, if ever I prayed to you with a pure heart, make my hands warm now," she cried, for the livid purple was already changing upon the little limbs. "Baby, dear baby!" she sobbed with bursting tears of joy, "are you coming at last to save me? Oh, open your blue eyes! smile upon me:—bless me for ever with one breath!—Oh, gracious God, I bless thee! his eyes are opening!" and she fell by the re-animated infant's side, swooning again; but from the excess of feelings, oh how different from those which had stricken her down, a conscious and despairing sinner at the foot of the cold stone on Dirrimahon Moor!

Nora Boyle returned slowly and painfully to consciousness. The images of life's bright dawning in the eyes of the little one, and of the savage scowl that had glared upon her through the window, as the baffled villain saw his last dark hope dispelled, still floated before her confused senses, but she remembered nothing distinctly. Something was moving, twining, warm, among the long tresses on her neck.—Oh, blessed touch! it was the little hand with its soft busy fingers playing with her curls! She would have clasped the recovered treasure to her heart, but returning recollection of the wrong she had done him deterred her, and she could only sit and gaze with an awful and reverential wonder upon the miracle of Heaven's kindness that lay, moving and smiling in the now genial glow of the bright hearth before her.

She gazed till the fulness of her heart had almost overcome her once more, but tears at last came struggling up with the imprisoned passion, and poured it forth in long and relieving weeping. But her unburthened heart had hardly expanded again within her bosom, when the thoughts of her own injuries, degradation, and abandonment, and the dreadful reflection that all had been endured for the sake of such a man as Morton, came crowding on her soul, and choked the relieving tears at their source. She covered her face with her hands, as if to hide herself from the in-

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accent being before her, and it was not till she had knelt in long and fervent prayer that she dared at length to look upon or touch him. At last she arose, and, giving him one timid caress, lifted her sweet burden again, and bore him with steps that seemed, unsteady as they were, to tread on air, to his own empty cradle by the bedside of the still sleeping nurse. She placed him softly in his little nest, and stole to the door,—returned—kissed him—he laughed, and stretching out his tiny arms, wound them round her neck, "Oh, blessed baby, let me away," she unconsciously whispered, as she strove gently to disengage herself, but he wreathed the playful embrace still closer and closer. She heard a door open suddenly, and a footstep on the lobby; then her own name called at the door of her chamber in a voice of fearful alarm—the voice of Lady Morton, roused from her sick bed by some new calamity. Nora's first impulse was to go, to cast herself at her feet, to confess all, and to implore her pardon; but the shame of that confession seemed so dreadful that she stood trembling in irresolute confusion till her kinswoman entered. Lady Morton was ghastly pale, as well from recent illness as from agitation. "Oh, Nora, are you here? has the baby been unwell?—No, no, you need not lift him now, but call the servants, dear Nora, for I can go no farther," she said as she sank exhausted on a seat. Nora gazed at her in wild confusion. "Leave the infant with me, Nora," continued Lady Morton, "and go rouse the servants, for I am terrified almost to death. There is some one drowning in the river!" Nora uttered one piercing scream and rushed towards the window. "You cannot hear it here Nora," said the lady, "the cry comes from under the black crag. Oh, God protect me from ever hearing such a sound again!"

Nora clasped her hands tight over her breast to suppress the agony of rising despair, and rushed from the room. Her cries soon raised the household; and in a short time servants were thronging from the front with ropes and lanterns, and scrambling down the deep bank to the water's edge. Nora was the first at the river's brink. All was the moaning of the wind, and the sullen rush of waters.—"Lights, lights!" she cried, "bring hither lights, for it is here that the pathway crosses the crag; but I cannot find it."

"Ah, miss," cried old Felix Daly, the butler, as he gained her side with the dull light of his lantern; "the pathway is six feet under water by this; the man is not in Ireland that dare attempt it."

Suddenly Lady Morton's voice was heard from her window above, and there was something wildly earnest in the tones as they swept over their heads upon the wind—"Hold out your lantern further over the water. I see something in the bend of the river."

The old man bent over the torrent with his arm extended.

"Farther yet," was all they could hear of the lady's next cry.

"I cannot reach farther, my lady," said Daly.

"Give me the light," cried Nora. She took the lantern from his hand, and, as a mass of loose rubbish, long straws, grass, and briers, gathered in some upland eddy, came sailing down the river, she cast it with a firm hand on the rude raft it offered. The lantern sunk through the yielding brambles till the light was almost level with the water, but some stronger branch, or firmer texture of the sods and rushes, arrested its farther descent, and, flickering up from the very verge of the stream, it floated away, casting a pale yellow light around, that showed the naked rocks with their waving crown of woods on either hand, and the brown twisted torrent between, like the back of a great serpent, writhing and rushing down the glen. It disappeared behind the black crag, and in breathless suspense they listened for the next cry from above. First came a scream sounding shrilly over all, and then they could distinguish the exclamations,—

"I see it now! alas! It is a man! He is caught upon a branch, and the water breaks over him. His hands and feet are swept out in the current. The light is sinking—it flickers on his face. Merciful Heaven! it is my cousin Richard!"

While Felix Daly listened to these words which came fitfully on his shuddering ears from above, he also heard a low voice by his side say, "God have mercy on my soul!" and at the same instant beheld Nora Boyle plunge forward into the stream. He seized her dress and shouted for assistance. The river struggled hard to hold its prey, and drew him after till he stood to his knees in the flood. Another step would have precipitated both into an irresistible weight of water beyond, for they stood upon an overhanging bank covered by the stream; but timely help arrived, and both were dragged from the reluctant torrent. They drew them out upon the bank, the old man weak as an infant, the wretched girl quite insensible. They bore her to the house; they laid her in warm blankets—they chafed, and at length revived her, even as she had revived the murdered infant an hour before; but when at length she opened her eyes, alas! there was no dawning of intelligence there. She raved all night in utter delirium. Lady Morton sat by her bedside, listening in horror and amazement to the revelations of her madness. First, she gathered that her child had been carried out, she could not find for what purpose: then she heard that he had been (as the miserable being expressed it) dead; and had she not held him even then breathing and moving in her own arms, she would have run to his cradle to satisfy herself that it was not a changeling. But her fear and amazement turned to horror almost insupportable, when at length, Nora's involuntary confession disclosed her seducer's motive in making that theft the condition of their promised marriage, and that horror was again lost in gratitude and wonder, when she heard the exclamations of wild delight with which Nora acted over again the scene of her child's resuscitation; and, finally, she left her bedside at daybreak

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worn out with mingled emotions of joy and sorrow.

With the earliest light of dawn, the domestics were again by the river side. Its shrunken waters now yielded them a pathway to the spot where the body of Morton had been seen at night. Body there was none; but on the branch that had arrested it there still remained a ragged piece of cloth fluttering over the turbid stream, which now flowed many feet below that last and only remnant ever discovered of the miserable man. His horse was found dead, laired in a morass, near the pillar, girths and bridle broken. He had burst from his confinement, and foundered in the storm. Reason returned to Nora Boyle, but life was fast departing. Her kinswoman had given her her full forgiveness, and the last rites of her church had been administered. "Wilt thou too forgive me, dear child?" she said to the baby on his mother's breast. The boy stretched out his arms, she clasped him with a feeble embrace, and breathed her last in a blessing on his lips.

From Tait's Edinburgh Magazine.

MEN AND MANNERS IN AMERICA.

Imagine a battered old beau quizzing a ruddy growing boy for his brown holland pin-before, the three rows of brass sugar-loaf buttons on his jacket, the redness of his hands, the carelessness of his carriage, his fondness for tarts, his contempt of the higher luxuries of turtle and venison, and you have the sum and substance of all English criticisms on America. All the circumstances of a young country are made its reproach. Our son Jonathan is ourselves in little; but we are never weary of quizzing him for the very features which are our own in miniature. Like the crab-mother of Fontaine, we are perpetually jeering our progeny for ungainly habits, which we see clearly enough in it, though not in ourselves.—

Comme tu vas, bon Dieu! ne peux-tu marcher droit?

Our crab-son has not the wit to answer,—

Et comme vous allez vous-meme!
Puis-je autrement marcher que ne fait ma famille?
Veut-on qui j'aille droit, quand on y va tortu?

Instead of this retort, Jonathan says, that his march is the march of a giant in seven-league boots. He meets one folly with another folly. He takes the advances of youth as data for an eternal ratio of improvement. Having made so much progress in such a time, so much more, he reckons, must be made in such another time. He forgets that large proportionate increases are easier upon little things than on great. We never double our age in one year after the second year of our infancy. Jonathan, being a sailor, knows that it is easier to increase the ship's speed at five knots an hour than at ten. Instead, therefore, of gasconading about what he shall do from what he has done and is doing, our dear son should answer our illiberal scoffs at his growing features, by holding up the mirror to our own enlargements of precisely the same formations. For example, the author of "Men and Manners in America," (*Cyril Thornton*, for honour's sake, we would call him,) reproaches the Americans with Mammon Worship. The scene is New York:—

"I shall now give an instance of the estimation in which wealth is held in this commercial community. At a party a few evenings ago, the worthy host was politely assiduous in introducing me to the more prominent individuals who composed it. Unfortunately he considered it necessary to preface each repetition of the ceremony with some preliminary account of the pecuniary circumstances of the gentleman, the honour of whose acquaintance was about to be conferred on me. 'Do you observe,' he asked, 'that tall thin person, with a cast in his eye, and his nose a little cocked? Well, that man, not three months ago, made an hundred thousand dollars by a single speculation in tallow. You must allow me to introduce you to him.'

The introduction passed; and my zealous cicerone again approached with increased importance of aspect. 'A gentleman,' he said, 'worth at least half a million, had expressed a desire to make my acquaintance.' This was gratifying, and, of course, not to be denied. A third time did our worthy entertainer return to the charge; and, before taking my departure, I had the honour of being introduced to an individual, who was stated to be still more opulent than his predecessors. Had I been presented to so many bags of dollars, instead of to their possessors, the ceremony would have been quite as interesting, and perhaps less troublesome."

This is very effectively and pleasantly sketched. There is no surcharging, no amplifying upon the folly; it is seized in its simplicity, in its nakedness, without shame. But have we not enough of this at home? Who is it that commemorates the yeoman's proud appeal to the Yorkshire Bench of Magistrates—"Sir, there is half a million a-year on that Bench?"

In English society the expression of Mammon Worship varies from that in New York, according to the difference in the circumstances of wealth. The American said, "Do you observe that tall thin man with a cast in his eye, and his nose a little cocked? Well, that man, not three months ago, made a hundred thousand dollars by a single speculation in tallow. You must allow me to introduce you to him." This is not merely a respect for possession,—a respect for a man *worth* a hundred thousand dollars;—it is a respect for the successful ability. It is, therefore, a respect far more excusable, far less sordid than that which waits upon a man in England who exhibits the signs of wealth without showing any signs of the industry or ingenuity by which it could be acquired. Here the man who had ac-

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quired a fortune by a speculation in tallow would be a person of far less consideration than his heir, possessing the fortune without the capacity for acquiring it, or for putting bread into his mouth had he been destitute. In aristocratic England, the nearer to merit the farther from honour. Amongst Peers, a *new* Peer is a nobody; not because his Peerage has been obtained without desert,—for Peers think little of that, and reverentially of the favour of the Sovereign however exhibited,—but because he is only the *first* of an ennobled house. The descendant of a long line of imbeciles is of more honoured title in aristocratic opinion than a Wellington or a Nelson. To proceed to the second instance:—"A gentleman," says the American, "worth half a million, has expressed a desire to make your acquaintance." This would not be said in English society. Here they, on such occasions, talk of the signs of the wealth instead of going straight to the money bags, which are weighed *apropos* of matrimonial or election canvasses. Here the speech would have been,—A gentleman who gives devilish good dinners, or a gentleman who drives four-in-hand, or a gentleman who keeps hounds, or a gentleman who owns one of the finest places in the county, desires to make your acquaintance. We have an advantage in this respect; for, as it is the signs of wealth by which acquaintances profit in hospitality, provided there be the signs, the wealth itself is a matter of indifference. If a man, thousands worse than a beggar, gives grand entertainments, they are not a whit less acceptable because they are at the expense of his creditors. No one cares to ask how he does it, so that he does it handsomely. "To keep up appearances," (as the phrase goes,) is the great business in England; that is to say, to make a show exceeding the means, which may impose on observers.

Cyril Thornton imputes to the Americans not only the practice of dishonesties which just escape the cognizance of justice, but a pride in them; and says, that stories of successful roguery are told in honour of the perpetrator's cleverness. We suspect that a foreigner might make the same remark in England. In all societies, rebels against morality will be found. We have heard young men of fashion, or would-be men of fashion, boast of exploits for which they deserved to be hung. Take the following anecdote, one among many, for example; and let Cyril Thornton match its rascality, if he can, with any story of American over-reaching in trade:—A certain Lord seduced from her home the daughter of a grocer in the city. The nobleman was deep in debt, moneyless, and without credit. He took the girl to an inn in the neighbourhood of London, where he staid till he was tired of his amour; but he could not quit the house without paying the bill, and he had not the means. He wrote an anonymous letter to the father, telling him where and with whom his daughter was to be found. The father instantly hurried to the house, and claimed his child: his Lordship pretended to resist giving her up, and, at last, stated the circumstance that they were in debt in the house; that both must remain till the bill was discharged, or that there would be a public exposure: and that he was without money. The father, anxious to hush up the disgrace of his family, and to recover his daughter, paid the bill: and so the matter ended; the noble seducer having thus made the father pay for the debauchery of his own child. For the truth of this story we cannot vouch, but for this we can vouch,—that we have heard it told by the young men of the day, with much unction, as an example of admirable ingenuity.

In all walks of life, some lawless ground will be found, in which the less scrupulous run riot against the general opinions of society. Among lawyers, among surgeons, among merchants, among tradesmen, we hear anecdotes of address or dexterity which seem, to those not making the allowances of the tribe, very much like anecdotes of roguery. The present Chancellor hears counsel for a Playwright in an action against the Managers of a theatre. The Plaintiff had been employed to write a drama for a rein deer—in other words, a drama in which a rein deer was to perform the principal part: the rein deer died; the author claimed for the piece he had written. The Managers refused to satisfy his demand. Mr. Brougham stated that the Plaintiff had performed his part of the agreement, had, in short, written the piece: and argued that his labour was not to go for nothing because the rein deer died. The jury gave a verdict for the plaintiff of £50; (if we remember correctly;) and Mr. Brougham then chuckling at his success, handed about among his learned brethren the *piece*, which was a sheet of paper scrawled over with such heads as these:—Scene 1st, Moonlight, cottage at the side, mountains in the back ground; enter old man, to soft music. Scene 2d, Inside of a cottage, with skins hanging from the walls, spears, horns, antlers, and hunter's gear. The success upon such grounds seemed the greater triumph to the Bar; but another judgment upon the matter would be exercised by those not of the gown, and not acquiescent in its morality. A few such anecdotes as these, picked up in America, serve for impeachment of the national morals, and make the narrator bless himself that we of happy monarchical England are not reproachable with such laxity of principle.

In a recent number of the *Quarterly Review* there appeared a clever article, descriptive of the hunting in Leicestershire, in which the aristocratic humanities were strikingly illustrated. It showed that if the most dangerous accidents occurred in the chase, the noble sportsmen would not sacrifice their pleasure to render assistance to a sufferer, and would gallop heedlessly on, though the life of a fellow-creature, a companion or friend, depended on their aid. We give a couple of these pictures:—

"Two horses are seen loose in the distance; a report is flying about that one of the field is badly hurt, and something is heard of a collar

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bone being broken; others say it is a leg; but the pace is *too good* to inquire. A cracking of rails is now heard, and one gentleman's horse is to be seen resting, nearly balanced, across one of them, his rider being on his back in the ditch, which is on the landing side. 'Who is he?' says Lord Brudenell to Jack Stevens. 'Can't tell, my Lord; but I thought it was a queerish place when I came o'er it before him.' It is evidently a case of peril, but the pace is *too good* to afford help * * * * * 'Who is that under his horse in the brook?' inquires that good sportsman, and fine rider, Mr. Green of Rolleston, whose noted old mare had just skimmed over the water like a swallow on a summer's evening. 'Only Dick Christian,' answers Lord Tomaster, 'and it is nothing new to him!'—'But he'll be drowned,' exclaims Lord Kinnaird. 'I shouldn't wonder,' observes Mr. William Colce. But the pace is *too good* to inquire."

The men whose pleasures so steel their hearts are legislators who would be loud in reprobation of the brutalities of the people. What inference might not a hasty observer draw from a barbarous selfishness, practised and recorded, not only without shame but with boast! A critic such as those on America would argue that these actions in the field might only prove the depravity of the individuals, but that the blazonry of them in the organ of the aristocracy denotes the barbarism of the whole public.

Had a foreigner heard Lord Winchilsea express his eagerness to put to death with his own hand some one who had scribbled offensive remarks upon the Queen, what would he have thought of the humanity of the assembly in which the savage, lawless sentiment was uttered without rebuke? Would he not argue that if it were as odious as it should be to the feelings of society, the Lords would, for the sake of decency, of public decorum, have rebuked and discountenanced the brutal avowal. We know sufficiently well our own state of society; and we know that the readiness to resort to murderous violence, which was boastfully declared by that pillar of the Church, Lord Winchilsea, is severely condemned, and severely punished when it is discovered in the lowest of the rabble. But the question is, what would be thought of such appearances by foreigners, judging of us as we judge of other nations. Dennis Collins, acting upon the vindictive sentiment that Lord Winchilsea avowed, threw a stone at the King, and is deprived of his liberty. His offence did not lack rebuke. Also, when the Duke of Wellington was pelted by the mob, all proper things were said in condemnation of violence. The silent toleration of Lord Winchilsea's ebullition, proves nothing against the common sentiment. The American who judged us from particular instances would be grossly in error; and equally mistaken must be the English traveller who constructs charges against the people of the United States, upon anecdotes of roguery or depravity which he has observed to obtain sympathetic or admiring auditors in particular classes. It must, however, be admitted that the Americans are, to a man, a money-getting people; and in the race of Mammon, scruples are too likely to be trampled under foot. On the other hand, money-spending classes have their vices; they will have indulgences, let law and morality say what they will to the contrary. Cyril Thornton, in proof of the laxity of morals in America, tells the following story:—

"I had returned from my ramble, and was sitting near the stove in the public room, engaged in the dullest of all tasks, reading an American newspaper, when a woman and a girl, about ten years old, entered, cold and shivering, having just been discharged from a Boston stage-coach. The woman was respectable in appearance, rather good-looking, and evidently belonging to what may in this country be called the middling class of society. She immediately inquired, at what hour the steam-boat set off for New York; and, on learning that, owing to the river being frozen up, it started from Newhaven, some thirty miles lower, she was evidently much discomposed, and informed the landlord, that calculating on meeting the steam-boat that morning at Hartford, her pocket was quite unprepared for the expense of a further land journey, and the charges of different sorts necessarily occasioned by a day's delay on the road.

"The landlord shrugged up his shoulders and walked off; the Irish waiter looked at her with something of a quizzical aspect; and an elderly gentleman, engaged like myself reading a newspaper, raised his eyes for a moment, discharged his saliva on the carpet, and then resumed his occupation. Though evidently without a willing audience, the woman continued her complaints; informed us she had left her husband in Boston to visit her brother in New York; explained and re-explained the cause of her misfortune, and a dozen times at least concluded by an assurance, —of the truth of which the whole party were quite satisfied,—that she was sadly puzzled what to do.

"In such circumstances, I know not whether it was benevolence, or a desire to put a stop to her detestable iteration, or a mingled motive compounded of both, that prompted me to offer to supply her with any money she might require. However, I did so; and the offer, though not absolutely refused, was certainly very ungraciously received. She stared at me; expressed no thanks, and again commenced the details of her grievances, of which, repetition had something staled the infinite variety. I therefore left the apartment. Shortly after the sleigh for Newhaven drove up, and I had entirely forgotten the amiable sufferer and her pecuniary affliction, when she came up, and said, without any expression of civility, "You offered me money; I'll take it." I asked how much she wished. She answered, sixteen dollars, which I immediately ordered my servant to give her. Being a Scotchman, however, he took the prudent precaution of requesting her address in New York, and received a promise that the amount of her debt should be transmitted to Bunker's on the following day.

"A week passed after my arrival in New York, and I heard no more either of the dollars or my fellow-traveller; and being cur-

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ous to know whether I had been cheated, I at length sent to demand repayment. My servant came back with the money. He had seen the woman, who expressed neither thanks nor gratitude; and on being asked why she had violated her promise to discharge the debt, answered that she could not be at the trouble of sending the money, for she supposed it was my business to ask for it. It should be added, that the house in which she resided, was that of her brother, a respectable shopkeeper in one of the best streets in New York, whose establishment certainly betrayed no indication of poverty.

"The truth is, that the woman was very far from being a swindler. She was only a Yankee, and troubled with an indisposition—somewhat endemic in New England—to pay money. She thought, perhaps, that a man who had been so imprudent as to lend to a stranger, might be so negligent as to forget to demand repayment. The servant might have lost her address; in short, it was better to take the chances, however small, of ultimately keeping the money, than to restore it unasked. All this might be very sagacious; but it certainly was not very high-principled nor very honest."

This story will bear two interpretations. It is possible that the woman was as dishonestly disposed and as ungrateful as the writer deems her; or may it not have been, that, expecting assistance in such circumstances as a matter of course, the sense of obligation was slight; and as for the money not having been sent to the lender, gallantry might have required that the lady should be saved the trouble. Lively gratitude for little services of mere humanity would not denote a kindly state of society. These should be things of course. Then for the gallantry:—if a gentleman lends a lady a cloak, an umbrella, a book, or any such article of small value, when she asks him the address to which it shall be returned, is not the usual answer, "Don't give yourself the trouble to send it, for I will send to your house for it." But in an affair of money, this would not seem delicate to an Englishman; and why not? Because an Englishman always supposes the payment of money to be an act of reluctance and pain; and that to ask it, is to ask something afflicting, which politeness would wait, but not press. Americans may not so consider the matter. They may think as little of sending for the return of a loan of money, as we do for sending for the return of a cloak or an umbrella, a book, or any such matter. It is the little reliance which we have in the honesty of each other, that makes an application for the return of a loan seem indelicate: that is, seem like distrusting the punctuality or the probity of the borrower. The story of our author is equivocal: and we only offer an interpretation, of which it allows, without arguing for the probability of its truth.

Cyril Thornton falls into a very common error respecting equality. No reasonable republican desires, or believes in the possibility of an equality of respect and consideration for all men alike. In order to suppose such a state, we must suppose an equality of talent and virtue. All the equality that is rationally to be wished, is an equality in rights, which of necessity excludes any peculiar privileges or arbitrary distinctions. The field should be level and fair for all; but some must be backward and some forward in the race; and the honour of the foremost is their due. Cyril Thornton observes that he does not find an equality in the United States, which is undesirable and impossible.

"It is the fashion to call the United States the land of liberty and equality. If the term equality be understood simply as implying, that there exists no privileged order in America, the assertion, though not strictly true, may pass. In any wider acceptation it is mere nonsense. There is quite as much practical equality in Liverpool as New York. The magnates of the Exchange do not strut less proudly in the latter city than in the former; nor are their wives and daughters more backward in supporting their pretensions. In such matters legislative enactments can do nothing. Man's vanity, and the desire of distinction inherent in its nature, cannot be repressed. If obstructed in one outlet, it will only gush forth with greater vehemence at another. The most contemptible of mankind has some talent of mind or body, some attraction—virtue—accomplishment—dexterity—or gift of fortune,—in short, something real or imaginary, on which he arrogates superiority to those around him. The rich man looks down upon the poor, the learned on the ignorant, the orator on him unblessed with the gift of tongues; and 'he that is a true-born gentleman, and stands upon the honour of his birth,' despises the *roturier*, whose talents have raised him to an estimation in society perhaps superior to his own."

* * * *

"T'other night, at a ball, I had the honour to converse a good deal with a lady, who is confessedly a star of the first magnitude in the hemisphere of fashion. She inquired what I thought of the company. I answered, 'that I had rarely seen a party in any country in which the average of beauty appeared to me to be so high.'

"'Indeed!' answered my fair companion, with an expression of surprise; 'it would seem that you English gentlemen are not difficult to please; but does it strike you, that the average is equally high as regards air, manner, fashion?'

"'In regard to such matters,' I replied, 'I certainly could not claim for the party in question any remarkable distinction; but that, in a scene so animated, and brilliant with youth, beauty, and gaiety of spirit, I was little disposed to play the critic.'

"'Nay,' replied my opponent, for the conversation had already begun to assume something of the form of argument, 'it surely requires no spirit of rigid criticism, to discriminate between such a set of vulgarians, as you see collected here, and ladies who have been accustomed to move in a higher and better circle. Mrs. —— is an old person, and makes it a point to bring together at her balls all the riff-raff of the place—people whom, if

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you were to remain ten years in New York, you would probably never meet anywhere else. I assure you there are not a dozen girls in this room that I should think of admitting to my own parties.'

"Thus driven from the field, I ventured to direct her notice to several elegant and pretty girls, about whom I asked some questions. Their attractions, however, were either not admitted, or when these were too decided to allow of direct negation, the subject was ingeniously evaded. If I talked of a pretty foot, I was told its owner was the daughter of a tobacconist. If I admired a graceful dancer, I was assured (what I certainly should not have discovered) that the young lady was of vulgar manners, and without education. Some were so utterly unknown to fame, that their very names, birth, habits, and connexions were buried in the most profound and impenetrable obscurity. In short, a Count of the Empire, with his sixteen quarterings, probably would not have thought, and certainly would not have spoken, with contempt half so virulent of those fair plebeians."

We see in this picture of manners nothing but what must be reckoned on. There is folly: but the soil for it is shallow; and the tobacconist, and the vulgarian, and the unknown, have small reason to complain of the insolence of superior fortune, while the course is open for their exertions, and no advantages are possessed by any which it is not for industry and talent, unaided by favour, and unthwarted by prejudice, to attain.

It has not been our design to write a criticism upon the book before us. We raise no question as to the accuracy of the representation; but taking them as we find them, we say, "Look at home." The mote may be in our brother's eye, but the beam is in our own. It is, however, impossible to read the book without noting some evidence of prejudice, which a moment's reflection must have corrected. Thus, in observing on the American army, the author says, "The truth is, that men accustomed to democracy, can never be brought to submit patiently to the rigours of military discipline." Has the author to learn that the discipline of the American navy is the severest in the world; and can he doubt that the discipline to which republicans submit on board a ship, they would submit to on shore, if any object for it existed, or any use appeared. In peace or war, the effect of discipline is manifest in the working of a ship, which has always the elements to battle with; but a regiment without prospect of employment on active service has no practical application of the efficiency produced by painful discipline. In England, the soldiery in profound peace may, for all the troubles of training, console themselves with the thought, that if their discipline be not useful against a foreign foe, it may be available against their fellow-countrymen; but in the United States, no such thought can exist; and if they are sufficiently disciplined to overmatch the poor Indians, all the purposes of their appointment are accomplished. We were acquainted with a British General, aged nearly eighty, and in the care of a nurse, who for the last twenty years of his life had patriotically lathered his beard with cold water, and gone without his breakfast, that he might be the better prepared for the hardships of a campaign, in which he expected to be called to a command. As ridiculous as this, might seem to Americans, the rigours of discipline in the securities of peace and their trans-atlantic position.

Cyril Thornton observes a fatal error in the education of the military cadets—"a certain slouch about the soldiers;" and our English martinets cannot suppose it possible that men can fight who are not as straight as ramrods. They should remember, however, that the French, with their round shoulders and slovenly discipline, drubbed all the straight backs on the Continent of Europe, and sometimes had a fugitive view of the British. We beat them at last,—but for many a day the English army was as unpopular, and probably as neglected and inefficient, as the American is now described as being.

From the Same.

FRENCH AND ENGLISH AUTHORSHIP.

Our national prejudices are so far dissipated, that one or two English *Reviews* have at length reluctantly conceded to modern literature the inscription of a few French names among those of the sons of the true faith: *Thierry*, the historian; *Béranger*, the poet, politician, philosopher; *Victor Hugo*, the dramatist and novelist; *Mérimée De Vigny*, *Raymond* and *Balzac*, the champions of satire and Romance. But so scanty an array provokes considerable indignation among the *litterateurs* of Paris,—of Paris, where every fifth-rate contributor to a sixth-rate journal inscribes his name and surname in the muster-roll of fame, as religiously as the parents of every new-born infant are compelled to enregister them in the archieves of the *Mairie* of their *arrondissement*. Scarcely has the curtain fallen upon some flimsy one-act *vaudeville*, (imitated from an imitation of the *scribage Théatre* of the *de Madame*,) when the patronymics of the four authors who have ministered to its tawdry patchwork, are proclaimed amid the plaudits of the audience; and not a melodrama—not a pamphlet—not an article in a periodical—not even a column of criticism on the same, but bears, in well-cut capitals, the names and titles of the author. The French appear to glory in the mere authorism of authorship,—to take pride in their infirmity—to triumph in wearing the label of misfortune round their necks, like some "*Pauvre aveugle*," or "*Sourd-muet de naissance*." It is not enough that the name "Victor Hugo," or "Béranger," should roll from lip to lip among the idolators of genius; the world must familiarize itself with the glories

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of "Jal," "Gozlan," "Foa," and "Janin." It is not enough that Paul de Koch and Jouy have enriched with their sketches of Parisian manners the literature of various continential countries: every dauber of portraits in "*La Mode*," or the "*Courrier des Dames*," is resolved to claim his share in the tittle-tattle of fame.

How different the literary character of our own country! Although a few editors of fashionable periodicals, or lordly wire-weavers of genteel octavos may sell their names to the speculative publishers of the day, scarcely a writer of reputation in England but has shrunk from thrusting his name into a title-page. "The author of Hajji Baba," "The author of Tremaine," "The Author of Vivian Grey," "The author of Adam Blair," "The Author of Anastasius," "THE AUTHOR OF WAVERLY;" such is the shadowy existence of our best writers! "But this is the mere coquetry of our authorship," it may be urged. "The names of Morier, Plumer Ward, D'Israeli, Lockhart, Hope, and SCOTT, are, at the present moment at least, as well known as their works." But would any French scribbler, from Arras to Marseilles, have consented to the eight or ten years of preceding mystery?—to the doubts thrown upon their paternity?—to the spurious claims exercised over ther foundlings? Would they have borne, like Professor Wilson, to be whispered of in a circle; like Gifford, to live and die without authenticating their right to more than a few maudlin stanzas; like Jeffrey, like Palgrave, like Brougham, like Talfourd, to content themselves with a sprig or two of professional yew, when they had claims upon the laurel? Would they have been satisfied with the esteem of a handful of literary friends, and, at the utmost, those vague and grudging honours, available only within the limits of the world of letters? No!—In *Paris*, the name of Fonblanque,* of the pithiest and wittiest of political philosophers, would long ago have figured in the list of the booksellers, and the hands of the typefounders of the great page of immortality. That of Maginn, whose humorous *verve* not even Conservatism can extinguish, would have become known beyond the lion's den of the printing office. Carlyle, the Briarous of Anglo-Saxon prosody, would have taken his share in the worship of the world; and Praed become renowned as the most polished of modern essayists and lyrists, instead of being laughed at as "Calico Praed," a broken-down member of the Unreformed Parliament. Charles Lamb has at length ceased to be "Elia," and the "late physician" appears in Mr. Warren, (in spite of his Galenic name, *no* Doctor.) But *who* wrote "Godolphin?"—who "The Marriage in High Life?"—who the Financial Articles of our own Magazine?—who the "Notes" of *Blackwood*?—who the criticisms of the *Spectator*?—who the classicalities of the *Edinburgh*? "Everybody knows," every body tells. But in France that knowledge would be no triumph, nor the tale worth communication. The authors would put their mark upon their property, as naturally as upon their flock of sheep; and strut about in the eyes of all the Boulevards, arrayed in the pride, pomp, and circumstance of glorious authorship for evermore!

* This mention of Mr. Fonblanque, by our Paris contributor who has supplied the above article, induces us to tell our Scottish readers who Mr. Fonblanque is. Many of them have never heard the name before; and to many of them even his truly admirable weekly newspaper is only known by report, and by the extracts from it which appear in other newspapers. It is time the name of Albany Fonblanque were familiar to every Scotsman, Englishman, and Irishman who wishes that effectual reform to be accomplished which can alone prevent revolution. Mr. Fonblanque is Editor of THE EXAMINER. It is scarcely necessary to add, that he is the ablest political writer in Britain, and leader of *The Movement*, or party of the people. The influence exercised by *The Examiner* over the public mind is very great. Its leading articles are extracted by most of the provincial newspapers. Even the Tory journals copy *The Examiner's* articles for the point and brilliancy which distinguish them, and that their readers may see what the liberal party contends for. The number of readers on whom *The Examiner's* leading articles or witty paragraphs are brought to bear, in addition to its own numerous subscribers, is thus immense. And this influence could not be in better hands. *The Examiner* is distinguished for undeviating integrity, and ardent love of truth, no less than for the most penetrating sagacity, the most unhesitating boldness, and talent of the very highest order. Whenever we are disgusted with the tergiversation of our great Whig politicians—which is not seldom—we turn to the contemplation of the characters of Albany Fonblanque, John Mill, John Roebuck, and a few other Radicals of the highest grade in knowledge, talents, and honesty; and our trust that we shall yet see the greatest happiness of the greatest number, the governing principles of a British Administration, is restored.—E. T. M.

From the Same.

THE HISTORY OF IRWIN.

FROM THE REMINISCENCES OF J. V——, ESQ.

> Is it her nature, or is it her will,
> To be so cruel to an humbled foe?
> SPENCER.

APRIL 17, 182–.—Were I a writer of fiction, I should not, assuredly, be tempted to seek for materials in the distance of past time, or amidst the fragments of obsolete chronicles. My own observation of life, short and scanty as it may have been, would supply me with matter as singular and perhaps as moving as any that I have met with in romances. The history, of which I have just witnessed the conclusion, is but one amongst many instances that might be set down. And although, writing chiefly for the preservation

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of facts, I confine myself to a bare and unadorned narrative, it may happen to fall at some future period into the hands of one possessed of the skill to fill up and display an outline which would form no indifferent subject for a touching picture of human accident and passion.

I was ascending last night about eight, to the room which I occupy in ———'s Hotel, during my stay in town. A waiter was going up before me with candles; he turned into a room on the first landing, just as I had passed the door, and in an instant hurried out again, looking terribly frightened. "My Good, Sir," he exclaimed, "here is Mr. Irwin, either dead or in a fit!" "Send instantly for a surgeon," I replied; "the gentleman is a friend of mine; I will remain with him until assistance comes." I knew that Irwin was in town, but had not been aware that he was staying in the same hotel with me. On entering his apartment, I found that he was gone, beyond the reach of human skill. He was reclining against the mantelpiece, having apparently leaned back from the table where he had been writing, and expired in an instant. His face, although emaciated, was flushed to a dark purple, his eyes wide open, and the lips drawn from the set teeth, with an expression of sudden anguish. In his hand, which rested on the table, the pen was still firmly held—but the ink was quite dry;—he had evidently been dead for an hour at least. I glanced at the paper before him; the first word I saw was my own name. He had died in the act of writing a note to me. It ran as follows:

"Dear V——,—I presume once more, upon the strength of our old acquaintance, to entreat that you will aid me in the attempt to obtain, if it be for the last time, an interview, or even a communication by letter, with your friend. You possess her entire confidence, and can, I am persuaded, assist me. I have only now learned that you are staying here: will you favour me with half an hour of your leisure when"——here the hand of the writer had been arrested.

I pass over the close of this unexpected scene. The physician pronounced his death to have been caused by apoplexy; the work, as it would seem, of some violent excitement upon a weak frame. This supposition my own knowledge of the circumstances preceding his decease, which I shall now relate, tended to confirm.

Irwin died in his thirty-ninth year. He had considerable possessions, and was well-born: his disposition was passionate, yet reserved; from boyhood he had been a jealous and solitary being, craving, yet seeming to shun the communion and sympathy of others. His feelings were sensitive to a morbid degree, governed by caprice and impulse, yet singular in retaining with pertinacity the impressions thus lightly created. He had no other constancy of purpose; and his intellect, which had otherwise been clear and strong, partook of this unsettled character. Such natures appear as if Fate had marked them for victims to mishap or melancholy.

After leaving Oxford, where I first became acquainted with him, he spent a few years on the Continent, in alternate dissipation and study. An impatience of constraint had deterred him from embracing any profession, and his income rendered it unnecessary. Thus, he lived without aim; and returned to England, rather from weariness and want of interest in what he left, than from any wish that recalled him to his native country. Here he found himself a stranger: his only surviving relation, a sister, was with her husband in Canada; and he was not of a nature which easily admits of new acquaintances.

The reserve of English society seemed additionally repulsive, when contrasted with the easier intercourse of French and German circles. He was attracted by the beauty of his countrywomen, but their *morgue* kept him at a distance. As he might be termed a "good match," there were not wanting opportunities to approach them nearer; but he was sufficiently acute to interpret, and too proud to accept the invitations which were dictated by a spirit of calculating interest. In short, he lived unsociable and discontented; rarely mingling with society, yet longing for some object to care for or to love.

In leaving or returning to his lodgings, he always chose the route through Park Street, in the hope of seeing again the beautiful girl whom he once observed at the window of No. ——. Nor was he often disappointed; for at certain hours she was rarely absent from her wonted seat; he would now linger as he passed, and gaze upon the fair inhabitant with an earnestness which she must ere long have remarked. His solitary life and fanciful mood can alone, perhaps, explain the reason why he should begin to dream of this beauty alone, amidst all the loveliness around him; or account for the nervous sensation which came over him on approaching the house, and the feeling of chagrin with which he returned home on those days when she was invisible. But the face and form of Ellen Gower were not easily forgotten by any one who had once seen them.

She was the only child of a widowed naval officer, whose means were limited, and whose broken health rendered retirement necessary. At this period, she was a very lovely girl of seventeen; in appearance, as well as character, womanly beyond her age. Her beauty I cannot describe; for it chiefly resided in a peculiar sweetness and brightness of expression, which is, of all things, most exquisite, yet most difficult to portray in words or by the pencil. In character, she was ardent and sensitive; seclusion had tended to quicken a lively imagination which, since the loss of her mother, had been left, in a great measure, to its own guidance. She was susceptible of deep and lasting impressions, and of an open loving disposition; alternately her father's pet and nurse; and her temperament, no less than her position, combined to produce a character at once marked and feminine; winning, though a little wilful; and extremely susceptible of the emotions awakened by anything exciting or singular.

As Irwin was a handsome man, it is not strange

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that Ellen, who soon detected the peculiarity of his attention, learned to regard, with curiosity at least, his frequent appearance, and, in process of time, to expect it as a pleasant incident in her monotonous day. It had now become a constant occurrence; for which, unconsciously perhaps, she used to prepare some of those graceful little coquetries in costume or attitude, which the most reserved woman rarely fails to practise, when aware that she is the object of admiration.

This constant interchange of looks, which, under other circumstances, might have passed as lightly as it came, soon awakened on both sides an interest exceeding that of mere curiosity. In sunnier lands such effects are not uncommon; and in this instance, temperament and position produced a result which so slight a matter rarely creates in our colder regions. In a word, Irwin fell in love; and his recluse habits, which allowed his fanciful disposition ample and undisturbed leisure to brood upon the visions awakened by imaginations, fostered the welcome excitement. To become acquainted with the incognita was, of course, his first wish; but the inquiries which he assiduously made, produced little encouragement to his hopes. She never visited, and none of her friends were known to him: her name, and the profession of her father, was all that he could discover. He was not a man to hazard any of those equivocal attempts at self-introduction, which, in English society, require no small share of audacity; and all that his eye-service gained, was an occasional glance in return, which gradually became more amicable, until, at length, it seemed on the verge of answering with a smile. Once or twice, indeed, they met in the street: on which occasions each appeared half-expectant of a word or greeting, and each was too timid to make the first advance. This had been the lover's part; but Irwin was a shy man, and his feelings towards the beautiful unknown had already reached the point at which the idea of attempting anything which might be deemed an insult, became intolerable. The last time they met in this manner, he involuntarily bowed, half-raising his hat, and was answered by a look on which one more adventurous than himself might have found courage to speak. For an instant he stood irresolute: it was too late—the lady and the opportunity were past. In such delicate conjunctures hesitation is irretrievable.

On Ellen's side, the feeling, if less clearly understood, was as far from indifference as Irwin's. The chords of her fond and excitable nature had been moved into full vibration; there needed but a master-touch to produce the sweet music of love. A moment's interview would have united the two hearts for ever.

Thus passed the Spring. It was towards the end of May that Irwin missed his idol from her accustomed place, once and again, and returned home to spend the day in discontent. A third time he passed; there were workmen in the room taking down the furniture; his impatience prevailed, and on inquiring at the house, he was informed that Captain Gower had given up his residence and left town, but whither was not known.

It was now, perhaps, for the first time, that Irwin, became fully aware how far his affection was engaged to one whose voice even was still unknown to him. His ingenuity was exhausted in endeavours to detect the place of her retreat; the sum of his discovery was, that her father and herself had departed in a private carriage not their own. On inquiring at the Admiralty, he found that Captain Gower had given up his commission, so that no information could be gained from thence; all attempts to trace the travellers, in short, proved fruitless. The summer he spent in visiting different watering-places; the ensuing winter in rambling through almost every street in the west end; both alike without success. His prepossession, instead of yielding, appeared to gain stubbornness from disappointment: he took a strange delight in brooding over an impression which a busier or a less fanciful man would soon have cast aside as a folly; and it survived as freshly as at first, when, two years afterwards, he accepted my invitation to pass a day or two at the Beeches, on his way to Harrogate. We had casually met in town, after a long interval, during which, of course, I had known little of his proceedings. With Captain Gower I had long been intimate as a family connexion, and he had become my neighbour on leaving London.

Ellen was a great pet of my wife's, and replied with almost sisterly affection to the love which her sweet and joyous temper had thoroughly won. On one subject, however, my Isabel had failed in obtaining her confidence. Shortly after Captain Gower's arrival at Enburn, Mr. Ravely, a young gentleman of wealth and character, captivated by Ellen's beauty, had offered himself as a suitor for her hand. The proposal was highly acceptable to her father, and the *parti* in every way unexceptionable; nor was the lover a man unlikely to succeed with the gentle sex, being cultivated and agreeable; yet she persisted in declining Ravely's attentions, with a pertinacity, which, as no rival appeared, seemed not a little singular. Her only reply, when urged upon this topic, was the plea of indifference; yet my wife suspected another cause, which alone could explain her insensibility. However, as Ellen remained silent, and nothing occurred to confirm the suspicion, her friend was induced to regard her conduct as the offspring of girlish caprice; and it was her persuasions, I believe, which at last won her to receive Ravely as an admirer after nearly two years of hopeless suit. His reception, it is true, was not of the kind most flattering to a lover; and it was easy to those who knew Ellen's character, to see that it was not thus a heart like hers would love. Ravely was, however, delighted with his success; there was no excuse for further delay; and it so happened that Irwin arrived at my house on the day when a large party were assembled there at a dinner and ball in honour of the betrothed pair, who were to be married a fortnight afterwards.

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He was too late to join us at table, and thus was not introduced to any of the company until he entered the room where dancing had already begun. A set was just over. He carelessly perused the various groups, until one figure met his eye, and he started as if awakened from a dream. He turned to my wife, and eagerly requested an introduction to the young lady who had just sat down. It was the *fiancée*. As she was unquestionably the flower of the evening, his animation appeared quite natural; and the ceremony of a moment put Irwin, who had recognised Ellen at a glance, in possession of the opportunity which he had so long coveted.

Isabel's attention was first directed to the couple by Ravely, whose jealous eye had remarked something in Irwin's manner, upon being presented, which did not altogether please him. She observed with surprise that Ellen, who was extremely fond of dancing, had retired, after the first set, to a sofa at the further end of the saloon, where she appeared to be listening with deep emotion to the cavalier who had placed himself at her side.

The interview had, indeed, proved profoundly exciting to both. During the quadrille, Irwin cautiously and timidly attempted to discover if Ellen remembered him; and perceived, upon approaching the subject, from her blushes and her conscious manner, that he was not forgotten. Further encouraged by the permission to conduct her to a seat, where he could address her with less danger of being overheard, and animated by delight, he forgot his wonted reserve, and gave full utterance to his feelings of joy and admiration. He recounted his earlier emotion on first seeing her—his hopes—his love—and his long disappointment—with all the eloquence of a long-treasured passion. Poor Ellen, whose varying colour and thick breathing betrayed her agitation, was for a while unable to arrest the utterance of a suit but too pleasing, alas! to her ear. She was overcome by the suddenness of the appeal, and softened by the warm expression of feelings to which her own secretly vibrated. She recovered self-possession at last, and expressed her displeasure at the liberty which a stranger took in employing such language, after an acquaintance of half an hour. But her voice trembled as she spoke, and her manner had more of regret than of resentment.

"You *cannot* repel me thus," Irwin replied; "it is, indeed, but an instant since I enjoyed the happiness of first hearing your voice,—but your eyes, into which I have gazed how often! they tell me we are not such strangers! You are too gentle, you have too much heart, to cast me back upon a mere ceremony. Oh! if you knew how ever-present you have been to my thoughts since I lost sight of you, you could not silence me so coldly!"

Ellen was troubled beyond measure. Her heart was no longer at her own disposal. It was hard to be accused of a severity which cost her so dear; and how could she with delicacy acquaint Irwin with her position as the betrothed of another?

"I pray, I entreat you to forbear. Your language alarms and distresses me. Indeed, I *cannot* listen to it."

"Will you answer me one question?" She was silent, and hung down her head, colouring deeply.

"Had this happiness befallen me two years since, instead of now, would you have replied thus?"

This home question left the poor girl but one retreat.—She answered, with an air of resentment,—

"This is presuming to far, Sir,—I know not by what right you urge me in this manner; and I must beg of you to conduct me to Mrs. V——."

"One instant, if you have any pity," Irwin replied, in a low hurried tone. "The whole happiness of one who would die, rather than offend you, is in your hands; I have loved you long, fondly, and hopelessly—you have seen it—and once, if looks lie not, you were not angered to know it; but it is long ago, and it were presumption to expect that your feeling should have survived like mine: say only, 'I will not forbid you to hope,' and I will be as distant as you can require. If your heart be free, let me attempt to win it; if—" and his voice sank to a whisper—"if my hope is the prize of another, I ask no word more; you will at least forgive my temerity in compassion for its bitter punishment!"—He gazed intently into her eyes, they drooped beneath his—she trembled, and was silent.

After a breathless pause he said, "Forgive me, sweet and excellent creature,—forgive the madness that could not forsee this! I was too happy to think or to fear; pardon the rudeness that has distressed you; pardon, and forget what I have said! God bless you, and make your fair affections happy!"—She accepted his arm without speaking—the tear which quivered in her long eylash fell unseen; he led her to my wife's side, bowed, and retired. Shortly afterwards he begged me to excuse his absence, on the ground of fatigue, and left the apartment.

Isabel was on the point of rallying her friend upon the *tête-á-tête*, but was silenced by a passionate entreaty. Ravely was standing near, but he was vexed, and did not approach her; another partner came up, and Ellen instantly rejoined the dancers, amidst whom I observed her talking and laughing with more than usual spirits. Yet the gaiety of the evening seemed clouded, and the guests whispered and looked at each other. The bridegroom elect was absent and moody,—the hostess anxious and surprised, I could not conceive what had happened. It was as if some evil genius had stepped into the circle to trouble the fête, and had then disappeared. The party separated early; Ellen, alone, betrayed no sign of fatigue or disturbance, save what might be traced in a flushed cheek, and wandering eye, and kept up her brilliancy to the end. She was to remain all night at the Beeches; and when the last carriage had driven away, she gazed keenly

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around, and throwing herself into Isabel's arms, burst into a torrent of passionate weeping!

All was now revealed; her singular and romantic attachment,—the secret cause of her aversion to Ravely's addresses; the sorrow of a hope recalled but to expire for ever; and the history of the interview, so fatal to her peace, were now unreservedly recounted. But the indulgence of grief itself could not supersede the necessity of deciding on her future conduct. It cost her a long and hard struggle, but she was too right-minded to waver long in her resolution; and my Isabel, deeply as she mourned over her favourite's distress, could not but approve of the manner in which she determined to act. "I have gone too far to recede," Ellen said; "nor will I wrong Mr. Ravely by concealment or hesitation. He shall know all; and if he still claims the fulfilment of my promise, I will redeem the pledge, at whatever sacrifice of happiness. You will speak to Mr. Irwin," she said to me. "I should fear to see him again." All that we could do in this painful conjuncture, was to attempt to sooth her agitated feelings.

It was a task of some delicacy to enter upon the subject with Irwin. I found him in a state of terrible excitement; he stopped me ere I had well begun to speak:—"My good friend, I beg that you will spare us both the pain of dwelling on this unfortunate theme. I have been guilty of an offence towards your beautiful friend, for which let my own suffering atone. More than this, circumstanced as we are, it boots not to say. I will bear the burden, as I long bore the love,—in silence." He left the Beeches on the same day.

Ravely, although of a frank and generous nature, was not troubled by very acute sensibilities. He persisted, after the confession and offer of his mistress had been communicated to him, in preferring his suit; saying, that he had too much confidence in her character to fear for her constancy,—too much self-respect to apprehend the permanence of any such transitory affection as had been described to him; and that, in short, he would rather possess a girl like Ellen Gower, with only half a heart, than any other who might throw the whole of hers into his arms. "This is a mere whim," he said; "she will forget it in a week, and learn to love me better ere long." The emotion with which Ellen received the tidings of this decision, convinced her friend that she had still secretly entertained a hope which it bitterly disappointed. On the day originally fixed, Ravely led her to the altar.

Those who had intimately known the beautiful victim, might have discovered the depression and wo which her smiles concealed from common observers. Her husband did not appear conscious of any such indications, and the spectators, no doubt, deemed that the mistress of Ravely's superb establishment must be happy. For my part, after some months had elapsed, her appearance and manner gave me extreme uneasiness. She was never morose or peevish, and performed all her duties with gentleness and grace; but her peculiar glow of spirit was gone; her cheek, though still lovely, grew pale; and her eye lost its earlier brightness. I feared that her heart was breaking.

The case at length appeared sufficiently serious to require medical counsel; the physician came and prescribed, but to no purpose; the affection, he at last said, was apparently of the mind rather than the body; and he recommended his patient to try what benefit change of scene would produce, since medicine failed to restore her health. Ravely, although not an attentive husband, was fond of his wife; and readily agreed to the doctor's suggestion; a tour upon the Continent might restore her cheerfulness, and promote her recovery.

At every stage of the journey through Holland, and along the Rhine, Ellen's strength appeared to diminish; so much so, indeed, that upon arriving at Berne, she entreated permission to repose there for a while. The spot seemed to delight her beyond any she had yet visited, and she improved so much during a few days after their arrival, that Ravely decided upon fixing his abode there for the summer. The evident progress that Ellen daily made towards convalescence reconciled him to the *ennui* of remaining in so dull a place; he engaged a handsome residence, to which he soon succeeded in attracting the gayest society in the neighbourhood, and passed much of his time in riding over the country; having ordered some of his horses over from England.

The travellers occupied a house, distant about a quarter of a mile from the city, and surrounded by a kind of pleasure ground or little park, richly wooded and sloping down to the steep bank of the Aar. On this side, a terrace had been formed, with seats overlooking the stream: it became Ellen's favourite spot; and hither she frequently would come to read, or to watch the sun go down, while Ravely was absent on his usual evening ride; in which she was still too feeble to be his companion.

What, in the meanwhile, had become of Irwin? A lonely and comfortless life he had led, since that memorable evening at the Beeches; time or change of place alike failed to abate his bitter sense of mishap and disappointment. The idea of Ellen in the arms of another was never absent from his mind; it rendered society distasteful, and reflection intolerable. He wandered hither and thither, restless and dispirited; until, in very shame for his own weakness, he resolved by some positive effort to combat the hopeless passion that tormented him. This was no easy achievement to one of his ungovernable character. As long as he remained in England, the possibility of meeting Ellen again continually occupied his imagination. He determined, by leaving the country, to remove this excitement, at least; and he further resolved, by chaining his attention to some studious pursuit, to banish, if possible, the remembrance of a passion which he could never hope to gratify. Switzerland was

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the country which had pleased him the most during his former residence on the Continent; chance, and the discovery of an old and agreeable acquaintance who had married and settled in Berne, decided him to choose that city as the place of his retirement.

All strangers visit the Minster; all lovers of solemn architecture and fine music return thither again and again. Here, alone, was Irwin ever to be seen in public; it was here that accident threw him once more into the presence of Ellen. At first, he doubted if it were really she, so much had illness changed her; a second time he saw her in the same place, and doubted no more. This most unexpected event undid all that distance and occupation had begun to achieve. His feverish imagination found materials for wonder in an accident which had in itself nothing singular; it seemed to him the work of destiny, which rendered all attempts to quell his passion fruitless. He had fled from her vicinity, but in vain; they were fated to meet, and all resistance was to no purpose. She was changed—sadly changed; she looked unhappy; had she forgotten him? Come what might, he would speak with her once more.

The residence of the rich Englishman was easily learned; and many an evening found Irwin roaming around its precincts, and keenly prying at the illuminated windows, in the hope of discovering some sign which might enable him to detect the apartment of her whom he sought. He ceased to visit the cathedral: she might recognise him there, and thus frustrate his design of meeting her alone.

Ravely had ridden out as usual after dinner; and Ellen sauntered down, in the summer twilight, to her favourite seat on the terrace. She had felt unusually depressed the whole day; and as she sate alone in the still evening, a crowed of melancholy thoughts came around her, as if the shadows of all her happier years had arisen at once from their burial in the past. They recalled hopes that had been crushed, home-faces that were gone, and memories of one deep regret which had wrecked her happiness for ever. She felt desolate and heart-sick: the book fell from her hand, she bowed her head on her bosom, and wept.

A rustling on the dry grass caused her to raise her eyes; she started, and for an instant believed that the object before her was but a phantom created by the spirit of her dream. It was Irwin who stood at her side, pale and quivering with anxiety. For a while neither uttered a syllable: Irwin was the first to break the silence.

"I have but one excuse, Mrs. Ravely, for venturing thus to disturb you by my presence; I had intended to respect your commands, and trouble you no more; an accident alone has cast me in your path. I saw you altered; you seemed in suffering,—could I see this, and refrain from approaching you?"

Ellen was moved and alarmed; the house was at some distance, and there was a tone in Irwin's voice which penetrated to her heart. She rose to return, saying, with as much self-command as she could summon, "I had not, certainly, expected to hear you address me again, least of all in such a place, at such a time as this. I must beg to decline all conference with you, and wish you good evening." Irwin stepped before her as she turned to go, and slightly touched her hand: the offended look which she cast upon him met an expression so mournful and imploring in his countenance, as quite subdued her. "Ellen," he said, with a voice almost inarticulate, "you will not have the cruelty to turn from me in such a manner. Hear me for this last time, or you will drive me distracted. I ask but a few moments, and will then relieve you from the intrusion of my wretchedness."

Half-terrified, half-softened, Ellen sank down upon the seat, scarcely conscious of what she did.

Irwin availed himself of the opportunity thus yielded to him; and bending over her as she reclined with her eyes covered by her hand, again poured into her ear the passionate history of his untameable love, and his long misery, in fervid and eloquent words. He dwelt on the hopes which he had once dared to entertain, and on the strange destiny which seemed still to mingle the course of their lives, declaring, in spite of accident, that they were designed for each other. Ellen was disarmed by the agitation and surprise of the moment; the reflections which had lately haunted her, the weakness of her spirits, conspired to deprive her of all self-control. She listened until all but the emotions awakened by the pleadings of love were forgotten, and Irwin at length won from her a confession that she little thought to have revealed. In the rapture of the moment, he pressed her to his heart, and sealed her scarcely resisting lips with long and burning kisses. "Ellen," he said, as she lay trembling in his arms, "you are mine for ever; mine by our early wishes, mine by this sweet confession; henceforth you cannot guard for another the heart which you have given. Let us part no more! fly with me,—a few hours will place you beyond the reach of pursuit, free to grant the love which is mine by every right of truth and nature!" Hitherto, Ellen had been like one overcome by a delirious dream; this appeal recalled her senses, and restored her to herself, in time to shudder at the precipice whereon she stood. With a sudden cry, she started from Irwin's embrace, "Merciful heaven! what have I done,—to what have I listened! I am justly punished for my criminal weakness; God forgive you for taking this unworthy advantage of a feeble and timid thing like me! As you are a gentleman, unloose my hand. I vow to heaven that I will never speak to you more!"—As she broke from Irwin's grasp, a horseman at full speed pressed up the hollow road which led from the river side: it was her husband, who had probably perceived a stranger with Ellen in the twilight, and hastened to join her. Just as he reached the place, the horse, a

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spirited animal, scared by the sudden waving of Ellen's white dress in the dusk as she rushed towards the path to the house,—plunged violently, swerved, and threw his rider. It was the work of a moment; the shock had dashed Ravely's forehead against the stone curb of the terrace, and cast him bleeding and lifeless at his wife's feet. She stood looking at the ghastly spectacle for a few moments, like one whose senses were stupified by horror, and then, with one piercing shriek, sank on the ground beside the corpse.

Irwin distractedly ran to the house, whither he assisted the servants in bearing the body of Ravely, and Ellen, who still lay in a dead swoon. He remained at her side until she unclosed her eyes; and then retired, faint and terror-stricken.

For some hours Ellen remained in a state of the utmost danger; one fainting-fit succeeded another, and there appeared little hope that one so frail could survive the fearful struggle. The principle of life at length prevailed, but her reason had yielded to the shock she had sustained, and she continued for several months to fluctate between the extremes of moping and frenzied insanity.

Her recovery was lingering and uncertain; nor has her mind yet recovered its former clearness: perhaps it never will. I had hastened with my wife to Switzerland, upon the first tidings of the catastrophe; and as soon as Ellen was able to bear the removal, we brought her home, a mournful and heavy charge! She whom we had known but two years before, a beautiful and bright-spirited being, was now a feeble, wan creature, still trembling like a crushed reed after the whirlwind had passed over it. The circumstances which attended Ravely's death had impressed her with the appalling conviction, that Heaven had willed to avenge the offence she had committed, by laying on her soul the guiltiness of his blood. She had never loved him: but this reflection appeared but to aggravate her contrition and self-reproach. She told Isabel all that had passed, with such expressions of fear and remorse, that the confession of her weakness required commiseration rather than reproof. By degrees her mind grew more calm, and gave reason to hope that it might one day be restored to peace, if not to happiness. What were her sentiments towards Irwin, we could never ascertain; for after the first harrowing detail of her adventure, she carefully abstained from all allusions to the subject, and we had but too much reason to respect her silence. My own knowledge of her character induced me to conjecture that she loved him still in secret, and pitied, if not pardoned him; but that she severely checked such involuntary feelings, as a kind of expiation for her past errors.

I have never learned where or in what manner Irwin passed several months immediately following the period of the catastrophe above recounted; but after some time he found his way back to England. When the usual season of mourning had elapsed, he wrote to Ellen in humble and passionate terms, entreating forgiveness for the past and permission to hope for the future. This letter she received, being unacquainted with the hand-writing: she requested me to answer it, and refused to open the many others which followed from the same quarter. She desired me to express her unalterable resolution to admit no further communication from him, upon this or any other subject, and to entreat him not to add to the suffering of which he had been the author by persisting in his importunity. To Isabel and myself it appeared, that in consideration of the early love on both sides, the error of Irwin, which after all, was extenuated by many circumstances, might have been pardoned: and that his union with Ellen might one day have repaired the disasters of their past history. But Ellen, we soon discovered, would not admit the idea: it seemed a kind of superstition in her to avoid it, and we were cautious not to disturb her unsettled mind by adverting further to the subject.

I have seen many violent affections in the course of my life, but never, certainly, one so thorough and engrossing as Irwin's. The communication of Ellen's answer seemed utterly to overwhelm him: and the more, as he had not doubted of her ultimate willingness, after what had passed, to become his. After several of his letters had been returned, he came to entreat my mediation on his behalf, and I was absolutely startled by the change which a few months had made in his exterior. He was shrunk into a skeleton; and his thin dry hand and burning cheek spoke eloquently of the havoc which anxiety had made in his constitution. I attempted to persuade him of the utter hopelessness of his suit, and of the impossibility of moving Ellen to listen to the subject; but I perceived that, although checked and mortified, he was not convinced. This last interview occurred some months back; and it would appear, from the unfinished note which I found before him last night, that the accidental discovery of my arrival in town had prompted him to solicit once more my interference to procure him a hearing from Ellen. And I have no doubt that the emotions of unabated passion, struggling with disappointment and pride, in a frame worn to the last degree of weakness, produced the attack which led to his dissolution.

It is a sad history, and would afford, if fully detailed, abundant materials for speculation upon the working of uncontrolled wishes, and the wilful tenacity with which they cling to the lonely and eager dispositions. There are flaws and dark shades in the most worthy and beautiful of human feelings and motives, for the melancholy task of tracing which, the story here briefly set down would supply full opportunities.

[The following memorandum was added at the foot of the last page of the above manuscript.]

June, 183–.

Yesterday our beloved Ellen was carried to her rest in the grave. She was only twenty-five when she died, yet she long had been eager to depart. *Eheu miserrima!*

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From the Monthly Repository.

THE SPIRIT OF AN INFANT TO HIS MOTHER.

A VISION.

MOTHER, I've lain upon thy lulling breast,
And felt thy gentle breathing on my brow;
My little frame is in the earth at rest,
But my young spirit hovers near thee now.
Thou who would'st murmur to me till I crept
Into thy blameless bosom where I slept.

There is my little cot—no tenant now
Presses its pillow—all is still as death;
The night-light gleams like moonbeams on her brow,
Her lips apart are rosy with her breath;
Moveless is that white arm on which I've lain,
And veil'd that bosom where I us'd to rest;
See, see a tear from the fair lid has stray'd:
Mother! sweet mother! thy young boy is blest,
He lies no longer near thy beating heart,
But thou and he will ne'er be far apart.

Inform'd with new intelligence, I float
On the day's ether, and the night star's beam;
But, O, my childhood's memory! I doat
With deathless fondness on that faded dream,
And I would be again that thoughtless thing,
Caress'd and car'd for with that lulling love
That made me nestle to thy succouring,
And coo—the language of the babe and dove,
Both eloquent—both breathing of a heart
That but in murmurs may its bliss impart.

O, gentle mother, now that I can view
The realms of space with spiritual eye,
I see what, could it be beheld by *you*,
Would wake that bosom with too wild a sigh.
But let my murmurs melt into that ear,
That lies amid thy silken tresses hid;
O mother, speak to mothers when you hear
Their trembling little ones by tyrants chid,
Tell them they guess not how young spirits feel
The wanton wounds that petulance will deal.

O bid them leave as less to sordid care,
That heeds not what impression we may take;
Bid them the threat, the promise to forbear,
That they will rashly breathe, and basely break—
Spoiling the fair, fresh fountain of our youth,
With distrust dashing its reflecting stream,
Loosing the pure integrity of truth
In its first basement, making it a theme
For precept not for practice, till we stray
Further with falsehood ev'ry future day.

Tell them to give our *very* morning hours
All unto softest peace and sunny love;
Leave us all folded, like the infant flowers,
Drinking the dew and sunshine from above.
But when our smiles with consciousness have shone,
Kindling to eyes with answering smiles impress't,
Then know that mind has quicken'd, that the throne
Of sympathy is seated in the breast;
Then from *that* moment is neglect a sin—
Then, education, must thy task begin.

But, gradual, graceful, gracious, as the dawn
That comes with tender twilight scarce unfurl'd,
Sprinkling pale splendour over lake and lawn
Nor rolls the sun till noonday on the world;
When the warm light the awake'n'd eye cuts bear,
And *all* is bath'd in the broad beam of day,
That paints not parts, nor pierceth here and there,
But kindles with a UNIVERSAL RAY.
Thus, thus must mind be wakn'd and warm'd and won,
To the meridian of the mental sun.

But there are dews as well as beams, and they
Teach how to nurture our unfolding hearts.
The brain grows parch'd and arid, till the play
Of feeling's flow its gentle dew imparts;
That verdures all—*that* draws the hidden soul
Of fragrance from the leaf, the fruit, the flower;
That wakes, and warms, and bids the mind unroll
Its truest treasure, and its purest power,
Bathing the sources of all soul and sense
With holy love and bland benevolence.

Tell mothers, if their fondled first-born thus
Be moulded, nurtur'd, half their task is done;
Example and communion are to us
More than to flowers are the dew and sun.
Here I have twin'd a wreath for thy dear brow,
Each flower reflects its hue upon the other,
The red rose kindles the pale lily now—
Thus sister sister, and thus brother brother.
Impress these precepts on each parent's brain,
And *thou'lt* not dream, nor *I* have liv'd in vain.

From the Same.

A NIGHT AMID THE SEA-WARD HILLS.

THE brow of Heaven wears
No frown, nor storm-cleft wrinkle;
The fountain's gentle tears
Amid the silence tinkle;
The lake it formeth in the meadow
Is kiss'd by many a trembling shadow
Of flower and blade;
Reflected stars, its depths amid,
Gaze heavenward as with furtive lid,
And by the moon a pyramid
Of light is made.

The water-fowl supine
Crowd close, with hidden bills:
The ruminating kine
Move not upon the hills;
Moths on the warm air dimly flit,
And insects in a slumb'rous fit
Stir all the leaves;
One bird, amid the hazel fluttering,
A sleepy cry of fear is uttering;
And the scarce-audible sea, low-muttering,
A dull sound weaves.

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From the New Monthly Magazine.

)N THE ANONYMOUS IN PERIODICALS.

WHETHER it be from the obtuseness of our under-
nding or the inveteracy of our prejudice, we
nfess we are not yet converts to Mr. Bulwer's ar-
ments* against preserving the anonymous in
riodicals. It appears to us that he confounds the
uses of the thing with the thing itself, and that,
er his admissions, his objections may be easily
utralized, if not refuted. We think that the
onymous, as it more especially regards periodical
ticism, ought to be the rule, and affixing the name
the writer to any particular article the exception;
ay, we advance a step farther, and, notwith-
nding recent and splendid examples to the con-
ry, we maintain that the editorial function itself
uld be sustained anonymously,—at least, that the
ne of the editor, if known at all, should be rather
derstood than avowed; and though at present
cannot enter into the question at large, we shall
ign a few reasons in support of the views we en-
ain upon the subject.

)f course, when we speak of periodical criticism,
must be understood to mean those reviews and
rary notices which regard books, and not men,—
ich point out fairly and fearlessly the excellencies
faults of writers, the good or evil principles, the
ure and tendency of their works,—without med-
ig with their private history, or referring to them
any other light than as they are exhibited in
r productions; and thus our attention is confined
)lly to "the advantage of the anonymous in
ary criticism;" and to that advantage chiefly as
ffects the public. Far be it from us to advocate
tive deception under any of its forms; but there
illusions which are entirely exempt from mis-
vous intention,—which are allied to good rather
to evil,—which are "shadows of beauty and
lows of power." One of these happily pervades
public mind on the subject of periodical criticism.
leading reviews are supposed to be the united
ts of some of the greatest names in our litera-
; hence the influence they exert over the
ions, tastes, and pursuits of so large a portion of
countrymen. We may ask—would they be
r conducted, or would the articles be better
ten, if Mr. Bulwer's suggestion were adopted?
the anonymous, too, the illusion would vanish.
cism, by unveiling its mysteries, would sacri-
its power over others, and would itself degene-
into feebleness; the decisions of the imaginary
pagus would be exchanged for the unsupported
ings of individual opinion; all the jealousies and
ties, the partialities and sycophancies, which
ow concealed behind "the curtain of periodi-
riticism," would then be revealed to the public
the literary profession would become odious
contemptible; authors would flatter critics,—
s would return the compliment with interest;
e bitterness of malice between contending
s, which now flows in an under-current, and
h is scarcely known to exist but to the parties
selves, would then rise up to the surface, and
ne the object of universal disgust. Mr. Bulwer
tains that "nearly all criticism at this day is
ublic effect of *private acquaintance*." We
ely know how to reconcile this assertion with
he says in the very next page. It is an odd
intanceship which gives such proofs of affec-

"Were a sudden revelation of the mysteries
craft now to be made, what, oh! what would
rage, the astonishment of the public! What
of straw in the rostra, pronouncing fiats on the immortal writings of the age! what guessers at the difference between a straight line and a curve, deciding upon the highest questions of art! what stop-watch gazers lecturing on the drama! what disappointed novelists, writhing poets, saleless historians, senseless essayists, *wreaking their wrath* on a lucky rival! What Damons heaping impartial eulogia on their scribbling Pythias! what presumption! what falsehood! what ignorance! what deceit! what malice in censure! what dishonesty in praise! Such a revelation would be worthy a Quevedo to describe!" We humbly conceive that it is better for the public to be without such a revelation, because, in our opinion, it would be extremely partial and unjust. For even Mr. Bulwer, in another part of his second volume, tells us that the reason we have no great works, though we abound in great writers, is that they have devoted so much of their talents to periodical miscellanies,—and chiefly, as it appears, to periodical criticism. "It is in these journals," he observes, "that the most eminent of our recent men of letters have chiefly obtained their renown. It is here that we find the sparkling and sarcastic Jeffrey; the incomparable humour and transparent logic of Sydney Smith; the rich and glowing criticism of Wilson, the nervous vigour and brilliant imagination of Macaulay (who, if he had not been among the greatest of English orators, would have been among the most commanding of English authors); it is in periodicals (that is, in reviews) that many of the most beautiful evidences of Southey's rich taste and antique stateliness of mind are to be sought." The whole case therefore is not so bad as Mr. Bulwer's first enunciation might lead us to apprehend; and perhaps the public will suffer no very serious inconvenience if they be left to imagine, when they are dissatisfied with a critical article, that it is the production of some insignificant underling of the craft: and when they are instructed and delighted, that they are receiving the lessons of wisdom and the decisions of taste from the first savans of the age. Why dissolve the illusion? for, after all, talent will find its own level, whether with or without a name. Anonymous opinion on literary subjects, unsupported by the requisite qualifications which entitle it to respect, goes for very little with the thinking part of the community, and a responsible name would add nothing to its weight or importance. A well-written article will make its own way on the strength of its intrinsic value, as "good wine needs no bush;" while the fact of the writer being unknown will be so far an advantage, that every reader who admires it will ascribe it to his favourite author. Thus, to one it will come recommended with all the interest attached to the genius of Campbell, while another will imagine himself to be charmed with the wit of Bulwer or the eloquence of Macaulay.

We question whether the great writers, whose names Mr. Bulwer thus associates with our periodical criticism, would have attained that renown which it has conferred upon them, if they had been compelled to affix their signatures to their respective contributions. Had this been the case, we are persuaded that the works in which those contributions appeared would have materially suffered, both in circulation and influence. The anonymous threw them just so far into the distance as to render them a constellation, each contributing to the splendour of each, forming to appearance one grand luminary in the literary heavens. Though anonymous, they were not unknown;—there were those who could discern and call them all by their names; there was enough of mystery and revelation to awaken curiosity and to satisfy inquiry. This has long been the charm of our periodical literature, and we wish not to have the illusion destroyed.

But were it practicable to abolish the anonymous in this department of letters, what benefit would it

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ngland and the English. By Edward Lytton
er, Esq. M. P., Author of "Pelham," "De-
x," and "Eugene Aram." 2 vols. London.

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confer upon the public? and what would be its effect upon the literary profession?

We should no longer have articles, but treatises. This is an abuse to which the present system has lent considerable aid. Our best writers, aware that their connexion with any given review is no secret, have been ambitious of establishing their own fame, and often at the expense of the works which have furnished them with their materials, and which they have scarcely deigned to notice. Thus, the true end of criticism is defeated, and great injustice is done to authors and to the public. If this has been the result of partially withdrawing the veil between the critic and his readers, would not its entire removal increase the evil a thousand fold? But the worst consequence to be apprehended from such a change would be the establishment of a critical oligarchy. Publishers must then purchase names as well as articles; names would be the strongest reasons—none but authors of a commanding reputation would be privileged to exercise the functions of a reviewer, and a few therefore would soon usurp the entire censorship of the press. On the literary profession the change contemplated would produce the most injurious effects; we have already hinted at a few. Authors reviewing authors (as such) must place themselves in no very enviable relative position. Where their literary importance is nearly equal, they will fear and flatter each other; and where there is in this respect any very marked disparity, there will be creeping obsequiousness on the one hand, and an ill-suppressed insolence, or a condescending air of patronage on the other. The anonymous system, as far as the public and the profession are concerned, is certainly not liable to abuses of this kind. The tone of criticism, which is that of a judge, and not of an advocate, is likewise ill suited to the courtesy and modesty with which one individual writer ought to treat the works of a contemporary. The anonymous, and the mysteriousness attached to the plural unit We, seem best adapted to the chair of criticism. The individual is merged in the court which he represents, and he speaks not in his own name, but *ex cathedra*. Who does not feel conscious of this when he takes up the judgments which are pronounced in our monthly and quarterly periodicals? the decisions are oracular. What a totally different air would they assume, and how soon would they dwindle into the insignificance of mere individual opinion, if the name of the writer of each article were appended at the end!

The worst abuses of the anonymous may, according to Mr. Bulwer's own showing, be corrected without resorting to the very questionable expedient which he recommends. The authors of these abuses are as well known to those who have the power of exposing and punishing them, as they would be if their names and offences were published in the "Hue and Cry, or the Rogues' Gazette." The anonymous does not screen a libeller from detection and chastisement. A name with all the responsibility attached to it is no security against the coarsest violations of the decencies of society.

We shall treat very briefly the delicate point of anonymous editorship; we are convinced that this, too, has advantages, which its opposite cannot counterbalance. If a name is to give importance to editorial dignity, it must, of course, be one of considerable note. The individual so ostensibly sustaining an office that, if well discharged, must employ the greatest portion of his time, must nevertheless feel that he has to take care of his reputation as an author, advance his fortunes, and attend to the public and private avocations which his celebrity has opened to him. These exhaust his energies. He thinks occasionally of his duties as an editor—procrastinates—to-morrow will give more leisure—an unexpected and indispensable engagement consumes the morrow—the month advances—the day of publication presses upon him with alarming celerity—he is totally unprepared—he sits down to write; but he must produce something worthy of his fame—something that will justify the high expectations of the public. In this he either fails or succeeds according as he is in or out of the vein. In fact, a great name does little in advancing the real and substantial interests of a periodical. The anonymous might, in this view, therefore, be preferred.

We have devoted so much space to the consideration of a point on which Mr. Bulwer lays considerable stress, and which forms an appropriate introduction to the first Number of a work which is no longer under his auspices, and which will now be conducted in opposition to one of his favourite principles, that we must defer till our next Number a separate examination of the entire performance which illustrates his genius, develops his resources, and exhibits him as one of the first writers of the age—in the meantime, heartily wishing him success in the high career of social improvement which he has marked out for himself and his illustrious compatriots.

From the same.

MALIBRAN.—Three songs of Malibran now fill a house, and would probably, well managed and duly changed, make the fortune of a theatre. Her fame is not merely European, it is of the *deux mondes*. Her genius is universally acknowledged, and universal hands are never weary of applauding her, and the press takes up the note of praise and re-echoes it from one end of its dominion to the other. Amateurs in listening to her forget to be critical, and judges can find no fault. She is surrounded by private worshippers, who, when she but affects a nod, fly to attend to her slightest wishes. The means of life are too abundant with her to be made a subject of calculation: who measures or thinks of the quantity of the air he breathes? Genius both delights in its own exercise, and revels in the admiration it excites in others. Malibran enjoys a perpetual triumph of both kinds. It is usual to class the professional actor or singer somewhat low in the scale of society: but is there any other position that, looking to the human being itself, its passions, its objects, its desires, relatively placed so high above all the points of comparison that are ever presented to its mind, as that of the individual on whose breath nightly hangs the rapture of thousands? Oratory is not a high art when we analyse the character of its productions, and examine into the faculties which go to make up its triumphs, but estimate it by its power over mankind. What matters it that the electric vase is cold and powerless after it has communicated its shock? The orator takes up his thousands in the palm of his hand, and wields them at his pleasure;—they rise, they fall, at his command;—now they are still as death;—now they roll tumultuously like an ocean after the settling of a storm. Look into the causes: it is perhaps an eye that electrifies,—a voice which thrills through the frame and swells into a diapason that strikes the nervous mass of a multitude with illimitable, inconceivable undulations of physical exquisiteness. If then, originality or profundity of ideas go for little in oratory, when it is looked into, the singer and the orator, it will be seen, use very similar means, and indeed, the effects most closely resemble each other. Conceive such an instrument as Malibran, used, or choosing to act for herself, in any great agitation of the masses, who could calculate the effects? What if, during some epoch of some revolution, in which the guillotine is not the only argument, a Malibran

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were to announce a scene of song,—well selected. or original, at any rate as original as Mirabeau, that s to say, the work of a few other minds given only o supply materials,—could not she so play upon the eelings of a multitude as to bring back very forcibly o the experience of the people the lyric times of old? Could she not dismiss her audience ripe for action? And what can oratory do more? Let us, hen, reform our classification; let us not class genius ike Malibran's with common arts. She is a Demosthenes in her way; and perhaps the only name to be mentioned with hers is Sappho, who had the luck to live in the time of lyric opportunity. We are remote admirers of Malibran, or we would do our best to induce her to try a fine, but altogether novel, occasion for ascertaining the power of oratorical song. Many causes at this moment conspire to fill the public heart with sympathy for the cause of Poland; let Malibran give half-a-dozen evenings to the reconstruction of a nation. Suppose that, with a few assistants, she got up a night or two of patriotic lyricism. Moore, and Campbell, and Procter, would aid her, if she wanted aid: something like interlude might easily be got up by the Poles themselves to give her relief; but neither on poets, nor musicians, nor coadjutors, would we have her depend. Divine music, and the true voice which always raises superhuman feelings in the human heart, are enough: liberal teaching would go by lightning. We would ask no charity: the gift is to be done by sympathy, and not by money;—and perhaps we are less interested in the particular success of the Polish cause than in the universal triumph of genius, of which this would be the proof and the example.

Malibran we recollect on her coming out was coldly received, almost contemned; generally termed an imitator,—the only sign of approbation arose from the supposed nearness of the imitation of Pasta. This was at the King's Theatre, when we remember in her first character she introduced an extraneous song; for this crime she was nearly thrown back. At the little Haymarket Theatre her one or two songs, introduced without reference to anything on earth, fill the house and serve London for talk. How is this? Who is changed? Malibran or the public? Mademoiselle, at that time, was only seventeen, and may be supposed to have improved; but the public is an old and an incorrigible jade: we fear there is but little good in her.

From the same.

De Bourrienne's Madness.—They who read the Memoirs of Bourrienne with interest, and in his country that number was not small, will learn with regret that a late visit to one of the lunatic institutions of France revealed the melancholy form of the poor ex-secretary of the mighty ex-emperor. What a termination to a tortuous career! What a mystery is the brain! Read the Memoirs of Bourrienne, and say who appeared to have a cooler head, a more worldly view of life, a more exact appreciation of character and of events than the author; and yet all of a sudden the mental structure totters and down it comes with a crash, involving all it reaches in eternal confusion, irremediable ruin. De Bourrienne is only one of very many whose intellects have sunk under the intensity of the Napoleon era. But the remarkable feature of mental disease of this character is, that the cord snaps on the instant. Compare Bourrienne's Memoirs, just finished previous to this melancholy event, from end to end, the close is as collected as the beginning; there is neither flagging in vigour of thought nor in fulness of information, and yet no sooner was the work done than the machine stopped. The brain is material, but the intellect follows none of the laws of matter; it does not decay, it disappears and leaves its place vacant. "Il ne faut qu'un leger accident, qu'un atome deplace pour te faire perir, pour te ravir cette intelligence, dont tu parais si fier." One of the best works that has lately appeared in Europe on the awful subject of mental disease is that of Dr. Uwins; he gives himself up not to theories little less wild than the hallucinations of his patients, but to observing and recording the phenomena that present themselves in the cases that come before him. Can anything be more eloquent than this description of a state of active nullity, a volition dead, and a power of thought spinning away without balance, weights, or guide? "I have asked patients sometimes their motives for refusing to speak, and the answers I receive are various. In one instance I was struck with the affecting account a patient gave of his feelings. It seemed, he told me 'As if I could and could not, or as if I would and would not, in such a strange way, that though silence was the result of the conflict, I felt in a manner guilt connect itself with my silence.' Well may we exclaim with Hamlet, 'What a piece of work is man!'"

The insanity of the great men of France is not of the suicidal character; suicide is more common in France than in England, but it is far less mad. Intensity of occupation and anxiety in France may be abruptly stopped at the gate of the Maison des Fous, but it is rarely terminated by the razor. In that country they have their Junots and their De Bourriennes, in this we have our Castlereaghs and our Romillys. Looking at the tragical fates of so many of the prime movers in events during the last fifty years of European politics, the moralist may be tempted to say, the paths of glory lead but to the premature grave, or to a still darker abode, the cell of the lunatic. But let no mistake be made, the deaths of the illustrious obscure make no noise. Perhaps more men have fallen victims to the fox-chase than have thrown themselves into the Curtian gulf of politics. While Whitbread was sacrificing himself to his Majesty's opposition, his Majesty's brother, the Duke of Kent, was catching his death of cold in snipe-shooting. Lord Althorp will survive the tremendous labours of the last session, while news comes that the wealthy Sir Harry Goodricke has just died of *otter-hunting*.

From Tait's Edinburgh Magazine.

THE DEEP BLUE SEA.

The deep blue Sea! how fair it seems,
When gleaming in the morning beams,
And silver clouds, like sunny dreams,
  Glide o'er its placid breast.
The breeze sighs softly o'er the wave,
As silent as the banks they lave,
For every wind sleeps in its cave,
  Each billow is at rest!

The dark blue Sea! how pure and bright,
When resting in the hush of night,
Bathed in the radiance of moonlight,
  So fair and yet so cold.
The twinkling stars, far downward peep,
Reflected in the tranquil deep,
Whose bosom glows in quiet sleep,
  Like mantle decked with gold!

The proud blue Sea! when winds are high,
And darkness gathers o'er the sky,
And the frail bark unconsciously
  Is swiftly onward borne;
Then like a lion roused, at length
It shakes its mane in pride of strength,

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And its wild roar, from shore to shore,
Resounds, as if in scorn!

The wild blue Sea! how fearful now
To gaze upon its furious brow,
And list the dreary waves that plough
Its billows mountains high!
Now death and danger seem to ride,
Presiding o'er the foaming tide,
And Ocean drowns, with voice of pride,
The seaman's strangling cry!

The calm blue Sea! how still the wave,
Soft breathes the wind through rock and cave,
A dirge o'er many a victim's grave,
Far 'mongst the waters free!
Oh how sublime must be the power
Of HIM who bids the tempest lower,
Yet sways thee, in thy wildest hour,
Thou glorious dark blue Sea!

T.

From the Metropolitan Magazine.

THE SEA FIGHT.

AS TOLD BY AN ANCIENT MARINER.

AH, yes—the fight! Well, messmates, well,
I serv'd on board that ninety-eight;
Yet what I saw I loathe to tell.
To-night, be sure a crushing weight
Upon my sleeping breast a—hell
Of dread will sit. At any rate,
Though land-lock'd here, a watch I'll keep—
Grog cheers us still. Who cares for sleep?

That ninety-eight I sail'd on board,
Along the Frenchman's coast we flew;
Right aft the rising tempest roar'd
A noble first-rate hove in view,
And soon high in the gale there soar'd
Her stream'd-out bunting, red, white, blue!
We clear'd for fight, and landward bore,
To get between the chase and shore.

Masters, I cannot spin a yarn,
Twice laid with words of silken stuff.
A fact's a fact; and ye may larn
The rights o' this, though wild and rough
My words may loom. 'Tis your consarn,
Not mine, to understand. Enough;—
We near'd the Frenchman where he lay,
And, as we near'd, he blaz'd away.

We tack'd, hove to; we fill'd, we wore;
Did all that seamanship could do,
To rake him aft, or by the fore—
Now rounded off, and now broach'd to;
And now our starboard broadside bore,
And showers of iron through and through
His vast hull hiss'd; our larboard then
Swept from his three-fold decks his men.

As we, like a huge serpent, toil'd,
And wound about, through that wild sea,
The Frenchman each manœuvre foil'd—
'Vantage to neither, there could be.
Whilst thus the waves between us boil'd,
We both resolv'd right manfully
To fight it side by side;—began
Then the fierce strife of man to man.

Gun bellows forth to gun, and pain
Rings out her wild delirious scream!
Redoubling thunders shake the main,
Loud crashing, falls the shot-rent beam.
The timbers with the broadsides strain,
The slippery decks send up a steam
From hot and living blood—and high
And shrill is heard the death-pang cry.
The shredded limb, the splinter'd bone,
Th' unstiffen'd corpse, now block the way!
Who now can hear the dying groan?
The trumpet of the judgment day,
Had it peal'd forth its mighty tone,
We should not then have heard.—to say
Would be rank sin;—but this I tell,
That could alone our madness quell.

Upon the fore-castle I fought
As captain of the after gun.
A scattering shot the carriage caught!
What mother then had known her son
Of those who stood around?—destraught
And smear'd with gore, about they run,
Then fall, and writhe, and howling die!
But one escap'd—that one was I!

Night darken'd round, and the storm peal'd.
To windward of us lay the foe.
As he to leeward over heel'd,
He could not fight his guns below,
So just was going to strike—wheen reel'd
Our vessel, as if some vast blow
From an Almighty hand had rent
The huge ship from her element.

Then howl'd the thunder. Tumult then
Had stunn'd herself to silence. Round
Were scatter'd lightning-blasted men!
Our mainmast went. All stifled, drown'd,
Arose the Frenchman's shout. Again
The bolt burst on us, and we found
Our masts all gone—our decks all riven:
—Man's war mocks faintly that of Heaven!

Just then—nay, messmates, laugh not now—
As I amaz'd one minute stood
Amidst that rout; I know not how—
'Twas silence all. The raving flood,
The guns that peal'd from stern to bow,
And God's own thunder—nothing could
I then of all that tumult hear,
Or see aught of that scene of fear.

My aged mother at her door
Sate mildly o'er her humming-wheel;
The cottage, orchard, and the moor,
I saw them plainly all. I'll kneel,
And swear I saw them! Oh, they wore
A look all peace. Could I but feel
Again that bliss, that then I felt,
That made my heart, like childhood's, melt!

The blessed tear was on my cheek;
She smil'd with that old smile I know.
"Turn to me mother, turn and speak."
Was on my quivering lips—when lo!
All vanish'd—and a dark, red streak
Glar'd wild and vivid from the foe,
That flash'd upon the blood-stain'd water—
For fore and aft the flames had caught her.

She struck and hail'd us. On us fast,
All burning, helplessly, she came:
Near, and more near—and not a mast
Had we to help us from that flame.
'Twas then the bravest stood aghast—
'Twas then the wicked, on the name,
(With danger, and with guilt appall'd,)
Of God, too long neglected, call'd.

Th' eddying flames with ravening tongue,
Now on our ship's dark bulwarks dash—
We almost touch'd. When ocean rung
Down to its depths with one loud crash!

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In heaven's top vault, one instant hung
The vast, intense, and blinding flash!
Then all was darkness, stillness, dread—
The wave moan'd o'er the valiant dead.

She's gone! blown up! that gallant foe!
And though she left us in a plight,
We floated still; long were, I know,
And hard the labours of that night
To clear the wreck. At length, in tow
A frigate took us, when 'twas light,
And soon an English port we gain'd,
A hulk, all batter'd, and blood-stain'd.

So many slain—so many drown'd,
I like not that of fight to tell.
Come, let the cheerful grog go round!
Messmates, I've done. A spell, ho, spell—
Though a press'd man, I'll still be found
To do a seaman's duty well.
I wish our brother-landsmen knew
One half we jolly tars go through.

From the Metropolitan Magazine.

JACOB FAITHFUL.

"Bound 'prentice to a waterman,
I learnt a bit to row;
And, bless your heart, I always was so gay."

GENTLE READER, I was born upon the water—ot upon the salt and angry ocean, but upon the esh, and rapid-flowing river. It was in a floating rt of box, called a lighter, and upon the River hames, and at low water, that I first smelt the ud. This lighter was manned (an expression nounting to bullism, if not construed *kind*-ly) by y father, my mother, and your humble servant. y father had the sole charge—he was monarch of e deck; my mother of course was queen, and I as the heir apparent.

Before I say one word about myself, allow me itifully to describe my parents. First, then, I ill portray my queen mother. Report says, that hen first she came on board of the lighter, a lighter ure and a lighter step never pressed a plank; but far as I can tax my recollection, she was always fat, unwieldy woman. Locomotion was not to r taste—gin was. She seldom quitted the cabin; ver quitted the lighter—a pair of shoes may have ited her for five years, for the wear and tear that e took out of them. Being of this domestic habit, all married women ought to be, she was always be found when wanted; but although always at nd, she was not always on her feet. Towards e close of the day, she laid down upon her bed—wise precaution when a person can no longer nd. The fact was, that my honoured mother, al-ough her virtue was unimpeachable, was frequent-seduced by liquor; and, although constant to my her, was debauched and to be found in bed with it insidious assailer of female uprightness—*gin*. ie lighter, which might have been compared to other garden of Eden, of which my mother was Eve, and my father the Adam to consort with, is entered by this serpent who tempted her; and she did not eat, she drank, which was even rse. At first, indeed, and I mention it to prove w the enemy always gains admittance under a cious form, she drank it only to keep the cold t of her stomach, which the humid atmosphere m the surrounding water appeared to warrant. r father took his pipe for the same reason; but at time that I was born, he smoked and she drank, m morning to night, because habit had rendered almost necessary to their existence. The pipe s always to his lips, the glass incessantly to her's. I would have defied any cold ever to have penetrated into their stomachs;—but I have said enough of my mother for the present, I will now pass on to my father.

My father was a puffy, round-bellied, long-armed, little man, admirably calculated for his station in, or rather out of, society. He could manage a lighter as well as any body; but he could do more. He had been brought up to it from his infancy. He went on shore for my mother, and came on board again—the only remarkable event in his life. His whole amusement was his pipe; and, as there is a certain indefinable link between smoking and philosophy, my father, by dint of smoking, had become a perfect philosopher. It is no less strange than true, that we can puff away our cares with tobacco, when, without it, they remain an oppressive burthen to existence. There is no composing draught like the draught through the tube of a pipe. The savage warriors of North America enjoyed the blessing before we did; and to the pipe is to be ascribed the wisdom of their councils, and their laconic delivery of their sentiments. It would be well introduced into our own legislative assembly. Ladies, indeed, would no longer peep down through the ventilator; but we should have more sense and fewer words. It is also to tobacco that is to be ascribed the stoical firmness of those American warriors, who, satisfied with the pipe in their mouths, submitted with perfect indifference to the torture of their enemies. From the well-known virtues of this weed arose that peculiar expression, when you irritate another, that you "put his pipe out."

My father's pipe, literally and metaphorically, was never put out. He had a few apothegms which brought every disaster to a happy conclusion; and as he seldom or ever indulged in words, these sayings were deeply impressed upon my infant memory. One was, "*It's no use crying; what's done can't be helped.*" When once these words escaped his lips, the subject was never renewed. Nothing appeared to move him: the adjurations of those employed in the other lighters, barges, vessels, and boats of every description, who were contending with us for the extra foot of water, as we drifted up or down with the tide, affected him not, further than an extra column or two of smoke rising from the bowl of his pipe. To my mother, he used but one expression, "*Take it coolly;*" but it always had the contrary effect with my mother, as it put her more in a passion. It was like pouring oil upon flame; nevertheless, the advice was good, had it ever been followed. Another favourite expression of my father's, when any thing went wrong, and which was of the same pattern as the rest of his philosophy, was "*Better luck next time.*" These aphorisms were deeply impressed upon my memory. I continually recalled them to mind, and thus I became a philosopher long before my wise teeth were in embryo, or I had even shed the first set with which kind Nature presents us, that in the petticoat age we may fearlessly indulge in lollipop.

My father's education had been neglected. He could neither write nor read; but although he did not exactly, like Cadmus, invent letters, he had accustomed himself to certain hieroglyphics, generally speaking sufficient for his purposes, and which might be considered as an artificial memory. "I can't write nor read, Jacob," he would say, "I wish I could: but look, boy, I means this mark for three-quarters of a bushel. Mind you recollects it when I axes you, or I'll be blowed if I don't wallop you." But it was only a case of peculiar difficulty which would require a new hieroglyphic, or extract such a long speech from my father. I was well acquainted with his usual scratches and dots, and having a good memory, could put him right when he was puzzled with some misshapen *x* or *z* representing some unknown quantity, like the same letters in algebra.

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I have said that I was heir apparent, but I did not say that I was the only child born to my father in his wedlock. My honoured mother had had two more children; but the first, who was a girl, had been provided for by a fit of the measles, and the second, my elder brother, by tumbling over the stern of the lighter when he was three years old. At the time of the accident, my mother had retired to her bed, a little the worse for liquor; my father was on deck forward, leaning against the windlass, soberly smoking his evening pipe. "What was that?" exclaimed my father, taking his pipe out of his mouth, and listening; "I shouldn't wonder if it wasn't Joe." And my father put in his pipe again, and smoked away as before.

My father was correct in his surmises. It was Joe who had made the splash which roused him from his meditations, for the next morning Joe was nowhere to be found. He was, however, found some days afterwards; but, as the newspapers say, and as may well be imagined, the vital spark was extinct; and moreover, the eels and chubs had eaten off his nose and a portion of his chubby face, so that as my father said, "he was of no use to nobody." The morning after the accident, my father was up early and had missed poor little Joe. He went into the cabin, smoked his pipe, and said nothing. As my brother did not appear as usual for his breakfast, my mother called out for him in a harsh voice; but Joe was out of hearing, and as mute as a fish. Joe opened not his mouth in reply, neither did my father. My mother then quitted the cabin, and walked round the lighter, looked into the dog-kennel to ascertain if he was asleep with the great mastiff—but Joe was nowhere to be found.

"Why, what can have become of Joe?" cried my mother, with maternal alarm in her countenance, appealing to my father, as she hastened back to the cabin. My father spoke not, but taking his pipe out of his mouth, dropped the bowl of it in a perpendicular direction till it landed softly on the deck, then put it into his mouth again, and puffed mournfully. "Why, you don't mean to say that he is overboard?" screamed my mother.

My father nodded his head, and puffed away at an accumulated rate. A torrent of tears, exclamations, and revilings, succeeded to this characteristic announcement. My father allowed my mother to exhaust herself. By the time that she was finished, so was his pipe; he then knocked out the ashes, and quietly observed, "It's no use crying; what's done can't be helped," and proceeded to refill the bowl.

"Can't be helped!" cried my mother; "but it might have been helped."

"Take it coolly," replied my father.

"Take it coolly!" replied my mother, in a rage—"take it coolly! Yes, you're for taking every thing coolly: I presume, if I fell overboard, you would be taking it coolly."

"You would be taking it coolly, at all events," replied my imperturbable father.

"O dear! O dear!" cried my poor mother; "two poor children, and lost them both!"

"Better luck next time," rejoined my father; "so, Sall, say no more about it."

My father continued for some time to smoke his pipe, and my mother to pipe her eye, until at last my father, who was really a kind-hearted man, rose from the chest upon which he was seated, went to the cupboard, poured out a teacup-full of *gin*, and handed it to my mother. It was kindly done of him, and my mother was to be won by kindness. It was a pure offering in the spirit, and taken in the spirit in which it was offered. After a few repetitions, which were rendered necessary from its potency being diluted with her tears, grief and recollection were drowned together, and disappeared like two lovers who sink down entwined in each other's arms. With this beautiful metaphor, I shall wind up the episode of my unfortunate brother Joe.

It was about a year after the loss of my brother, that I was ushered into the world without any other assistants or spectators than my father and Dame Nature, who I believe to be a very clever midwife, if not interfered with. My father, who had some faint ideas of Christianity, performed the baptismal rites, by crossing me on the forehead with the end of his pipe, and calling me Jacob: as for my mother being churched, she had never been to church in her life. In fact, my father and mother never quitted the lighter, unless when the former was called out by the superintendent or proprietor, at the delivery or shipment of a cargo, or was once a month for a few minutes on shore to purchase necessaries. I cannot recall much of my infancy: but I recollect that the lighter was often very brilliant with blue and red paint, and that my mother used to point it out to me as "so pretty," to keep me quiet. I shall therefore pass it over, and commence at the age of five years, at which early period I was of some little use to my father. Indeed, I was almost as forward as some boys at ten. This may appear strange, but the fact is, that my ideas, although bounded, were concentrated. The lighter, its equipments, and its destination, were the microcosm of my infant imagination; and my ideas and thoughts being directed to so few objects, these objects were deeply impressed, and their value fully understood. Up to the time that I quitted the lighter, at eleven years old, the banks of the river were the boundaries of my speculations. I certainly comprehended the nature of trees and houses; but I do not think that I was aware that the former *grew*. From the time that I could recollect them on the banks of the river, they appeared to be exactly of the same size as they were when first I saw them, and I asked no questions. But by the time that I was ten years old, I knew the name of every reach of the river, and every point—the depth of water, and the shallows, the drift of the current, and the ebb and flow of the tide itself. I was able to manage the lighter as it floated down with the tide; for what I lacked in strength, I made up with the dexterity arising from constant practice.

It was at the age of eleven years that a catastrophe took place which changed my prospects in life, and I must therefore say a little more about my father and mother, bringing up their history to that period. The propensity of my mother to ardent spirits had, as always is the case, greatly increased upon her, and her corpulence had increased in the same ratio. She was now a most unwieldy, bloated mountain of flesh, such a form as I have never since beheld, although at the time she did not appear to me to be disgusting, accustomed to witness imperceptibly her increase, and not seeing any other females except at a distance. For the last two years she had seldom quitted her bed—certainly, she did not crawl out of the cabin more than five minutes during the week—indeed, her obesity and habitual intoxication rendered her incapable. My father went on shore for a quarter of an hour once a month, to purchase gin, tobacco, red herrings, and decayed ship biscuit—the latter were my principal fare, except when I could catch a fish over the sides, as we lay at anchor. I was therefore a great water drinker, not altogether from choice, but from the salt nature of my food, and because my mother had still sense enough left to discern that "Gin wasn't good for little boys." But a great change had taken place in my father. I was now left almost altogether in charge of the deck, my father seldom coming up except to assist me in shooting the bridges, or when it required more than my exertions to steer clear of the crowds of vessels which we encountered when between them. In fact, as I grew more capable, my father became more incapable, and passed most of his time in the

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cabin, assisting my mother in emptying the great stone bottle. The woman had prevailed upon the man, and now both were guilty in partaking of the forbidden fruit of the Juniper Tree. Such was the state of affairs in our little kingdom, when the catastrophe occurred which I am now about to relate.

One fine summer's evening, we were floating up with the tide, deeply laden with coals, to be delivered at the proprietor's wharf, some distance above Putney Bridge; a strong breeze sprung up, and checked our progress, and we could not, as we expected, gain the wharf that night. We were about a mile and a half above the bridge when the tide turned against us, and we dropped our anchor. My father, who, expecting to arrive that evening, had very unwillingly remained sober, waited until the lighter had swung to the stream, and then saying to me, "Remember, Jacob, we must be at the wharf early to-morrow morning, so keep alive," he went into the cabin to indulge in his potations, leaving me in possession of the deck, and also of my supper, which I never ate below, the little cabin being so unpleasantly close. Indeed, I took all my meals *al fresco*, and unless the nights were intensely cold, slept on deck, in the large dog kennel abaft, which had once been tenanted by the large mastiff, but he had been dead some years, had been thrown overboard, and in all probability had been converted into Epping sausages, at 1s. per. lb. Some time after his decease, I had taken possession of his apartment and had performed his duty. I had finished my supper, which I washed down with a considerable portion of Thames water, for I always drank more when above the bridges, having an idea that it tasted more pure and fresh. I had walked forward and looked at the cable to see if all was right, and then having nothing more to do, I laid down on the deck, and indulged in the profound speculations of a boy of eleven years old. I was watching the stars above me, which twinkled faintly, and appeared to me ever and anon to be extinguished and then relighted. I was wondering what they could be made of, and how they came here, when of a sudden I was interrupted in my reveries by a loud shriek, and perceived a strong smell of something burning. The shrieks were renewed again and again, and I had hardly time to get upon my legs when my father burst up from the cabin, rushed over the side of the lighter, and disappeared under the water. I caught a glimpse of his features as he passed me, and observed fright and intoxication blended together. I ran to the side where he had disappeared, but could see nothing but a few eddying circles as the tide rushed quickly past. For a few seconds I remained staggered and stupified at his sudden disappearance and evident death, but I was recalled to recollection by the smoke which encompassed me, and the shrieks of my mother, which were now fainter and fainter, and I hastened to her assistance.

A strong empyreumatic thick smoke ascended from the hatchway of the cabin, and as it had now fallen calm, it mounted straight up in the air in a dense column. I attempted to go in, but as soon as I encountered the smoke, I found that it was impossible; it would have suffocated me in half a minute. I did what most children would have done in such a situation of excitement and distress—I sat down and cried bitterly. In about ten minutes I removed my hands, with which I had covered up my face, and looked at the cabin hatch. The smoke had disappeared, and all was silent. I went to the hatchway, and although the smell was still overpowering, I found that I could bear it. I descended the little ladder of three steps, and called "Mother," but there was no answer. The lamp fixed against the after bulk-head, with a glass before it, was still alight, and I could see plainly to every corner of the cabin. Nothing was burning—not even the curtains to my mother's bed appeared to be singed. I was astonished—breathless with fear, with a trembling voice, I again called out "Mother." I remained more than a minute panting for breath, and then ventured to draw back the curtains of the bed—my mother was not there! but there appeared to be a black mass in the centre of the bed. I put my hand fearfully upon it—it was a sort of unctuous pitchy cinder. I screamed with horror, my little senses reeled—I staggered from the cabin and fell down on the deck in a state amounting almost to insanity: it was followed by a sort of stupor, which lasted for many hours.

As the reader may be in some doubt as to the occasion of my mother's death, I must inform him that she perished in that very peculiar and dreadful manner, which does sometimes, although rarely occur, to those who indulge in an immoderate use of spirituous liquors. Cases of this kind do indeed present themselves but once in a century, but the occurrence of them is but too well authenticated. She perished from what is termed *spontaneous combustion*, an inflammation of the gasses generated from the spirits absorbed into the system. It is to be presumed that the flames issuing from my mother's body, completely frightened out of his senses my father, who had been drinking freely; and thus did I lose both my parents, one by fire and the other by water, at one and the same time.

From the Athenæum.

Memoires du Marechal Ney, [Memoirs of Marshal Ney,] Duc d'Elchingen, Prince de la Moskowa. Publies par sa Famille. 2 vols. Paris and London: Bull.

When Napoleon marched, in the summer of 1800, to bring back victory to the Eagles of France, a division of his army, as it hastened to the scene of action, halted within sight of the little town of Sarre-Louis, on the borders of German Lorraine, and the general who led it, pointing with his sword, said with emotion, "Gentlemen and fellow soldiers, that is my birth place: I am the son of a cooper, and thirteen years ago, on the spot where I now stand, I parted in tears with my father and mother to become a soldier; I bid you welcome to my native town." This leader was the celebrated Marshal Ney, whose Memoirs are now before us—the incident we have related, could have happened nowhere save in America or France. We are glad to see this work: it is, beyond all doubt, authentic, and comes from his family: there is, however, less individuality—less of a connected line of events, than we could have desired; in truth, it is more a succession of pictures of individual characters, among which Ney is prominent, and a narrative of marches, and battles, and sieges, than the life, private and public, of the great Marshal. Be that as it may, the work is a valuable one: it has very little of the leaven of national feeling and partiality in it, and it makes us acquainted not only with Ney himself, but with some of the chief leaders of the armies, such as Kleber, Hoche, Jourdan, Moreau, and others scarcely less celebrated. We always admired the dauntless bravery of the "bravest of the brave,"—now, we must love the simplicity and kindliness of his nature, his affection for his soldiers, his love for his country, his scorn of all that was sordid, and his resolute exposure of the arts of the mercenary and vile: we may add—and the sympathy is not solitary—that we lament his too tragic, and, we fear, unmerited death, and grieve that Britain—so often merciful—failed to interpose and remonstrate.

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Michael Ney, born at Sarre-Louis, 10th May, 1769, was educated by the Monks of St. Augustine; he was of a turbulent disposition, kept his school comrades in awe, and showed such a liking to the military life, that his father, who had himself been a soldier, sought to wean him from it, by painting the privations he had endured, and the dangers he had encountered in the bloody battle of Rosbach. This served but the more to strengthen the resolution of Michael to become a soldier, and, accordingly, in the eighteenth year of his age, after having tried the profession of Notary and Overseer of Mines, he announced his determination to his father and mother—parted with them in tears as we have related—and, hurrying to Metz, enlisted in the Hussars. At this moment he was without money, almost without clothes, and had nothing to depend on but a dauntless nature and a resolution to do or die. The army of France was then as the army of England is now: commissions belonged to the aristocracy alone; and genius, without money or patrons, was confined to the ranks. Even in those times, Ney was not undistinguished; he submitted patiently to all the rules of discipline; he mastered all he set his heart upon with astonishing rapidity, and, as he wrote a fine hand, he was soon employed in the Quarter Master's office. He had other merits:—

"He distinguished himself among his comrades by his fine, soldierlike appearance, his great dexterity in the use of his weapons, and by the ease and boldness with which he rode the most dangerous horses, and broke in those hitherto considered unmanageable. On this account, every regimental affair of honour was confided to him. The fencing-master of the Chasseurs de Vintimille, a regiment also quartered at Metz, was, like most regimental fencing-masters of those days, a dangerous duellist, and, as such, dreaded not only by young recruits, but by old and experienced swordsmen. This man had wounded the fencing-master of the Colonel General, and insulted the whole regiment. The non-commissioned officers having held a meeting to take measures for the punishment of this bully, Ney, just promoted to the rank of Brigadier, was selected, as the bravest and cleverest swordsman, to inflict the chastisement deemed necessary. He accepted the mission with joy, but just as the duel was about to commence, he felt some one pull him violently by the tail. On turning his head he perceived the colonel of his regiment, who immediately put him under arrest."

The quarrel did not end here: Ney sought the man out—disabled him by a wound in the wrist—on which he was discharged from the army, and reduced to poverty: but when his conqueror grew rich, he sought him out, and made him comfortable with a small pension. Ney never forgot his origin—he was in most matters too a thorough republican:

"When at the very climax of his fortune, he loved to call to mind the point from which he had started. It grieved him, during his career, to see old errors revived, the principles of equality lost sight of, and the bearers of ancient names and titles loaded with favours, without any personal merit to justify such partiality. He was much displeased at the eagerness shown to court such individuals; and he required numerous proofs of courage and talent, ere he could overcome the unfavourable impression which he at first conceived of officers forced upon him by policy, and in opposition to his own glorious recollections. When in their presence, he always made a point of speaking of his early life. If any officers talked before him of their noble birth, of the pecuniary allowances they received from their families, or of their expectations of hereditary wealth, he would say, 'I was less fortunate than you, gentlemen; I received nothing from my family, and I thought myself rich at Metz when I had two loaves of bread upon my shelf.'"

With the commencement of the Revolutionary war, commenced the rise of Ney: a man whose presence of mind never forsook him—whose fortitude was unshaken—who was not only brave himself, but inspired with his own courage all who were in his company—who seemed to court danger, to show with what ease he could triumph over it, and who was as fortunate as he was daring—could not but rise to distinction, in times when talent was called to take the precedence of birth. Nor did he rise by soldierly qualities alone: he was merciful and he was honest: all this did not escape the penetrating eye of Kleber, who pushed him on to distinction, much, as it appears from official documents, against Ney's inclination. Kleber was not a little vain, and what was worse, the slave of passion:

"Having once taken a dislike to an officer to whom he had formerly been attached, he wanted to get rid of him. Having ordered his aide-de-camp, Ney, to make a minute of an order to this effect, 'You are going to send him away,' the latter observed, 'because—'

"'Because,' replied Kleber with violence, 'I don't like him.'

"'Well then,' said Ney, 'you may get somebody else to write the minute, for I would cut my arm off rather than be the instrument of recording such an order.'

"Kleber, speechless with astonishment, looked for a considerable time at the presumptuous aide-de-camp without speaking a word; then mildly said, 'well, let him remain! You desire it, and so let it be.'"

It was his fortune in some of the first of his fields, to encounter whole regiments of French emigrants, who, in their anger, had drawn their swords against their country: to spare them was to incense the Directory, and to be stern, was contrary to the nature of Ney: his men had captured some emigrant priests—

"In the presence of those who captured them, he affected to speak with great violence, and to threaten them with the full penalty of the law; but after he had dismissed his men, under pretence of examining the prisoners in private, he altered his manner, gave them food and money, and sent them the same night under a disguise to a town through which he knew the army would not pass. Next morning, Ney affected violent anger at their escape, which was publicly announced to him. Although he endeavoured to keep as secret as possible the share he had in this flight, it nevertheless became known to the representatives. But the measures of blood, so rife a short time before, were now beginning to be less frequent, and political hatred was rapidly subsiding. The representatives were therefore afraid to act against the kind-hearted General. One of them, however, loudly exclaimed against so flagrant a violation of the law; the other, more generous, admired Ney's magnanimity in risking his own life to save those of his prisoners. 'Your friend Ney,' he observed to Kleber, 'knows how to spare the blood of his countrymen.'"

Of the calm intrepidity of Ney, many instances are given in these memoirs: but they are scattered at random, and often out of place:—

"Calm amid showers of grape-shot, unmoved by the most terrific discharges of artillery, by the balls which dealt death and destruction around him, Ney appeared unconscious of the danger,—he seemed as if he bore a charmed life. This calm rashness, which twenty years of peril did not overcome, gave to his mind that freedom of thought, that promptitude of decision and execution so necessary amid the complicated manœuvres of war and battle.

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This surprised the officers under his command, till more than that courage of action in which they ll shared. One of the latter, a man of tried valour, sked him one day if he had ever been afraid; thus umming up in a single word that profound indif- erence to danger, that forgetfulness of death, that ension of mind, and that mental labour so neces- ary to a general-in-chief upon the field of battle, I never had time,' was the Marshal's reply.

"This indifference, however, did not prevent im from noticing in others, those slight shades of eakness from which very few soldiers are wholly tempt. An officer was one day making a report to m; a cannon ball passed so close to them, that e officer bent his head as if by instinct to avoid : nevertheless, he continued his report without traying any emotion. 'Very well,' said the Mar- al; 'but another time don't make so low a bow.'"

As he arose in fame, he began to appear not only the friend of the soldier, but also of the people hose country the army in which he served, occu- ed: he repressed exactions, and refused to parti- pate in that system of plunder which disgraced hers. Of this high feeling, there are many in- nces—the following not the worst:—

"General Ney having taken Eberfeld, whose nufactures of steel had rendered it opulent, the gistrates, dreading its occupation, offered him a ge sum of money if he would maintain the strict- discipline among his soldiers. 'Yes,' he replied, thankfully accept the conditions you offer; not, wever, for myself, for I want not your money— t for my soldiers, who are in want of everything. ey are destitute of clothing and shoes. Employ money you offer me in providing them with se necessaries, and I promise you they shall give no reason to complain.' The magistrates, in prise, readily subscribed to these terms. Under ilar circumstances, Turenne evinced the same interestedness. But Turenne belonged to a rich noble family, and Ney was very poor; never- less, the action of the former is trumpeted forth every one,—that of the latter, forgotten. Such worldly justice—such the even-handed distribu- of fame."

he earliest friends of Ney, were Kleber and Mar- u—they both perished early, one in Egypt and the r in Germany, and both too soon for their coun- they were the artificers of their own fortunes— became what their own deeds made them, though numbered by noble emigrants among vulgar plebeian race, they appear to have been le and high-souled: here are their portraits in ll:—

These were Marceau and Kleber;—the one t, delicately formed, and in the spring of life; other tall, strong, and of heroic stature. Both, r this contrast of form and appearance, display- qual ardour and ability; both had won laurels e field of battle, and both had already given fs of those great military talents which they af- rds more fully developed."

e have already said, that these Memoirs are ient in arrangement: the passage which relates Kleber and Ney became acquainted, should found an earlier place.

t the end of July 1794, soon after the battle of rus and the taking of Mons, Kleber, still ex- by his victory, was preparing to follow it up. Austrian army was at some distance from him. ous to reconnoitre its position, he set out with cort picket, and on the road entered into con- tion with the officer who commanded it. He o pleased with the clear and judicious obser- ns of the latter, that he determined to appoint o his staff. Pajol, aide-de-camp to Kleber, deli- l the order of appointment to this officer, who d out to be Ney."

er great warriors began to distinguish them- selves in conducting the war into the heart of Ger- many: Scherer and Jourdan united themselves to Kleber in the campaign of 1794—the van was led by one whose high fortune has survived till now, and is likely to continue:—

"Bernadotte led the van. This officer had been recently promoted to the rank of General; he com- bined with the courage which characterized the army of Sambre-et-Meuse, an experience seldom found at that period in the French ranks. He had been a soldier from the age of fourteen; had seen service in America as well as in Europe; and had evinced on the banks of the Delaware, as he then did on the Sambre, that eagle eye, and velocity of manœuvre, which few of his colleagues then possess- ed. He added to the ascendency which the habit of warfare had given him, many qualities not less pre- cious in a soldier. He was enterprising, intrepid, and as ardent in action as in the expression of his opinions. His enthusiasm delighted the men under his command; his fine soldierlike appearance, and his confidence, warmed their imaginations. There was nothing too difficult for them when led on by him—nothing they would not undertake at his bid- ding. But everything has its limits; valour even meets with obstacles which it cannot overcome."

The invading army, having crushed that of the veteran Clairfayt, was now divided: Kleber became solicitous of retaining Ney, and for this purpose in- voked the aid of Gillet, a representative as well as a leader—it was given in these remarkable words:—

"'I know them all extremely well,' he wrote to his colleague, 'and have seen them in actual ser- vice. They belong to a good and energetic school, by whose precepts they have profited. They display great zeal, and I urgently recommend them to your notice. It is but justice to these brave young men. As for Ney, you will determine whether or not he is to remain with Kleber. For my own part, I think he would be very useful in the army before Mayence. He is a distinguished officer; and is neces- sary to our large body of Cavalry. Men of his stamp are not common.'"

The war continued, and Ney had many opportu- nities of showing his daring and fiery promptitude of soul: he had also an opportunity of refusing the rank of general of brigade, which Kleber, an admi- rable judge, attempted in vain to persuade him he deserved. At length, in that campaign concerted by Carnot, in which Napoleon was to lead his con- quering army into Germany, and, uniting with Mo- reau, advance upon Vienna, the genius of Ney be- came so conspicuous, that Kleber rode up to him, on his return from the capture of the fortress of Forcheim, and, in the presence of his soldiers, com- plimented him on his success—the passage is re- markable:—

"In the presence of his men, he said the most flattering things respecting his activity and courage; and suddenly interrupting himself, he added: 'But I shall not compliment you upon your modesty; be- cause when carried too far, it ceases to be a good quality. In sum, you may receive my declaration as you please, but my mind is made up, and I insist upon your being General of Brigade.'

"The chasseurs clapped their hands in applause, and the officers warmly expressed their satisfaction at the general's determination. Ney alone remained thoughtful. He seemed still in doubt whether he should accept a promotion which he had already declined, and he uttered not a word.

"'Well!' said Kleber in the kindest manner, 'you appear very much grieved and confused; but the Austrians are there waiting for you; go and vent your ill humour upon them. As for me, I shall acquaint the Directory with your promotion.'

"He kept his word in the following terms:

"'Adjutant-general Ney, in this and the preced- ing campaigns, has given numerous proofs of talent,

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zeal and intrepidity; but he surpassed even himself in the battle which took place yesterday, and he had two horses killed under him.

"'I have thought myself justified in promoting him, upon the field of battle, to the rank of general of brigade. A commission of this grade was forwarded to him eighteen months ago, but his modesty did not allow him then to accept it. By confirming this promotion, Citizens Directors, you will perform a striking act of your justice.'"

The van of the army was now committed to this intrepid general; he was under the eye, not only of Kleber, but of Jourdan and Moreau. The commission of general of brigade came from the Directory to Jourdan, who enclosed it to Ney, with a note which shows how widely his merits were felt:—

"I enclose you General, your commission of general of brigade, which I have just received from the War minister. Government has thus discharged the debt which it owed to one of its worthiest and most zealous servants; and it has only done justice to the talents and courage of which you daily give fresh proofs. Accept my sincere congratulation. Health and fraternity.

"JOURDAN."

"Head-quarters, Hersbruck, 28th Thermidor, Year IV. (15th August, 1796.")

These memoirs will be useful to the biographer and the historian,—they will, likewise, be useful to the soldier; they will show the latter that great success can only be achieved by high talents, and that high talents are next to useless, unless united with the art of communicating to the army the enthusiasm and courage which distinguish the leader. In these high qualities almost all the great French marshals shared,—they were modest, obedient, persevering, and brave. We have met with little in history which pleases us more than the following letter from Jourdan, resigning the command of his victorious army:—

"'During five years,' Jourdan wrote to the Directory, 'I have served the republic in different ranks, and I have neglected nothing in my power for the fulfilment of my duties. I know not by what chance I was raised to the rank of general of brigade, and successively to that of general-in-chief. I never solicited such promotion, and I have always declared that I was not qualified for such an important office as the latter. Having, however, been forced under peculiar circumstances to accept it, I have worked day and night to acquire military knowledge, and have endeavoured to make up for want of experience by the greatest activity. If my endeavours have not always been successful, I have at least done all in my power to make them so. I have been supported in the toilsome career I have run, by my earnest love of freedom. I have ever proved myself a friend to order, and an obedient slave to the law. The feelings of my heart have led me to command by the confidence of friendship; and from the moment I perceived that these feelings were not reciprocal, I did not hesitate to sacrifice my military renown, and my personal interest, by demanding my recall. I never belonged to any faction; and whenever any internal commotion has occurred in the republic, being too far off to be able to appreciate its causes, I have always calmly awaited the result, occupying my mind only with the means of defeating the foreign enemies of my country. Such, Citizens Directors, has been my military conduct; if you think it merits your approbation, I should be proud to receive an intimation of it."

We must break off: our quotations show how much we are pleased with these volumes. In our next number we shall give more extracts, and say something of the remainder of the career of the "bravest of the brave."

SECOND NOTICE.

WE resume our notice of these interesting Memoirs. The star of Napoleon was no sooner in the ascendant than Ney began to perceive and feel the change which that great master spirit was working in the destinies of France. The enthusiasm about the Conqueror of Italy was all but universal: generals offered to resign their armies that he might lead them. Moreau, it was publicly credited, was to marry one of Napoleon's sisters; and generals and legislators alike crowded the levee of one who could appreciate the merits of both. Ney saw the change in the domestic, as well as public, state of the nation; he rejoiced in the return of order, but, as a republican, he was troubled with many fears.

"Ney at length began to share in the same ideas and hopes. He perceived that every day some ferocious order, or some petty tyranny was suppressed. As a substitute for the forced loan, a slight tax had been imposed, and the hostages set at liberty. Each individual Frenchman could now marry, and work for his livelihood in any manner he thought proper. No man had now to dread the interference of a free agent of the Directory: it was no longer necessary to sever the ties of his dearest affections, or submit to prescribed hours of rest and sleep: in fine, civil liberty remained unshackled. Nevertheless the power of government having become concentrated, it had encroached upon certain rights; and men do not readily forego franchises which they have already enjoyed. The privileges of the city were reduced, and elections were no longer direct. The representatives voted, but did not debate the laws they passed. The tribune had long been considered a safeguard to liberty: and Ney, who till now had cared only for wars and battles, saw with regret that it was reduced to silence.

"Other acts displeased him still more. The laws which excluded the nobles from public employments, had been repealed; and individuals who had been banished for crimes against freedom, were admitted into the Senate. Soldiers, though they care little about theories, are extremely susceptible concerning the choice of men appointed to put these theories into practice; and the troops therefore felt some mistrust at the appointment of individuals who had shown themselves hostile to free institutions. Ney was an enemy to oppression, and would neither perpetuate nor extend it; but he would enter into no pact with the emigrants, still less would he suffer them to command those by whom they had been conquered. Like Moreau and Macdonald, Lefebvre had concurred in the establishment of the Consulate; and to him Ney confided his fears, asking him with a sort of bitterness, if the brave soldiers of the army of Sambre-et-Meuse were to become a prey to intrigue, and be delivered up to those whom they had defeated in battle? In his letter, Ney showed that his heart was lacerated, and Lefebvre hastened to apply balm to the wound.

"'No, my dear Ney,' he replied; 'times are altered, places are no longer bestowed by intrigue, and every personal consideration must now yield to the public good. Do not believe, then, all that is told you about the government, which, you may be assured, is wholly devoted to those who, like you, have rendered eminent services to your country. You see a proof of it in the confidence I have obtained; and another, in the appointment of Mortier, who was totally unknown here, to the command of the 17th division. Be not therefore uneasy any longer, and depend upon it, my dear Ney, that all will go on well.

"'Health and Friendship, LEFEBVRE.'"

Napoleon soon found out the way of soothing the democratic temper of his bravest officers: they seldom murmured on promotion; and, when Ney returned from leading the van of the army of the North, he found that Bonaparte was ready to honour him to the height of his deserts. There was much

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ndeed, about Ney which Napoleon could not avoid liking: his presence of mind, his great bravery, his ove of his soldiers, his desire to see the good and he courageous promoted, and his scorn and detestaion of whatever was mean and selfish, were all oints which, as a man, the First Consul would aturally admire; while, as a politician, he would ee in him an armed right hand, which promised onquests and glory. Nor was Ney insensible of he uncommon merits of his new master: he spoke f him always as the first of leaders and the best f men,—they were soon to be more closely acquainted.

"The First Consul was not insensible to Ney's ood opinion, and, whether from regard or from olicy, determined to attach that general to his perion. Madame Bonaparte approved of this resolution, and wished to concur in effecting it. She had ecourse to those means which a woman knows so ell how to employ, and called love to her aid. he brought about an attachment between Ney and young female favourite of hers, and wound up the omance with the marriage of the lovers. Madame ouis Bonaparte had a friend of her childhood amed Mademoiselle Auguie, a lovely and amiable irl, whose misfortunes rendered her still more interesting. She was the daughter of a former reeiver-general, whose fortune had been greatly reuced by the revolution. She had seen her father rown into a dungeon, and her mother, condemned captivity by the same sentence, elude it at the ost of her life, in the hope of preserving from the affian grasp of her persecutors a last resource for her hildren.

"Josephine was desirous of promoting the happiess of a soldier whose future renown she foresaw, the same time that she procured for her young iend the brilliant and honourable rank in society which this interesting girl was entitled, and which ey's military rank, and the high respectability of s character, were calculated to secure for her. osephine therefore gave Ney a letter of introducon, enclosed in the following note, as grateful to s own feelings as it was flattering to the family to hom it was addressed.

"'I enclose you, General, the letter which you quested for Citizen Auguie. May I beg that you ill read it. I have not mentioned in it all the good hich I know and think of you; for I would leave is amiable family the satisfaction of discovering ur good qualities themselves. But I here repeat e assurance of the interest which both Bonaparte d I take in this marriage, and of the satisfaction ich Bonaparte will feel in promoting the happiss of two persons towards whom he entertains ry particular feelings of regard and esteem. I are with him in this double feeling.

"'Lapagerie Bonaparte.'

"Ney was delighted with these prospects of domestic happiness; for the young lady was as elegant and accomplished in mind as she was beautiful person, and preparations were soon made for the edding. In spite of Ney's success in his profesn, and the commands which he held during six ars of warfare, his private fortune was but trig; for he possessed only a small estate, whose lue did not exceed eighty thousand francs. This s singular in a general officer of the van-guard, t it was not less true. He therefore trusted for ure means to his talents in his profession;—the rld knows how the trust was redeemed.

"With the wreck of his fortune, M. Auguie, his her-in-law, had purchased the chateau of Grigi; there the marriage was celebrated.

"In the village dwelt an old couple, who had been rried half a century; Ney clothed them, and de them receive their second nuptial benediction on the same day, and at the same altar with himself and his young bride; thus marking his own marriage by an act of benevolence. 'These old people,' he observed, 'will recall to my mind the meanness of my own origin; and this renewal of their long union will prove of happy augury for my own.'

"The thought was the emanation of a noble mind, but the presage which it expressed was unhappily not to be accomplished."

By stratagems such as we have quoted, Napoleon united his fortunes with the intrepid Ney, with the impetuous Murat, and other soldiers hardly less distinguished. We cannot, however, help observing, that as soon as Bonaparte had attained supreme power, all the simple single-heartedness of the republican generals was gone: we have no longer communications made to the executive power, like those of Jourdan, Joubert, and Hoche; and though we are, from time to time, delighted with traits of individual kindness of heart, and devotion to the cause of France, displayed by Ney and others, it is plain they felt that they had got a master who enjoyed a power which he was resolved to keep. The character of Hoche is not yet understood in England: he had much of the old Roman in him; had great talents, great military skill, and, under a plain exterior and shepherd-like simplicity of manners, concealed the most boundless ambition. His letter to the Directory cannot but be, even now, read with lively interest:—

"Numerous complaints have been made and repeated to the Directory, against the French administrations established in the country occupied by the army, and which is not united to France. All the soldiers of the army loudly accuse these administrations as the cause of the famine against which it is forced to contend, if not in the seat of abundance, at least in a country not wholly unprovided with food. Would it not be advisable to abolish these administrations, which, supposing them composed of the most honest persons in the world, are an immense expense to the country, without being in anywise useful?—for most of the commissaries who compose them are ignorant of the language of the country, and, as foreigners, have no knowledge of its productions, nor of the private fortunes of its inhabitants. Is it not, moreover, to be feared that these commissaries, whose manners, tastes, and habits cannot resemble those of the population inhabiting the banks of the Rhine, should by injudicious exaggeration, and false political or administrative principles, disgust the latter with the French revolution, and the republican form of government?

"Would it not be better and more useful to restore to the inhabitants of the territories occupied by the army of Sambre-et-Meuse, their natural administrators the bailies?—and the ecclesiastical estates to the management of the chapters? Economy alone seems to call for this measure, which policy will not disavow. Who shall say that it will not bring back to the republic those affections which the rudeness and the errors of the French administrators have alienated? The man who is called to the management of public affairs in his birthplace, is acquainted with the private means of each of his fellow-citizens, and he makes each share, in due and equitable proportion, the common burden imposed upon the country. Experience has proved that a chapter which, when its revenues were administered by its monks, could provide subsistence for ten thousand men, can now scarcely feed six or eight hundred. The abbey of Closterbock, near Coblentz, is an instance of this:—and let not this difference be attributed to the constant presence of armies, and to exhaustion: improper administration

In France, when a couple has spent half a century in the joys of wedded life, the nuptial benediction is renewed.

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of the property is alone the cause of it. Let the most enlightened men of the army be consulted on this head: Jourdan, Joubert, Kleber, Lefebvre, &c. It would therefore seem advisable to restore to these countries their administrations, their civil tribunals, their magistrates, and their own customs. Let the chief commissaire-ordonnateur, or his subordinates, under the inspection of the general-in-chief, make the demands of corn, cattle, horses, and generally of all things required by the defenders of the state.

"But, it may be said, are you not going backward? will not public spirit be destroyed in the country? and if the territory should remain attached to France, will not hatred of the republican name remain deeply implanted there? Experience ought to have counteracted our desire to *municipalize* Europe. Moreover, I deny that the inhabitants can ever hate us more than they do at present; and in the supposition that a treaty of peace were to leave us strictly the left bank for our limits, I doubt the expedient of establishing the constitutional regime in the Palatinate, the Hundstruck, the Archbishopric of Treves, the Duchy of Berg, &c. No people can become republicans in a day, and they who purchase freedom at so high a price seldom love it, after being accustomed under a monarch to pay no taxes, or at least scarcely any. Therefore, before we ascertain whether our opinions may become those of the Germans, from whom nature has formed us so different, let us wage war at their cost, since their sovereign forces us to make war. You are not going backwards. When you introduced laws into the conquered territories, which could take place only after pence, it would then be time to send commissioners thither; and as they would then have no exactions to make, they would no doubt succeed if they conducted themselves with prudence."

The life of Ney, from the moment of his marriage till the fatal hour in which he laid down his arms and became a victim, is written in that of Napoleon: his wonderful exploits and hairbreadth escapes, in the Russian expedition, are almost without parallel. He had all the impetuous valour of Murat, with ten times his coolness, and twenty times his talents. His name will live so long as bravery and military skill are in request with the world. We must, however, break off for the present.

From the same.

Documents relating to the Voyage recently undertaken by the ship Amherst, to the North-East Coast of China. Ordered by the House of Commons to be printed, June 19, 1833.

THE voyage of the ship Amherst was undertaken by the command of the President and Select Committee of Supercargoes at Canton, without the previous sanction of the Court of Directors at home. The servants of the Company, weary of yielding to the miserable creatures that domineer in Canton, resolved, if possible, to discover some new channel of trade; and, we regret to find this effort stigmatized in the despatch of the Directors, as "a departure from those sound principles which mature experience has convinced them form the only secure basis upon which our intercourse with that peculiar people can be advantageously maintained." The peculiarity is, simply, that the Chinese government is at once feeble and arrogant; that it has been long accustomed to heap contumelies on the foreigners who trade to Canton; and the submission to such indignities almost justifies its insolence.

We have two accounts of this voyage, one by the Rev. Mr. Gutzlaff, who acted as interpreter, and the other by Captain Lindsay; both narratives give us, for the most part, only general results. Anxiety to trade was, on most occasions, displayed by the people, while the Mandarins uniformly resisted all such attempts; but it seemed on the whole, that a vigorous effort to open commercial intercourse, if supported by such a naval force as would ensure respect for the British name, could scarcely fail of succeeding. Captain Lindsay, however, seemed to consider his immediate success as hopeless, and turned from China to the dependent kingdom of Corea.

Perhaps no maritime country in the world is less known to Europeans than the Corean peninsula; the only accounts hitherto attainable were, the narrative of some Dutchmen who were shipwrecked on the coast; a loose and slovenly account, drawn up by the Jesuits; to which, within the last few months, has been added, a translation of the Japanese description of Corea, Jesso, and Loo-choo, by the celebrated Klaproth. This work has been published by the Oriental Translation Fund, and is, on many accounts, one of the most curious works in their collection; the Chinese description of Corea is subjoined to the Japanese, and, from both, a pretty accurate notion may be formed, not merely of the geography, but also of the political condition of the country. The following narrative shows that the Coreans have a full share of the Chinese jealousy of strangers:—

"By day-break on the morning of the 18th we landed, and proceeded towards a village about a mile inland. We were soon met by several persons, to whom I showed a paper, previously written, stating that we were natives of England, their good friends, and bearers of a letter and presents to the King of Corea; that we now wished to see some mandarin, to consult with him, and moreover, wished to purchase fresh provisions of various sorts. This at first appeared satisfactory; but as we approached towards the village, numerous parties came flocking out to meet us, among whom were many decently-dressed persons, wearing the peculiar broad-brimmed hats described in Captain Hall's voyage. I showed the paper to each party as they advanced, and there was evidently some difference of opinion among them as to the way we were to be treated; all, however, appeared adverse to our entering the village. Among them was one man who came hurrying down with a match-lock in his hand, and a lighted match. He came straight to me in a bold unconcerned manner; but when I showed him the written paper, he took me by the arm in a friendly way, motioning me to sit down on a bank. But feeling desirous, if possible, to go to the village while the friendly feeling of the natives lasted, I proceeded without paying any attention to his intimation, and we advanced unmolested to a small hut, about 200 yards from the village. Here indications, which we could not misunderstand, were given that we must go no further. A crowd formed themselves in a row to bar our progress; and several came and took me rudely by the arm, motioning us to sit down on a mat. Two of the seniors now came and sat down, while a secretary unfolded a piece of paper, and, at the direction of one of them, wrote in reply to our paper, 'That as nothing whatever in the shape of provisions could be obtained here, we had better instantly depart, and that by going to the north, about 30 le, we might meet with a mandarin to communicate with.' A conversation of some length ensued, all carried on in writing. They requested to be told the contents of the letter to the King, which I said could only be communicated to a mandarin of rank: I therefore requested one might be sent for. Almost all their sentences terminated with a request that we would instantly be gone. During the discussion some difference of opinion appeared to prevail, and much loud conversation; but finally the party be-

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tile to us got the complete ascendancy, one man having the audacity to write, 'If you do not instantly depart, soldiers shall be sent for to decapitate you;' to which he afterwards added, 'Begone, or a great change will take place; your life and death is uncertain.' In reply to this insolent intimation, Mr. Gutzlaff wrote, 'Who are you? and what authority do you possess to use such insolent language? Your King, did he know it, would inflict severe punishment on you for thus treating us, who are his friends.' This seemed to alarm the whole party, who, however, continued by signs urgently to entreat our departure."

Captain Lindsay's firm conduct in his interview with the Corean chiefs, was judiciously calculated to inspire them with respect for the English:—

"A little before four Mr. Gutzlaff and myself, with Mr. Simpson and Mr. Stephens, started in the long-boat, accompanied by our two friends, who, however, as the time approached, gave evident signs that they were not quite at ease. We went to the village, which is the temporary residence of the chiefs, and landed on the beach among about fifty wild-looking Coreans, several of whom performed the throat-cutting ceremony, and evidently showed they wished us away. Yang-yih had also quite lost his vivacity, and wrote with a pencil, that the chiefs had gone out, and we had better come to-morrow. This intimation was now too late, and I was determined to see the thing fairly out, so we walked unarmed straight up to one of the alleys of the village, which is surrounded with a thick wattled fence twelve feet high, so that no houses can be seen. As we approached we heard the sound of trumpets, and saw two soldiers (who are distinguished by a blue dress, felt hat, with red tuft of hair hanging from it), marching down the lane, blowing with all their might. They emerged just as we approached, and keeping close together abreast, so as to block the passage, they blew a tremendous blast at us. We stopped and stared with astonishment, but in half a minute we saw the old chief and Kin coming down the lane on open armchairs carried by four bearers. Le was seated on a tiger-skin, and made a most picturesque figure. The trumpeters now marched forward, and we staid looking on to see what was to happen next. On approaching us, both the chiefs got out of their chairs and saluted us with politeness, at the same time pointing to the beach, where more than twenty people were at work raising a shed on poles. We explained that coming on public business we expected to be invited into a public office to deliver our document in a respectable manner, but the chiefs again pointed to the shed, and after speaking to our two friends, got into their chairs again, and proceeded to the beach, with two trumpeters before, two behind, and four or five more soldiers, none of whom carried arms. Our two friends now tried by signs and taking our arms to induce us to follow the chiefs, but we expressed our dissatisfaction at this mode of reception, and while Mr. Gutzlaff was writing, I gradually, without violence, forced my way through about ten natives at the entrance of the lane, and entered the open space before a house, where was a commodious covered verandah outside. I now pointed to this, and seating myself, explained that we would be well satisfied there. As I entered, a loud yell was set up by several people, and one of the soldiers ran down to inform the chiefs of what was going on. In a couple of minutes another yell was raised, and looking out to see what was the cause, we saw four soldiers running along the beach towards us, and two of them each seized on a man with a large hat, which the first took off, and then ran off again, dragging their victim between them, as quick as they could run. The chiefs were seated on their chairs on men's shoulders, close to the shed. On the culprits arriving, they were first made to kneel before the chiefs and then laid down, and while one man removed their lower garments, another brought a long paddle, and one stood over each, in readiness to inflict summary punishment.

"We in the meanwhile had followed to the spot to see what was to happen, and arrived just as the punishment was about to be inflicted. I could not, however, tamely look on and see perfectly innocent persons punished for my own act, so I went straight to the soldier, who was in the act of striking, and stopping the uplifted blow, motioned him to stand aside; one of the crew, a stout negro, did the same to the other, and as the fellow did not seem inclined so quietly to submit to his authority, he in a moment wrested the paddle out of his hand and threw it to a distance. A crowd of more than 200 people had assembled round the chiefs, who sat raised up among them in their open chairs, and appeared much troubled in mind. In the meanwhile Mr. Gutzlaff had written a few words, saying that if these men were punished for our acts, we would instantly return to the ship and quit the country. They consulted for half a minute, and then old Le directed the prisoners to be liberated, and they scampered off as quick as their legs could carry them.

"The chiefs now descended from their chairs, and entered the shed, inviting us to follow them: mats were spread, with tiger-skins laid over them. A short conversation by signs having been carried on, in which we intimated our discontent at this reception, Le wrote requesting that the letter should be delivered, and I, without waiting to reflect, drew it out, and placed it in his hands. A moment's thought reminded me that I had made a great mistake, and that if we wished to be invited into the village, it could only be done by refusing to deliver the document under a shed. It was now, however, too late; but on being requested to direct the presents to be brought out of the boat, I saw and profited by the opportunity to retrieve my error in diplomacy. 'No,' said I; 'presents to the King of Corea cannot be delivered in such a disrespectful way: if you have no respect for us, that you treat us thus, I think that which is due to your own Sovereign would show you that a letter and presents should not be delivered under a miserable shed.' They seemed much puzzled, and answered 'It is our laws which prohibit it.' 'Then,' said I, 'the presents must accompany the letter; I shall take it back.' This mode succeeded perfectly, as they evidently were very anxious that the letter and presents should be delivered. They first tried to soften us by expressing the high respect they entertained for us and our honourable nation. Then it was proposed that only Mr. Gutzlaff and myself should accompany them, and we should be invited to a house. I said, if Messrs. Simpson and Stephens were included, I was satisfied; and this was agreed to, and a message sent to prepare a house to receive us. Wine, or rather a spirit resembling once-distilled whiskey, was handed round. The chiefs were served first, which appears not to imply any incivility, as I observed the same in our host at Lok-taon, who was a simple villager."

The letter and presents, though received, were not sent forward to the King, or, if they were, his Majesty declined their acceptance. The latter we believe to be the more probable conjecture, from the length of time that elapsed from their being received by the chiefs to their being returned. The Corean chiefs expressed great regret at the manner in which the negotiations between them and Captain Lindsay terminated; his conjecture, that Chinese interference determined the result, is, probably, well founded.

"I inquired if there were any Chinese about the court; he answered that there were a few it is

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not therefore improbable that their intervention may have induced the King thus to disclaim all intercourse with us. In speaking about the ancient history of Corea, I mentioned an anecdote as a proof that his country was really independent of China. At the commencement of the Tartar dynasty, they possessed far more influence in Corea than at present, and endeavoured to compel them to shave their heads and adopt the Tartar dress. This the Coreans resisted with much courage, and finally not only expelled the Chinese Tartars from the country, but ravaged a great part of Leaou-tung. When the general read this, his eyes brightened, and he repeated several times with much energy, Kow-chee, 'So it is.' But he then took the pencil and wrote, 'These are the affairs concerning the nation; I am ignorant of the circumstances.' On my wishing to send on shore a few cases of liqueurs for himself and the other two chiefs, Kin and Le, he refused them with much emotion, saying, 'We treat you thus slightingly, and yet you continue to esteem us as friends, and honour us with gifts! Ko-seih, ko-seih (Have pity, have pity!)' and on one occasion he was almost moved to tears. On finally parting we assured him that however much we felt aggrieved by the conduct of his government, we should always entertain the kindest recollection of himself, and also of Kin and Le, both of whom had always been friendly and civil to us, though they were men of a very inferior stamp to the general, who we could not help feeling deserved a better fate than to pass his life among the suspicious and half-civilized Coreans."

From Corea the Amherst proceeded to the Loochoo Islands, where all efforts to open trade equally failed. Thence Captain Lindsay returned to Canton, fully persuaded that, though his voyage may be regarded on the whole as a failure, yet, that success will assuredly crown the exertions of the adventurers who follow in his track. We cannot trust ourselves with comment on the harsh censure which the Directors, in their wisdom, have pleased to pronounce on the plan and conduct of this voyage; but we must say, that we shall see with pleasure the guardianship of British honour in China intrusted to persons possessing sufficient courage to despise the impotent wrath of the Mandarins and Hong merchants of Canton.

From the same.

A memoir of the Life of William Livingston, Member of Congress, Delegate of the Federal Convention in 1787, and Governor of the State of New Jersey. By Theodore Sedgwick, Jun. New York, Harper; London, O. Rich.

William Livingston, descended from the Livingstons of Ancram in Scotland, is well known to the world as one of the founders of the American Republic, and to his country as a poet, politician, orator, legislator, and general; he was more, he was a good and devout man, a lover of toleration, a promoter of universal charity, and one who desired to see slavery of all kinds extinguished. He was born at Albany, in the province of New York, in November, 1723; he studied the law, and acquired such knowledge in civil jurisprudence that he became eminent when very young, and was employed whenever the rights of his fellow citizens had to be defended. His extensive scholarship, and his readiness of reply, together with snatches of his poetry, which spread themselves over the States, introduced him to some of those eminent persons who perceived at a distance the approaching struggle for independence, and who naturally looked round for aid, both of head and hand, against the eventful hour. It is well known that the not undesirable event of separation was materially furthered by pamphlets and periodicals of all kinds. The 'Independent Reflector' of Livingston was at first chiefly employed in the arrangement of religious and civil matters. There is humour and hard hitting in the confession which he makes of his own creed in this work:—

"It is well known that some have represented me as an Atheist, others as a Deist, and a third sort as a Presbyterian. My creed will show that none have exactly hit it. For all which reasons, I shall cheerfully lay before you the articles of my faith. * * *

"I believe the Scriptures of the Old and New Testament, without any foreign comments or human explanations but my own: for which I should doubtless be honoured with martyrdom, did I not live in a government which restrains that fiery zeal which would reduce a man's body to ashes for the illumination of his understanding.

"I believe that the word *orthodox*, is a hard, equivocal, priestly term, that has caused the effusion of more blood than all the Roman emperors put together.

"I believe that to defend the Christian religion is one thing, and to knock a man on the head for being of a different opinion is another thing.

"I believe that he who feareth God, and worketh righteousness will be accepted of Him, even though he refuse to worship any man or order of men into the bargain. * * *

"I believe that a man may be a good Christian though he be of no sect in Christendom.

"I believe that our faith, like our stomachs, may be overcharged, especially if we are prohibited to chew what we are commanded to swallow. * * *

"I believe that the virulence of some of the clergy against my speculations proceeds not from their affection to Christianity, which is founded on too firm a basis to be shaken by the freest inquiry, and the Divine authority of which I sincerely believe, without receiving a farthing for saying so; but from an apprehension of bringing into contempt their ridiculous claims and unreasonable pretensions, which may justly tremble at the slighest scrutiny, and which I believe I shall more and more put into a panic, in defiance of both press and pulpit."

His account of the proceedings of the Jesuits among the Indians, 1754, is curious:—

"In their presents to the natives, the French are extremely expensive, and at the same time fail not to awe them with proper discipline. The Indian castles [towns] they fortify, and supply with missionaries, who practise incredible arts to convert them to popery. I shall only give you two instances of these pious frauds to serve for an example. They persuade these people that the Virgin Mary was born at Paris, and that our Saviour was crucified at London by the English. A French Indian coming to Oswego, and discoursing with some of our traders on the subject of the Romish faith, insisted on its being the true religion, seeing his father confessor could work miracles, for that he had darkened the sun by a bare word of command. * * * The superstitious rites and fantastic trumperies of popery are so agreeable to the natural genius of the aborigines, who are fond of a showy and mechanical religion, that the Romish priests are much more successful in Christianizing (or rather papifying) them than the Protestant Clergy. I must not on this occasion omit mentioning their canonizing a squaw by the

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name of St. Catharine, which piece of jesuitical craft greatly endeared the Romish faith to the pagans, who by that means, besides the common benefit of addressing their prayers to the rest of the saints in the calendar, obtaining the supernumerary advantage of a particular advocate and intercessor of their own."

The 'Independent Reflector' having done its duty was laid aside; but as the political horizon darkened, 'The Whig' was started; there is a spirit akin to prophecy in the following extract from that popular paper—the date is 1768:—

"The day dawns in which the foundation of this mighty empire is to be laid, by the establishment of a *regular American constitution*. All that has hitherto been done, seems to be little besides the collection of materials for the construction of this glorious fabric. 'Tis time to put them together. The transfer of the European part of the great family is so swift, and our growth so vast, that before seven years roll over our heads, the first stone must be laid. Peace or war, famine or plenty, poverty or affluence, in a word, no circumstance, whether prosperous or adverse, can happen to our parent, nay, no conduct of hers, whether wise or imprudent; no possible temper on her part, will put a stop to this building. * * * What an era is this to America! and how loud the call to vigilance and activity! As we conduct, so will it fare with us and our children."

Livingston having achieved a moderate independence, seen his favourite daughter married to one who was soon to become eminent, John Jay, and being desirous of literary leisure, resolved to retire to the country, and forsake the stormy arena of colonial politics.

But the quarrel with the Father-land was now approaching, and Livingston was one of the first to resist the imposition of taxes without representation; and as the duty on tea was the matter of immediate contention, he forbade the use of the article in his family. His daughters, however, indulged in what they humorously called a cup of "Strawberry tea," in which they made the Chinese commodity personate the American plant; this they industriously concealed from their father, well knowing that he would not sell his birthright for a cup of tea. At first he doubted, as many sensible Americans did, of the policy of final separation; but, when convinced of its necessity, his conduct was decisive. These are the words in which he vindicated this step to the Assembly of New Jersey, 13 Sept. 1776:—

"'Considering how long the hand of oppression had been stretched out against us,' he says, 'reason and conscience must have approved the measure had we sooner abjured that allegiance, from which not only by the denial of protection, but the hostile assaults on our persons and properties, we were clearly absolved. It may, however, afford some consolation to every man duly regardful of the convictions of his own mind, and the honour and reputation of his country, that America deferred this important step till the decisive alternative of absolute submission or utter destruction, announced by a numerous fleet and army, had extinguished all hope of obtaining justice, and that the whole continent, save a few self-interested individuals, were unanimous in the separation.'"

Livingston was one of those who signed the declaration of independence in 1776; it was signed by some of the most accomplished scholars in the colonies, also by some who found difficulty in performing the functions with the pen to which they were called. A curious letter of one of the founders is still preserved as a curiosity; the sense is right, and the spelling wrong; the writer was an intrepid farmer.

Livingston lived to see not only the freedom of his country established, and her rising importance in the scale of nations, but he lived to be honoured widely through all the Union, and to be rewarded for his labours, by the general praise of all parties: nor did he grow peevish as he grew old; on the contrary, he was blessed with equanimity of temper—was happy with his children, and loved to write tenderly to his wife, who had been the partner of all his cares and joys. We shall give one of his letters.

TRENTON, 4th March, 1786.

"My dear, dear Susan,—Considering that for near a fortnight after I arrived here, I was so indisposed, as scarcely to be able to hold a pen in my hand, and that notwithstanding my indisposition, I wrote you two letters before I received yours of the 27th February, which came to my hands this day, and that during all that time I was every day anxious in inquiring after your health from everybody that came from our part of the country, you have greatly distressed me by ascribing my silence to my want of affection for you.

* * * * * * *

"P.S. If I was to live to the age of Methusalem, I believe I should not forget a certain flower that I once saw in a certain garden; and however that flower may have since faded, towards the evening of that day, I shall always remember how it bloomed in the morning; nor shall I ever love it the less for that decay which the most beautiful and fragrant flowers are subject to in the course of nature. I repeat it in this postscript, that I love you most affectionately, and when I return I will by my attentions and assiduities give you the greatest demonstrations possible of the sincerity of this my declaration. After this, I hope you will not so far forget your friend and lover, as not to acquaint him as often as you conveniently can of the state of your health, which I still hope and pray may be perfectly restored."

He closed his long and useful life, 25th July, 1790. He was averse to the tumults of life, into which he was plunged, and loved his books, his fishing-rod, and spade—delighted in writing in maintenance of the freedom he had helped to achieve, and in praising Washington in verse—they had long been companions.

"The prominent feature of Mr. Livingston's character appears to have been truth, taken in its widest and most ennobling sense—that truth which enabled him to form a just conception of the various and harassing duties imposed upon him, and at the same time gave him the power to execute them rightly.

"His impartiality in the exercise of his office was of the most absolute character. His straight-forward independence neither bent before the turbulence of public, nor yielded to the blandishments of private life. It would be, I believe, impossible to meet with a single instance, in which the constant importunities by which he was urged to make exceptions to his established rules, on the subject of passes, or the transportation of goods across the line, had the least effect. On this point, his letter-books furnish abundant proof. No friendship could divert or mislead him from a line of duty once laid down for himself. His nearest relatives could expect no greater indulgence than the most indifferent stranger might claim. In his punishments, though generally long delayed, and always unwillingly inflicted, he was equally unbiassed by any personal motive.

"These qualities sprang from that love of religion which unostentatiously, but intimately, was incorporated with his whole character. With this also was associated that charity, 'the vertical top of all religion,' which is its natural growth, and when unchecked by false teaching, or unfortunate experience, its inseparable attendant. Satisfied of the sincerity and correctness of his own faith and

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principles, he laid little stress upon the various and adverse tenets of others. The harshness of his early writings, which would appear to form an exception to this, has been sufficiently accounted for in its proper place. His religious creed was interwoven with his political belief, and he contended no less for civil than religious liberty. Even towards the Quakers, who, by a narrow construction of a benevolent dogma, held themselves bound to keep aloof from that struggle, in which he knew of no excuse for inactivity, he shewed a wise and tolerant spirit. He strictly enforced the laws to which they were obnoxious, regarding them, however, not as a religious sect, but as obstructing the administration, and by his correspondence with more than one of their persuasion, endeavoured so far as lay in his power to remove their scruples, and to win their attachment to the government."

This memoir is scarcely worthy of the character of Livingston; it is however valuable as a collection of materials, from which a more brief and more consistent Life may be extracted. The author feels that the difficulty of the task is not little, to call the dead from the grave, endow them with form and motion, and make them speak and act in strict propriety of character. We would advise the American scholars to do as Mr. Sedgwick has done: collect all the materials they can, concerning the lives and characters of the founders of their liberty, and secure them by arranging and printing. On some future day, a noble work may be formed out of them, and thus the history of their nation will begin at the beginning.

From the Spectator.

PROGRESS OF PUBLICATION.

The Publishers adjourned with the Parliament, after a season more satisfactory perhaps to readers than profitable to themselves. Some of "the best patrons of literature" went up the Rhine, some down to the Lakes (but cautiously avoiding the Lakers); some rusticated in a retired village far from the hum of men; others took up their quarters in a quiet and unfrequented watering-place. In these days of cheap and expeditious travelling, the *excursionist* has Europe if he has not "the world before him where to choose;" and we believe the bibliopoles chose those places where they were most likely to avoid authors.

The result was, a duller Autumn than we have ever known. Mr. Cooper indeed, with the assistance of Mr. Bentley, brought forth the *Headsman;* and Mr. Urquhart (whose book we have yet to notice), stimulated by the patriotic motive of influencing affairs in the East, published his *Resources of Turkey*. With these exceptions, the reviewer was nearly left to new editions, and to the various Series which appear at their appointed times.

There are at present some slight signs that this period of torpor is drawing to an end. A few—very few—works are appearing occasionally, like the early snowdrop after the snow melts away, or like a solitary bird or two heralding the Spring. Besides the book of the week—the Autobiography of poor John Galt—an unwonted number of lesser stars are enlightening our sphere.

Messrs. Smith and Elder have sent out *Waldemar*, forming the Eighth Volume of the *Library of Romance*. It is written by Mr. Harrison, the author of the *Tales of a Physician;* and the scene is laid in Germany, during the Thirty Years' War. The idea is good; the ground unbroken, and the place and period judiciously chosen. Society was still in a transition-state; the fiery zeal of religious enthusiasm had not yet cooled; and the excitement and spirit of adventure consequent upon the discovery of the New World and the passage by the Cape of Good Hope had not altogether subsided; men were still continuing to act upon the notion of El Dorados. Europe was heaving; Germany was distracted by a worse than civil war, and overrun by adventurers of all sorts, from the Scotch Dalgetty to the Croat and Pandour. Here was a fair field and rich materials, and Mr. Harrison has endeavoured to make the most of them. He plunges his hero into the public events of the period, and connects him with the leading characters of the age. Gustavus Adolphus, Ferdinand of Austria, Wallenstein, Pappenheim, Tilly, and Arnheim, to say nothing of inferior personages, are introduced into the story; which is varied with an adventure amongst banditti, and the usual quantum of love and battle. But with all this, there is something wanting. Mr. Harrison can describe or narrate, but he is not a Sir Walter; his scenes want life—his characters want truth and force. The work appears to have been hastily written; nor was there space to have evolved all that Mr. Harrison has aimed at, even had he possessed the indispensable genius and taken the requisite care.

The *Etheringtons* is somewhat of a novelty. It is the materials of the tract thrown into the form of a religious nouvelette. The object of the tale is, to inculcate the efficacy of prayer, not only for ourselves, but for others. The scene is laid in Ireland: the chief actors in the piece are a clergyman of the Established Church and the family of an Irish farmer. The subject of the story is rarer in books than in life: a "wild young man," an angry and spirit-broken father, a maiden loving on through good and evil report, are common occurrences, that we meet with and mix with in the world, and pass by with a shrug as matters of course; but which, when presented to us without those drawbacks from sympathy that in real life are generally mingled with the most distressing events, are not unimpressive.

Reasons for Christianity is a smoothly-written and well-connected sketch of the doctrines and principal religious events to be found in the Sacred volume, intermingled with such comments as may be necessary "to be addressed to those who, having been educated in the belief that Christianity is true, require to be confirmed in that belief against the arguments by which it is in these days so often assailed." The work, though neither acute nor profound, is pleasant and amiable. The type and paper are good; the soberness of its dark purple binding is becoming; and the neatness of its *ensemble* well adapts it for the family table. Mr. Bull of Holles Street is the accoucheur.

The success of the *Naturalist's Library* has given rise to an undertaking which has almost the appearance of an imitation. It is to be called the *Miscellany of Natural History;* to be edited by Sir Thomas Dick Lauder and Captain Brown, and illustrated by J. B. Kidd. The first volume is to contain "Parrots," and to be embellished with upwards of thirty coloured plates. We cannot do better than wish it may be as excellent as its prototype.

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From the same.

PICTURES AND ARTISTS.

Leslie the artist has left England, for his native country, America; we have been told, with the view of settling there for the remainder of his life. We regret his loss; which will be sensibly felt by all lovers of pictures, and ought to be by the Academy, of which he was a member. Whatever may be the cause of this step, it assuredly is not want of encouragement. No painter has met with more, or deserved it better. His choice of subjects was good, and his treatment of them most felicitous. His pictures resemble the writings of his accomplished countryman Washington Irving: he had the quiet humour, the nice discrimination of character, the tact and delicacy in the management of his materials, the elaborate neatness and finish of style in his painting, that distinguished the graphic descriptions of the *Sketch Book*. Latterly, he had acquired a mannerism, the effect of which was to substitute stiffness for grace and ease, quaintness for piquancy of style, crudeness of colour and coarseness of handling for chaste harmony of effect and delicate execution. Yet, though he did not gain in vigour and force what he thus lost in beauty and refinement, he was falling off in manner only as compared with himself. He was still the foremost man of his time. His famous pictures of "Sancho before the Dutchess"—"Sir Roger de Coverly and the Spectator going to Church"—"May Day"—"Slender and Anne Page"—were only superior in their perfection of style to "The Dinner at Page's House"—"My Uncle Toby and the Widow Wadman"—"Katherine and Petruchio"—and "The Grosvenor Family."

One of the last things that engaged Leslie's attention, was superintending the mezzotint, by Phillips, of his admirable *Portrait of Walter Scott*,—the truest and most characteristic resemblance of the poet. This is the opinion of Sir Walter's family, as well as ours. We saw the painting again the other day, and were struck with the individuality of the likeness, and its beautiful execution. The mezzotint being of the same size as the painting, provokes a comparison that is trying to the best engraving. We can only say of it, that the finished proof is better than the one we saw before, which we find was not quite completed. Still, it is not equal, in point of character, to the exquisite miniature line engraving, by Danforth, which appeared in the *Literary Souvenir* four years ago.

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We have heard from good authority, that the Royal Academy were applied to by one of the Heads of King's College, to name a fit and proper person to be appointed Professor of Drawing and Painting in that institution, and that the answer of the Academy was, that they knew of no one. Here is another instance of the benefit which the art derives from this liberal and enlightened corporation! They have been happy in being afforded an opportunity, at this time, of proving how well they deserve the building which the Government is erecting for them at the public expense.

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We have been favoured with a sight of Mr. Harding's water colour drawings for the *Landscape Annual* this year; and a great treat it was. The views are in the South of France, and principally in Languedoc. They are very much superior to those of last year; having more air and space. In these points, Mr. Harding emulates Turner with success; in colour and relief of objects he is not always so felicitous. His foregrounds are very rich, and the figures and other objects near the eye are brilliantly lighted up; which give great animation to the views. The scenery is strikingly picturesque, blending the homely character of our own country with some of the romantic beauties of Italy.

The first sketches in pencil are marvellous for their effect, and their finished elegance of style. Mr. Harding is a master of the powers of black and white; and no one is more competent to instruct others in *the use of the lead pencil;* which is the object of his forthcoming work on *Elementary Art*. We were in error in intimating that it extended to the use of water colours, to which it is rather an introduction; nor will it be confined to landscape, though it will treat more particularly of foliage, and the pictorial character of trees. It is intended as a grammar of the art, and as a preparatory work to Burnet's treatises on Composition, Light and Shade, and Colour.

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From the same.

EMBELLISHMENTS OF THE ANNUALS.

The *Oriental Annual* is the first in the field; and its appearance at the present time, when the great continent of India is about to be thrown open to all British subjects, is most opportune. The plates, twenty-five in number, consist of views of the scenery, architecture, inhabitants, and natural productions of India; selected principally with reference to their picturesque character. The artist, Mr. W. Daniell, has travelled through considerable part of Hindoostan, and his drawings are famed for their beauty and accuracy. There are specimens of almost every variety of Indian architecture. A stupendous minaret, called the Cuttub Minar, looking like a gigantic telescope, forms the frontispiece. The many-domed Mausoleum—The Mosque, with its slender minarets and light and lofty Moorish arches, enriched with tracery—succeed to the huge barbaric pile of a Temple, heaped story upon story in a pyramidal form, crowned with architectural enrichments and rude sculpture. Then follows one more light and elegant, with a tapering spire; and another whose base is surrounded by a spacious colonnade. Many of these temples are near the sea, and the rocky base of one is washed by its waves. On the roof of one mausoleum grow several trees, whose roots spread like ivy, clinging to its dome. Then there are Ghats, or landing-places, with their steep flights of steps, leading from a mosque or temple down to the water, where the natives perform their ablutions; and the hill forts, perched on the summit of a lofty isolated mountain. The contrast between the perfect regularity of design and the symmetrical poportions of some buildings of Moorish architecture, with the confused and shapeless masses of others apparently Hindostanee, is very striking; but all are more or less picturesque in effect.

Of the scenery, the most remarkable specimens are—the view of Cape Comorin, whose giant head is swathed in a neckcloth of cloud; the Cataracts of the Ganges, with natives worshipping at some sacred place; and the Beach

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of Madras, with its dangerous breakers. There are portraits of a fat but vigorous-looking chief, with a famous pair of mustachios, and some mysterious scars on his nose and forehead; and of the Queen of Candy, a very interesting young creature, her glossy black hair parted over her forehead, and wearing a collar and necklaces of pearls and beads, her ears likewise loaded with great bunches of trinkets. The costume of a Hindoo female, gracefully bearing on her head water-jars piled one on another, is very becoming. A vest fitting close to the shape covers the bust; and a white kirtle is simply folded round the waist, and falls down to the ankles. A scene with an alligator disputing possession of the carcass of a dead elephant with a flock of vultures, is a very striking picture—half humerous, half-horrible. The Banyan tree, itself a grove, with its multitudinous rooted branches—and the tall straight stems of the Talipat and Cocoa tree, with their graceful heads of broad feathery leaves—are also introduced: in short, some of the most characteristic features of Indian scenery are here brought together.

The plates are engraved with extreme care and neatness; but as works of art they are cold and tame. This fault does not lie with the engravers: Mr. Daniell's style is more remarkable for accuracy and smoothness than force; it requires the addition of colour to render it effective; and the want of this is sensibly felt in the plates. The atmosphere appears too uniformly cool, fresh, and clear for Hindostan. It would have been a great improvement had the plates been engraved in aquatint, and coloured afterwards, as Mr. Daniell's other works are. In another volume, perhaps this will be done.

From the same.

THINGS AND THOUGHTS.

FOUND HERE AND THERE.

Love and Marriage.—"It seeems to me," said Effie, "that though God has kindly given this token of blessedness to all,—or to so many that we may nearly say all,—without distinction of great or humble, rich or poor,—the great and the lowly use themselves to the opposite faults. The great do not seem to think it the most natural thing to marry where they first love; and the lowly are too ready to love. That is because the great have too many things to look to, besides love; and the lowly have too few. The rich have their lighted palaces to bask in, as well as the sunshine; and they must have a host of admirers, as well as one bosom friend. And when the poor man finds that there is one bliss that no power on earth can shut him out from, and one that drives out all evils for the time—one that makes him forget the noonday heats, and one that tempers the keen north wind, and makes him walk at his full height when his superiors lounge past him in the streets—no wonder he is eager to meet it, and jogs the time-glass to make it come at the soonest. If such a man is imprudent, I had rather be he than one that first let it slip through cowardice, and would then bring it back to gratify his low ambition."—*Miss Martineau's Tale of the Tyne.*

Mr. Campbell's First Poetical Efforts.—I should not omit this opportunity to mention, that the Greenock Paper was established by a Mr. John Davidson; a connexion with whom was afterwards formed by Mr. Thomas Campbell, the poet, in his marriage. Mr. Davidson was a very worthy, illess bodie; and he has, in my opinion, the merit of first showing with how little intellectual ability a newspaper may be conducted. I say not this in malice, but in sober sadness; for when Campbell wrote his "Battle of Hohenlinden," I got an early copy, which I sent to Mr. Davidson to be inserted; but he, with a sage face, afterwards told me that it was not worthy a place in his Paper. All the world, however, has since differed with Mr. Davidson in that opinion; and indeed it may be said of every opinion that he either then held or afterwards blazoned with his paper trumpet. I wonder if the poor man is still alive. He stands in my recollection as a beautiful proof of the wise ordination of nature, in showing how little propriety of conduct has to do with the endowment of mind. Campbell began his poetical career by an Ossianic poem, which was published by his schoolfellows when he was only thirteen. At fifteen, he wrote a poem on the Queen of France, which was published in the *Glasgow Courier*. At eighteen, he printed his "Elegy on Love and Madness;" and at twenty-one, before the finishing of his twenty-second year, the "Pleasures of Hope."—*Galt's Autobiography.*

Impressment.—It is difficult to imagine now what social life could have been in those old despotic times when the practice of impressment was general, and the King could, by the very law of allegiance, dispose of every man's wealth and labour as he chose. It is difficult to imagine what comfort there could have been in daily life, when the field labourer did not know, as he went out at sunrise, whether he would be allowed to return to his little ones at evening; when the artisan was liable to be carried off from his work-shop, while his dinner was cooling on the board, and his wife looking out for him at the door; when the tradesman was apt to be missing, and not heard of till some king's messenger came to ransack his shop of whatsoever his Majesty might be graciously pleased to want; and when the Baron's lady watched from the terrace her lord going off to the boar-hunt, and the thought darted through her that he might not greet her again till he had hunted Saracens, or chased pirates, over many a strange land and sea. Then, all suffered together, in liability, if not in fact. All suffered in fact—whether impressed or not; for all suffer when property is rendered insecure, and industry discouraged, and foresight baffled. No body now questions this. No body denies that it was right to exempt class after class from such compulsory service; and, so long ago as the time of Charles the First, it was found necessary to emancipate soldiers from this tyranny; though there were not a few to predict that no British King could ever again raise an army—that England must from that day bid adieu to victory, and royalty to a throne. Yet a more wonderful thing remains than the fame of Blenheim and Waterloo, and the actual existence of an English Monarch—the fact that some are found in the present day to argue for the enforcement of this tyranny on a single class, when all other classes have long been relieved from it; to argue about the Navy as their forefathers argued about the Army,—that Britannia will no more rule the waves,—that there will be no more glory in a Sailor King, no more hope for a maritime people, when impressment is done away!"—*Miss Martineau's Tale of the Tyne.*

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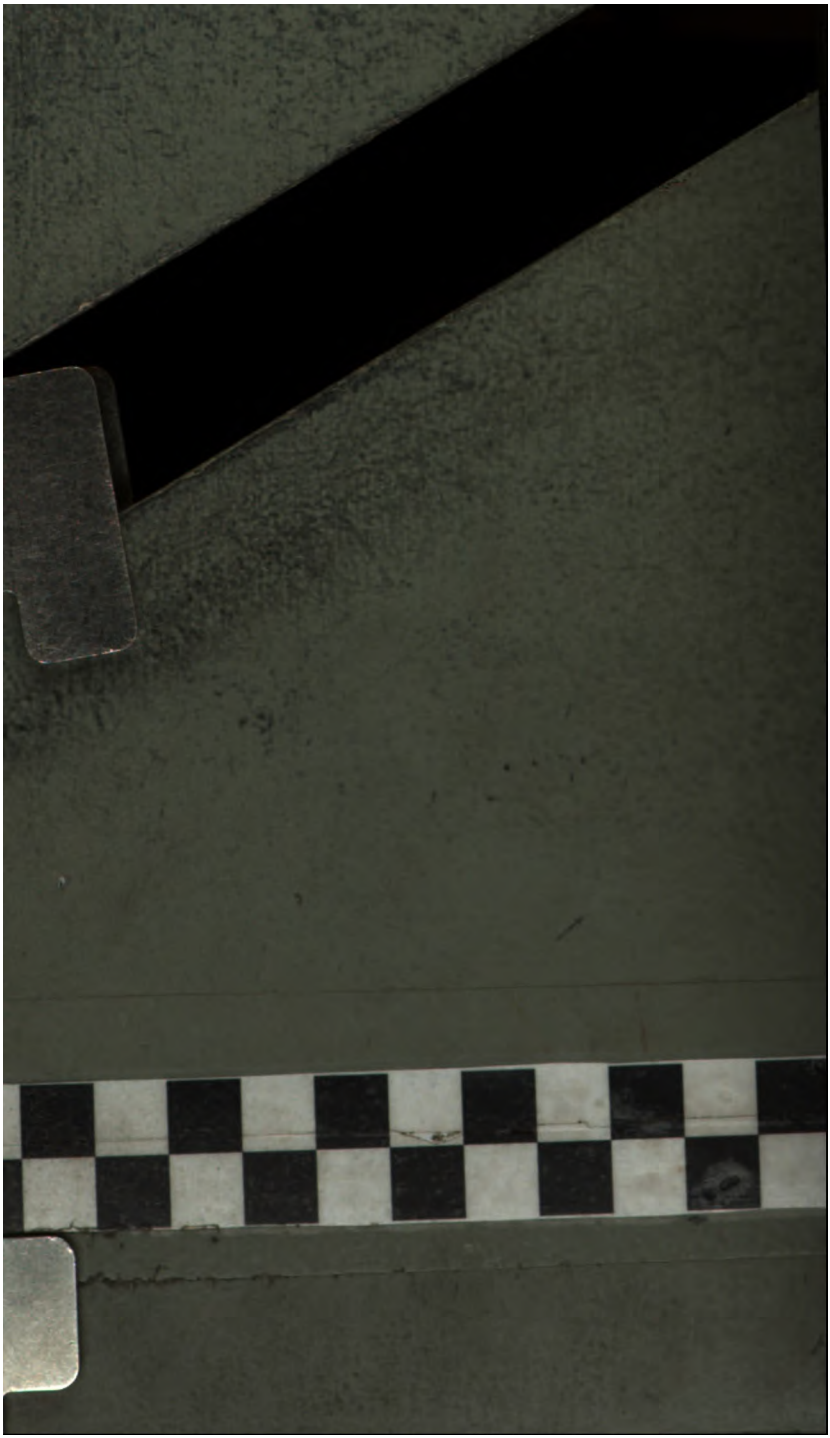

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